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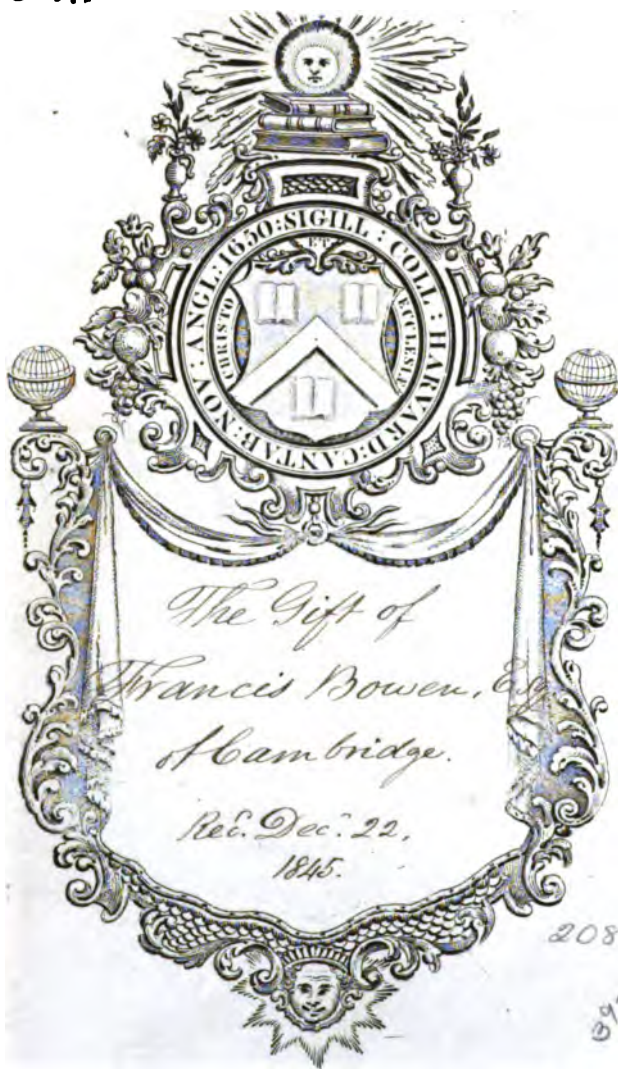
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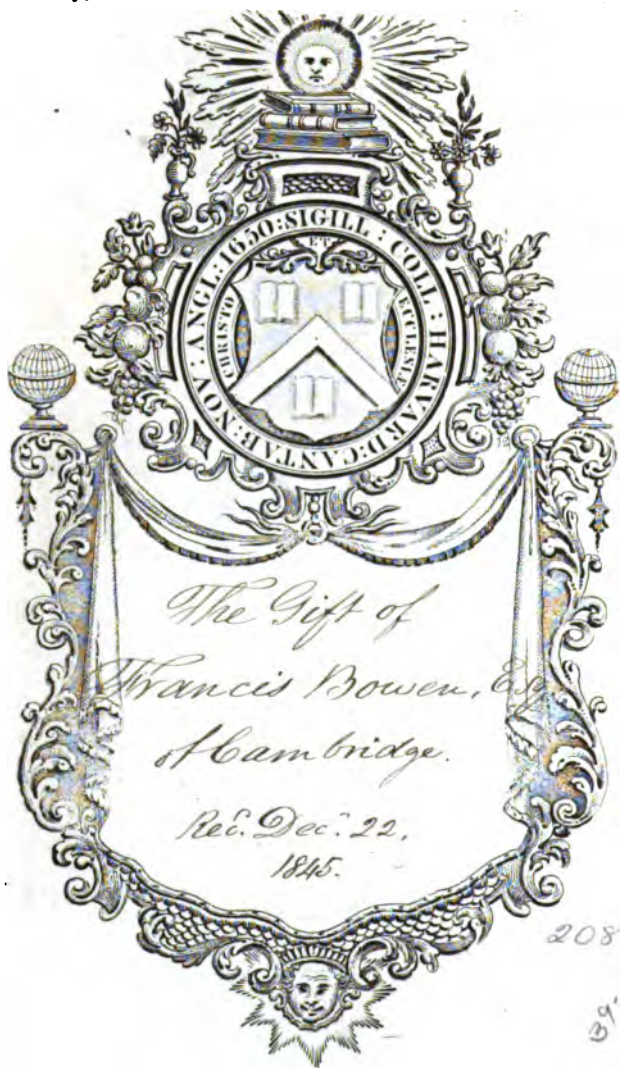
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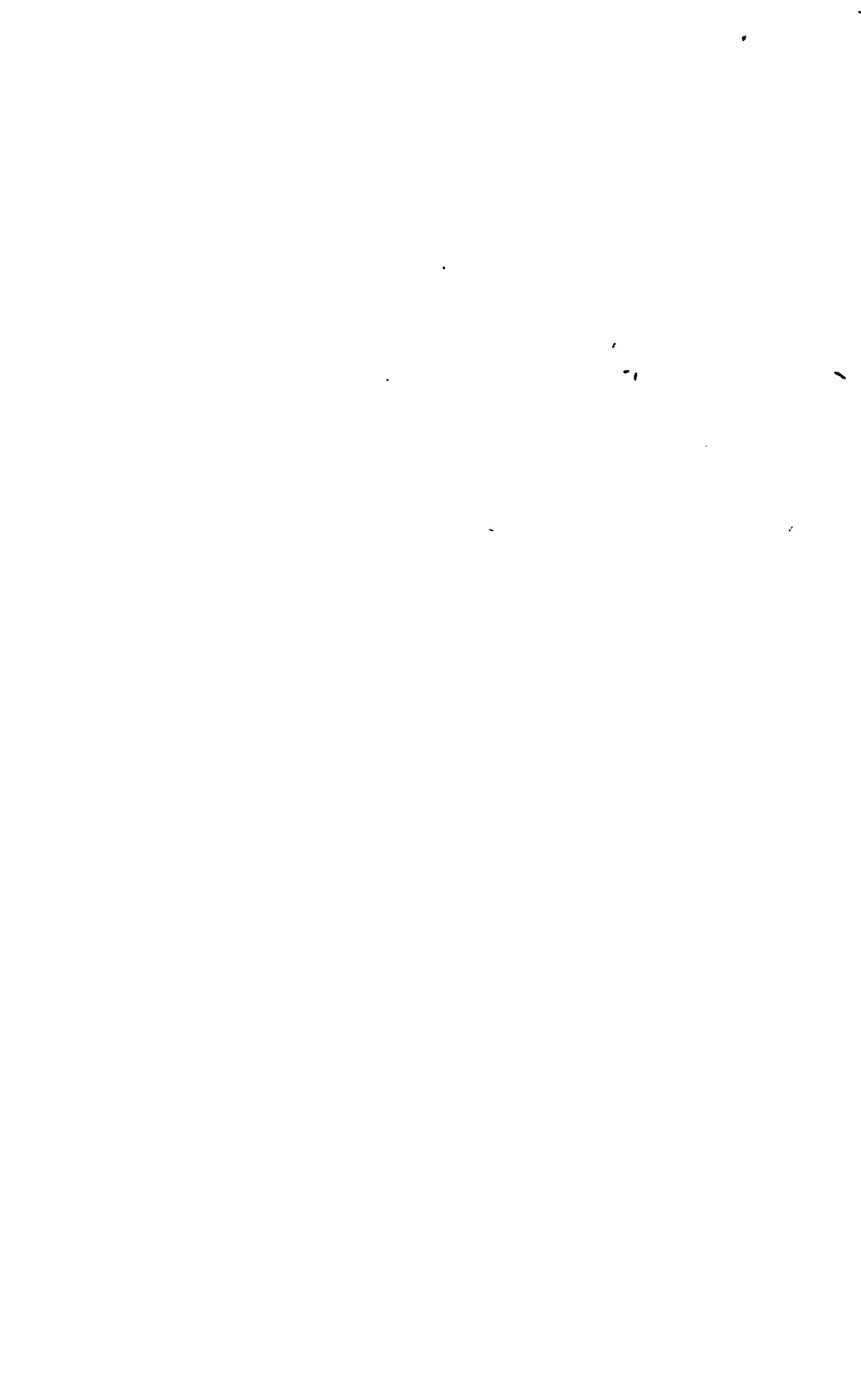
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9/10  
1843

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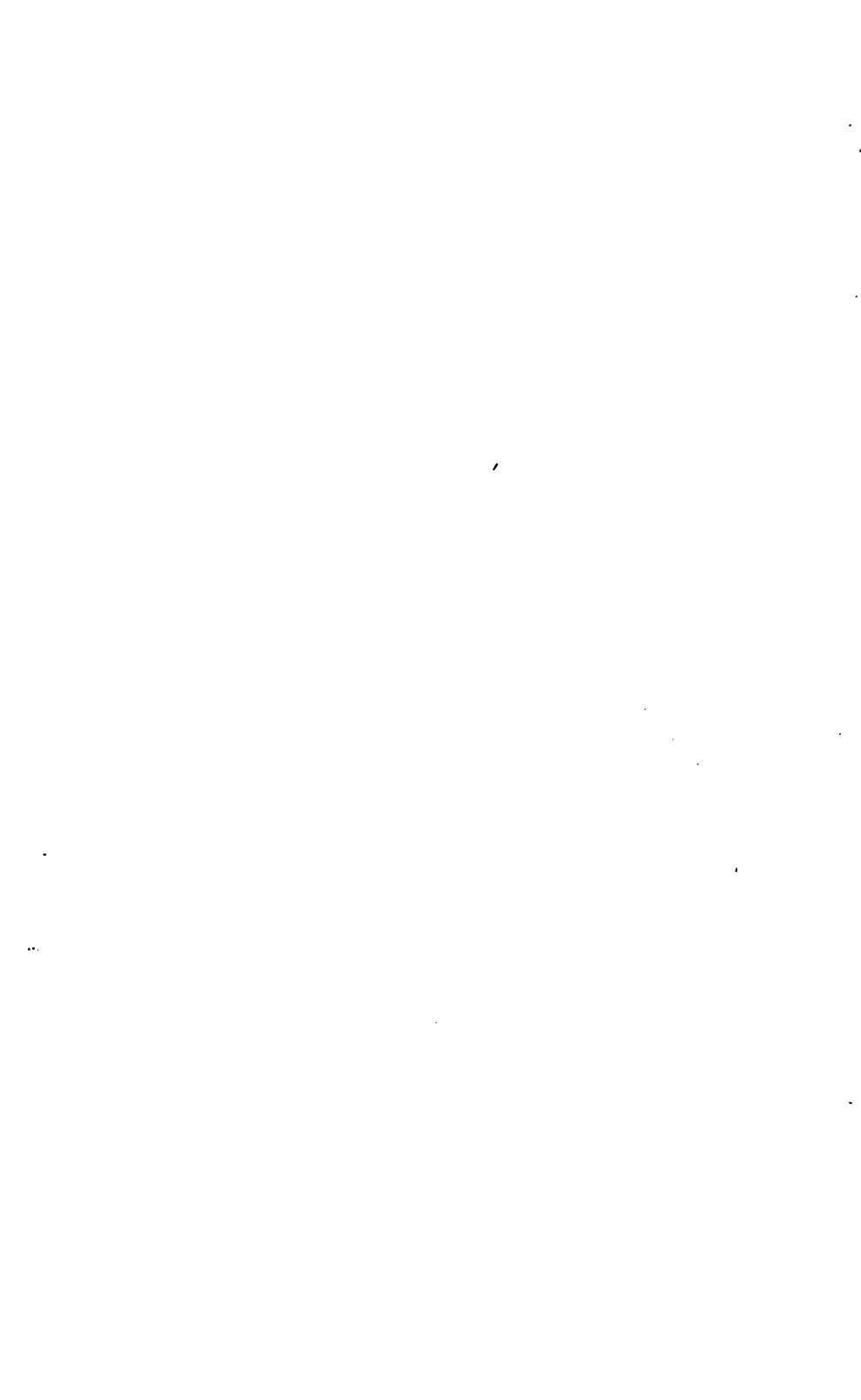
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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXII.

JULY, 1843.

No. 1.

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## SKETCHES OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

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### NUMBER VIII.

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It was as beautiful an evening as a lover could ask, the second day of April, 1842, that I bade my friend Dana good-bye, and started in my sulky for a tour over the land of Nullification. I left Charleston in the evening, that the wearisome task of crossing the river might be over, and the earlier start upon my journey be made the following morning. Tarrying at the house of a fine old planter during the night, who amused me until nearly cock-crowing with his long stories of revolutionary days, I arose, after a very slight refreshment from sleep, and was on my way toward Georgetown an hour before sunrise. It was a toilsome way enough, the road running parallel with the sea-shore the whole distance of sixty miles, just far enough inland never to catch a glimpse of the water, and leading you over a dreary pine barren, where neither house, cultivated field, nor flowing streamlet occurred to divert your attention for the whole day. It was pleasant enough at first to feel one's self alone in those boundless forests of pine; and for an hour or two of the early morning I was sufficiently amused by the novel sight of some young alligator splashing into the water from the road-side, as the noise of my wheels awoke him from his siesta, or of a huge moccasin darting away beneath the dense reeds and lily-pads of the swamp, or of the ever-varying, myriad-toned music of the mocking birds who filled the air with their melody. But by degrees, as the sun began to rise above the trees, and the heavens to assume that brazen face which characterizes a southern sky, the never-changing scenery about me grew dull and wearisome, and I found myself looking forward in the hope of finding some place by the roadside where my horse might slake his thirst. No such place, however, appeared; on and onward we jogged over that apparently unending level of creaking sand, without one sign of human industry or human life. As matters began to grow serious, and my



weary steed to manifest symptoms of dissatisfaction which could not be mistaken, a kind Providence sent a fellow-being along my path, in the shape of the most hideous, tattered, and wo-begone negro I had ever seen — my first specimen of a plantation servant. The poor fellow's face and garments, however, sadly belied him; for upon my salutation of 'Boy, good morning; can you tell me where I can find water for my horse?' he touched his rimless hat and most civilly replied:

'Oh, yes, Massa! dere is fine water just back ob you!'

'Back of me?' I replied. 'Strange I did not see it!' and turning my horse to retrace the path, the negro discovered my greenness, and laughing, said:

'Why, Massa, you 'ab no bucket to water de horse!'

'Bucket?' I inquired in astonishment! 'Bucket? What do you mean, boy? What do you mean?'

The poor fellow could scarcely contain his gravity, while he replied, pointing to the bottom of the sulky: 'Sure, Massa 'ab no bucket! Massa no bin long in Carolina to tink water he horse wid-out bucket! Every body hab bucket on he carriage in Carolina!'

Here was indeed a perplexity of which I had never dreamed, and to extricate myself from which more than surpassed my share of even Yankee shrewdness. I could not think of driving fourteen long miles back to my morning resting-place in the heat of that torrid sun, nor of going forward the twelve miles to my first stopping place on the Georgetown road; and yet, from all the information I could gain from the negro, these seemed the only conditions upon which horse or driver were ever again to meet with the proprieties of civilized existence. In utter despair I looked up to my informer, with a respect I had never bestowed upon tattered garments before, and asked: 'Boy, what *am* I to do?'

'Don' know, Massa! Neber see a carriage wid'out bucket afore! Don' know, Massa!'

Though my informant had hitherto evidently been greatly amused at my perplexity, the despair of my countenance, or his pity for the jaded beast, now awakened his sympathies; and after scratching his head — a manipulation which the negro invariably performs when he is in trouble — he suddenly rolled the whites of his great eyes up to me and said with quickness, 'Me tink now, Massa! Me tink how Massa water he horse!' and plunging into the woods, presently returned with his *hat* filled with water. It was a capital thought, and the promptitude of its execution would have done honor to a Connecticut pedler. My dilemma was over; the negro's hat of water was a goblet of ambrosia to my steed; and the tattered son of Ham became in my eyes fair as a messenger of the gods.

Between the Ashly and Santee rivers, a distance of more than thirty miles, there are upon the main thoroughfare but three dwelling-houses. Upon the banks of the latter, one begins first to see something of the wealth of the Carolina rice-plantations. For many miles up and down the North and South Santee rivers, which

are here separated but a single mile, are cultivated those deep, rich bottoms, annually flowed and inexhaustible in resource, which are the glory of the State. The lordly owners of these manors pass the winter months in superintending the affairs of the homesteads, gathering about them all those luxuries which minister to ease and pleasure, of which none better understand the value, or select with more taste, than do these descendants of king Charles's cavaliers, and entering with a zeal and alacrity into those rural sports which are the zest and glory of a southern country life. Finer horsemen, more skilled marksmen, on the plain or in the forest, hardier frames for pugilistic feats, or a quicker eye and prompter hand for a game at fence, the world cannot produce. They are generally men also of liberal learning and generous dispositions; frank, hospitable, and courteous; and, bating a tithe of that hot-blood chivalry upon which they are too apt to pride themselves, noble and humane in all their impulses.

One marks every where at the South the eminently kind relations which exist between master and servant. To every man born and bred upon the plantation, the negro seems essential, in a thousand respects with which a northerner can have no sympathy. I saw nothing of what we call prejudice against color in all my travels. In infancy the same nurse gives food and rest to her own child and to her master's; in childhood the same eye watches and the same hand alternately caresses and corrects them; they mingle their sports in boyhood; and through youth up to manhood there are ties which link them to each other by an affinity that no time or circumstances can destroy. An illiterate, rough planter, who was by no means remarkable for the kindness he showed his servants, said to me one day: 'I travelled last summer all over Iowa territory, and I did n't see a nigger in two months. To be sure I felt kind o' badly, but it could n't be helped; so I made the best of it, thinking all the time I should be home again bye and bye. Well, Sir, I got back again as far as Zanesville in 'Hio, where there was a ginerall muster and a heap of people; and pretty soon I heard a banjo; thinks I, there's some of *our folks*, I know; and sure enough there was two niggers and a wench going it powerful; and the way I went up to 'em and got hold of their hands, and says I, 'How are you, my good fellows? how are you, girl?' and the way I shook and they shook, was a caution to abolitionists, I tell you?'

Georgetown District is the wealthiest portion of the State; but a more miserable collection of decayed wood domicils and filthy beer shops than are clustered together to make up the town, it would be difficult to find. Indeed, unlike the free States, the wealth of the South lies almost entirely in the country; the towns, unless Charleston form an exception, being made up of artizans and traders. The historical associations of Georgetown District are of great interest; and many of the localities, rendered famous by feats of valor during the war of our Revolution, are still pointed out. An old soldier, whom I met by accident at the ferry-house on the banks of the Pedee, conducted me to the spot where General Marion invited the

British officer to dinner—a scene immortalized by the pencil of White. Marion had long contended against the enemies of his country at fearful odds, and though the poverty and daily diminution of his troops were not known to the British, yet to himself, through the whole of the first campaign in South Carolina, they were sources of great disquietude and alarm. He managed, however, by celerity of movement and a perfect knowledge of the country to keep the enemy's forces in constant fear, and now and then to obtain over detached bodies of troops a signal victory. It was after one of these sudden dashes upon a foraging party whom the British colonel had sent into the country, in which Marion had been even more successful than usual, that an officer was sent to his camp with a flag of truce to propose an exchange of prisoners. Marion received him in the woods, negotiated the terms upon which the exchange should be made, passed the writings necessary for the purpose, and, after concluding all the preliminaries, invited the officer to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, and Marion, leading the way still farther into the forest, took his seat upon a log near which a watch-fire was burning, and invited the officer to do the same. Presently a negro appeared, and, raking open the ashes, uncovered a batch of roasted potatoes, which he presented upon a board, first to the stranger, and then to his master. No apologies were offered for the meagre fare, and after the dinner was over, the officer departed with his flag. It is said that upon regaining his own lines, he forthwith threw up his commission, on the ground that it was hopeless to contend with an enemy who required no shelter but that of the forest trees, and no food but roasted potatoes.

As you advance inland from Georgetown, and begin to enter the cotton country, the scenery is completely changed. The huge live oaks, draped with moss, the peculiar characteristic of the sickly lowlands, all disappear, and with them depart nearly all the evidences of wealth or taste or refinement. Instead of princely mansions surrounded by old parks and highly cultivated plantations, one sees nothing but low, piazza'd domicils, in fields bare of vegetation, and the appendage of miserable hovels scattered at short distances here and there for the field-hands. In the low country the rank growth upon the marshes affords some compensation for the want of green fields of grass; but in the up country every shade of greenness is lost in the interminable red clay-fields which spread out every where around you. It was new to me that the upland grasses could not be cultivated below Virginia, but so it is. Every where, by the road side, in the court-yard, over the fenced fields, and in the forest, the bosom of mother earth is bared before you; and to one accustomed to the green mantle with which she robes herself in New England, the sight is almost shocking. Equally so was another sight, with which, however, I soon became familiar, but which at the outset startled my sense of decency to a degree; I refer to the nudity of the young negroes. Up to ten and eleven years of age, the colored children of both sexes run about entirely naked; and in the

more secluded plantations they may be seen at even a later age, without a fig-leaf of covering to their jetty limbs. I beg my friends, the abolitionists, will not set this down as a new instance of the cruelty of the masters, as I had repeated and indubitable evidence of its being a habit of such determinate choice upon the part of the children, as to defy every effort to break it up. That it manifests the state of utter degradation to which the slaves are reduced, I do not deny; for every where, in low-land and high-land, country and city, nothing is more evident than the mental and moral degradation of the negro.

As the value of the lands and the wealth of the inhabitants decrease, while you journey toward the back country, so also does the intelligence of the people. I never met in my whole life with so many white persons who could neither read nor write, who had never taken a newspaper, who had never travelled fifty miles from home, or who had never been to the house of God, or heard a sentence read from his Holy Word, as I found in a single season in South Carolina. Like the inhabitants of Nineveh, many of them could not discern between the right hand and the left. What wonder then that the hosts of Yankee pedlers, until driven out by the sumptuary laws, fattened upon the land! 'What do you think I gave for that?' asked an ignorant planter in Sumpter district, while pointing to a Connecticut wooden clock which stood upon a shelf in the corner of the room. 'I do n't know,' was my answer; 'twenty dollars, or very likely twenty-five!' '*Twenty-five dollars, stranger!*' replied the planter; 'why, what do you mean? Come, guess fair, and I'll tell you *true!*' I answered again, that twenty-five dollars was a high price for such a clock, as I had often seen them sold for a quarter of that sum. The man was astonished. 'Stranger,' said he, 'I gave one hundred and forty-four dollars for that clock, and thought I got it cheap at that! Let me tell you how it was. We had always used sun-dials hereabout, till twelve or fourteen years ago, when a man came along with clocks to sell. I thought at first I would n't buy one, but after haggling about the price for a while, he agreed to take sixteen dollars less than what he asked, for his selling price was one hundred and sixty dollars; and as I had just sold my cotton at thirty-four cents, I concluded to strike the bargain. It's a powerful clock, but I reckon I gave a heap of money for it!'

In fact, during those years when the staples of Carolina sold for nearly thrice their intrinsic value, and wealth flowed in an uninterrupted stream through every channel of industry, the plantations of the South became the legitimate plunder of Yankee shrewdness. It was no meeting of Greek with Greek in the contest of wits, but a perfect inrush of shrewd, disciplined tacticians in the art of knavery, upon a stupid and ignorant population. The whole country was flooded with itinerant hawkers. There is scarcely an article in the whole range of home manufactures upon which fortunes were not made during those times of inflated prices of the southern staple products. Through the mountain passes of Buncombe county there flowed a stream of pedlers' carts, wagons, carry-alls, and

arks, which inundated the land. Indeed, so great at length became the evil, and so overmatched in the contest of wits were the planters of the uplands, that the legislature passed laws forbidding a Yankee pedler to enter the State.

It is this deplorable ignorance, which is prevalent over a large portion of South Carolina, that constitutes the most insuperable obstacle to the removal of slavery. Among the more wealthy and intelligent of the population, juster sentiments prevail in regard to that great evil; but their opinions and wishes are greatly overbalanced by the masses of the middling classes. They, wedded to the customs of their fathers beyond all hope of improvement; vegetators upon the soil cleared and prepared by their ancestors; ignorant, idle, and overbearing; driven by thriftless modes of agriculture, and the impoverishing system of slave-labor, to penurious economy, and scouting every suggestion of manual toil as servile and degrading; *they* compose the great barrier around the institution of negro servitude, which the tide of public sentiment never reaches, and which the advancing intelligence of other portions of the world cannot soon affect. To them, hedged in by the antiquated prejudices of a barbarous age, alike unfitted to know and unwilling to receive the new truths of humanity and religion, the negro seems the connecting link between man and the brute. Of their own origin and destiny they know and care little; of him who toils for them, less; and it is vain to hope, until the States between them and the free people of the North shall have broken down the system which curses alike the owner and his soil, that the intelligence of an independent and virtuous people can ever reach them.

In these Sketches, which are now brought to a close, I have endeavored to represent the condition of South Carolina as I saw it. Of slavery I have said what I believe, and of its white population what I know to be true. There, as elsewhere in a world tainted by evil, injustice too often embitters the cup of life. But it is not the slave only, bending to his irksome task, nor he who toils under the heat of a southern sky alone, who drains it to its dregs. The chalice is commended to the lips every where. And deeply has the writer drank, from the hands of those who profess to be guided by the divine precepts of Christ, banded as they were to subvert oppression and wrong in southern institutions, a draft of injustice more poisonous than the bitterest potion of slavery.

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TO PLEASURE.

LIST a mortal's guest, sweet Pleasure!  
 Why so fleeting, answer, pray?  
 Lost as soon as found, thy treasure!  
 None can thy dear presence stay.

Thank thou Fate, she cried, whose minions,  
 All the gods, love me alone;  
 Were I fashioned without pinions,  
 They would keep me for their own!

## THE TRYSTING HOUR.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

## I.

BESIDE my casement's trailing vines,  
By meditation led,  
I sit, when Sleep his pinion waves  
Above each drooping head :  
When all the shadowy forms that haunt  
The bright abodes on high,  
Steal softly forth, in silvery troops  
From chambers of the sky.

## II.

As down the midnight air they float  
Upon celestial cars,  
I turn me to a steady light  
That gleams among the stars ;  
A prophet-light it is to me,  
And shadows forth the hour  
That calls my spirit there to meet  
A seraph in its bower.

## III.

Beside my casement still I sit,  
When goes my *spirit* forth,  
With waving plume, and rustling wing,  
Up toward the blazing North :  
While solemnly the stars look down,  
And solemnly they seem  
To shed a fair and brilliant light  
On this, my waking dream.

## IV.

And high each everlasting hill  
Lifts up its crowned head,  
Like some tall, stately cenotaph  
For nations of the dead !  
The broad, blue river rolls as free  
As waters in that clime  
Which bends above these waves, that flow  
Like some subduing rhyme.

## V.

Beside my casement's trailing vines  
The zephyr finds me still,  
When matin-hymns are gushing forth  
From bird, and bee, and rill ;  
For not until the morning star,  
That herald of the dawn,  
Has flashed upon the eastern skies,  
Are my sad eyes withdrawn.

## VI.

I weary of the brilliant day,  
The warm, sunshiny air,  
And cling unto the solemn night,  
When nature kneels at prayer ;  
For then my spirit wanders forth,  
With a resistless power,  
And, with its kindred spirit, holds  
The midnight Trysting-Hour.

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

## Harry Harson.

## CHAPTER NINTH.

IN the same room which has been already described, in Harry Harson's dwelling, and in one of the stout, plethoric chairs before mentioned as constituting a part of its furniture, and beneath the superintendence of the busy clock, and under the watchful eye of that respectable dog Spite, sat Jacob Rhoneland, with his elbow resting on the table, his cheek leaning on the palm of his hand, and his eyes half shaded by his long blanched locks, listening with deep anxiety to Harson, who occupied a chair opposite, and was speaking with an earnestness which showed that the subject on which he discoursed was one in which he felt no slight interest.

The manner of old Rhoneland would have attracted the notice of even a casual observer. He seemed restless and nervous; and at times even frightened. Occasionally he smiled faintly, and shaking his head, half rose from his seat, but sat down, scarcely conscious of what he did; and leaning his forehead on the palm of his hand, seemed to listen with breathless attention, as if dreading to lose a word of Harson's remarks, which were occasionally strengthened by his pressing his hand gently on Rhoneland's, as it rested on the table. At last, Harson, in conclusion, said in an earnest tone: 'Now tell me, Jacob, on your honor, do you love her?'

'Do I love her?' repeated Rhoneland; 'do I love my own little Kate, who slept in my arms when a child, and who, now that she has become quite a woman, and I am gray, and feeble, and broken down, still clings to me? Others found me a querulous, troublesome old man, and fell away from me; but she never did. Do n't ask me if I love her, Harry, do n't ask *that* again,' said he, shaking his head, and looking reproachfully at Harson. 'Do I think of any one else, or care for any one else? Dead and frosty as this old heart is, she has the whole of it; and she deserves it; God bless her! God bless her! It's not a little matter that would make me forget Kate.'

The old man raised his head; and his eye lighted up with an expression of pride, as he thought of his child. It was transient, and as it passed off he seemed to be absorbed in deep thought; and sat for some time with his eye resting on a small speck of blue sky which looked cheerily in at the open window. What strange things peopled those few moments of thought; for each moment in the memory of the old is teeming with phantoms of hopes and dreams, which once crowded about them; familiar things, part of them-

selves, of their very being, but now melted into air; faded and gone, they cannot tell when or whither; and of faces and forms long since shrouded in the tomb. And in the dim fancy of age, in faint whispers, speak voices whose tones are never to be heard again; awakening old affections for those at rest, subdued indeed by time, but yet unextinguished, and slumbering in hidden corners of memory, and appealing to the heart of the living, and begging still to be cherished there. Rhoneland sighed as he turned his eyes from the window, and looked down at his withered hands. 'They were not so when Kate was a child. He was far from young, even then, but not so old and shattered as now. Kate's mother was living too; she was much younger than he was; and he had hoped that she would have outlived him; but he had followed her to the grave, and he was left alone with his little girl.' His lip quivered; for he remembered her watchful kindness; her patience; the many marks of affection which had escaped her, showing that he was always uppermost in her thoughts; and that amid all other occupations, she never forgot him. They were trifling indeed; perhaps unnoticed at the time; but he missed them when she was in her grave, and they came no more. She had begged him to cherish and guard their child when she should be gone, and there would be none to love her but him. Had he done so? Ay! with heart and soul; with heart and soul,' muttered he, rising and walking across the room, to conceal the working of his countenance, and the tears which started in his eyes.

'Oh Harry!' said he, turning to Harson, 'if you knew all, you would n't ask if I love Kate. She's every thing to me now. All are gone but her; all — all!'

He returned, and seated himself, with a deep sigh. His lips moved as if he were speaking, though no sound escaped them; but after a moment he said: 'It's all that I can do for one who's dead.'

'I *do* believe that your child is dear to you, Jacob; I never doubted it,' said Harson; but there is another question which I must ask. 'Have you observed her of late? Have you noticed her drooping eye, her want of spirits, and failing strength?'

Rhoneland moved restlessly in his chair, and then answered: 'No, no, Harry, you're jesting. Kate's eye is bright, and her cheek full and round; her step elastic and firm. I watch *that*, Harson. Oh! Harry, you do n't dream how anxiously I watch her. Her life is mine; her heart's blood is *my* heart's blood. She's in no danger, no danger, Harry,' said he, taking Harson's hand between his, and looking appealingly in his face. 'Is she in any danger? Do n't deceive me. Is any thing the matter with her?'

'No, not just now,' replied Harson. 'But suppose you should see her becoming thin, and her looks and health failing; and even though she should not die, suppose her young heart was heavy, and her happiness destroyed — and by you?'

The old man looked at Harson with a troubled, wistful eye, as he said: 'Well, Harry, well; I'm old — very old; do n't trifle with me, I can't bear it. What do you mean? Is Kate ill?'



'No, not exactly *ill*,' replied Harson, much at a loss how to introduce his subject. 'Suppose, in short, that she should fall in love, some day — for young girls *will* do these things — and suppose that the young fellow was a noble, frank-hearted boy, like — like Ned Somers, for instance — would you thwart her? I only say *suppose* it to be Somers.'

'Kate does n't think of these things,' said the old man, in a querulous tone. 'She's a child; a mere child. It will be time enough to talk of them years hence. God help me!' muttered he, pressing his hands together, 'Can it be that *she*, my own little Kate, will desert me? I'll not believe it! She's but a child, Harry; *only* a child.'

'Kate is nearly eighteen, Jacob,' replied Harson, 'and quite a woman for her years. She's beautiful, too. I pretend to no knowledge of women's hearts, nor of the precise age at which they think of other things than their dolls; but were I a young fellow, and were such a girl as Kate Rhoneland in my neighborhood, I should have been over head and ears in love, months ago.'

Jacob Rhoneland folded his hands on the table, and leaned his head upon them, without speaking, until Harson said, after the lapse of some minutes, 'Come, Jacob, what ails you?'

Without making any reply to this question, Rhoneland sat up, and looking him full in the face, asked, in a sad tone: 'Do you think, Harry, that Kate, my own child, has turned her back upon me, and given her heart to a stranger? And do you think that she will desert her father in his old age, and leave him to die alone?'

'Come, come, Rhoneland, this is too bad,' said Harson; 'this is mere nonsense. If the girl *should* happen to cast a kind glance at Ned, Ned's a fine fellow; and if Ned should happen to think that Kate had not her equal among all whom he knew, he would be perfectly right. And then if, in the course of time, they should happen to carry matters farther, and get married, I do n't see why you should take it to heart, or should talk of desertion, and dying alone. I'll warrant you Ned is not the man to induce a girl to abandon her friends. No, no; he's too true-hearted for that.'

'Well, well,' said the old man, rising and gazing anxiously about him, 'God grant that it may never happen. It will be a sad day for me when it does. I'd rather be in my grave. I cannot tell you all; but if you knew what I do, perhaps you'd think so too. Indeed you would, Harry. There's one who knows more about Somers than either you or I; much that's bad, *very* bad. I can't tell his name.'

'I know it already,' replied Harson: 'Michael Rust.'

'Ha!' ejaculated Rhoneland, in a faint voice, his cheek growing ghastly pale; 'You know Michael Rust, do you?'

'I know something of him, and but little in his favor. What he says against Somers is not worth thinking of. Let him clear his own name. Perhaps he may be called on to do it some day, and may find it no easy matter. And now, my old friend,' said he, taking Rhoneland by the hand, 'since we have spoken of this Rust, let

me caution you against him. Listen to no tales of his respecting Kate, or Ned, or any one else. Beware of all connection with him. Above all, give him no hold on yourself; for if you *do*, depend on it, you'll rue it. I've made inquiries about him; and you may rest assured that I do not speak unadvisedly.'

Rhoneland had risen to go; but as Harson spoke he sank feebly in his chair, and buried his face in his hands, his long hair falling over them, and shrouding them and it from view; but no sound of emotion escaped him; although Harson could see that he trembled violently, and that there was a great internal struggle going on. At last he said: 'It's very hard, Harry, to feel, that you are in the power of a man who would not hesitate to sacrifice even your life to his own ends; and yet to know that it must be so; that, hate and loathe as you may, your fate is linked with his, and that he and you must sink or swim together. But so it is, God help me! a poor, bewildered old man! Oh! Harry, could I but die, with none to molest me, or see me, but my own dear child; with no one to haunt my death-bed, and torture me; and threaten me and *her*; and could I but know that when I am gone she at least will be happy, I'd *do* it, Harry, I'd do it! Life is not to me what it once was. It's dull enough, now.'

'And who is this who has such power over you?' inquired Harson, placing his hand on his shoulder; 'Come, be frank with me, Jacob; who is it? Is it Michael Rust?'

Rhoneland started up, looked suspiciously about the room, and said in a quick, husky voice: 'Did I say it was Rust? I'm sure I did *not*, Harry. Oh! no, not Rust. He's a noble, generous fellow; so frank, and free, and bold. Oh! no, *not* Rust; he's my best friend. I would n't offend Rust, nor thwart him, nor cross his path, nor even look coldly on him. Oh! no, no, no! Do n't speak of him. I do n't like to talk of him. Let's speak of something else; of yourself, or Ned, or Kate—of Kate, my own dear little Kate. She's a noble girl, Harry, is she not? Ha! ha! *that* she is!' and the old man laughed faintly, drew a deep sigh, and turned abruptly away.

'Harry,' said he, after a pause, 'Will you make me a promise?'

'If it is one which a man may honestly keep, I will,' replied Harson.

'When I am dead will you be a father to Kate?—love her as I have loved her—no, no that you cannot—but *love* her you *can*, and will; and above all,' said he, sinking his voice, 'let no evil tales respecting her father be whispered in her ear; let her believe that he was all that was virtuous and good. It's an honest fraud, Harry, a deceit without sin in it, and I know you'll do it; for when I'm in my grave, her heart will be the last hold I shall have on earth. When the dead are swept from memory, too, the earth is lost to them indeed. Will you promise, Harry?'

'I will,' said Harson; 'as my own child, will I guard her from all harm.'

'That's all; and now, God bless you! I've lingered here too long. Do n't forget your promise. I feel happier for it, even now.'

Jacob Rhoneland, however, was not doomed to reach his home in the same frame of mind in which he then was ; for he had not gone a great distance from Harson's house, when a voice whose tones sent the blood rushing to his heart, exclaimed : ' Ha, Jacob ! my old friend Jacob ! It makes my heart dance to see you walking so briskly, as if old age and the cares of life left no mark upon you. You 're a happy man, Jacob.'

Rhoneland started ; for in front of him, bowing, and smirking, and rubbing his hands together, stood Michael Rust, his eyes glowing and glittering, with a glee that was perfectly startling. Rhoneland muttered something of its being a fine day, and of the pleasant weather, which had tempted him abroad, and then stopped abruptly.

' You acted unwisely, my friend, very unwisely, in being from home at such a moment,' said Rust, ' for I just came from there ; and such doings, Jacob ! such plots ! such contrivances ! such intrigues, and love-making, and billing, and cooing, and whispering ! and such conspiracies against old dad ! Not that I believe little Kate has any thing to do with it. Oh, no ! but she's young, and Ned Somers is — no matter what. I know what he is ; and others know too. But I never make mischief, nor meddle. I say nothing against him. No ! he's a noble fellow — very noble ; so open and candid ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! I hope you won't go to your house some day and find your daughter flown, and with *him* ; and I hope if it is with him, that it will be to the church ; that's all — that's all. Good-bye, Jacob ; I'm in a vast hurry,' said he, bustling off, as if recollecting some important engagement. ' Dear me ! I've lost a world of time. Good-bye, good-bye. If you should happen to get home soon, you 'll surprise them both.'

As he went off, he turned back, and muttered to himself : ' I've sown the seeds of suspicion in his heart against his own child. *Let* him hate her, if needs be ; and let him think her the vilest of the vile. It will favor my ends.'

The old man stood for a long time where Rust had left him, with his hands clasped, looking about him with a bewildered air. He seemed like one stunned by some heavy and overpowering blow. He took one or two steps, tottering as he went, and then leaned feebly against a house. The words ' my child ! my child ! ' once or twice escaped him, in a low, moaning tone ; he passed his fingers over the buttons of his coat, unconsciously twitching and jerking them ; he looked on the pavement, and seemed endeavoring to regain some train of thought which had passed through his mind ; and then shaking his head, as if disappointed at his want of success, scarcely knowing what he did, he commenced counting the cracks in the bricks. A few small stones were lying on the sidewalk, and he went to them, and idly kicked them off, one by one : his thoughts wandered from one subject to another, until he began to watch the smoke, as it escaped from the chimneys of the houses opposite. Some was dark and brown, and some blue and bright, and circled upward, until it and the sky became one ; while the

other floated off, a dark lowering mass, as long as he could see it. People were passing in various directions; and he wondered whither they were going, and how many there were; he commenced counting them; he made a mistake; he had got to twenty, when three or four passed together; so he wiped the score from his memory, and commenced afresh. At last a man jostled him, as he stood, and told him to get out of the way, and not to occupy the whole walk. This recalled him to himself; and he set out for home. As he went on, the recollection of what Rust had told him again crossed his mind; and his feeling of indifference gave place to one of fierce excitement. With his teeth hard set, his eyes flashing fire, his long hair streaming in the wind, his step rapid, yet tottering and irregular, and with an expression of bitter anger mingled with intense mental anguish on every line of his face, he bent his steps toward his own house. It was a bright day, and the warm sunshine was sleeping on roof and wall; on cellar and house-top, warming many a sad heart; lighting up many a heavy eye, and calling forth all that is happy and joyous in earth and man. Strange was it! that under such a sky, with such a glad world about him, an old man, hanging over the grave, should dare to utter curses and imprecations against his fellow man. Yet such was the tenor of his words:

'Curses on them! curses on them!' muttered he; 'the false ones! When I was striving like a very beast of burden, yielding body and soul to torments, for her sake, to play me false! It was bitter, but it was human. Whenever troubles thicken about a man; when he is blighted and crushed to the earth; when his heart is bruised and bleeding, and yearns for the love and sympathy of those about him; when a mild word, a kind look, are of more worth than gold or jewels, *then* friends drop off. Suffering and trouble drive off friends, like a pestilence. I was in drivelling dotage, to think that *she* would be aught else than the rest of them. What though I did give her life, and fondle her on my knee in infancy; and hang over her when she slept; and pray, come what might to me, that she might be happy? What though I did cherish and protect her, and love her, when this old heart was warped against all the rest of the world, until every fibre of it was entwined with hers; until every thought was for her; and how I should plot, and plan, and contrive to preserve the accumulations of a hard life, so that when the earth covered me, she might live luxuriously, and think kindly of me? What though I did all this? I became in her way; for I had gold, and she wanted it! That's it! Oh! what a fool I was,' continued he, bitterly, 'to imagine that she would prove true, when all others have proved false; and that gratitude would bind her to me, so that when I should become decrepid, and so that I could not totter about, but must mope out the remnant of my life, like a chained prisoner, that she would be near me, with her bright face and cheerful voice; and would cheer me up; and would tell me that I had watched over her childhood; and that she loved me for it. Happy dreams they were!' said he, mournfully; 'happy dreams! Ah, Kate! my own little child! you should not have forgotten your old father; indeed

you should not. But no, no!' he added, checking himself, 'it could not have been *her*; I'll not believe it. It was not her — poor child; she never did harm in her life. She was always good tempered, and kind, and patient. I have tried her patience sadly. As my faculties desert me, and my mind becomes feebler, I grow more and more peevish, and I want her more and more. Oh, no! she must not leave me — she must not. I'll go to her, and kneel to her, and pray to her not to turn me off. I am too old now to find a new friend. I'll beg her to stay with me until I die. I'll not live long, now, to trouble her; and perhaps she will bear with me till then; she must not go; oh, no! she must not. Go,' muttered he, his mood changing, and his eyes beginning to flash; 'go where? with Somers? with Somers! Can it be that he has been all this while scheming to rob me of her? Go with Somers? with Ned Somers? *He* said he hoped it would be to the church. What *did* he mean? what could he mean? But I'll soon know,' said he, hurrying on; 'I'll soon know!'

Impetuous the old man had always been, though age had in a great measure subdued his spirit; but now the recollection of Rust's words lashed him into fury; and when he reached his house, he dashed into it without pausing to reflect what he should say, or how he should act. He flung the door open; and, as if to justify the very tale of Michael Rust, there stood Kate, with her hand in Ned's, and her head resting against his shoulder.

'Ha! ha! taken! taken!' shouted the old man, with a kind of frenzied glee; 'taken in the very act! Plotting treason! plotting treason! It was a glorious conspiracy, was it not, Ned Somers? to steal into a man's house, and, under the garb of friendship, to endeavor to wean away his child, and to carry her off? Oh! how some men can fawn! what open, frank faces they can have! how they can talk of love, and honor, and generosity! what friendly smiles they can wear! And yet, Ned, these very men are lying, and all the while the Devil is throned in their hearts, and sits grinning there!'

Somers stared at him in undisguised astonishment; for he was fully convinced that the old man had lost his reason; and under that impression he placed himself between him and Kate, lest in his fury he should injure her.

This movement did not escape Rhoneland. 'Good God!' said he, raising his clasped hands to heaven, 'he already keeps me from my child! Shall this be? Out of my house! out of my house!' shouted he, advancing toward him, and shaking his fist.

'Never,' returned Somers, 'until I am convinced that you will not harm your daughter.'

'I harm her! I harm her!' repeated Rhoneland. 'God of heaven! what black-hearted villains there are! The very man who would by false oaths and protestations decoy her from her own hearth, and when she had deserted all for him, would cast her off, a branded thing, without name or fame, he, *he* talks of protecting her from her own father! No, no, Ned Somers,' he said, in a voice of bitter calmness, 'you may go; I'll not harm her.'

His words had given Somers a clue to the cause of his conduct; and pale as death, but with a calm face, he said, 'Will you hear me, Mr. Rhoneland?'

'Hear you! Have I not heard you and believed you? Ay, I *have*. I was in your dotage; and you too, Kate, you listened and believed, did you not? Ah! girl, girl! a serpent charmed in Eden! But it's past now. I'll love you, Kate, though he do not. They said that gold was my God. They said that for gold I would barter every thing; but they did n't know me. *He* told you so too, Kate, did he not? — he told you that I'd sell you for *that*. He whispered tales of your father in your ear, until you became a renegade at heart; and *you*, my own child, plotted with a stranger to desert your home. *He* told you that he loved you; and would make you his wife; did he not? Poor child! poor child! God help her! she knows no better! Ned Somers,' said he, turning to the young man, 'you must leave this house, and come here no more. My daughter is all I have to bind me to life, and I cannot spare her. You must go elsewhere to spread your web. For your vile designs upon her, may God forgive you — I never will!'

'Jacob Rhoneland,' said Somers, 'I have borne more from you than I would have taken from any other man. You are not now in a state to listen to reason, nor perhaps am I able just now to offer it; but you have said *that* of me which I should be false to myself not to answer; and which I declare to be utterly untrue. I *do* love your daughter; and love her well and honestly; and I would like to see the man, excepting yourself, who dare say otherwise. Some one has been lying to you; and can I but find him out, he shall pay for it. *You*, Kate, do n't believe it?' said he, turning to the girl, who stood by, with blanched cheek, and the tears in her eyes.

'No, no, Ned; I do not; nor will father, when he's calm,' said she, taking the old man's hand. 'Some person has been slandering you to him; but he'll get over it soon.'

Rhoneland drew his hand hastily from her, and turning to Ned, said: 'Leave the house! I have already told you to do so. Will you wait until you are thrust from it? Begone, I say!'

'Go, go, Ned, for *my* sake!' exclaimed Kate, pushing him toward the door. 'He'll never be right while you are here. Go, *dear* Ned, go.'

'I can't go before I've told your father how matters stand.'

'No matter for that now,' said Kate, earnestly; 'I'll make all right; go, go!'

Half pushing, half persuading him, she finally induced him to leave the house.

'Friend Ned seems in a hurry,' said a voice in his ear, when he had gone but a hundred yards. 'Has sweet little Kate been unkind? Has she told you that she loved Michael Rust? Ha! ha! Or has old dad been crabbed? Ha! ha! A queer old boy that dad of hers, Ned; a queer old fellow; full of freaks! Do you know he hinted to me that he thought you had an eye on Kate, and wanted to run off with her? Was n't that a good one, Ned? Ha! ha! It makes me laugh to think of it. He did n't know that Michael Rust was the fellow; that *he* was the one to guard against.'

'I believe you,' said Ned, bitterly; 'I believe that Michael Rust is the one to guard against; and Jacob Rhoneland will find it out some day.'

'To be sure he will, to be sure he will!' said Rust. 'Yet the old fellow was afraid of you; *you* Ned, *you*!' He even hinted that your purposes were not *honest*. Some kind friend had been at work and filled his head with queer tales about you. And all the time he did 'nt dream of me; and did 'nt know that it was *me* that Kate was dying for. He'll find me his son-in-law yet, some day. I wish you would keep away from his house, Ned. To tell the truth, I'm jealous of you. For in confidence, Ned, I *do* believe that Kate is a little of a coquette at heart; and I have often said to myself: 'Although I see nothing particularly kind in her manner to Somers, who knows what it may be when they're alone? I'm sure there's nothing in her actions, when others are present, to betray how kind and coaxing she is to me when we are alone. Ah! Ned; she is all tenderness in our moments of privacy. The last time I saw her she said that she respected you, but swore that she did not care the snap of a finger for you. God bless her for that! how happy it made me! how charming she looked! Ah! she's an angel! upon my soul I must go back and kiss her!'

Somers, chafing with fury at being thus beset, had walked on with a rapid step, while Rust kept pace with him, hissing his words in his ear; but as he uttered the last sentence, Rust turned away. As he did so, Somers caught him by the collar, and drawing him close to him, said:

'Michael Rust, I believe that every word you have just uttered is false, and a vile slander against as noble a girl as ever lived. I will not punish you as you deserve, because I promised Kate Rhoneland that I would not; but before you go let me tell you this: A greater liar and villain than yourself, never walked. Things are oozing out about you, which will make this city ring with your infamy. Tongues which have been tied by gold have found fear more powerful, and have spoken; and there are those tracking out Michael Rust's course, for the last few years, who will not let him rest till they have run him down. You're fond of figures of speech; there's one. Now go and kiss Kate Rhoneland, with what satisfaction you may!'

He flung him from him; and, without looking at him, turned off in a by street.

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CHAPTER TENTH.

THE few words uttered by Somers, as he flung his tormentor from him, threw Michael Rust into a fit of profound abstraction. Pondering over his schemes, and wondering which particular one was about to fail; and yet so confident in his own sagacity and clear-sightedness, that he felt disposed to think failure impossible; he took his way to his own house. There, assuming the same cos-

tume which he usually wore when in his office, and which, in age, certainly added ten years to his appearance, he locked the door of his room, put the key in his pocket, and sallied into the street.

'If what he said be true,' muttered he, 'there must be a traitor. Him I can put my finger on; and first of all, *him* will I punish; and now, for a trial of that new animal Kornicker. Bah!'

Had Mr. Kornicker overheard this allusion to himself, it is scarcely probable that his gratification would have been extreme; for admitting himself and all the rest of the human race, zoologically speaking, to be animals; even then, there was much in the tone of Michael Rust to indicate that Mr. Kornicker belonged to a genus distinct from and inferior to the human species in general; and this was a position against which there is little doubt that Mr. Kornicker would have contended manfully. Without pausing to reflect upon the justice or injustice of his observation, and in truth forgetting that he had made it, Rust took the shortest route to his office, whither, to explain what will follow, it may not be amiss to precede him.

From the day on which he had taken Kornicker into his service, he had not been at his office, nor had he met his new clerk, or seen him, or heard from him. In truth, many other matters pressing upon him, prevented his calling there; and although he did not forget that Kornicker was almost a stranger to him, for he forgot nothing, yet knowing that he could do no harm where he was, and that there was little to embezzle or steal, except the door-key, he in a great measure dismissed him from his thoughts, until he required his services. Although this matter dwelt thus lightly on the mind of Rust, it was the source of much profound thought and intense abstraction on the part of Kornicker. He had endeavored to learn something respecting Rust; and even formed an intimacy with 'the desperadoes,' for that purpose; and what little he learned there certainly did not make him more at ease; for even the most desperate of *them* shook his head, and gave him a friendly caution 'to look sharp;' at the same time adding, though in less refined language, that Rust was, 'a small colored man, but hard to masticate.' It was observed, however, that by degrees Mr. Kornicker's abstraction grew less and less, and his spirits rose. At times, unnatural sounds, such as loud laughter, and even songs, were heard to emanate from Rust's hitherto silent room; and in the dusk of the evening, dim figures were seen skulking to and from it; and in the day time, shabby-genteel men loitered carelessly through the entry, and after listening at the key-hole, gave a shrill whistle, which being answered from within, they dove into the room, and disappeared. At times, too, the clinking of knives and forks against crockery was heard from within; and on such occasions, the phantom of the small boy with a white cap on his head was seen to flit up and down the stairs, with a dish in his hand, or a bottle under his arm, always vanishing at Rust's office, or disappearing in the bowels of the refectory below.

But notwithstanding all these symptoms of returning vivacity,



Mr. Kornicker's mind was far from tranquil on the subject of the mystery of his present situation.

'Fallen into the toils of a little old man,' said he to himself, as he sat, on the morning on which we open this chapter, in front of the fire, with his legs stretched at full length in front of him; the toe of one foot, supporting the heel of the other; of a little old man, with a red handkerchief tied round his head, a broad brimmed hat on the top of that, and a camblet cloak over his shoulders. 'It's too deep for me. I can't fathom it. The victim of a hideous compact, whereby I am decoyed into his service, to sit in a room eight feet by twelve, on a chair without a cushion, a yellow wooden chair, with four legs, and a back made of the most uneasy kind of timber, probably *lignum-vitæ*, and yet with no cushion; to wait for people who never come, eat without drinking, and submit to divers other small inconveniences; such as bringing up coal in a pail without a handle; kindling my own fire with damp wood, and snuffing six-penny dips with a pair of tongs, one of whose feet is absent. There's something very mysterious about it — very. All I hope is, that this Mr. Rust is not the 'Old Boy.' That's all. I do n't wish to speak disrespectfully of him: but I *do* sincerely hope, for his own sake, that he is n't the 'Old Boy.' It would be bad for him, if he was. As for myself,' said he, drawing out his snuff-box, and snuffing with great absence of mind, 'it makes no difference; I'm used to it. I've been brought up in trying circumstances. I slept in a grocery sand-bin on the north corner of a street for a week. Not such a bad place either, in warm weather; but I was ousted by a tipsy gentleman, whom I found there one night. The tipsy gentleman was sick, too; and when tipsy gentlemen get sick, most people know what follows. The place was untenable afterward. But *that* was nothing to *this*; positively nothing. I knew what I was about then; *now* I do n't. I never met but one case in point with mine. It was that of the fellow who fell into the clutches of forty unknown women, and remained with them, feasted with them, and all that — they paying the shot, as in my case — until one morning they all came weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth, to tell him that they were off by the first boat; and that he must stay there until they came back, and might do whatever he liked, and go wherever he chose, except into the stable. There's no stable here, but I'm restricted in liquors; *that* carries out the simile. The house-keeper handed him the keys, and he went jingling about, for forty days, with the keys hanging at his button-hole; his hands in his breeches pockets, whistling and yawning; locking and unlocking doors, and smelling flowers; eating apples, and pea-nuts, I suppose, although they were not specially mentioned, and poking his nose into all the odd corners. There the simile fits again; only it's soon got through with here, seeing that there's only under the table and up the chimney to look, and I've done both. No matter; that chap wound up by having an eye knocked out; and I hope the joke won't be carried so far with me.'

Mr. Kornicker cut short his reflections and remarks; and sitting

upright, pulled up his vest, and felt in the neighborhood of his watch-pocket. Suddenly recollecting, however, that he had left the article which belonged there in the safe-keeping of a friend, who, with a kindness worthy of all praise, not only took charge of it for him, but actually paid for the privilege of doing so; he pulled down his vest and said, 'he supposed that it was all right, and that *they* would be here presently.' If his last remark applied to guests whom he expected, he was apparently correct in his surmise; for he had scarcely uttered it, when there was a single sharp knock at the door.

'Who's there?' demanded he, without starting.

'Open the door!' replied a voice from without.

'It is n't locked,' said Kornicker; and it might have been observed that there was a remarkable abatement of firmness in the tone of his reply.

In pursuance of this hint, the door opened, and in walked Michael Rust!

Mr. Kornicker, in the course of his checkered existence, had frequently found himself in positions in which he was taken dreadfully aback; but it is doubtful whether he had ever detected himself in a situation which threw him into a state of such utter and helpless consternation as his present one; for, relying on the continued absence of his employer, he had that day invited four particular friends 'to drop into the office,' and, as he had carelessly observed, 'to take pot-luck with him — a trifle or so; any thing that should turn up.' This was the very hour; and here was Rust.

He made an unsuccessful effort to welcome his visitor. He got up, muttered something about 'unexpected pleasure,' looked vacantly round the room; rubbed his hands one over the other; made an attempt to smile, which terminated in a convulsive twitching of his lips; and finally sat down, with his intellect completely bewildered, and without having succeeded in any thing, except exciting the surprise and suspicion of Rust.

'There'll be hell to pay!' said he, communing with his own thoughts, 'there positively *will*; I know it; I see it, I feel it; I'm done up; no hope for me! *There* comes one of them,' thought he, as a step deliberately ascended the stair; but it passed to the flight above. There was some relief in that; but it was only a respite. *Come* they must! He wrung his hands, snuffed spasmodically, returned the box to his pocket, and took it out again instantly. 'What shall I do? what *shall* I do? what the *DEVIL* shall I do?' exclaimed he, mentally.

Rust had spoken to him three times, but he had not heard a word. 'This is all very strange,' muttered Rust, looking about the room as if to seek some explanation. The first thing which attracted his attention was the fact that the two chairs which he had left in the office had by some odd process of multiplication increased to six.

'There are six chairs here,' said he, addressing his clerk, in a stern tone; 'where did they come from? Who are they for?'

Mr. Kornicker looked round, and smiled helplessly. 'Six? Oh, ay; one, two, three, four, five — six. So there *are* six,' said he.

'Well?'

'Well; oh, *well*? Oh, yes, quite well, I thank you; very well,' said Mr. Kornicker, whose ideas were rapidly becoming of a very composite order, and who caught only the monosyllable, without exactly taking in its meaning.

'I'm afraid that Mr. Kornicker is lonely in the absence of his friend Michael Rust,' said Rust, with his usual sneer; 'that he finds this dull, dingy room too dreary for him; and has invited six chairs to keep him company, and cheer up his spirits.'

Kornicker made no reply; he could not, for he was stupefied by hearing another step ascending the stairs. This time it paused at the door, as if the visiter were adjusting his collar, and pulling down his wristbands; after which, a thinnish gentleman, dressed in a green coat, with wide skirts; white at the elbows, and polished at the collar, and pantaloons tightly strapped down, gray and glistening at the knees, and not a little torn at the pockets, sauntered carelessly in.

'Servant, Sir; servant, Sir,' said he, nodding to Rust, at the same time, advancing with a familiar air, and swinging in his hand a particularly dingy handkerchief. 'This, I suppose, is one of us. He's an old chip; but he may be come of a prime block.' The latter part of this remark was addressed to Kornicker; and terminated with a request, that he would 'do the genteel, and present him to his friend.' Kornicker, however, sat stock-still, looking in the grate, and evincing no signs of life, except by breathing rather hard.

'Ha! ha! Ned's gone again — brown study!' said the gentleman, winking at Rust, touching his own forehead, and at the same time extending his hand. 'It's his way. I suppose you're one of our social little dinner-party to-day?'

'Yes, oh, yes!' said Rust, quietly; for these words, and the six chairs, afforded an immediate solution of his difficulties. 'I dropped in; and being intimate with Ned, thought I'd stop.'

'So I supposed,' said the other. 'As Ned *won't*, I *will*. My name's Sludge, Mr. Thomas Sludge,' said he, extending his hand to Rust. 'Happy to make your acquaintance. Your name is — eh? eh?'

'Quite a common one; Smith; Mr. Smith,' replied Rust.

'Ha! ha! you're joking; but no — you *do n't* belong to that numerous family, though, do you? Eh? well; I thought from the cut of your eye, that you were an old quiz, and supposed, of course, you were joking.'

At the announcement of the name, Kornicker looked round with a vague hope that *he* might have been mistaken; and that it was not Michael Rust who had thus interrupted his plans; but *there* he stood. 'He's a dreadful reality!' thought he, shaking his head. 'He's no Smith. He's Michael Rust. God knows what he's going to do, I don't. If they come, I pity them. That's all I can

do for them; but it's their affair; they must trust to their own resources, and the care of an overruling Providence. I suppose they'll survive it. If they do n't, Rust will have to bury them.'

He was too much overwhelmed by what had already occurred, and by what was to come, to attempt to extricate himself from his difficulties. They had fallen upon him with a weight which was insupportable; and now, a ton or two more would make but little difference. They might mash him flat if they chose; he should not resist them.

In the mean time, Rust and Sludge became exceedingly sociable. They conversed on all topics, cracked their jokes, and were exceedingly merry on the subject of Kornicker and his employee, and of the tricks which were played upon that respectable personage.

'Ha! ha!' said Mr. Sludge, 'would n't he kick up a rumpus if he did but know what was going on here? The very idea of Rust arriving at this stage of knowledge, seemed so absurd that they laughed until the room rang.'

It was not long before their number was increased by the addition of a short, square-built gentleman, with round cheeks and green spectacles, who was introduced by Mr. Sludge as 'Mr. Steekup, one of us.' He was followed by a thin fellow in elderly attire, and with a very red nose. This latter person was supported by a friend with very large whiskers, and a shaggy great-coat with huge pockets. The first of these two was presented as Mr. Gunter, and the last as Mr. Buzby. Each of these gentlemen, as they respectively entered, went up to Kornicker, and slapped him on the shoulder, at the same time saluting him with the appellation of 'my tulip,' or 'my old buck,' or 'my sodger,' or some other epithet of an equally friendly character; to all of which they received not a word in reply. But though Kornicker's bodily functions were suspended, his thoughts were wonderfully busy.

He felt that he was done for; completely, irremediably done for. He had an earnest wish, coupled with a hope, a very faint hope; a hope so vague and indefinable that it seemed but the phantom of one; that his guests would be suddenly seized with convulsions of an aggravated character, and die on the spot, or jump out of the window, or bolt up the chimney, or cut each other's throats, or melt into air. He did not care what, or which, or how, or when, or where. All his thoughts and wishes tended to one particular end; that was, their abrupt departure, in some sudden and decisive manner. But they evinced no disposition to avail themselves of either means of getting out-of his way, of which he left them so liberal a choice. And to increase his misery, amidst them all sat Rust, with his head bound in his red silk handkerchief, bowing and smirking, and passing himself off as one of themselves; drawing out their secrets, and quizzing old Rust, and occasionally casting on his clerk an eye that seemed red-hot; cracking double-sided jokes, which made *them* laugh, and took the skin off *him*; and calling him 'Ned,' and asking why he was dull, and why he did n't make himself at

home as *he* did; and whether he did n't think that old Rust would make 'a flare up,' if he should happen to drop in; and why he did n't ask old Rust to his dinners sometimes; and all in so pleasant a tone, that the guests swore he was a diamond of the first water, and Mr. Sludge hugged him on the spot.

Mr. Kornicker wondered if he was not dreaming; and whether Rust was in reality there, and whether he himself was not sitting in front of the fire sound asleep. It would be pleasant to wake up and find it so; but no, it could not be; people in dreams did n't laugh like these fellows. How *could* they laugh as they did, when *he* was in such a state! How little they understood the game that was going on! How they'd alter their tone, if they did! It was ridiculous; it was exceedingly ridiculous. He ought to laugh; he felt that he ought; but he would n't yet; the dinner was to come, and perhaps he might *then*; he did n't know; he could n't say; he'd see about it. Hark! There was a thump against the wall below, and a jingling of spoons, and knives and forks, against crockery. Now for it! Another thump; another, accompanied by another jingle. He wondered whether the boy had spilt the gravy. He hoped he had n't; but supposed he had. It made no difference. He wondered whether he'd brought the brandy; supposed he had; of *course* he had. It only wanted *that* to damn him! and of course he would be d—d. He always had been, and always would be; it was his luck. The person who was bringing the dinner stumbled again; but he did n't fall. 'No such good luck! If he had fallen, if he *only* had fallen, and broke his neck, or smashed the dinner, or any thing, to prevent his reaching that door; but no; he was too sure-footed for that; any *other* boy would have done so; but *he* did n't. He reached the door, and saluted it with a hearty kick; at the same time informing the company that if they were hungry, he rather guessed they'd better open it, as his hands were full. Kornicker thought that *his* hands were full too; and even had a faint idea of laughing at this play upon words; but the inclination passed off without his doing so. Michael Rust opened the door, and the boy came in. Kornicker knew it. He neither looked round nor moved; in fact, he closed his eyes; yet he *knew* it — he *felt* it. He had an innate perception that the boy was there, within three feet of him, bearing in his hands a large tray, with dishes, and a brandy bottle on it. And now the clattering commenced; and he was conscious that the boy was setting the table. What would be the end of all this; what *could* be? After all, Michael Rust might be a jolly fellow, and he had n't found it out; and perhaps he wanted to make him at home, and keep up the joke, to save his feelings. He would be glad to think so; but he did n't; no, no, he was certain that there was some devil's play going on.'

The only person who seemed fully to appreciate his situation was the boy from the refectory, who, with the instinct peculiar to boys of that class, had detected it on the spot; and abruptly placing a dish on the table, retired to a corner, with his face to the wall, where he laughed violently in private. A warning look from Rust

put a stop to his mirth; nor did he again indulge it, until the table being set, and being informed that the guests were not proud, and could wait on themselves, he retreated to the entry, where he became exceedingly hilarious.

'Come Ned, my boy, be seated,' said Rust, going up to Kornicker, and slapping him on the shoulder. 'Wake up; you know we must be merry sometimes; and when could there be a better opportunity, than when that old fool Rust is away? He'll never find it out. Oh, no; come, come.'

Kornicker made a faint effort to decline; but a look from Rust decided him, and he rose, went to the table, and mechanically seated himself in the lap of Mr. Sludge, who reminded him that he was not a chair, but that there was an article of that description vacant at his side. Kornicker smiled feebly, bowed abstractedly, and took a seat. He could not eat. He attempted to sip a little brandy, but choked in swallowing it. The dinner, however, went on merrily. The knives and forks clattered against the plates; the roast beef grew smaller and smaller; the vegetables skipped down the throats of the guests as if by magic; and the bottle knew no rest. In fact, the only article on the table which stood its ground, was a sturdy old Dutchman in a cocked-hat, who had been metamorphosed into a stone pitcher; and sat there, with his stomach filled with cold water, and his hands clasped over it. Lord! how merry they were! And as the dinner went on, and the bottle grew low, and another was called for by Rust, how uproarious they became! How they sang, and howled, and hooted! What a din they created in the building! By degrees the entry became filled with the 'desperadoes' from the upper stories, who, attracted by doings kindred to their own, accumulated there in a mass, and enlivened the performances, by howling through the key-hole, and echoing all the other cries, from the bottom of their lungs. But loudest and merriest, and as it appeared to Kornicker, most diabolical of all, was Michael Rust; helping every one; passing the bottle, and laughing, and yet constantly at work, endeavoring to worm out of his companions something against Kornicker which might render him amenable to the law, and which he might hold over his head; a rod to bend him to his purposes, should he ever prove refractory.

As the dinner advanced, and the bottle declined, the guests grew humorous. Mr. Buzby in particular, who after several unsuccessful efforts succeeded in describing the painful situation of a pig, in whose ear a dog was whispering some confidential communication. He also attempted to imitate the remonstrating scream of the animal; but failed, owing to his utterance having become somewhat thick. Mr. Gunter then rose to offer thanks to Mr. Kornicker; but sat down on discovering that Mr. Buzby was terminating his communication by an address of a similar character; and that Mr. Steekup was engaged in restraining Mr. Sludge, who was bent on performing an intricate hornpipe on the table, which he guaranteed

to do without breaking a plate or discomposing a glass; but which Mr. Steekup resisted, being of opinion that his guarantee was but doubtful security. Mr. Sludge, however, was not to be thwarted. He grew animated; Rust encouraged him; he discussed the matter vehemently; he addressed every body, on all subjects; he struggled; he fought, and was finally removed from the room, and cast into the arms of the desperadoes, in the entry, to whom he protested manfully against this treatment; and one of the skirts of his coat, which had been torn off in the debate, was ejected after him. This occurrence, together with the fact that a third bottle had become empty; and that no more was called for by Rust; and that it was growing dark, which was the hour for deeds of chivalry among choice spirits like themselves, seemed to be the signal for a general break-up. After shaking hands affectionately with Rust, and telling him that he was 'a potatoe of the largest kind,' and slapping Kornicker kindly but violently on the back, and saying that they were sorry to see him so 'd—d glum,' they all spoke on promiscuous subjects at once, and departed in a body, each trying in a very earnest manner to impress upon the rest something which he forgot before he uttered it, but which he supposed he would remember presently.

Rust waited until the silence showed that the guests and the 'desperadoes' had departed together; and then turning to Kornicker, and rubbing his hands together, said:

'A very pleasant little party we've had, Mr. Kornicker; a *very* pleasant little party. Michael Rust is much obliged to you for dispelling the gloom of his office, and making it the gathering-place of such select society. He can't express his thanks in terms sufficiently strong. He feels grateful, too, for your strict adherence to the terms of the agreement between us. Twenty dollars a month, meals for one, liquor for none. These were the terms, I think; but Michael Rust is growing old, and his memory may have failed him. Perhaps, too, brandy is n't a liquor; he is n't certain; it used to be, when he was a boy; and he does n't think that it has changed its character; but it may have done so, and he may have forgotten it; for you know he's old and childish, and even in his dotage.'

Mr. Kornicker shook his head. 'I knew it must come!' thought he. He muttered something about his 'standing the shot for the brandy himself.' He made a futile effort to get at his snuff-box, but failed; said something about 'apology to offer,' and was silent.

'Well, Sir,' said Rust, after a pause, altering his manner, 'I have found *you* out. You have n't yet discovered what *I* am. Get these things removed; for I have that on hand which must be attended to. I'll overlook *this*, but it must never be repeated.'

'Kornicker, glad to escape thus easily, and yielding, partly to that ascendancy which Rust invariably acquired over those whom he made use of, and partly cowed by the consciousness of guilt, and the fear of losing a comfortable situation, slunk out of the room in search of the boy from the refectory.

## M O H A W K .

## A CLUSTER OF SONNETS TOUCHING THAT VALLEY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

## I.

FULL many a glorious image have I caught,  
 Sweet valley! from thy gentle scenery;  
 Brooks blue with the June heaven; white cliff, and sky,  
 And forest-shaded nooks; nor less, the Thought  
 That stirs in Nature's hushed solemnity,  
 The boundless Thought which fills the solitude  
 And holy twilight of the pathless wood,  
 With its perpetual and present mystery.  
 How like a passion it pervades these deep,  
 Dark groves of hemlock, while the sultry noon  
 Fills the green meadows with the heats of June,  
 And hangs its haze upon the mountain-steep!  
 It is the breath of God, who here hath made  
 Meet worship for Himself, amid the thickest shade.

## II.

BENEATH this roof of maple boughs, whose screen  
 Of thick, young leaves is painted in the brook,  
 The golden summer hath a pleasant look,  
 Caught from blue, stainless skies, and hill-tops green  
 With field and forest. Deep within this nook  
 Of bright, smooth waters, where the lace-like fern  
 Is pictured with the wild-flower's crimson urn,  
 And thickets by the winds of noontide shook:  
 Amid the twinkling green and silver, lies  
 His glorious image; clouds that sweep the vale,  
 White wood-hawks breasting the sweet August gale,  
 Inverted forests, and serenest skies  
 Scooped out below the loose and glittering sand,  
 With many a glimpse of town and sunny mountain land.

## III.

THERE is a romance mingled with this sweet,  
 Wild forest scenery; this cool, deep glade,  
 Whose nooks at noon are dark with thickest shade,  
 These gulfs where boughs of beech and maple meet  
 And mingle in the sultry mid-day heat;  
 Dark hollow, and green bluff, all teem with wild  
 And glorious legends. From this cliff up-piled  
 With moss-stained rocks, where mid his green retreat  
 In the dense thicket the brown wood-thrush sings,  
 Far through the landscape's mild and mellowing haze  
 I mark the battle-fields of other days,  
 Fields trod of old by the red Mohawk kings,  
 And misty valleys golden with the blaze  
 Which Summer from the heaven of August flings.

Utica, (New-York,) 1843.

H. W. R.



## SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY FRANK L. M. O. 97

It is Sunday in our pleasant village, and the very air seems to feel it. It is lighter and purer than it was yesterday, and moves stealthily, as though afraid of breaking the general stillness by its rustling. The shops are all shut, but there is no gloominess about them: they too are enjoying the season of rest. And three or four venerable cows are stretched on the green common, lulled to a state of philosophic calmness, and sunk in sober meditation. What delicious music the church-bell makes! It rings out, *sotto voce*; and the still, charmed air modulates with a gentle motion, like unbroken ripples on the surface of a sleeping pond. First comes a single, heavy peal; then a vibration, like a distant echo; then another, fainter and more distant still; and another, and another, each fainter and quicker than the preceding; till in the course of a few seconds nothing is heard but a confused jingling; and while we are thinking whether this jingling is not that which we sometimes hear in our ears at the dead of night, and which we then decide to be fairy-bells, afar off, another heavy stroke sends down another clear, sweet wave of sound, and the process of vibrations is repeated.

But now the people from the country around begin to come in. Huge lumber-wagons, containing farmers and their sons, in Sunday coats and stiff collars, with their wives and daughters in straw bonnets and pink ribands, and calico dresses, come rattling through the streets, and deposit their loads on the church-steps. The villagers too come out of their houses and walk slowly over toward the meeting-house. It is easy to distinguish the great men of the place; (what place has not its great men, on one scale or another?) the lawyer, the physician, and those older inhabitants, who came here first, and have grown rich through age. They wear finer clothes, their boots are polished, and perhaps their faces are ornamented with spectacles. It is easy to distinguish them, too, by their demeanor. Their walk shows their consciousness of possessing superior importance; and a very pleasant thing that consciousness is, on any scale. Arrived on the steps, they accost each other with affability; nod to the farmers with benignity, and say, 'How do you do, Mrs. Johnson?' in an open tone of voice, that the standers-by may see how friendly they are to all. The young men and maidens look on them with silent veneration: for from their earliest youth they have been accustomed to regard Doctor Brown and 'Squire White as among the greatest in the land; men who had a care over the whole country, and whose dignity of bearing was the consequence and indication of that elevation of mind which was necessary in order to take in such wide views. They are men whose knowledge

knows no bounds; they are the ones who make speeches on the Fourth of July; are officers of the temperance society, and the regiment of militia; and therefore the young men and maidens reverence them, and the old men make way for them, in the assembly of the people. It is a natural feeling, natural and pleasant to all parties; and I cannot tell to which it is the most pleasant, the admirer or the admired. But they are going in: I enter with them, and walk down the aisle with a sedate step and slow.

One of those of whom I have spoken last, the doctor, I should judge from his appearance, has given me a seat in his slip, near the centre of the church. What a holy repose steals over the spirit, as we sit down in the house of worship! The strife and turmoil of the world never obtrude themselves into this sacred place; all are for a while forgotten. The oil of awe, and yet of gladness, is poured on the bubbling waters of passion, and they sink to rest. The faint heart, 'wounded, sick, and sore,' is revived and healed by the very breath of the sanctuary; for within these walls the air itself seems consecrated. A solemn and reverential feeling settles down on the mind of the worshipper; and he involuntarily assumes a serious deportment. The people come in, one by one, and take their seats noiselessly, as though they had put off their shoes from their feet on this holy ground. The light rustle of a lady's dress, and the occasional slam of a pew-door, in opening or shutting, alone are heard; and these interruptions only serve to make the succeeding silence more deeply felt.

I look around on the assembly, and among so many men, who for the past week have been digging in the earth, or hammering incessantly on the anvil or the lap-stone, or engaged in the most mean and unintellectual employments, there is not one careless or vacant face. Every heart is elevated, and every face is refined in its expression, by the associations of the place. The humble are exalted, as it is in man's nature to be, when his eyes and thoughts, from being fixed on the earth, are lifted up, and hold communion with things above the earth. Ambition of honor or wealth is shamed; the world is but a little thing, when, as now, we look down on it; and here pride finds no place. Care smooths his rugged brow, and over the sunny face of the maiden steals a shade of deeper thought. Therefore we are all alike; the barriers of ice which during the week have separated man from his fellow, are to-day broken down; and we feel, sitting here worshipping together, that we are fellow-pilgrims; that we are indeed of the same family.

Anon the minister comes in, with reverend countenance and careful step. Every eye is bent on him, with affectionate respect, as he places his hat on the bright little table under the desk, and mounts up to, and shuts himself in, the pulpit. Instinctively we all rise when *he* does, and invoke the divine presence; though we are conscious that that presence has been with us, and around us, ever since we entered the house. When the rustle of re-seating ourselves, like that of many dry leaves shaken by the wind, has subsi-

ded, how calmly and soothingly the voice of the speaker falls on our ears, reading out of the holy book! It is a familiar passage; a passage which I had heard often and often before I could read it, or understand all the words; one which I learned by heart almost as soon as I could learn any thing; which I have heard repeated week after week for many years; and yet now every syllable is sounded so distinctly that the picture comes up as vividly as ever, and I cannot help listening. I forget for the time all that is to come; submit myself to follow slowly along with the words of the speaker, and feel my quiet heart overflowing, as it receives the beautiful story, with its simple and sublime moral.

While I sit and suffer these thoughts, like the spontaneous images of a dream, to pass over my mind, the hymn has been read, and my reveries are broken by music from the choir, floating softly down. I am in no mood to criticise and it is not difficult to imagine that the sounds do not proceed from mere human lips; but that beings who take a deeper interest in man's welfare than he himself takes, are clothing their words of exhortation or comfort in melody, and speaking at once to our heart and understanding. If this was not fully imagined before, it becomes almost real when the last long-drawn note dies away, as though the sweet minstrels had accomplished their mission to this earthly tabernacle, and had departed toward their own abode.

And now rises the preacher, severe and grave. Every glance is directed toward him, and every ear is open to catch the first, long-coming accents. I do not wonder that they love to gaze on him; even I do now. He is a man past the prime of life; gray hairs are plentifully sprinkled over his head; his face is somewhat thin and worn, as though with long watching and study; but his frame is upright, and the look which he slowly casts over the expectant congregation, is full of import and solemnity. There is a mild, affectionate light in his eye, and love to God and to all God's creatures beams out from every lineament of his countenance. Calmly he displays, after the good old fashion, his handkerchief of spotless white, and calmly deposits it under the right lid of the book before him. There is such an air of quiet dignity about the movement, that I love him for it. But the preparations are all gone through with; a routine which we would not miss, and which he would be lost without. He reads his text with emphatic enunciation, and begins his heart-felt address. It is evident that he does feel it. I cannot doubt it for a moment, when I look on his face. I can see that it is heart-felt; and therefore it is not strange that it should be heart-felt by his hearers too.

What a luxury to hear those plain truths! There is no mystery about them, no darkness. The mind is not led off into futile speculations concerning things infinitely above its reach, or so subtle as for ever to elude its grasp; but the grandest principles—and there are none but what are grand—appear on their natural level, the level of the humblest comprehension. While we are least thinking of it, the good man turns some general remark, in the truth of

which we have just acquiesced, toward us, personally, as individuals; meanwhile, by his eye, making every hearer feel that *he* is meant. I cannot divert my attention; I am compelled to think only as he wills, and am startled by the conviction which forces itself on me, so personally does he speak to me, that he is looking strait into my heart. The chapel becomes a hall of justice; my evil motives, and passions, and actions, in long array come thronging up, and I must perforce sit in judgment on them. No excuses or shiftings avail; in the twinkling of an eye, I see the character of the motive or action, and, in spite of myself, decide justly respecting them. It is humbling, truly, and it ought to do me good.

In fact, it *has* done me good already, as well as the rest who hear. For now, when the speaker comes to tell of love, and goodness, and mercy, how much sweeter sound the words than ever they did before! The house itself seems lighter, and the faces of all in it are brightened, like the faces of men which have been darkened through fear, under the shadow of an eclipse, when it passes happily away. We all feel that it is good for us to be here, and are surprised that it is so late, when, after another brief prayer, we are summoned to rise and receive the benediction—it seems to me that we should kneel to receive a blessing from such lips—and the morning services are over.

If I followed my inclinations, I should stay here during the intermission; but that would expose me to notice; so I take up my hat, and mingle in the crowd which is pouring out. How different from the crowd which one meets in the saloon of fashion, or at a political meeting, or at any other place, where men are accustomed to congregate! Here we are all jostled together, but gently, decorously. We do not lose sight of ourselves, or of the dignity of reflecting beings. We are rather a company so full of the thoughts which we have just received, that we must think them all over again, and have no time to stop and exchange compliments, or to respond to them with laughter equally inane. Not even when we emerge on to the common, and all take our diverging ways toward home, can a voice be heard rising higher than a whisper. A Sabbath stillness reigns over all.

In the afternoon, the scene is much the same as in the morning. With the first stroke of the bell, I take my former seat, and occupy myself with turning over the leaves of a pocket-Bible that belongs to the slip. There is rather more confusion and noise of people coming in, than there was in the forenoon. Footsteps fall heavier, and pew-doors slam louder. A few old ladies, collected into two or three contiguous seats, for the purpose of enjoying, in the interval of worship, a little whispering consultation, have not yet intermitted their humming voices. Children, released from the Sunday school, come clattering along the aisles. Young gentlemen and ladies do not appear quite so stiff as they did in the morning, and are not so careful that their attitudes should be exactly perpendicular. The chorister also makes some remarks to the choir on the importance of keeping time, and on sundry other things, in a tone of mild com-

mand. All these little things go to make up a good deal of confusion in the house; all which, nevertheless, it is exceedingly pleasant to sit and listen to.

But the pastor enters; the bell ceases its tolling; the whispering old ladies disperse themselves to their respective seats; the deacons, who have been waiting for the minister on the steps, follow him in; and in less than a minute silence once more settles down on the assembly.

It may be fancy, but it strikes me that the choir sing a trifle louder and freer than before; that the female singers put in variations, which are not set down for them in the book, sliding graces, one might call them; all indicative of increased confidence in their own powers. However this may be, I am certain that the young damsel in the slip before me, whose face I have not seen, is mingling her voice in the harmony. I can almost hear it. But while I am watching to catch her tones, a universal shutting of books announces that the hymn is ended.

It may be fancy, too, but the preacher seems to me a thought less solemn than in the forenoon; perhaps a little warmer and more animated. Perhaps, too, the hearers are more restless and disposed to be critical. There is not that same hush of breathless listening. But they are sweet words; and the speaker appears to be conscious that he is not giving utterance to idle breath, so deliberately and thoughtfully do the lessons of good come from his lips. And this deliberation and thoughtfulness increase as he draws near the close of the sermon; till at last, his voice is sunk almost to a whisper; and our attention has to be closely riveted to catch the sounds. Now may be seen the whole congregation bending forward with strained eyes, and animated faces, drinking in the thoughts and precepts, and exhortations, as though for their lives. And when the conclusion of the whole matter comes, '*And thereby shall ye have hope of eternal life,*' and during the deep pause which succeeds the enunciation of these words, an hundred long-drawn sighs may be heard, telling of relieved and lightened bosoms.

After the prayer, a hymn is read; a good old hymn, unmutilated from Watts, and we all rise to sing it. It is set to a good old tune too, one with which every body is familiar, and the first verse is carried roundly off. The second verse sets in heavier; the voices of the singers grow louder through use. The bass, which before was rather faint, now comes out with the power of a dozen organs, from fifty pairs of lungs that never knew what weakness was. The air, too, has cast off its timidity, and rises high and shrill; while the alto and tenor, each clear and distinct, fill up the intermediate space, and all four blend together harmoniously, so that no jar or dissonance is perceptible. The tide of song sways up and down, like the breathless rocking of the wave. The whole house is crowded with sound. The voices gush out and swell with measured movement; and while the different parts combine and unite, a mingled stream of harmony and praise is sent up toward the heavens. It is evident that the hearts of the singers are rising with their words.

I can speak for myself, at least; I find it difficult to resist the current of enthusiasm; so I allow myself to be borne away; and, albeit somewhat unskilled in the gentle art of psalmody, into this grand hallelujah chorus I cast the strength of my voice with right good will.

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## S O N G .

## I.

A PHILOSOPHER once, to the mountain  
Of Helicon came, to explore  
The cause of the wonderful fountain  
That gushed from its summit of yore.

## II.

Disbelieving, until he had tried it,  
That water the Fancy could raise,  
Ere he tasted its freshness, he eyed it  
With a most philosophical gaze.

## III.

Then dipping his fore-finger in it,  
He just wet the tip of his tongue;  
He sipped and he sucked; in a minute  
Beside it his full length he flung.

## IV.

He swallowed his fill, O delicious!  
Sure never was Chian like this!  
He was drunk! yet the ass was ambitious  
To find out the *cause* of his bliss.

## V.

So he dug, all the morning, around it  
With his long, philosophical paws;  
Eureka! cried he; I have found it!  
This black-looking root is the cause.

## VI.

He pulled up the fibre; he smelt it,  
And bit it, and kneeling again,  
Kissed the liquid, and fancied he felt it  
Had ceased to enliven his brain.

## VII.

Home took he the plant, and sawed it asunder —  
Analyzed it with acids and brine;  
And found it at last, to his wonder,  
Nothing more than the root of — a vine!

## VIII.

Then he doubted, the more he reflected;  
And the question to this day is moot,  
If the grape-vine the fount had affected,  
Or the fount gave its force to the fruit.

## THE DEVIL-TAVERN.

*Rev. F. M. Shelton Jr.*  
A TALE OF TINNECUM.

'Twas day being fair, and the sun shining bright,  
 I thought of Far-Rockaway, which causes me to write :  
 I thought of Cow-Neck which will ever be dear,  
 Though I should be away from there these full twenty year.  
 The place of one's birth he always thinks the best,  
 Though we should have to live there half clothed, and half dressed :  
 What then must it be, to one in my case,  
 Who had whatever he wanted when I was into the place 't !'

COPIED FROM MRS. PETTIT'S ALBUM AT ROCKAWAY.

THE winter had given a few premonitory symptoms, the winds beginning to come with a cutting edge from the north, the last flowers of the season having long dropped their disconsolate heads, where they had been cut down in their late bloom, and short icicles depending from the eaves on the frosty mornings. One by one, the charms which crown the country during so many months, its roses, its green-sward, its foliage, nay, even the melancholy tints of autumn were withdrawn, until all was bare and desolate, and there was nothing left of all the glorious scene, except to those who can bow down to Nature in her severest moods, and can admire the symmetry of the dismantled oak with as true a feeling as when its limbs were robed in green. Still can you see in its majestic trunk and faultless anatomy, why it bore its honors so gracefully. But the woods were literally stripped. Here and there a dry leaf, crumpled up, shook on the end of a limb with a palsied motion, producing a death-noise, not unlike the reiterated strokes of a small wood-pecker's bill upon the bark. For the rest, a thin layer of dry leaves whirling about among the skeleton shadows of trees, or gathered together in the hollows and the valleys, was all that remained of the tissue of that massive, overarching pall which stretched over the forest for miles. How contractile is the power of death ! Caw ! caw ! caw ! The crows flapped their jet black wings over the region of desolation ; and hark to the roar of the distant sea ! The beautiful shores of the Long-Island Sound, its promontories, coves, and recesses, so late the resort of the invalid or the idle ; the trout-streams, the wide plains, the forests filled with sleek deer, as also the places of note upon the sea-shore, had become deserted. Montauk-Point jutted out into the sea more lonely than ever. Glen-Cove lost all its charms, and not the least were those it borrowed from thy presence, glorious Araminta ! The Baron Von Trinkets swore that he would die for thee. The Pavilion at Rockaway, where beauty and fashion had so lately woven the dance, was forsaken in all its halls, corridors, and piazzas ; while the old steward sat by night in the kitchen-wing, tapping his feet on the hearth to the remembered music of galopades, and voluptuous waltzes. It was, in fact, the latter end of November — a pretty season for an excursion into the Tinnecum bay !

Tertullian insisted upon my going with him to shoot black duck, which were said to be more plentiful than for many years, affording great sport. But water-parties, to my mind, cease to be desirable when coal fires have become agreeable. Nevertheless, *ad sauro-matas*, to oblige a friend. So we overhauled lock, stock, and barrel, which had become rusty since snipe-shooting, and, busying ourselves a whole evening in screwing, unscrewing, oiling, and getting in order our implements to make war upon the black ducks, the morrow found us ready. Tertullian shook me by the shoulders as I lay softly pillowed, and in the midst of pleasant dreams. With a yawn and a groan I acknowledged the salutation, and looking out saw the stars yet shining in the sky. The morning air felt cold! cold! As I stood shivering in my long robes, I was ready to sacrifice my friendship for Tertullian, and to plunge again beneath the warm sheets, and recur to my happy dreams. The rolling of wheels over the frozen ground beneath the windows, and Cudjo's sharp reproaches to the mules, indicated that all parties were on the ground; and although I considered it almost as bad as fighting a duel at that unseasonable hour, I clenched my teeth with determination, as if to preclude the possibility of a shiver. In a few moments we were armed and equipped, provisions for the day were placed in the bottom of the wagon, and Cudjo drove us out on the commencement of the cheerless journey. My friend, lover as he was of aquatic pastimes, and wild-duck shooting, shrugged his shoulders as we passed over the bleak meadows. There had evidently been a fall of snow during the night, somewhere among the Highlands, to judge by the sharper edge of the winds. In the course of half an hour we arrived at a landing-place, where a small creek put up from the bay. Here two negro boatmen, from New-Guinea, a small African settlement in the neighboring woods, had consented to meet us, and row us out in their new sedge-boat, which was first called the Pumpkin-Seed, from some allusion to its shape, but afterward from their own names, THE SAM AND JIM. On arriving at the wharf nothing presented itself but the old mill, with its wheel encased in ice, and as far as the eye could reach, the bleak meadows and the tortuous creek, and the Tinnecum bay. But the black gentlemen who were to be our guides did not show their faces, but were probably with the rest of New-Guinea dreaming of clams and eels, or of the gala-day when their new boat, fresh and gaudily painted, was launched into the black waters, below the dam of the Three-Mile Mill. The 'Sam and Jim' lay high and dry upon the shore, chained, padlocked, and protected from the weather. It must be confessed that the promise of the day's sport was small. With no Palinurus to guide us, and the wind blowing as if it came from an iceberg, the black ducks might take a new lease of their lives, for all the damage we should do them. Tertullian swore roundly, stamped his feet, and went raving round the old mill, which we tried to enter, but the doors were locked. Then getting upon a pile of mill-stones he gazed wistfully into all quarters of the horizon, and raising his trumpet voice



as if he had been among the very huts of New-Guinea, called upon the delinquents, Sam and Jim. Still no human being appeared to offer assistance, and echo only answered 'Sam and Jim.' The sun began to appear well above the horizon, the tide was on the ebb; if a little more time were lost, it would be impossible to get over the bar, and return by night-fall. The miller's house stood near, whither we immediately hastened, and having aroused him by a volley of kicks against his door, asked his ghostly advice about an expedition into the bay. Joe Annis thanked us in language not very flowery for breaking his slumbers, and then telling us that his two boats, the 'Spasm' and 'Paroxysm,' (so named by some country doctor in that vicinity,) were a little way down creek, and that we might take either one, and row ourselves out, drew in his powdered head. Difficulties only serve to quicken the energies of men of nerve. '*Courage! courage! mon ami!*' exclaimed my friend, wagging his haunches in the direction of the wharf in a great hurry. Tertullian was for ever speaking French and Latin. The first was tolerable, as far as it went, which was to the end of a very small vocabulary; but for the latter, Erasmus help us! it was of the canine species, except some few phrases, very pure, drawn right out from the body of the Roman authors. Of the latter was *Quid agis?* 'What are you about there?' What are you doing — in the stern of the boat? *Ohe! jam satis!* Come, no more of your fun. *Dic, age tibia.* Wake up, and tune your pipes.' But then, the melancholy, barbarian ages succeeding, '*Miror quid diabolus faciemini sine Sam et Jimmo!*'

On examining the boats, we found them not very well adapted to the purpose. They were rather small skiffs, and might be easily tilted over, or capsized in a squall. We took the SPASM. She was clean, tight, and ready to be launched; but the PAROXYSM was in bad condition, full of mud, grass, clams, shells, broken rum-jugs, and decayed cucumbers. In a trice we had effected the launch, virtualled the boat for a day's voyage, and seizing the oars pulled with great vigor and hearty determination. We had been both indifferently acquainted with the bay, knew its shores, and bottom, and the fishing-grounds which were once visited with success. But such knowledge acquired in school-boy days had become dim. It might be that the old land-marks were destroyed; for if a certain row of poplars which stood upon the plain had been cut down during the prevailing unpopularity of poplars, we might be puzzled to find the entrance of the creek upon our return. '*Courage! courage!*' exclaimed Tertullian; 'range your eye along the summits of the salt hay-stacks, thence onward over the ridge of the old bont-house, and you will see the trees, with their dry and decayed limbs rattling aloft, like pipe-stems:

'*Altas maritat populos.*'

The broad expanse of the bay seemed to lie before us at a little distance, but the course of the stream was winding and ambiguous, often making a turn and bringing you back to nearly the same

place, which by dint of laborious rowing you deemed you were leaving far in the back-ground. Thus, often in life, do we seek to arrive upon the scene of some expansive prospect, but that which seemed a little interval turns out to be a weary distance, to be overcome only by patient determination. The exercise of pulling at the oars sent warmth through our bodies, and made the blood tingle in all our limbs, although the flags upon the shores were glazed, and sharp icicles hung from the banks, which the sun had not yet power to dissolve. At last the shores began to widen, and we emerged into a broad basin, where, coasting warily for a while, we ventured upon another more expansive. Here we saw a loon, who screamed out when he saw the skiff, in great alarm; but no harm was done to him. Some pieces of ice were seen floating, not of any great size. Having pulled heartily thus far, we considered it 'about time' to take a small pull at the brandy-bottle. The sun was by this time pretty high up in the heavens; the day though cold was of an amber clearness; the black ducks pretty scarce; but other things promising well, Tertullian broke out into music; a jovial, marine song, of which he expected me to sustain a part in the chorus:

'Cheer up, my jolly boys,  
In spite of wind and weather,  
Cheer up, my jolly boys,  
And ——'

'*Mcherle!*' exclaimed he, breaking off suddenly, '*ecce duos oves!*'

'Where?' replied I, in astonishment, looking up to the sky, and suspecting that he made some punning allusion to a few fleecy clouds.

'Two teal, by Jupiter!' said he, cocking his piece, and rising up in the boat with great eagerness. Looking in the direction to which he pointed, I saw the birds rising up and down on the rough waves, and occasionally bobbing their heads beneath the brine. There is a grace and sleek elegance which belongs to animals in their state of utmost wildness, that is incomparable. Swans in the tranquil lake, and kine in the richest pastures, are beautiful for the eye to rest on. But the bird which looks out from some high, extreme limb in the wood — even if it be the small, red robin, stretching out its long neck, and displaying an elegance of form, very different from its summer plumpness, ready to flap its wings at the merest crackling of a leaf, or approach of the distant shadow; the straggler from that long file of migratory birds, (how beautifully it undulates, and swerves from a rigid line in yon high aerial flight,) descending to bathe in the woodland swamp, and plunging its head deep into the waves as the quick eye of the sportsman, the flash, and the report are simultaneous; the stag listening with erect ear to the fall of far-off footsteps in the forest, and expressing in that tremulous air the full force of his incipient bound;

—— '*Non sine vano  
Aururum, et siliis metu;*

these express an idea of ecstatic life and enjoyment, which it is difficult for the painter to depict.

Tertullian could not get a shot at the teal, for they went under, and never came up again, that we could discover. Nor was the loss of sport to be regretted, as, had he discharged his piece standing, heavily loaded as it was, the recoil would have been sufficient to upset the skiff. Such casualties are not infrequent. It was near this very place that Pomp Ruin, poor black! in his eagerness to shoot a wild duck, got kicked overboard, and went down, with all his sins upon his head; and as the colored clergyman truly observed, in improving the subject on the Sunday following: 'My brudren, he was never heered of arterwards.' Coasting along still with resolution, we doubled Cape Round-your-hat, and it being high-noon, drew up on the beach at Rider's to dine. An hour and a half was suffered to elapse before we got off from this sterile place, and the afternoon beginning to wear away in divers cruisings, we thought it high time to begin to think of a return.

We had been resting on our oars for a few minutes, Tertullian ceasing from his French and Latin, and maintaining a profound silence. 'Hearken!' said he, suddenly rising up, in an attitude of intense listening; 'it is the surf bursting upon the shore!' I put down my ear, and heard the hollow, heavy roar, and booming of the breakers, rolling upon the beach at Rockaway. 'We are near the mouth of the inlet,' said he; 'pull for the point of yonder island, or we shall be carried out to sea.' I remembered a story told me by Captain Phibious, of the small schooner Sally Jane, who got carried out into the Gulf Stream, four or five hundred miles, without provisions, in which expedition all hands liked to have perished. Fear lent strength and vigor to our arms. Into what peril were we brought through the remissness of those irredeemable negroes Sam and Jim! With such good effect did we pull at the oars, that in a little while we struck the point of land, and leaped upon the shore in safety. 'Do you know where you are!' exclaimed Tertullian.

'Certainly not, except upon a desert strip of sand.'

'You are on Scollop Island.'

My blood froze in my veins. 'We are then,' said I, 'upon the dominions of Floy's Boyo, and within the precincts of the DEVIL-TAVERN.'

'The same,' answered he; 'let us draw up the boat.'

Scollop Island, whither we had now come, was a small, barren place, which lies just at the mouth of the inlet, opposite to the Rockaway beach. It consists of little hillocks of white sand, and intervening valleys, with here and there a few groves of pines, and gnarled oaks, whortleberry-bushes, and brambles, or whatever will grow on so unpropitious a site. Beside these, there is at any time little sign of life. Only one house or tenement was visible upon its highest point, before which the broken mast of some wrecked schooner was planted in the sand; and half way up jutted out a sign, on which was painted some figure, not intended to be human. Some beaks, figure-heads, and gilded ornaments, the relics of unfortunate ships, lay about, or were nailed over the doors. The house, it must be confessed, had never borne an excellent reputa-

tion. Gibbs and Wamsley had resorted to it frequently, and are said to have made some deposits of treasure in the sands of the island which have never yet been turned up. The boatmen who tarry there usually do so, for the purpose of some drunken spree too riotous and noisy for the main land. But the Devil-Tavern had at least one merit, for it discarded all semblance of hypocrisy, and did not even assume to itself the vestige of a good name. It may be said that the present one was forced upon it; at any rate it had borne it a long time, and put forth no protest to vindicate the reputation of the house. The virtuous were afraid of it, and preferred, if carried thither in some summer excursion, to wander about the hot beach, rather than seek the comparative coolness of its walls. It had received its name for many reasons, any one of which might be deemed sufficient. A hundred years ago its founder was a man of such outrageous character, and withal so successful in his career, that it was thought the very Devil helped him. He was leagued with wicked landmen, who, when they had accomplished their nefarious plans, sailed hither, and revelled jollily until the storm blew over. Many a bottle of pure wine was cracked in their convivialities, very different from the vile and burning fluids now served up at the bar. But Cargills was at last hanged, having been taken unawares at the Anchor Tavern, in New-York, whither he went when oppressed with ennui, and to get his feelings in tune. A set of landlords succeeded him, any one of whom had made society too hot to hold them. At last a certain humorist who happened to be there, snatching a pot of paint one day, which was near at hand to paint the bows of a schooner, clambered up by the aid of a ladder, and inscribed upon the sign-board, with great freedom of brush, a picture of that ancient gentleman, the Devil. He painted him *rampant*, with all that dismal aspect which is usually attributed to him, with hell-flames bristling from his forked tongue, his tail coiled up and superfluous, while in the back-ground was an extent of highly picturesque country, whence he had just issued, seeking whom he might devour. The semblance must have been correct, since by those that came there, the recognition was pleasurable and immediate. Indeed, the frequenters of the place for the last fifty years had been distinguished by the harsh term of hellicat devils. Latterly, nothing specific had been alleged against the Inn, only some murderous suspicions connected with the gangs which frequented it, and the very unsatisfactory character of a bad name.

The present landlord, Floys Boyo, came here originally from Thimble Islands, and managed to gain a miserable subsistence throughout the year by the entertainment of strangers, and the sale of strong waters. Of whatever else he did for a living, there are no witnesses. We now proposed to make his acquaintance, and we could have wished under better auspices, unless his hospitality would overflow toward those thrown by accident upon his shores at an inclement time. Objects were waxing dim in the declining light, and the 'wind of the winter night' blew dismally around the coasts of Scollop Island. We drew up the skiff upon the land,

took our over-coats and fowling-pieces, and went in the direction of the house, along the ill-beaten tracks, with heads bent down to shield us from the sharpness of the wind. Tertullian received my reproaches for bringing me upon the expedition, and for conducting the ship into such a harbor. The appearance of the house, upon a nearer aspect, was eminently cheerless, without tree or dried bush, or enclosure, or domestic animals, or any thing to remind one of life, or cheerfulness, or hope. The wind had blown the white sand to the very threshold of the door, while, scarcely visible in the declining day, the Devil looked down upon us with a malignant leer. A dim light appeared in front at the windows, through the only panes of glass the house could boast. Nearly all were shingled over, or otherwise stopped. The barking of a dog would not have been unwelcome, though it had been a snarl. It was a place into which one feels an instinctive reluctance to intrude.

There are some houses which by their very air and aspect, as plainly as if characters of hospitality were written upon the lintels, extend to the stranger the undoubted welcome of a home. Others are guarded in all their avenues by their own repulsiveness. We inspected the premises narrowly, examined the house on all sides, as if the entrance were doubtful, then came again in front, and looked up at the eaves. A little smoke curled out of the chimney, indicating the presence of small warmth within. Tertullian set up a strong claim upon the sympathy of the convent, by hammering against the door with his musket. A response came from within like the howl of a wild beast aroused from his lair, an outburst of compound curses, unknown to the every-day swearer. 'Floys Royo is in his tantrums; knocking is too gentle an etiquette at the Devil-Tavern; he must be mollified with hard words, and subdued with counter-oaths. Follow me,' said Tertullian; 'it is but a specimen of his airs and graces.'

Pushing into the room, we found it black and dismal, and all things in correct keeping. The smell of gin filled it like a fume. In one corner a small greasy enclosure of boards, breast-high, likewise shut off by pendant pickets from the wall above, formed that spiritual sanctum, usually called the bar. Behind it were a number of dripping glasses, whose only washings were from the dregs of those little corpulent barrels, and whose only wipings were from the foul lips of the frequenters of the Devil-Tavern. An irregular file of bottles and cracked decanters eked out the remaining crockery. The beams and walls of the room overhead were darkened with smoke; the floor was filthy; and greasy, unwashed vessels lay about in profusion, among the remnants of chairs, and broken benches, and the last timbers of a cradle, of which the baby was gone. Three men moped in the fire-place, thrusting the heels of their gigantic boots into the coals, muttering and cursing in cheerless companionship. They were without coat, vest, or neckcloth, their red shirts were open upon their necks and hairy bosoms, their marred faces, lip-corners streaming with tobacco, harsh beards, and shaggy heads, made them look like a group of infernals.

Floys Boyo, the captain of this delectable crew, was distinguished from the rest by a scar or gash, which from the corner of his eye came down his right cheek in a deep gulley as far as his nose, where it branched off, and cut his upper lip into two parts, which had been ill patched together.

'We're going to lodge here,' said Tertullian, walking up and slapping Boyo upon the back.

'H—ll!' replied the other, not pretending to move from his seat, while the rest of the company rolled up their eyes in silence.

'Yes; and want some south-side clams for supper; there's bread enough in the boat.'

'You won't get no supper, and there's very little lodging for you. Do you think we're as dead as door-nails, d—n you, and as deaf as stones? Hammer the door down next time, will you? Bullion, call the old woman.'

It was evident that Boyo meant to entertain us, notwithstanding his threatening and sullen aspect; and although he fulfilled his word by making no preparations for supper, yet a chamber was getting ready for our repose in the cockloft of the Devil-Tavern. This, in the inclemency of the season, and the want of another house or place of shelter on the island, we considered a piece of princely hospitality, worthy to be paid with gold. Ensnconced within the jambs of the fire-place (how different from the blazing, hospitable hearth of the farm-house!) we read the horrid physiognomies around us, and did not derive much comfort from the perusal. Silence reigned in the company. The men had arrived at that brutal stage of the process of intoxication, when the excitement of the brain having passed away, there comes a sullen mood. A host of worse spirits take possession of the man, which, if they are not so turbulent, are of a more fiendish nature. The dull eye, the downcast look, the moping silence, show forth the vile temper which lays its vindictive hands on a woman, and speaks harsh words to the wife of one's bosom. Then come lust, murder, revenge—the passions which vaunt themselves less furiously at other times, and the slow working resolve of the mutinous.

The night became colder, and the fire more dim. Floys Boyo ordered Bullion peremptorily to fetch some 'kindlings.' The latter did not disobey the command, but went out grumbling, and returned with some sticks, and wreck-wood, and by the aid of the paint which adhered to them, a more cheerful flame was produced. But it only served to make the darkness more visible; to bring into stronger relief the bar, the cobwebbed ceiling, the filth and squalid wretchedness of the apartment. An uncomfortable feeling of insecurity increased upon me, notwithstanding Tertullian's perpetual '*Courage!*' and '*Cras magnum iterabimus aquor.*' Extremes are always suggestive of their opposites. I thought of the cheerful study at home; the fire blazing; the faces of friends; the hot-pressed volume, the Magazines for the month. There, by the side of Blackwood, brought in violent haste by the last steam-packet, lay the OLD KNICK., first in our affections, whose plain exterior of blue but ill bespeaks

the luxury within; whose pages, co-rivals of the Alpine flakes, are never stained by impurity; but there the old man chirrup with the vivacity of youth, and the young has managed to assume the wisdom of the sage. Both meet together in loving cheerfulness, and the ancient sits in his gubernatorial chair, and puffs the long pipe in that dreamy atmosphere. Let the old Dutch spirit reign for ever in 'our beloved regions of Manahatta'

A prisoner for the night in that dreary place, I felt as if I were a thousand miles from the abodes of civilization; and as one naturally does, amused myself by examining with intense curiosity the most indifferent object which served to remind me of more congenial places. I kept my eye long fixed on the lock of my fowling-piece, which had the word 'London,' and the maker's name engraved upon it; then looked in the bottom of my cap, and was peculiarly interested with the vignette which accompanied the manufacturer's name; and an old almanac seemed to link me with the literary world, although it was out of date by several years. The pictured little page, and calculations of eclipses which had come off, and gone into the musty record of by-gone events, the signs of the zodiac, the prophecies of wind and weather, the old maxim of 'early to bed and early to rise' and the way to make an apple-pudding, these had a fresh interest and a zest hardly to be equalled by Bulwer's last novel. I felt that there must be an 'imperfect sympathy' between Scollop Island and the great world of literature, art, and learning.

But a deeper sense of satisfaction and security arose from the presence of woman. A fair face and a fragile form glanced occasionally across the apartment where we were seated, but retired, driven back by harsh words and vile language. It was the wife of Floys Boyo. She bore about her the marks of former beauty, although altered in all its lines by a prevailing expression of woe, but she still performed the duties of a wife with unflinching patience, though coarse and cruel treatment had long since rendered it a heartless task. Floys Boyo married her in the comparative innocence of his youth, before he had yet blunted all the kindly feelings of his nature. He had taken her from the abounding plenty of a farmhouse, and from parents who loved her with the tenderness which falls to the lot of an only child. Afterward, as is always the case with a drunkard, he cherished her no longer with affection; dragged her about from one comfortless abode to another; and at last, on this desert place, cut her off from the last link which attached her to her friends. Still she adhered to him, when she might have returned to the bosom of her family; so hard is it to shake the fidelity which is a component part of a woman's nature, and so often in this world are the extremes of disposition linked together, the fierceness of the vulture with the enduring gentleness of the dove!

It was not until a late hour that we left the kitchen of the Devil-Tavern, and retired to our apartment for the night; for the prospect of sleep did not bring with it much consolation, although extremely weary. Floys Boyo conducted us, leading the way up the steps of

a perpendicular ladder to a landing, whence he stepped into a cock-loft, set down the lamp on an empty barrel, and departed with an oath, grumbling about the trouble which we had given him, and wishing us in the Rockaway surf. 'He is an atrocious devil,' said Tertullian; 'let us inspect the den, while the lamp holds out to burn.'

We found neither lock, catch, nor fastening of any description; and to have our slumbers supervised by any of the amiable crew below, was not pleasant. Having tortured ingenuity a little, we took an eel-spear and a broken oar which lay on the beams beneath the roof, crossed them, and secured them against the door by the aid of some tarred ropes, which were likewise at hand. Then we made a broken barb of the spear serviceable by jamming it violently between the floor and the lower part of the door; after which we lugged a heavy old chest, and deposited it, together with whatever movables were to be found in the room. This done, we threw ourselves down upon the straw in all our clothes, drew over us our cloaks, and over these the blankets which belonged to the bed, and placing our fowling-pieces by our side, abandoned ourselves to the protection of a kind Providence. In less than half an hour Tertullian snored prodigiously, and had I been stretched on clover, fanned with the sweetest airs of summer, and without a care to ruffle my tranquillity, I never could have slept a wink with such an uproarious fellow beside me. As it was, there were other causes which kept me wakeful. For, beside the fears which might assail one at midnight in such a solitude, it was dismal to hear the winds raving about the house; the bricks tumbling from the chimney and rolling with a hollow noise down the roof; the blast now screaming in your ear and instantly heard afar off, as if it had gone off to join the troops of the winds; the rattling of doors and loosened window-frames, and the creaking on its rusty hinges and slam-banging of the sign of the Devil-Tavern. To this might be added the moaning of pine trees as their heavy tops swayed in the grove, the plashing of the waves on the still shore, the roll and confusion of the breakers at Rockaway. How impatiently I counted the hours, and longed again for the light of day, that scatters fears and vagaries with the brooding shades, and imparts fresh life, and courage, and determined zeal.

It must have been half past two o'clock, or thereabout, in the morning, when, being all on the alert, I was sure I heard a movement in the house. A sound came from below stairs like the gruff voices of men engaged in low conversation. It kept dying away as the winds exceeded it in loudness, and then it came back monotonous, and was continued several minutes without cessation. Then a door opened, and a confused whispering succeeded, after which, slowly, and with a creaking noise, I heard steps, one by one, ascend the rungs of the ladder; and springing up on my elbow, my heart thumped so furiously, and my brain whirled in such confusion, that for a moment I could hear nothing. But a bar of light coming through the crevice in the partition, flashed across the wall. Then



there was an evident pressure and force applied to the door, which it resisted well. I sprang out of bed, pressed my eye to a crevice in the wall, and saw the red-flannel shirt of one of the men; then rushing back, I shook Tertullian violently by the shoulders. He rose up a moment, uttered something impatiently, and fell back into bed. 'Tullian!' said I, shaking him energetically, 'Tullian! Tullian! up, for heaven's sake! we shall be — (here I placed my mouth close to his ear, and whispered) — *murdered!*'

He pressed his fists to his eyes, and sprang upon his heels. I never knew him wanting in an emergency. He rallied his senses, and understood my suspicions in an instant. He understood them, and supposed them ill-founded. But as we stood with our fowling-pieces in our arms, the violence against the door was continued, with angry imprecations, by those without. It was evident that the pressure of the whole gang was upon it, and it could not hold out long. What could we do against their numbers, and with so contracted a place for battle? 'Up with the window and out of it!' exclaimed Tertullian. As he uttered the words, he sprang toward the sash, uplifted it, and told me to leap. I set my foot upon the sill, crouched down in order to squeeze through the narrow aperture, and sprang in safety upon the sands below. The distance was not very great, but it was a leap in the dark. Before I could look up for him, Tertullian was by my side, the sash slamming down as he leaped, and the broken glass tinkling in little pieces at our feet. At the instant a crash, an onset was heard above; oars, eel-spears, chest, chairs, and the whole barricade must have given way, a light streamed into the room and lit up the casement, shadows flitting about; a shout and confused mingling of voices met our ears; we could distinguish those of Floy's Boyo and his men: 'The birds have flown!' 'To the shore! to the shore!' exclaimed Tertullian, grasping my arm, and attempting to hurry me along.

It was very dark, and I remember that we rushed through the deep sands in company with frantic haste, never turning round, now cast down by getting our feet entangled in briers, then panting on against the cold night wind. It seemed as if our pursuers were very near us, nay, almost at arm's length, outnumbering us, with the weapons of death in their hands, and the only remedy was to flee, flee for our very lives! Already I imagined the grasp of Floy's Boyo upon my throat, and the death-struggle near. Life, with its delightful memories, its hopes of the future, the loves and affections which were in store for me, a host of ideas and emotions rushed through my brain with the rapidity of characters perused upon the same page. There was a sudden and intense conception of the preciousness of life, and the agony of losing it; and persisting in the chase, I felt as one does who labors under a horrid night-mare, and is pursued by phantoms or fiends, while his limbs refuse to do their office, and his shrieks are inaudible murmurs, which die away in the utterance. Oh, my sisters! my fair cousins! dear, and beautiful betrothed! would to God I had never come to Scollop Island! Onward, onward we went, scarce guided by the dim star-light.

'Tullian, Tullian, I can go no farther; we can never reach the water's edge!' Scarce had I spoken when the ground gave way beneath us, we plunged forward, and sank into a hollow twelve or fifteen feet. Breathless and wearied, we lay together in the sand, with our fowling-pieces by our side. We were in a sort of cavern, where the earth caving in stood around in semi-circular walls, and was slightly arched above us. The place was sheltered from the northern blast, and a pine grove partly shielded it from the icy breath which came over the waves, while the sun had shone all day upon its sands.

Were we pursued by the gang? — or had my fears as well as my ears deceived me. 'Hush!' whispered Tertullian; 'do you hear voices? Here they come! Lie perfectly close; if the worst comes to the worst ——' At the instant a clamor was heard behind us, as if a half a dozen men were calling to each other from different points; it came nearer, and ever and anon the oaths of the crew were borne with horrid distinctness to our ears. Floy's Boyo's hoarse voice called his men to follow him to the shore. They passed round the hollow where we lay buried, through the pine grove, and so down to the water's edge, where their lanterns kept flashing about as they ran upon the sands with a vain search, and we heard the hollow tramp of their feet, as they leaped upon a sedge-boat which lay anchored near by. We examined our locks and percussion-caps, and lay silently, looking up at the stars, in painful doubt and suspense, as to what issue was at hand; and unwilling to part with our 'sweet lives.'

How dreary and disconsolate were those moments! What a contrast with the present, the scene which I had witnessed only three evenings before; lights, and voluptuous music, beauty, and the dance; now Scollop Island, Floy's Boyo and his chosen men, and above us the cold sky, about us the howling winds, and perpetual roar and confusion of the sea. Hark! that was a woman's voice! A scream! Inarticulate sounds come up from the shore, as if another boat well manned had arrived. They are on the return to the Devil-Tavern. They approach us; now they are by the pine grove; their indistinct forms are visible by the light of the lanterns; Bullion stood there in a horrible tableau! 'To Bone Cavern! to Bone Cavern!' we heard them say, but the wind blew the remaining words away. 'Tullian! Tullian! now comes the trial! Here they are!' murmured I, leaning my head upon his shoulder. 'Stand fast! stand fast!' replied he. We held our hands upon the triggers of our fowling-pieces. The men stood upon the bank directly above us, causing the loose sand and gravel to roll about us, and bury us still deeper, while the twigs and bushes were now and then illuminated by the dancing lights which glittered upon the ends of our guns.

It seemed at that moment that my heart, which had been fluttering so long and fast, became perfectly calm, and wound up by the excitement of the crisis which had at last come. I lay there, uncertain, yet ready and composed, listening intently to every word which

they said. While I ardently awaited their movements, they turned their backs upon the place where we lay, and moved off; the light of the lanterns disappeared; their voices becoming more and more indistinct, at last died away; and except the waves which plashed upon the shore, there reigned a deep silence: we were comparatively safe. We drew the sands around us, and lying close together in our coats composed ourselves for the night. In a little while Tertullian snored; and I myself, overwrought with excitement, fell fast asleep. It was a sleep without dreams; and when we awoke the sun had risen, and was shining into our eyes. We sprang from our resting-place, clambered to the summit of the bank, and looked around us in the direction of the Devil-Tavern. There hung its sign, still creaking in the breeze, but not a sign of life appeared around it. Its inmates must have resigned themselves to slumber. It was a bright day, and the solitary island looked pleasant. We ran to the shore, pushed off the skiff which lay safely in the place where we had drawn it, seized the oars, and pulled merrily. The breeze blew cold, but refreshing, and the sun glanced over the waves. We were full of life and vigor, delighted with the idea of a safe return. In a little while we paused to release some choice spirits which were imprisoned in a bottle of old Otard. Tertullian poured forth a volume of pure Latinity, and again a chorus was heard over the waves which might have roused Floy's Boyo and his crew:

‘ Cheer up, my lively lads,  
In spite of wind and weather,  
Cheer up, my lively lads,  
And ——’

The ‘ Spasm ’ shot over the waves with the speed of light; the shores faded in the distance; our ancient adversary the Devil was lost in his pictured proportions; and with a light heart we bade farewell to Scollop-Island, and to the hospitalities of the DEVIL-TAVERN.

#### A N E P I T A P H .

ALL that could suffer change and fade  
Of one ’t were sin to weep,  
Deep in this narrow bed is laid  
In everlasting sleep.

The grassy turf was never spread  
Above a gentler breast;  
O! bitter, bitter tears were shed,  
When she was laid to rest.

Her praise might partial friendship swell  
With not unseemly pride;  
But this were vain—enough to tell,  
She lived, and loved, and died.

JAMES ALLEN

## J U N E .

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

SWEET June, the loveliest child of all the year!  
 With quickened life I hail thy slow return,  
 And feel my torpid soul within me burn,  
 As on the hill-side's verdant slope appear  
 The well-known flowers that mark thy presence near.  
 And not alone am I in loving thee!  
 For Nature dons her richest livery  
 When thou appearest ; with a softer blue  
 The sky pavilions earth ; the forest's hue  
 Is fresher ; and the brooks more merrily  
 Gurgle their slender, changeful melody.  
 Were there a world where thou didst ever reign,  
 And I, *alone*, could reach it, I would fain  
 Dwell there for aye ; nor sigh for earth again !

June, 1843

## C À E T L À .

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

It is the beginning, the *premier pas qui compte*, in all compositions. Once started, there is no difficulty in proceeding ; but how to begin ! Shall we borrow of the prolific JAMES ?

'UPON a lovely morning in November, that season of the year when the woods have doffed their summer green to robe themselves in sombre russet, two horsemen were seen riding down a glade of one of those noble old forests which are still to be met with in some parts of England. The elder of the two, a fine, soldier-like figure, sat his horse,' etc., etc. And there we will leave him, and look out for our own beginning. Strange that a chapter on this subject is nowhere to be found in any book on rhetoric or criticism. For our part we are determined not to begin at all for the present, but to propound a number of queries suggested to us by the name of the exuberant novelist above mentioned.

First, then : Why are tears always called 'pearly drops ?' Would not that definition apply better to drops of milk ? Lands have been said to flow with milk, but never did the wildest romancer assert that the lachrymal duct in the human subject was a milky-way.

Then, why does the *chevelure* of dark-haired persons always resemble the 'raven's wing ?' Why not his tail-feathers, occasionally, for the sake of variety ? Or a crow's wing, a black-bird's wing ? Or why not say, 'Dark as the wool on negro's poll ?' — or as the mane of a bay horse ? — or 'as black as my hat ?' Is it absolutely necessary that it should always be a raven's wing ?

When you say, 'cherry lips,' do you particularize sufficiently? Some cherries are yellow, some black. Should you not say '*red* cherry lips? If any 'young orphan' happens to be engaged in novel-writing when cherries are in season, let him place two in juxtaposition, and remark what a mouth such a pair of labia would make! Why are these cherry lips always slightly parted? Does not this give that stupid expression which the French call '*bouche béante*'?

Why are all necks, not bull-necks, 'swan-like?' Why does swan-like in necks mean beautiful and well-proportioned, and crane-like abominably extended, when the neck of a crane is no longer than that of a swan? Why are handsome noses always 'chiselled?' Why are fingers always 'taper?' And finally, for we must stop somewhere, why are beauties '*lovelier far in tears*?' Did swollen eyes, bound with red, and nose pinkish in tinge at its extremity, ever improve the appearance of any mortal since the flood?

As it is not fair to destroy without creating something to supply the place of the destroyed, we take the liberty of showing our own ideal in stories:

'UPON a crimson sofa, in a darkened room, sits a lovely lady. Bright are her eyes as gas-lights in a shop-window; dark her hair as Day and Martin's best; and her red lips contrast with her white skin as do the red stripes with the white in Stewart's peppermint candy. Salt tears trickle from her eyes as fall the drops from an umbrella in a gentle November drizzle; and James's last novel lies unnoticed upon her lap. Why sits the lovely lady on the crimson sofa? And why does she rest her pensive and pomatum'd brow upon her embroidered handkerchief?'

That we flatter ourselves is an exordium, over which a discerning public may hang entranced.

'This young lady was hight Liner, Catherine Julia Liner. She wept for love of Shufflesbank, her inconstant beau.

'For one whole season Shufflesbank, whose soul, if he had any, was in his toes, hovered about Miss Liner, and attended her every where. He waltzed with her night after night, (and Shufflesbank twirled divinely,) and in the pauses of the dance he wiped the perspiration from his face, and with his touching and tender eyes,

'Gazed on the fair,  
Who caused his care,  
And wiped and looked, wiped and looked,  
Wiped and looked, and wiped again,'

until her parents and herself were quite certain of an offer. He certainly owed her one. She deserved some compensation for listening to his interminable stories, which were as monotonous as long. So celebrated a narrator was he, that his friends, when endeavoring to give each other an idea of some distance traversed, would say, 'It was one of Shufflesbank's stories,' or two stories. Sometimes unfortunate men could tell of a six-story walk, and these were looked upon as persons of great strength and vast powers of endurance. But the heartless, ungrateful Shufflesbank

allowed the mercury to descend in the thermometer of his affections for Miss Liner, and gradually his attentions grew colder and colder, until they sunk below zero and became neglect. But the faithless one did not long survive his treachery. He broke his wind in attempting to finish his tenth story that day, and expired soon after suddenly. He was discovered lying on his back, his toes turned out, and his head resting on a volume of *Cotillons à quatre mains*. His executors found among his papers the first sheet of a pamphlet on his favorite science, waltzing, dated only a few days before his decease.

You will pardon us, friend KNICKERBOCKER, for giving your readers one or two original rules of so great a professor:

'RULE I. The *cavalier* should endeavor to waltz with women of a suitable size. The relative test is, that the noses of the couple be on a level.

'RULE II. He should put his right arm as far round the lady's waist as possible, and draw her toward him with the other hand, so that the noses before mentioned shall be not more than half an inch apart.

'RULE III. In case the lady should be inclined to jump, he must hold her down to the floor by pressing firmly upon her *tour-nure*.'

Society has indeed suffered a sad loss by his untimely death. But before we go any farther with our story, we will give a crow-quill *croquis* of the career of Miss Catherine Liner, down to the period of Shufflesbank's catastrophe.

'Miss Liner was of a good family: her pa, a retired merchant, with some tincture of the humanities, and she herself well educated; that is, she knew enough Italian to say *pesch'e*; enough German for '*es ist warm*;' and enough French for '*Oh, vee*.' Music she loved to distraction. True, she sometimes nodded at a concert, but then it was only to beat the time, and when awakened by a crash, she would shake her head in languid ecstasy, and sigh out a sentimental '*ah*!' Or, if the nature of the air required it, she could shout in a voice sonorous as a cricket's: '*Divine!*' '*magnifique!*' '*grandioso!*' or the hardest word she might remember out of any language. The gentlemen in waiting caught the cue; and men who had not ear enough to keep time when dancing, were unintelligibly scientific in *allegros* and *andantes*, and made frequent and familiar allusions to Hummel, Meyerbeer, Beethoven, and Weber. We ourselves must plead guilty of claiming an acquaintance where we never had an introduction. How true is that saying of Fuller: 'The best of God's children have a smack of hypocrisy!'

Miss Catherine's papa Silas was rich, and Miss Catherine was fashionable. She came out and offered a book-muslin view of herself to two hundred and fifty warm people. Bouquets, ay, double-bouquets, were sent her by insane beaux, by means of which young gentlemen who only knew two ladies in the room were converted into flower-stands for an hour or two, trying to look easy and at home, by gently rubbing the camelias against their noses from time to time. And when Miss Catherine had given a ball herself,

then did she become perfect in manner; then handled she her fan with consummate dexterity, and adopted an expression of intense fashionable agony when a badly-dressed woman passed by, or a clumsy *Unshuffleshankian* waltzer ran against her. Then sighed she in German to a gentleman from Connecticut, lisped in French to a dandy from Philadelphia, and whispered in Tuscan to her Italian master, if he happened to be within hail. Then waltzed she with young men, warm or cold, dry or moist; she would have taken a turn with a steaming tea-kettle, if tea-kettles wore white vests and *valsed*. Then danced she like a Bacchante, and only left the ball-room just before the lights; while melancholy Silas, pining for his pillow, clasped his hands and sometimes muttered, '*Ultima July*;' and sometimes, as if despairing of rest below, '*in celo quies*.' To have seen Miss Catherine Julia, you would have sworn that she was a descendant of Lord Lanesboro', *si passionné pour la danse*, who, after the death of Prince George of Denmark, waited upon Queen Anne, and advised her to take a quarter, by way of consolation.

Let us pause a while to take breath.

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FORGET-ME-NOT: '*MYOSOTIS AVENSIS*.'

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FROM THE GERMAN: BY FITZ-GREYNE HALLIPE.

I.

THERE is a flower, a lovely flower,  
 Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;  
 Pure as the ether in its hour  
 Of loveliest and serenest blue.  
 The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,  
 The silent fount, the shaded grot,  
 And sweetly to the heart it speaks,  
 Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

II.

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,  
 Soft as the halo-beam above,  
 In tender whispers still it sighs,  
 Forget me not, my life, my love!  
 There where thy last steps turned away,  
 Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,  
 And this sweet flower be heard to say,  
 Forget! ah, no! forget-me-not!

III.

Yet deep its azure leaves withip.  
 Is seen the blighting hue of care;  
 And what that secret grief hath been,  
 The drooping stem may well declare.  
 The dew-drops on its leaves are tears,  
 That ask, 'Am I so soon forgot?'  
 Repeating still, amidst their fears,  
 My life, my love! forget-me-not!

## OUR PUBLIC MEN.

NUMBER ONE.

## PERSONAL TRAITS OF PRESIDENT TYLER AND HIS FAMILY.

THE interest which is felt in the personal history of a distinguished man is materially increased in the person of Mr. TYLER, for and against whom so much has been said and written. And as I am no politician, but have had the opportunity of seeing a great deal of our Chief Magistrate, personally and in private, I propose to give to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER a few personal characteristics of the President, drawn from my own knowledge and observation. They are not in themselves of any deep interest, being such as arise in the every-day occurrences of life; but they therefore the better portray *the man*, and are of much interest on that account.

I remember one evening that a plain countryman from the interior of Pennsylvania called upon the President, and seemed to eye him with keen scrutiny. He was evidently a person well-to-do in the world; who owned the acres that he tilled, and had a good many broad ones; a holder of his own plough, from habits of industry rather than from necessity; and one who, evidently, had always spoken his mind without fear or favor. His plain but clean attire, and his honest, open countenance and proper bearing, struck me very forcibly, and reminded me of a remark which I once heard General Harrison make of Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian warrior, who has been called the 'Napoleon of the West.' General Harrison observed that the Indian was one of the most gentlemanly men he had ever seen. I asked him how that could be?

'Why,' he replied, 'he had self-possession and self-respect.'

This old farmer had these manly qualities. After a long chat with the President, he observed:

'Well, Mr. Tyler, you are a very different man from what I took you to be.'

'How so?' asked the President, laughing.

'Why I thought you were a large, red-faced, haughty man, with your hair combed back and tied in an old-fashioned cue, and that you were as proud as Lucifer. Why, you are as plain as a pike-staff, and as free-spoken as if you had no secrets in the world. I am glad I came to see you, Sir; I have been much deceived.' And so has every man been much deceived who has taken upon hearsay personal prejudices against the President. His personal appearance is very prepossessing. He is above the middle height, and slim, with long arms, and a quick, active gait. His forehead is prominent and very intellectual, with the perceptive faculties, according to phrenology, strongly developed. His hair is light and



thin, and mixed with gray. His eye is a light blue, quick and penetrating; at the same time it is frank and open, with a quiet humor lurking in the corner. His nose is remarkably prominent, cheeks thin, and mouth compressed. The whole face is full of character, and the features are remarkably plastic and expressive; changing with every shade of thought that passes through his mind. He is said to bear a strong resemblance to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, but his features have none of that rigidity which marks those of the Duke. His conversational talents are of the first order, and he tells a tale with great unction and glee, and with remarkable effect.

I remember the first time I saw the President, I was invited to dine at the White House by his son; and it so happened that after dinner I fell into conversation with the Chief Magistrate upon Mr. JEFFERSON, of whom he spoke in terms of great enthusiasm. I have since seen a letter from an old friend of the President's, reminding him that he had often expressed the wish before the decease of Mr. Jefferson, an event which, from his advanced age was long expected, that he might deliver his eulogy. It so turned out that the President was appointed; and any one who will read the different eulogies pronounced upon Jefferson, will be struck with the republican appreciation of his character and virtues which Mr. Tyler has set forth with such earnest and vivid eloquence.

I remember well seeing the President the day after the first veto. Great excitement prevailed in all parties throughout the day. The avenue was alive with groups of people in earnest talk, and many visitors, particularly, members of the Democratic party, repaired to the White House at night to tender their thanks to the President for the course he had pursued.

In the dead of the night the inhabitants of the President's square were aroused by the shouts of a drunken mob, who, with discordant fife and old tin-pans for drums, proceeded to the executive mansion and yelled, in consequence of the veto, those insults in the ears of the President and his family, among whom was the wife of the President, then in extremely delicate health. The day after all this, I met Mr. Robert Tyler in the street, as I was proceeding to my dinner, who invited me to dine with him, observing that there was nobody at the house but the family. We entered the White House at the southern front, and found the President seated with his son Tazwell by his side, a lad of fourteen, whom the President was teaching his lesson. It instantly struck me that there was a moral energy in the President of which his enemies little dreamed.

‘Peace has her victories,  
As well as war;’

says Milton, in his splendid lines to Cromwell, and this is one of them. For months every persuasion to which eloquence could give power, had been exerted on the President, to obtain his veto on the one hand, and his signature on the other. The Whig party, in the plenitude of its power, personified in the person of their bold leader, the ‘lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,’ and standing on the grave of General Harrison, hallowed by his death, and full of the

dictation of success, felt themselves like Olympian Jove with thunderbolt in hand ready to strike down to endless political perdition the 'Acting President' if he dared to veto. The threat was made in tones of thunder, by their great champion. But, lo! the veto came, and calm amidst the breaking of the storm, the President was teaching his little son his lesson. It was a Roman one. In the battle-field a moment often decides the victory. A moment of decisive action which requires no wear and tear of spirit for days, weeks, and months — amidst imprecations and execrations — but an energy which springs to life on the instant, such as Napoleon exerted at Lodi, but which exhibits no greater powers of purpose than President Tyler exhibited — for none but those who witnessed it, can have any idea of the many and the powerful influences which were brought to bear, to obtain the President's signature to the Bank Bill — influences exerted not only by the distinguished and the powerful, face to face with the Chief Magistrate, but through the portentous threatenings of anonymous letters, of the most assassin-like and dastardly character.

We all remember the effigy-burning that succeeded the veto, and which, the President said, 'served but to light him in the path of duty.' A little anecdote which occurred at the dinner-table one day between Mr. John Tyler, Jr. and the President, will show how good-humoredly the President bore a jest upon the subject. There were several young gentlemen present at table, guests of the sons of the President. The Chief Magistrate sat among them, enjoying the talk with apparently as much interest as if the magnates of the nation were around him.

The conversation happened to turn upon the question as to which was the greatest man, Napoleon or Cæsar; and during the conversation, Mr. John Tyler, Jr. chanced to observe, that he had seen it stated, that Pompey's statue, at the base of which Cæsar fell, had been discovered in some excavations made in Rome. 'Ah?' said the President; 'well, John, was there any blood upon it?'

'You do n't believe it, I suppose, father?' said the son.

'Why, John, I do n't doubt that you have read of the excavation, but I doubt very much if it was truly Pompey's statue; for, after the lapse of so many centuries, the authentication of the statue must be very doubtful.'

'Well, Mr. President,' replied his son, very archly, 'I will tell you of one thing, of which there will be little doubt.'

'What's that?' asked the President.

'Why, some years from this, when some well-digger, or house-builder, or other person, is excavating in the neighborhood of Nashville Tennessee, Louisville Kentucky, or some other place that might be named, he may light upon a stuffed Paddy some six feet high, the earth half burned, with a rope around its neck: 'Ah, what's this?' some one may inquire. 'Why,' replies another, 'it is the effigy of that John Tyler, who vetoed the Bank Bill!'

'Ah,' said the President, laughing heartily, 'you have me there, John.'

I may here remark of Mr. JOHN TYLER, Jr., who is the private

secretary of the President, that he is a very handsome man, with courtly manners; that his partialities are to the study of the sciences, rather than to politics; and that he has written a pamphlet upon electricity, which is said to exhibit much knowledge and originality.

Those who have not witnessed the terror which prevails among the clerks, on a change of parties in power at Washington, or even of a change of the head of a department, who, it is rumored, intends to make removals, can have no idea of it. Some poor clerk, who supports a large family upon one thousand or twelve hundred dollars, may have inadvertently let slip an imprudent expression, which some ready spy retails and makes public, with a thousand exaggerations, and, lo! the report takes wind that he is to be removed. Then comes the distress of his agonized wife and children, while the poor woman hurries to the President, or to the head of the department to which her husband belongs, to intercede for him, and save herself and family from ruin.

When General Harrison came into power, multitudes of such fears prevailed, and with fearful truth for their foundation. The good old General himself had no wish to proscribe, but proscription was the word with too many of his friends. I may mention a circumstance which came under my own knowledge.

The head of a certain department, shortly before General Harrison's death, turned out a clerk of his, who was accused of having busied himself in politics—a poor man, who had a wife and six children. She is a beautiful woman, but twenty-six years of age. Her agony was such as to render her almost insane. The removal left her and her children houseless and homeless, with the husband and father in debt. Fiction has wrung many a heart to tears with a fancied picture not to compare in sorrow to the truth of this. Shortly after this removal, General Harrison died, and was laid in state in the hall of the White House, whither flocked multitudes to gaze upon his lifeless remains, and reflect upon the instability of earthly power, and the vanity of all human greatness. I met the lady of the removed official with another lady, and but one escort, on their way to look their first and last upon the departed President; and I joined her. General Harrison I had known well, and I spoke of his goodness of heart, and manliness of character, as we proceeded, with an earnest truthfulness, which seemed to impress the wife of the official, by whose side I walked.

'I blame —— for my trouble,' she said, naming the head of the department, half to herself; 'I believe the old General was good-hearted.'

We entered the White House. In state, just before the entrance, lay the General. His features were placid, and betrayed little or none of the sufferings of the departed spirit. My companion gazed upon him earnestly and long, and then said, with a hysteric start:

'I would to God it was —— who was lying in that coffin! I'd give a party to-night, poor as I am!'

One may well fancy how deep the agony of heart of a sensitive lady must have been, to wring from her such an expression. In fancy, she heard the voice of her children crying to her for bread;

and to her excited mind they appeared before her, dead as the departed President, and of hunger; for so she said, in speaking of her expression afterward.

It was a scene, in those days, to see the department 'let out,' as the boys would say at school. The aspect of those clerks whose political bias was known to be against the party in power, was lugubrious enough. They did not look like gentlemen who, after their official labors were over, were going to their dinners, but as if they were wrapped in sorrow, and wending to a funeral.

One day, shortly after the succession of President Tyler, a certain gentleman turned out fifteen of his officials, in one fell swoop. They got their notices that their services were no more needed by the department, about two o'clock, p. m. The public gardener happened to be in the President's grounds when he heard the news, and seeing the President on the portico, he advanced to him and said:

'Mr. President, only think of it; they're turning all the poor clerks out.'

The President immediately despatched a note for the official, who was soon in the President's presence, and ready to recount the political sins of the expelled.

'Reinstate them,' said the President; 'I cannot bear to have their wives and children coming to me with accounts of their sufferings, when I can prevent it.'

The President never thinks of making a display of mere official dignity. He never thinks of the *President*, unless he is fulfilling some presidential duty, or unless some one presumes, from his kindness of manner, to encroach upon his dignity; and then the encroacher instantly discovers how much he has erred. This, more than one senator and representative can tell, who has undertaken the task of dictation to the President.

Dickens, who found so much fault with our institutions, and our people generally, justly remarked of our Chief Magistrate, when he called to pay his respects to him: 'The expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manners were remarkably unaffected and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanor he became his station singularly well. And yet, as I have before said, he never seems to think of the display of official dignity.'

A distinguished artist who had been employed by the King of France to copy Stuart's full length likeness of WASHINGTON which hangs in the White House, was invited by the President to be his guest while copying the picture. The President also employed him to take the likeness of himself, Mrs. Robert Tyler, and his youngest daughter, Alice. The artist's manners were distinguished by the profoundest observance of courtly etiquette; and the Jeffersonian ease of the President's manners served to surprise him. I remember one day while the family circle were all seated round the fire after dinner, the artist rose, and with a profound salaam, said: 'Mr. President, with your permission I will retire to my work.'

'My good fellow, do just what you please,' replied the President, good-humoredly smiling, as the artist bowed himself out of the room.

The President has a peculiar power of inspiring confidence in all who approach him. In the summer-time it is the custom for the National Band of the Marine Barracks to play alternately at the Capitol and in the President's grounds. Crowds of citizens, with senators and representatives accompanying the ladies of their families, walk through the grounds while the band is playing, salute their acquaintances and chat with their friends till the music ceases, when they all, as the sun goes down, loiteringly leave. The President and his family always appear on the portico that fronts on the grounds of the White House, to which steps ascend from both sides, and receive their friends and acquaintances, who call on these occasions to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate and his household. His manners are so very unpretending that, but for the respect that is paid him, you would not distinguish the Chief Magistrate from the group among which he familiarly mingles, unless you were an observer of character, and then you would know him from the absence of all restraint in his person and conversation, and the freedom and entire frankness of his intercourse with those around him.

On one of these Saturday afternoons, two countrymen, who looked like persons who had come to market, approached the portico, evidently with a desire to see the President. One of them asked a gentleman who was ascending the steps, which was the President. The gentleman pointed out the Chief Magistrate, and asked the countryman if he would like to be introduced to him.

'Why,' replied the countryman, 'I am not of his way of thinking, but they say so much about him and against him, that I should like to have a good look at him, any how.'

'Come up; he'll be glad to see you. Won't your friend come?'

The friend declined; and the gentleman with his new acquaintance beside him, who gave him his name, ascended the steps. The President instantly noticed the countryman, and observed that the visitor felt some diffidence in approaching him. Mr. Tyler accordingly quit the group by which he was surrounded, and advanced to meet him. On his name being mentioned, the President gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and asked him from what State he came?

The countryman replied, from Virginia.

The President entered into conversation with him, and they stood talking together some ten minutes or more, when with a smiling countenance, and a frank offering of his hand, the visitor withdrew.

'There,' said the President, as the visitor left, 'is a man who, consulting the native manliness of his impulses, has a propriety of deportment that is better than any thing that Chesterfield has taught. He is one of Nature's noblemen.'

After hearing this remark, the introducer was anxious to know what impression the President had made upon a political opponent, who had made such an impression upon the President. He accordingly followed him as he walked away with his friend, who had waited below.

He was persuading his friend to go up and be presented to the President, and his introducer overheard him say:

'I tell you what it is, neighbor, I believe they lie about him faster than Eclipse can run.'

The President is truly a republican. He is often heard to express the loftiest sentiments of patriotism in his family circle, when he can have no purpose of popularity in view, but merely the wish to give utterance to his feelings. A visiter at the White House remembers well on one occasion, being then the only guest, when the Rhode Island difficulties were in their midst, when some one laughingly asked him, 'how he would like to be a King?' The reply was: 'I am afraid, in spite of my democracy, that I should say what the king of Prussia said to Doctor Franklin, that were he in the Doctor's situation he would be a republican too; but being born a king, he was determined to support king-craft.'

The President, who was gazing out of the window, and as it was thought not at all attending to the idle talk, turned quickly round and said with animation:

'I would rather settle the Rhode Island question upon the true principles of the constitution, establish a just treaty with Great Britain, and give my administration an honorable place in the history of the republic, than win and wear the most princely crown in christendom.'

The jokes between Mr. Wise and the President are often very amusing. Mr. Wise is the devoted friend of the President. The representative from Virginia drives a little one-horse carriage, and one day the President observed to him:

'Wise, that carriage of yours looks like a candle-box on wheels; why do n't you get a more genteel one?'

'Why, Mr. President, it is a much more genteel one than yours. You keep four horses, which you don't drive more than once a month; and when you do, you hitch them to a second-hand carriage.'

'Why, Wise, how did you find that out?'

'Find it out? Did n't you drive it about for a month, with the coat of arms of Mr. PAULDING, late Secretary of the Navy upon it?'

'What of that? Is not Paulding the real Simon Pure of the democracy?'

'Democracy blazoning its coat of arms!' replied Wise. 'I was really glad one day when I stopped at the carriage-maker's to get my truly republican vehicle mended, to see the ex-secretary's carriage there, and a workman employed erasing the coat of arms; making a plain pannel for your excellency.'

'Well,' replied the President, 'I claim to be descended from Wat Tyler, the blacksmith, and I had better have a good stout arm grasping an uplifted hammer, blazoned on my pannel; do n't you think so? It would be a real democratic knock-down to Paulding's heraldry.'

Speaking of the President's carriage, reminds me of an anecdote of his coachman, Burrell. Somebody asked Burrell which he liked best, Virginia or Washington?

'Virginia,' replied Burrell. 'I think there are more gentlemen in Virginia, Sir, than there are about Congress. In Virginia, Sir, if a gentleman wanted to abuse the President, he would n't come right

by his carriage, where I, his coachman, am sitting, to talk it out so as I can hear it. I, Sir, I've waited on him ever since he was first married; I ought to know what kind of a man he is; and the way they lie about him makes me so savage sometimes, that I feel as if I'd like to have some on 'em tied to a tree, and have fair play at 'em with this horse-whip.'

This anecdote is enough to show what kind of a master the President is.

When Pettrick the sculptor was stabbed by some midnight assassin, as soon as the President heard of it he hurried to his studio, where the deed was perpetrated, and not only ordered him to be provided for, but saw him attended to himself.

One Sunday just after dinner, there were several loud ringings of the front door bell, when the President, who had left a gentleman alone in the dining-room, returned and said: 'They have it through the city that I have been shot!'

'With paper bullets of the brain, I suppose they mean, Mr. President,' said the guest.

'No,' replied the President, 'with leaden bullets from a pistol.' Come, walk out on the portico, and smoke your cigar.

The President with his guest walked out on the portico, whither soon came thronging a crowd of the President's friends, who, hearing the report through the city, had hastened to the White House to learn if there was any truth in the story.

There was no truth whatever in it; but every body present was struck with the President's indifference to the report, and the absence of all curiosity on his part as to how it originated. He only remarked: 'If I am shot at, gentlemen, it will be more in malice than in madness;' and apologizing, by saying that daily confinement required that he should take exercise, he rode away in his carriage unattended.

As a husband and a father, President Tyler is a model for any man; and particularly for public men, who too often neglect their families. For a very long time the lady of the President was in feeble health, which terminated in her death last summer. It was a beautiful moral spectacle to see the President, amidst all the cares and perplexities of his exalted station, beset by so many detractors, so devotedly watchful of Mrs. Tyler's declining condition. In the midst of the veto days, when engaged in the most animated political conversation, if Mrs. Tyler chanced to be in the room, the President's eye every minute wandered to her, in affectionate regard; and when she left the room upon the arm of her son or daughter, he would watch her anxiously and in silence till she withdrew, and would often remain in melancholy thoughtfulness for minutes afterward, forgetful of the conversation and those around him.

In bringing up his family, Mr. Tyler has been fortunate. His daughters, except the youngest, Alice, who is at school, are happily married, and his sons who are grown, Mr. Robert and Mr. John Tyler, are gentlemen of honor, manliness, and intellect; and Tazewell, his youngest son, is a lad of promise. Miss Elizabeth Tyler,

who is now Mrs. Waller, and living with her husband in Virginia, was much admired in her bellehood when in the White House. Her unpretending and gentle manners inspired with admiration all who approached her.

'Well,' exclaimed a fashionably ambitious young lady one day to a gentleman who was attending her on a visit to Miss Tyler, 'if I were Miss Tyler, I'd blaze my bellehood out as long as my father was President, and make the most devoted lover in christendom bide my beck in the crowd.'

The fair Virginian had no such ambition, and thereby proved herself worthy of the manly heart that has won her.

MR. ROBERT TYLER, the eldest son of the President, is a young man of brilliant genius. As a poet, in high-wrought and vivid imagery, he resembles Shelley, whose likeness he personally resembles; and as an orator, there is not a speaker of his years in our country who has made a greater impression than he made in two extemporaneous efforts before the Irish Association. Bold, eloquent, and manly, he dashes into his subject with his whole soul, while comprehensiveness, energy, and point characterize every thing he says.

Certain persons, forgetting the decencies of life, have abused and calumniated Mr. Robert Tyler in the most gross and libellous manner. It is therefore due to him to say, that a kinder son, a more devoted husband and father, or a firmer friend, those who know him have never known. Magnanimous and chivalrous, he throws no veil over either his actions or opinions; and his frank and high bearing wins the regard of all those who come in personal contact with him, however much they may have been before prejudiced against him.

The lady of Mr. Robert Tyler does the honors of the White House. She is the grand-daughter of the late Major Fairlie, of New-York, a soldier of the revolution, and a distinguished citizen, who was well known to many of the oldest inhabitants of that city. Her mother was a celebrated belle, whom our present minister to Spain, Washington Irving, remembers vividly as his friend, and one of the most brilliant women of the day; a fair and witty and most worthy lady, who might well have inspired the author of the 'Sketch Book' with those exalted perceptions of female character which glow so brilliantly in his portraits of the sex.

MR. COOPER, the celebrated tragedian, married this lady, and Mrs. Tyler is their eldest daughter. Three years since Miss Cooper married Mr. Robert Tyler. Dickens says when he visited the White House, that Mrs. Tyler 'acted as the lady of the mansion, and a very interesting, graceful, and accomplished lady too.'

The just perception of Dickens understood at once the character of Mrs. Tyler. She does the duties of the White House with a graceful naturalness that is remarked by every one, and she combines with a keen perception of character, an acute sense of the ridiculous and a ready wit, the most feminine gentleness of manner and deportment; qualities which are rarely found in combination. Mrs. Tyler is devoted to her children, and she dresses them as



plainly as if they were dwellers on a retired estate in Virginia. Her own attire is simple, and she never departs from this simplicity except when state occasions demand some little ornament. The greatest sense of propriety marks her whole deportment in every relation of life.

Mrs. Robert Tyler is now on a visit to a married sister in Alabama; for another beautiful trait of her character is her devotion to her sisters and brother. The only inmates of the White House at present (May first) are the President with his three sons, and Mrs. Jones, his eldest daughter. Mrs. Semple, the President's second daughter, is living in Virginia, and is a lady of great beauty, and in the bloom of health.

The fine features of Mrs. Jones are wan with long illness. She never leaves her room except on some balmy day, to take a short ride. The President always accompanies her, supporting her in his arms to and from her chamber to the carriage, with a tenderness as gentle and as watchful as her own to her babe. The President, unlike some distinguished statesmen of other as well as of our times, is remarkable for his high estimate of female character. He receives the lady visitors of the White House with a deference and respect which has been much noticed, and which is not the manner of a worldling and a courtier, compliment and hollowness, but the impulse of a lofty and holy sentiment. When a lad at school, he prepared as a theme for declamation an essay upon female education, in which the boy expressed those opinions which have ever since been entertained by the man.

The President is a man of the strongest sympathies. There is not a human being about him, from his servants to his children, of whose feelings he is not regardful, and in whose welfare he does not feel a daily and living interest. If the day be cool, he will ask his coachman why he has not his overcoat. If his servant happens not to be cheerful, he will ask him, in the kindest manner, what's the matter with him. And the complaint, if the servant have one, is made without the least hesitation, and with the certainty that he will meet at the President's hands both sympathy and justice. In his intercourse with his servants he is always kind, and frequently jocular, for he is a great lover of a harmless jest.

A few weeks since, the Irishmen of the Capitol waited on the President in a body, and through Mr. Hobson, their orator, expressed their gratitude for the interest he had taken in them, and their profound respect for his character, to which the President made a most eloquent reply.

It was amusing to watch the interest which the President's servants, all of whom belong to him, except Wilkins, the butler of the establishment, and his son, felt in his speech. They modestly took their station by the door, to listen to their master's reply, for they are devotedly attached to him.

'Short,' asked a gentleman, of one of these humble listeners, 'how did you like the President's speech?'

'I always likes the President's speeches, Sir, but I don't think

this one of his happiest efforts. I prefers him, Sir, before a jury. He can beat any man in Virginia, before a jury,' was the reply.

The President's love for Virginia is truly worthy of a mother, whose 'jewels are her children.' He delights in telling anecdotes of his early days, in Virginia; and he always has the most cordial greeting for his old Virginia friends, however humble they may be, when they call to see him. How is such and such a one? he will inquire, from the humblest laborer on a farm, up to the highest dignitary of the State.

President Tyler is a man of very unsuspicious nature, and there is no morbidity of feeling in him. He is always cheerful and natural. In the midst of great difficulties of state, when the Cabinet have held protracted meetings, and when, doubtless, there were differences of opinion among them; when the Secretary of State, with his beetling brows and cavernous eyes, passed by alone, absorbed in his own thoughts; when Mr. Spencer's quick step lost some of its elasticity, and the frank and firm Kentuckian, at the head of the Post Office Department, wore an anxious look; and the Attorney-General forgot, for a moment, his courteous salutation to a friendly passer-by; when that true statesman of the old Virginia school, Judge Upshur, seemed involved in what those who have not the mind to comprehend him, call 'abstractions;' and when Mr. Forward looked as if the cares of the Church, as well as those of the Treasury were resting on his shoulders; the President would pass from their midst to his family circle, assembled for dinner, greet most cordially, and apparently without a care, whatever person might chance to be their guest, and mix in the cheerful chat around him, as if he had no thought but the wish to promote it.

The President is a statesman with no secret opinions. He speaks out plainly whatever he thinks; and he listens respectfully, nay, kindly, to the adverse opinions of others, without the least spirit of dictation.

He is not the least of a formalist. If he has a guest, whom he asks to take a glass of wine with him, he will himself search for the keys of the side-board, if the servant happens to be absent, produce the decanters and glasses himself, and tell some pleasant story the while. When he talks of men, he speaks of their worth, and seldom of their wealth. With his purse he is too open, and too often he bestows more than his means warrant, upon some needy applicant, for whom he can find no office, or whom he may think unfitted for one.

For the President his family have the most unbounded love. The only restraint they know, is what they think he would not approve; and their familiar talk among themselves is never checked, in the least, by his entrance; it is, on the contrary, promoted.

These little personal traits of President Tyler and his family, which might be easily extended into a volume, are offered to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* as being not without interest, since they illustrate the private character of the Chief Magistrate of our great Republic, and with the assurance that they are strictly true.

## A CONTRASTED PICTURE.

FROM 'PASSION ODE,' AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY J. REEYM FIKSOM.

## I.

It was a glorious day  
 When, on the winding way  
 That led to Salem's towers and temple high,  
 From the assembled throng  
 Loud burst the choral song :  
 ' Hosanna in the highest ! ' rang the cry ;  
 While shouting thousands lined the road,  
 And boughs of palm before triumphant JESUS strowed.

## II.

'T is morning : and again  
 The mighty crowds of men  
 Tread Salem's streets and throng her towers high ;  
 Their many-voiced roar  
 Swells louder than before,  
 But ' crucify him ! ' is the savage cry ;  
 The furious curse the welkin tore,  
 ' His blood be on us and our children ever more ! '

## III.

In vain false Pilate stands ;  
 No washing of the hands  
 Clears from the heart the tinct of innocent blood.  
 The crowd, with cruel care,  
 Load his shoulders bare,  
 Like Isaac's, with the sacrificial wood :  
 And the red lash, with many a blow,  
 Scourges his faltering steps along the road of wo.

## IV.

Nor stripes, nor mockery,  
 Nor heaped-up agony,  
 Can wring from infinite Love one vengeful word :  
 While suffering JESUS stands  
 Amidst your pagan bands,  
 And ye laugh round, ye cruel hearts abhorred,  
 Hear the LORD'S dying prayer for you :  
 ' Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do ! '

## V.

Through the city doors  
 The shouting tumult pours,  
 And up the steep of Calvary they wind ;  
 Golgotha ! on thee  
 They plant the accursed tree ;  
 No pity can the God of pity find.  
 Pierced were the hands that gave them bread,  
 And fast ' the beauteous feet that brought good tidings ' bled !

## THE MAIL ROBBER.

*From a N. Parsons?*

NUMBER TWO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'KNICKERBOCKER.'

'SIR: At a prayer-meeting held in the house of a friend of mine, in Bleecker-street, one of our most respectable and talented financiers, and who was connected with myself in the late Post-office transaction, of which I have favored you with a development, I was thunder-struck at being shown the last number of your somewhat amusing but reckless Magazine.

'My friend is a subscriber of yours, and was of course greatly agitated and offended at the unexpected and astounding disclosure of the private affair which you have so unwarrantably dished up for the public. As was very natural, he charged me with the authorship of that communication; and as a man of conscientious principle and high moral sense, I was of course unable to deny it. By this time the other gentlemen, our colleagues in said Post-office business, one of whom is in Bangor, the other in Texas, have probably seen the article in question; and you will perceive that I am thus made, through your violation of the sanctity of correspondence, to stand with them in the odious light of an informer.

'Sir, I supposed that your common perception of what is due to the ordinary courtesies of epistolary intercourse rendered it unnecessary for me to desire you not to publish any thing of a personal nature. What is to become of our '*areas and focus*,' of our altars and fires? what is to become of the bonds of social faith, the cherished sentiments of domestic communion, the implicit confidence between man and man, if delicate matters of peculiar and single interest are thus to be blurted by an unreflecting conductor of a journal into the face of all mankind and half New-York? To use the emphatic expression of the western settler, who returned from hunting to find his house and family rifled, (rifled in both senses,) and the walls of his cabin plastered with the brains of his wife and children, it is 'a little too ridiculous.'

'The mischief, however, is done, and is past recall. The least you can do is to make what pecuniary compensation you consider due to my outraged sensibilities. Your Magazine is reputed to be profitable, and for the pile of correspondence which I have placed at your disposal the remuneration ought to be generous. I am no judge of poetry, but the quality of the article which I have sent you I have several times heard spoken of as *first-rate*.

'If you will enclose a draft through the post to the address of 'A. B. C. D. E. F.,' a portion of the fund shall go to soothe the lacerated feelings of my friend in Bleecker-street, and the rest shall be devoted to charitable purposes, or to the temperance cause.

'I had intended to write more fully upon this very vexatious subject, but as the ladies are waiting for me to attend a revival at the Tabernacle this evening, you must allow me to subscribe myself,

'Yours, truly mortified, ———.'

FEARLESS in the discharge of our duties to the public, as an 'able editor,' we have no hesitation in following the example of all able editors, and give to our readers whatever we think will be considered as a fair part of their money's worth. It is very odd that our sensitive correspondent, so keenly alive to the sufferings of his friend, the talented but lacerated financier of Bleeker-street, does not see that the same sympathy which he insists upon would equally apply to the persons abroad, whose letters he has 'so unwarrantably' made public. This, however, is in the true spirit of the age, which is so remarkably obtuse to that proverbial fact in natural history, that the same sauce which suits the female gander is equally adapted to the male goose.

#### LETTER SECOND.

TO THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQUIRE, LONDON.

HERewith a box, a fragrant casket, goes,  
Of that loved herb which best in Cuba grows;  
You had my promise, Thomas, you remember,  
In Fraser's shop, one morning last November,  
Of, now and then, a letter from the land  
Which cocknies write of ere they understand.  
Pick then the choicest of the weeds I send,  
(The Custom House will give them to my friend,)  
There having paid the duties that accrue,  
Permit me thus to pay mine own to you.

And oh! how difficult each London wight  
Finds the more Christian duty — *not* to write;  
For John is reckoned taciturn and shy,  
Slow of address and sullen in reply;  
Bacchus or Ceres, burgundy or ale,  
To rouse his fancies are of no avail;  
But would you force the fellow's mettle forth,  
And of his genius know the pith and worth,  
In vain you ply him with inspiring drink,  
Give him a bottle, not of beer, but *ink*:  
However tongue-tied, asinine, or dull,  
A quill ay proves a cork-screw to his skull.  
Hence this poor land so scribbled o'er has been,  
'Tis like a window in some country inn,  
Where every dolt has chronicled his folly,  
His fit of belly-ache or melancholy;  
With memorandums of his mutton oft,  
And how his bed was hard, his butter soft;  
How some John Thompson, on a rainy day,  
Found nought to eat, but very much to pay,  
And how said Thompson wished himself away.

Ye reverend gods, who guard the household flame,  
Lares, Penates, whatsoe'er your name,

What dire subversion of your sway divine  
 Lets loose all cockneydom to tempt the brine?  
 Why from the counter and the club-room so  
 Flock the spruce trader and the Bond-street beau?  
 Why should the lordling \* and the Marquis come?  
 And many a snug possessor of a plum,  
 Quitting his burrow on the 'Ampstead road,  
 With wife and trunks be flying all abroad?  
 Is it in rivers and in rocks to find  
 Some new sensation for a barren mind?  
 To mark how Albion's little nook has grown  
 To kiss the limits of the roasted zone?  
 From kindred manners, doctrines, men, and sects  
 To learn a lesson of their own defects?  
 Or with rapt eye on cataracts to look?  
 No, their sole passion is — to spawn a book.  
 From the cold Caspian to the Volga thus  
 The sturgeous pour pell-mell — a mighty muss! †  
 Eager with annual industry to strow  
 The slimy bottom with whole heaps of roe;  
 Scarce less I say the multitudinous fry  
 Each season brings to keep a diary;  
 Which oft, to give my simile more truth,  
 Proves 'caviare' to the general tooth.

Ere yet my glance anatomized aright  
 The insect race that fluttered in my sight,  
 Oft as the mote-like myriads of Broadway  
 I scanned, their trim and bearing to survey,  
 At each third passenger I could not choose  
 But curl my lip, with frequent *pschas!* and *poohs!*  
 To mark the vanity, the coarse conceit,  
 That showed the creature's genus to the street.  
 'Was ever nation like Sienna's vain?' ‡  
 Says father Dante, in sarcastic strain;  
 And in my book-learned ignorance I quoted  
 The line, to fit the follies which I noted.  
 Surely, quoth I, could emptiness and froth  
 And the poor pride of superfinest cloth  
 To more excess be carried than by these  
 Pert, whiskered, insolent Manhattanese?  
 But soon I found how poor a patriot I,  
 'T was *mine own countrymen* I saw go by!  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their gait,  
 I saw these lords of human kind with hate.  
 O, altered race! with hair upon your chins,  
 In your strut Spaniards, Frenchmen in your grins;  
 The 'snob' and shop-keeper but ill concealed  
 By boots of Paris, bright and brazen-heeled,  
 Newmarket coats, and Cashmere's flowery vests,  
 And half Potosi blazing on your breasts,  
 Made up of coxcomb, pugilist, and sot —  
 Are ye true Englishmen? I know ye not!

With what fierce air, how lion-like a swell,  
 They pace the pavement of the grand hotel;  
 On each new guest with regal stare look down,  
 Or strike him dead with a victorious frown; §  
 These are the fools whom I for natives took,  
 Ere I could read their nation in their look;

\* See New-York Police Reports.

† Moss. We had always taken this word, so common in New-York, to be pure and choice Manhattanese, and thought our cockney friend was at fault; but on looking up the authorities, we find that one SHAKESPEARE, a person of quondam reputation, has used the same word in the same way.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

‡ 'Or fu mai Gente sì vana come la Sanese?' — DANTE.

§ A modest line borrowed from Doctor JOHNSON's 'Irene.'

Now wiser grown, I recognize each ass  
For a true bit of Birmingham's best brass.

In Astor's mansion, where the rich resort,  
And exiled Britons toss their daily port,  
And sometimes angels condescend to sip  
Their balmy hyson with benignant lip,  
A nook there is to thirsty pilgrims known,  
But sacred to male animals alone,  
Where foreign blades receive their morning's whet,  
As deep almost in juleps as in debt.  
There from the throng it pleases me at times  
To pick out subjects for a few odd rhymes.  
And who could guess, amid this cloud of smoke,  
That yonder things were hearts of British oak;  
Or who that knew the country of their birth,  
Could by the gilding guess the fabric's worth?  
Come, let us dare these lions to attack,  
And hang a calf-skin on each recreant back.  
Some are third cousins of the penny press,  
Skilful a piquant paragraph to dress;  
Some in their veins a dash patrician boast—  
Them Stütz has banished from their natal coast:  
Here sits a lecturer, bearing in his mien  
More glories than he bought at Aberdeen.  
These are tragedians—wandering stars—and those  
Some little nobodies no body knows,  
Manchester men, deep read in calicoes.

Thomas, your soul abominates a quack,  
Great, small, high, low—the universal pack.  
And sure our London is a proper place  
Wherein to study and detest the race.  
But O, consider in a land like this,  
Which owns but one distinction, aim, and bliss;  
One only difference, by all confessed,  
Betwixt earth's vilest offspring and her best;  
One sole ambition for the young and old,  
Divine, omnipotent, eternal gold;  
Where genius, goodness, head and heart are weighed  
By the false balance of delusive Trade,  
How small, how impotent is Truth's defence  
Against the strides of that arch-fiend, Pretence,  
The time's worst poison, blight, and pestilence! }  
Here, only here, a bold and honest lie  
Its full allowance of success will buy.  
No sanctity of station, age, or name,  
Can check the Charlatan's audacious aim;  
'A self-made man' is here a fav'rite phrase,  
So self-made talents earn their self-made praise.  
Whate'er a freeman claims to be, he is;  
He knows all magic and all mysteries;  
No matter in what sphere the scoundrel shine,  
He made himself, and that's a right divine.

Come, then, ye mountebanks of all degrees,  
New Cagliostro! fly beyond the seas;  
Fiddlers from Rome, philanthropists from France,  
Lords of the lyre, the lancet, and the dance;  
Hydropathists, and mesmerisers, come;  
Ye who Cremonas and Clementis thrum,  
Here build your altars, hang your banners out,  
Laurel yourselves, and your own pæan shout;  
Assume what little, take what coin you will,  
Profess all science, arrogate all skill:  
What though no university enroll  
Your name and honors on a Latin scroll?

Sure each may constitute himself a college,  
 And be himself the warrant of his knowledge.  
 Then at small cost in some gazette obtain  
 Alike an apothecais and fane :  
 Amid its hallowed columns once enshrined,  
 Converts and worshippers you soon shall find,  
 Buy of the editor — 't is cheap enough —  
 The sacred incense of his potent puff ;  
 The public nose will catch the sweet aroma,  
 Tut ! they who advertise need no diploma.

' Good heavens ! ' methinks I hear my Thomas cry,  
 ' With what a low, derogatory eye  
 You view the beautiful, primeval shore  
 Where first-born forests guard the torrent's roar.  
 What ! is there nothing in that lovely land  
 Mid all that's fair, and excellent, and grand,  
 Nothing more worthy of a poet's pen  
 Than sots and rogues and bastard Englishmen ? '  
 Patience ! philosopher : as yet I dwell  
 In the dull echoes of a tavern-bell ;  
 My inspiration is not born of rocks,  
 Nor meads, nor mountains white with snowy flocks ;  
 Streets and their sights are all that fire me now  
 To tap the bump ideal of my brow ;  
 Mine ears are thrilled not by Niagara's noise,  
 But that of drays and cabs and bawling boys ;  
 And scarce the day one quiet hour affords  
 To fit my fancies with harmonious words ;  
 Yet oft at evening, when the moon is up,  
 When trees on dew and men on slumber sup,  
 Along the gas-lit rampart of the bay  
 In rhymeful mood as undisturbed I stray,  
 Awhile my present ' whereabouts ' I lose,  
 And on my loved ones o'er the water muse.  
 Sometimes lulled ocean heaves an orient sigh,  
 Which brings our terrace and its roses nigh ;  
 While each Æolian murmur of the sea  
 Seems whispering fragrantly of home and thee ;  
 But something soon dispels the pleasing dream,  
 The fire-fly's flash, the night-hawk's whistling scream,  
 Or katydid, complaining in the dark,  
 Or other sound unheard in Regent's Park.  
 For wheresoe'er by night or noon I tread,  
 Thought guides me still, like Ariadne's thread,  
 Through shops and crowds and placard-pasted walls  
 Till on my brain Sleep's filmy finger falls  
 And cuts the filament, with gentle knife,  
 That leads me through this labyrinth of life.  
 I feel it now, the power of the dull god ;  
 The verse imperfect halts — Thomas, I nod ;  
 'T is late — o'er Caurus hangs the northern car ;  
 My page is out — and so is your cigar.

T. W. P.

## MEMORIALS.

Who that surveys this span of earth we press,  
 This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,  
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
 The past, the future — two eternities,  
 Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
 When he might build him a proud temple there ;  
 A name that long shall hallow all its space,  
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place ?



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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TRAVELS IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETREA, AND THE HOLY LAND. By REV. STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University. With twelve Illustrations, on Steel. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE descriptions of the Eastern hemisphere, by enlightened American travellers, are the richest contributions to our native literature ; and especially the pictures of Western Asia and Egypt, with which the constant perusal of the Bible has already made us familiar. Hence, the principle declared by Dr. OLIN in his preface is undeniable : ' An unexceptionable book of oriental travels is a commentary upon the Bible, whose divine teachings derive from no other source illustrations so pleasing, so popular, and so effective.' This statement is true, not only of the erudite researches made expressly to elucidate the apparent difficulties in the sacred volume, but also of the unpretending notices of the visitor who merely records the objects as they passed before his eyes, and the actual impressions derived from the scenes as he surveyed them. From the first publication of that pioneer work, '*Harmer's Observations*,' through all its successors of the same character, the result has been identical ; the evidence has been progressively cumulative, to verify the infallible accuracy of the historical details connected with the scriptural archaeology ; and to American citizens probably the illustrations of antiquity, especially of Palestine, Egypt, and the intermediate Deserts, are the most acceptable ; because our native travellers have none of the prejudices and prepossessions with which almost all the European monarchists, and especially those of Britain, are trammelled ; and the anti-Asiatic citizens of this republic inspect the 'modern antiques' of the old countries through a medium of original freshness and simplicity, which give to their narrative a peculiar naïveté and vividness, evidently distinguished from the impressions on the minds of Europeans. The correctness of this position is obvious on all the pages of Dr. OLIN's interesting volumes ; and while he has expressly and designedly excluded all exhibitions of 'critical, philological, and antiquarian learning,' he has yet given us a work which, instead of satiating the desire to know the character of Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land, produces an earnest solicitude for a more extensive and profound acquaintance with those countries, with which all our loftiest mental and devout associations are inseparably conjoined.

It is not an easy task to specify any particular passages which require distinct notice, in volumes where all is so excellently adapted to interest and edify ; but we may remark that Dr. OLIN's disquisition on MOHAMMED ALI is the best article that we have seen on that topic. Every pure sensibility of the heart is awakened, as we peruse the writer's transcript of his emotions and reminiscences while roaming along the Red Sea ; as he read the decalogue on Mount Sinai ; studied the prophecies concerning Edom at Petra ; contemplated 'the cave in the field of Macphelah ;' chanted the songs of DAVID at Bethlehem ; surveyed the 'Potter's field ;' 'fell among thieves' near Jericho ; bathed

over the ruins of 'Sodom and Gomorrah;' walked in the garden of Gethsemane; and explored 'the city of the great King.' From all those subjects, lucid passages of great pathos and elegance might be cited to recommend Dr. OLIN's volumes.

The decisively emphatic testimony which he has given to the dignified character and the noble qualifications of *all* the American Protestant missionaries, is of the highest importance and value, and constitutes a very forcible recommendation of his excellent work to every patriot and philanthropist. It is proper also to add, that the amiable spirit and the expansive benevolence which it every where develops, render it as grateful as it is instructive and refreshing. We cannot, however, better express our judgment of Dr. OLIN's volumes, than in a sentiment from his own preface: 'Whether considered in reference to the intellectual tastes and habits produced or fostered by this species of reading, or to the doubtful or pernicious character of the lighter literature which it may supersede, every simple and true account of foreign countries, of their physical or moral peculiarities, manners, institutions, and historical monuments, and of their intellectual and economical condition, brings a valuable contribution to the best interests of education, good morals, and public happiness.' Without doubt such will be the benign effects of the work before us, wherever it is introduced. It will both extend very useful knowledge, and exert a most salutary influence among all who peruse it. Therefore we may hope, to adopt again our author's own language, that 'the fruits of his weakness and affliction will promote the cause which is so dear to his heart,' by the circulation of his travels among Bible classes and Sabbath schools, so that his 'highest ambition may be gratified,' and that 'good reward of his labors' be returned to him in ample abundance, for his perennial enjoyment.

**A MEMOIR OF THE CONSTRUCTION, COST, AND CAPACITY OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT: COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS:** together with an Account of the Civic Celebration of the Completion of the Great Work, etc. By CHARLES KING. In one volume, royal quarto. pp. 306.

Mr. KING, by the production of this elaborate work, has linked his name with one of the most grand and beneficent enterprises of the present century, and the fame of which will be perpetuated so long as the Croton river courses through our streets, or bursts in its freshness from a thousand hydrants, or surges into the serene sky from hundreds of fountains. We can well believe that the extent and variety of research, and the perspicuous collation of relevant facts, which this work exhibits, are the result of a toil which could have been to the author none other than a 'labor of love' for the renown of 'the city of his birth and his affections.' Indeed there is nothing omitted, which could add to the interest or value of the book. A preliminary essay presents us with a cursory but clear and well-arranged examination and description of the chief ancient and modern aqueducts, as well as of the devices for supplying themselves with water, in use among the earliest peoples: The memoir of the Croton Aqueduct is in all respects complete and authentic; and includes, we are glad to perceive, a sketch of the numerous attempts which, from an early day, were made by the citizens of our metropolis to insure a supply of pure and wholesome water. The principal public water-works of other cities and towns of the United States are not forgotten: a general description of them leaves nothing in this regard to be desired. That this excellent record of our crowning glory as a city will attain a wide metropolitan and State circulation, it would be unjust even to doubt; but it should do more; it should be in the hands of the citizens of *other* cities all over the Union. Emulation of a great local good may thus be stimulated, as well as that just pride of *country*, which every addition to our public enterprises is so well calculated to inspire. The volume, which is printed with great luxury of type and paper, is embellished with a fine steel engraving of the Croton dam, and three or four minor illustrations. The dedi-

cation of the book to the people of New-York, and their representatives in the successive Common Councils, is brief, forcible, and in good taste. In short, the work is an honor alike to the city and to the author.

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**THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS ; and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church : according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America : together with the Psalter, or Psalms of DAVID. Edited by Rev. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D. New-YORK: H. W. HEWET, Publisher.**

Six numbers of this exceedingly beautiful publication are before us ; and we hazard little in saying, that when completed it will form one of the most elegant volumes of a kindred character that has ever been produced in this country. The whole work will be concluded in twenty semi-monthly numbers, or within six months from the present time. The illustrations consist of vignettes of a beautiful character and design, and of sacred subjects, from the works of the first masters, adapted to the Epistles and Gospels, and the Psalter. That these will be tasteful and appropriate, may be inferred from the fact that their arrangement and adaptation are confided to the capable supervision of the accomplished editor. The greater part of them will be selected from the English edition of the Pictorial Prayer Book ; many others, however, will be added from original drawings, prepared expressly for the work, by Mr. J. G. CHAPMAN. Thus far, they have been engraved in a masterly manner, reflecting additional beauty upon the clear letter-press and pure white paper by which the emulous printer is perpetuating the remembrance of his care and skill. 'As an appropriate companion for the work, Dr. WAINWRIGHT will prepare a history of the Liturgy, together with a commentary upon the text and rubrics. This work will be embellished with designs having special reference to the church in this country. It will be comprised in twenty numbers. The whole will form two handsome volumes in royal octavo. Either of these volumes may, however, be taken independently of the other, so arranged as to be bound in a single volume.' The cost of the numbers is but thirty-one cents each ! The enterprise has received the warmest eulogiums and recommendations from the entire clergy of New-York and Brooklyn, as well as from the clergy and laymen of other States.

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**LAYS OF MY HOME, AND OTHER POEMA. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. In one volume. pp. 122. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.**

We regard Mr. WHITTIER as one among the very first of our poets. With one or two eminent exceptions, no one of our best writers excels him in the melody of his verse, and the appositeness and beauty of his imagery. There is, moreover, a depth of feeling, an earnestness and ardor, visible in his later writings, which sufficiently distinguish him from the herd who write verse as they would write an advertisement ; stimulated, too often it may be, by the same impulse in the one case as in the other. Mr. WHITTIER never sits down with a pen in his hand and a sheet of foolscap before him, to 'pump up a feeling' touching some pliable theme or another, as to the precise nature of which he is either entirely ignorant or quite undecided. How many of our rhymists, miscalled poets, differ from our friend in this ! Sitting down with a desperate determination to get up an *affatus* ; to write, and to rhyme, at all events ; to secure the requisite number of feet and the required number of necessary lines ; is a process of composition which can never result in the production of poetry. A goodly proportion, and the best parts (evidently so deemed by the writer, who has given them the place of honor) of the volume before us appeared originally in the KNICKERBOCKER. Much of the remainder, although not now first published, will be new to many of our readers, to all of whom we cordially commend Friend WHITTIER's neat and tastefully-executed volume.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE R. C. SANDS : THIRD NOTICE.—Through the continued kindness of the co-member of the 'Literary Confederacy,' of which the lamented SANDS was so bright an ornament, we are enabled to set before our readers another *Salmagundi* from that gifted writer's facile pen. We have lately touched in these pages upon the character and proceedings of the early Puritans ; and as a pleasant illustration of their peculiar views, manners, and customs, we shall venture to select a few passages from '*Salem Witchcraft, an Eastern Tale*,' in which SANDS's love of the ludicrous and the burlesque is forcibly exhibited. The era of the story is that *annus mirabilis*, 1692 ; the scene the town of Salem, (Mass.) into which a stranger, mounted on a charger, descended from John of Gaunt's ploughing team, enters at a devout gait. This is FAITHFUL HANDY, an ordained teacher of the Word, who has 'a recommend' from a reverend brother to DELIVERANCE HOBBS ; which 'recommend' in some degree superseded the formalities of courtship in those primitive days. Miss HOBBS was no Hebe, if we may judge from this sketch of her person and features, taken as she turned round, while drawing water at a well, to reconnoitre the new comer : 'SHE squinted in the peculiar mode described by the poet, 'when one eye looked up, the other looked down ;' and was terribly deformed in her person. Nature, in elaborating this rare article, seemed to have been trying an optical experiment ; as if to show, by adapting her crooked figure to a parabolical reflector, how symmetry may be produced from the most hideous and uncouth distortion. Her head, shaped like a broad-axe, was garnished with a tuft of red wool, which 'streamed like a meteor to the troubled air,' and would, if transplanted, like the locks of Berenice, have affrighted the nations, threatening pestilence and war. Her green eyes were set deep in her head, and seemed affected, like the grass, by the hot weather. A huge hawked nose covered half her face. Her ears were set like a dog's in the back of her head ; and her broad concave cheeks were riddled with seams, stigmatized with scars, and riddled with the small-pox. Thin skinny lips, and a Bavarian poke of the chin, completed the nomenclature of her charms ; and the rest of her person tallied with her face. Such was the dragon that answered in a shrill voice to the parson's inquiries, 'Yes, Deliverance Hobbes lives here ; and I am her daughter Beautiful !' This was confirmed by the apparition of the matron herself ; who was the exemplar of her daughter's attractions, except that her own charms had become mellowed by age, and contrary to the usual course of nature, matured into something rather less ghastly and horrible. She seemed to be informed of the purport of her visiter's mission ; for her first inquiry was : 'Be you the minister that's got a recommend from Hugh Peters ?' Faithful groaned in the spirit, as he replied, he was ; and as he entered the house, could not repress an inward ejaculation : 'Hugh Peters had not ought to have did this ! The Lord deliver me from Deliverance Hobbes, and the Gorgon, her beautiful daughter !' DELIVERANCE expresses

her willingness that the preacher should 'keep company with her daughter Beautiful,' in which the latter acquiesces, with a supernatural leer; whereas the preacher is greatly perturbed. 'She is too bitter ornary!' he exclaims, mentally; and even a plentiful repast of bread, butter, milk, hominy, pork, sweet-meats, pumpkin-pie, and onions, cannot blind him to *that* fact; hence he makes an excuse to depart for a brief season, to visit his friend Goody MERCY PEABODY, who lives hard by, promising soon to return:

'GOODY PEABODY was very glad to see Faithful, whom she had not beheld before since he was a child; and he was much pleased with her daughter Patience, who was the very reverse of Beautiful Hobbes; being a healthy, clean-limbed, tidy, good-natured looking housewife. He now learned that Beautiful was as *ugly* as she was *bitter*; being a vast virago, and an intolerable slut. In short, it was soon settled that he should keep company with Patience, and let Beautiful shift for herself. As soon as Faithful had left the mansion of Goody Hobbes, which he did as fast as fear and his horse could carry him, the damsel whom he thus uncourtaneously shunned, having devoured him and his charger with her eyes, till they were out of the sphere of their vision, inconspicuously swallowed the remaining segment of the pumpkin-pie to which he had paid his most earnest devotions, and waddled off to her dressing-room, to adorn her person for his expected return. In about half an hour she made her reappearance in the parlor, which had been in the mean while swept and garnished. But not as she went out did Beautiful now return. She had exchanged the dishabille in which she was accustomed to perform her domestic duties for the whole paraphernalia of her toilet; and she now appeared arrayed in shreds and patches of as many different colors as are found in the neck of a turkey-cock, and loaded with every article of her wardrobe, which she imagined could give zest to her appearance, or add intensity to her charms. Her fiery locks, condensed to a focus, and curiously entwined with a green riband, much resembled a bunch of carrots dextrously garnished with grass. Her crooked carcase had been, in some measure, straightened by a pair of tight stays, which, reaching to her hips, prevented her, as she sat in a high-backed chair, from making any other than gyrating contortions. Goody Hobbes, who had also paid some attention to her charms, sat opposite her daughter, admiring the second edition of her own perfections. Admiration of themselves, and of each other, for a while kept the two paragons silent. The elder at length broke forth: 'I guess it's high time for Faithful to be back.' To which the younger replied, 'I guess so too.' Then says the elder Hobbes, 'I guess there an't no witches and spectres at Punkapog-pond.' 'I guess there an't,' rejoined Beautiful. A long pause now ensued, which was broken by the matron's observing, 'I admire what keeps Faithful so long at Goody Peabody's.' 'I admire so too,' says Beautiful, who, from the bottom of her stays, spoke like one from the tomb. 'I admire how ornary Patience Peabody is,' quoth Deliverance. 'I admire at her too,' quoth Beautiful; 'how bitter she is! They say she has seen the black man.' Another long pause ensued, during which the impatience of the couple manifested itself by agitations, and writhings of their heads and extremities. Faithful not making his appearance, these spasmodic affections increased to universal and horrible convulsions of their whole frames; and they sat like two Pythonesses on their sacred stools, pregnant with inspiration, and looking unutterable things. At length, in the midst of her paroxysm, Deliverance bounced from her seat, exclaiming with vehemence, 'I notion to send Remarkable to see where the minister stays!'

REMARKABLE SHORT, a woman six feet in her stockings, and quite 'in keeping' with the HOBBS family, is despatched after Faithful by Deliverance, in these dulcet-words: 'Remarky, I wish you'd go down to Goody Peabody's and look after the minister that ate supper here. I notion that he's forgot that it's time for him to come back and pray, before we go to bed.' Remarkable and her errand were not very courteously received. Goody Peabody said 'she admired what business such a long-shanked, ill-conditioned, bitter-looking body as she, had to be snooping about other people's houses at that time of night; that Faithful was going to keep company with her daughter PATIENCE; that Remarkable had better return to her employer; adding, that if she did n't troop in less than no time, she would see if her help, PRESERVED PERKINS, could n't help her.' Remarkable, after a series of adventures, arrives at home, and reports progress. Deliverance and her daughter Beautiful receive the intelligence of the defection of the minister in a paroxysm of anger and mortification; which ends in Beautiful's falling back in violent contortions, exclaiming that she is 'bewitched by Patience Peabody!' The village of Salem, it should be premised, was at this period in a woful state of perturbation, if we may believe COTTON MATHER, who tells us that 'the devils were walking about the streets with lengthened chains, making a dreadful noise in our ears; and brimstone, even without a metaphor, was making a horrid and an horrible stench in our nostrils. And whoever,' he adds, 'questions any of these things, I hold to be a person of peculiar dirtiness.' If we may believe MATHER, therefore, the 'Prince of the Air' and his imps, with an innumerable host of spectres, phantoms, apparitions, and hobgoblins, were let loose upon this devoted place, and at the instigation of old women, potent in witchcraft,

were playing their damned pranks upon the inhabitants. Some delighted to stick pins and forks in the tender flesh of innocent babes. Others would grievously torment poor damsels, buffeting and tossing them about in a most lamentable manner. Sometimes they would cause the most serious and sober-minded persons to babble forth unutterable nonsense in all the known languages of the earth, except the Iroquois, in the which, it is said, the devil himself hath no skill. At others, they would excite the worthy townsmen, yea, even the selectmen themselves, to cut the most strange and fantastic capers; performing those evolutions which the Greeks call *μυσις* and *ταμυσις*, now upon their heads they would dance aerial hornpipes and fandangos; and anon going upon all fours, they would bark like a pack of hounds, or bray like a troop of jack-asses. Beside this, brutes, and even inanimate matter, were the subjects of wicked sorcery: gridirons, shovels, and frying-pans, clattered and rang, though touched by no mortal hand; spits before the fire would fly up the chimney in the twinkling of an eye, and anon coming down again, stick in the back-log in a spiteful and portentous manner; and three-legged stools, slipping on one side, would laugh to see the matron whom they had eluded, lie sprawling on the ground. Naughty children would feign themselves bewitched by some person against whom they had taken an antipathy, and would kick, sprawl, and bellow, with wonderful agility, until they had succeeded in moving the tender hearts of judge and jury, and had the satisfaction of seeing poor Irishwomen banged, whom their brogue convicted of infernal colloquies, or some poor old lady ducked and drowned, whom an unlucky squint showed to be possessed of an evil eye. In short, the whole country was in an eminently distressed and bedevilled predicament; and Beautiful Hobbes was a decided victim. A universal twitching assailed her joints; a sheeted paleness usurped her smoke-dried cheeks; the purple faded from the tip of her nose, and the color of her eyes became a dingy yellow; and she exclaimed, amid sobs and hiccups, 'Mother, there is a ball in my throat, and Patience Peabody hurts me!' And she continued to roar lustily, and pray for deliverance from her tormentor. Early next morning the Justice of the County Court is informed that there is a decided case of malignant witchcraft at Goody Hobbes's, where he is wanted immediately, in his judicial capacity. Accompanied therefore by the sheriff, and COTTON MATHER and his son, he straitway repairs to the scene of bewitchment: 'When they arrived there, the room was full of people. Deliverance and Remarkable were keeping guard on each side of the bed in which lay Beautiful, who, as soon as the Justice entered, uttered a terrible screech, and fell into hysterics. Mr. Mather junior then walked up to the bed, and passed his hand over the coverlid. They asked him what he felt? He said there was something supernatural there, resembling a rat, and quickly withdrew his fingers, having received a scratch quite across his hand. The mob were now, by command of the Justice, turned out of the room, and Mr. Mather senior made a prayer of half an hour's length; Deliverance every now and then giving her daughter a spoonful of brandy, to keep her quiet. When the prayer was concluded, Beautiful was told to say Amen; but she only made a muttering sort of noise, which sounded more like an imprecation than any thing else. After many ineffectual attempts, they gave over asking her to repeat the word; and the Justice asked her, 'Who hurt her?' She then answered, glibly enough, 'Patience Peabody; she sticks pins in me; and there is her spectre!' This was enough for the Justice, who ordered the sheriff, in a magisterial tone, to seize and hold the body of Patience Peabody until farther notice, at the same time calling out of the window to one of the crowd around the house, to go down to Dr. DRYBONES, and request his immediate presence. The messenger found that worthy functionary taking his morning walk in the grave-yard which adjoined his dwelling. 'He was a lank, long-visaged figure, skinny and withered up in his person, and who bore a considerable resemblance to one of his own dried preparations. One would imagine from his appearance that he had become assimilated to the spot where he usually perambulated; and where it was said he had sent the greater number of his patients, as if to have them under his more immediate charge.' Dr. Drybones repairs forthwith to

the possessed mansion, in a parlor of which the Squire and the two Mathers are awaiting him. After the first salutations, they all repair in a body to the chamber where Beautiful was lying, engaged in her gymnastic exhibitions :

'THE Doctor, at the head of the 'posse comitatus,' advanced solemnly up to the bed-side, and protruding his long skinny hand, took hold of the maiden's wrist between the fore-finger and thumb, with the true Esculapian gripe. Then closing his eyes, and holding in his breath, as if to condense all his sensibilities to the ends of his fingers, he began counting the pulsations. In about half a minute he pronounced, in a solemn, sepulchral tone, at each pause pouting out his lips, and smacking them in a curious manner: 'Pulse slow, and frequent; indicating a congestion of the cerebrum, and general plethora, together with a phlogistic diathesis; you understand me, Squire.' 'Oh, perfectly, perfectly; exactly so, Doctor,' replied the Justice, putting on one of his wisest looks; who, though he knew no more than a brewer's horse how a pulse could be slow and at the same time frequent, and also how this indicated a congestion of the cerebrum, yet did not like to confess his ignorance. 'And observe, Squire,' continued the Doctor, who had been lately reading a work on Nosology, and wished to show off a little before the Justice, 'observe, I say, the dilatation of the pupils, and the twitchings of the muscles, and the tossing of the extremities, and the spasmodic affection of the diaphragm, and the tetanic symptoms; you understand me, Squire; a very curious and complicated case, Squire.' The Justice, who at each stop in the Doctor's speech, had put in his usual 'Just so; exactly so; satanic symptoms, no doubt, Doctor;' coincided in this opinion. He also added that he had discovered the witch, and issued a warrant for her apprehension. Mr. Mather senior now came forward, and with a sneering and sarcastic expression of countenance, proposed, that as the Doctor understood the symptoms so well, he should exert himself a little to relieve them; at the same time insinuating that drugs and doctors were mere flea-bites, when opposed to witchcraft. 'Certainly,' replied the Doctor, in his deliberate tones, 'certainly, friend Mather, I shall do to the utmost of my poor abilities to fulfil the nineteen indications which offer. Of which the first is phlebotomy; the second a cleansing emetic; the third a saline cathartic; the fourth a potent anti-spasmodic; the fifth a relaxing sordoric; the sixth —' 'Now may Satan take both you and your nineteen indications!' interrupted Mather senior, who was much offended by this pedantic and conceited speech; and whose indignation was vehemently aroused by his being called 'friend Mather,' which he considered a downright insult, he having a most horrible antipathy to Quakerism. 'I tell you what, Drybones,' continued he, 'you are a person of a shallow wit, and small capacity for understanding these things; and touching the wonders of the invisible world, I hold you to be little better than an ass. Here Mather junior put in his oar, saying that Drybones was a quack, and an ignoramus, and that he would not trust him to bleed his cow. Drybones, however, who possessed a happy share of equanimity, and who prided himself upon his imperturbable countenance, paid no manner of regard to these discourses; but pulling out an enormous fleam-lancet, and turning to the Justice, exclaimed: 'Now by the blessing of God, will I open the jugular of this damsel!' Then calling for three small porringers, and setting the spring of his lancet, the edge of which he tried upon his thumb-nail, he advanced boldly up to the bed.'

The MATHERS interposed, however, and 'prevented the effusion of blood;' it being considered by the strict Puritans as much a matter of heresy for a doctor to interfere with a case of witchcraft, as it is for a physician at the present day to treat one of canine rabies by what is called 'regular practice.' The Justice and the MATHERS, after the doctor had left the house, departed together, discussing on their way many serious topics and profound questions concerning witchcraft, sorcery, enchantments, good and bad spirits, apparitions, and such grave matters; in which the elder MATHER displayed so much and such various learning upon his general theme, that it quite overpowered the Justice; who at last interposed, saying, petulantly: 'Well, for my part I don't know nothing about these things, and always did. A little law is all that I know.' The Squire having arrived at home, is informed by the sheriff that he has Patience in custody; when, accompanied by his 'divine friends,' the man of law proceeds with magisterial dignity to his hall of justice, where he finds a great mob of people, and hears the dolorous shrieks of sundry frantic-looking women, which he finds on inquiry to proceed 'from Abigail Williams and her gossips, who are roaring out because Patience hurts them.' 'Ha!' said the Justice, 'I begin to smell a rat. That Abigail Williams has borne testimony in every case of witchcraft that has occurred in this town since the beginning of the troubles thereof; and if she had been pinched, and pricked, and bruised, half so much as she says she has, she must have been a corpse long ago.' 'Pray, young woman,' said he, addressing himself to Patience, 'what is the matter with Beautiful Hobbes?' 'I do not know,' said Patience; 'I reckon she is crazy.' 'But why does she cry out against you, for putting the black man upon her?' 'I do not desire to spend my judgment thereon,' answered she. The worthy magistrate seemed puzzled what to say next, and turning to Doctor

Mather, inquired, 'what was his judgment touching the question, whether the devil could torment in the shape of a virtuous person?' Mather made answer, 'that he should be proud to communicate his poor opinion thereof at a more seeming time; but held it best, under correction, to proceed with the business in hand.' 'Well,' said the Squire, 'I believe there is no more to be said. I must make out this young woman's mittimus, and have her confined until the grand jury sit.' Faithful interposes for his lady-love, remonstrates against her imprisonment, and offers to undertake to make Beautiful repent her accusations before night, if he might be allowed a private interview with her; at which proposition MATHER expressed himself shocked, and severely reproved Faithful for desiring to have infernal communication with a woman accused of witchcraft. When the Justice and his reverend guests had gone back to discuss the question, whether the devil could torment in the shape of a good man, the crowd proceeded to the sheriff's house, the women ranting, roaring, and screaming; the bedevilled Abigail Williams, among the rest, walking as if afflicted by Saint Vitus, screeching in the most painfully distressing tone, and ever and anon falling into apparent convulsions; the mob the while mingling their groans and dolorous wailings, as if Pandemonium had broken loose in good earnest, and Satan had come again upon the earth like a roaring lion. Meantime Faithful bends his way to Dame Hobbes's, to remonstrate with the possessed Beautiful. He reaches the mansion:

'WITH a trembling hand he ventured to open the door, after he had knocked several times in vain. Through the smoke which filled the apartment, he saw the elder female seated by the fire-side, with her chin resting on her palms, and a stump of a pipe in her mouth. Remarkable was lying, seemingly dead drunk, upon the floor, and snoring like fifty bull-frogs; and Beautiful, in a short gown and petticoat, was sitting on the side of the bed, discussing a large bowl of bean-soup. The old woman took no notice of Faithful, but continued smoking her pipe with great sang-froid; but the eyes of Beautiful twinkled with emotion at his appearance. With a mixed expression of countenance, where pleasure and surprise at beholding the preacher curiously blended with the bitter twist given her visage by the hot soup, she motioned him to sit down beside her. He obeyed with the dubious air of one who seats himself with a half-formed resolution of suffering the extraction of a grinder. She edged up to him, and asked him if he would have some soup; but he declined the offer with a graceful wave of the hand, telling her that he came to have a little private conversation with her. At this, Beautiful told him to say what he had to say, as Remarkable was too drunk, and her mother too sleepy, to overhear him. The preacher now commenced a long and animated expostulation with the damsel, on her conduct, in which he mingled threats and promises, reproofs and entreaties, in a subtle and orator-like manner. Beautiful at first heard him with great impatience, and seemed convulsed with inward emotion; now stifling a rising sob, and now gulping down a spoonful of the soup. He at last seemed to hit upon an argument that fixed her attention; for all at once she became quite calm, and as soon as he had finished, wonderful to relate, promised to behave herself, and not be bewitched any more. Upon this he departed, telling her that the Justice was coming in the evening to see how she did, and bidding her be careful, and mind what he had told her.'

Accordingly, when evening arrives, Faithful accompanies the Justice and the sheriff to Goody Hobbes's mansion, which the 'visiting party' enter with faces as long and serious as if they had come to a funeral. The Justice breaks silence, by asking Beautiful how she finds herself, to which she responds, 'I notion I feel better this evening, and am not bewitched any more.' 'Then,' quoth the Justice, 'I guess you was crazy this morning.' 'I guess I was,' answers Beautiful. The final result is, that Patience Peabody is liberated, and Remarkable Short and Preserved Perkins, who have 'conspired against the general peace,' cut a remarkable figure in the stocks; where, being obliged to endure each other's company for two hours side by side, they contracted an affection for that position; 'their passions vacillated from the extreme of hate to that of love; a sneaking partiality arose between them; Preserved afterward married Remarkable, and a curious couple they were.' Faithful carried back his blooming bride, with whom he lived a long life of peace and innocence. 'They had thirteen children; the first was called Welcome, and the last Content; and their posterity inherit the land to this day.'

MANY of our readers, who never had the good fortune to hear the elder KEAN, will thank us for the annexed striking picture by SANDS, of his personation of Shylock, in



'The Merchant of Venice.' It was written for the 'Literary Journal,' a thin monthly pamphlet, which closed its very brief existence some twenty-five years ago :

'KEAN's manner in the first part is that of the miserly, calculating Jew ; and it is not until the entrance of Antonio, that we suspect him of aught worse than usury. The sight of Antonio kindles his hatred, and he exclaims, 'Cursed be my tribe, if I forgive him!' We tremble for the merchant, and shudder, as with a sudden change of countenance he smooths the wrinkle of hate from his brow, and turns to his victim with, 'Rest you fair, good Signior.' The speech in which he recounts the bitter scorn, the personal indignities he has received from Antonio, was finely given. It was not said entirely in anger ; beneath his indignation could be discerned a malignant pleasure ; and when he said, 'Well, then, it now appears you need my help,' his eyes seemed to flash with ferocious joy. The conciliating and jesting manner he assumed while settling the terms of the contract, was admirable, and the performance of the whole scene was without a fault. The passage most deserving praise, in the next act in which he appears, is the trembling eagerness with which he receives the news of Antonio's loss, as he exclaims, almost breathless : 'What, what, what ! ill luck, ill luck ?' And even, while in his impious rapture, he thanks God, he still doubtfully asks, 'Is it true ; is it true ?' But it is in the trial scene that this gifted actor puts forth his strength. With what an unmoved air he listened to the Duke's exhortation to be merciful ! His reply was not spoken with violence, in the loudness of anger, but with a horrid calmness in a subdued but chilling manner ; and he asked, 'Are you answered ?' in a tone of bitter irony. So fiendish a countenance we wish never to look upon, except when we know it is assumed, as when he sharpened the ready knife, and cried with a serpent hiss, 'To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there !' We almost quaked before the glance of his demon eye, as he seemed to gloat upon his victim. As he gazed on Antonio, his lips were slightly curled by the bitter smile of satisfied malice ; his eyes were bright and distended with the joy of his revengeful anticipations ; yet he neither spoke nor moved. We pass over many points, to notice his answer to Portia's suggestion, of sending for a surgeon, lest Antonio bleed to death. 'Is it so nominated in the bond ?' And the expression with which he raises his eyes from the paper, and says, with a smile which a devil might own, 'I cannot find it — 'tis not in the bond.' As the court proceeds to award the sentence in his favor, his face becomes lighted by exultation ; his whole form seems to throb with joy ; he bares his hands, and grasps the knife, with convulsive eagerness. But who can do justice to the sudden transition of his manner, the horror-struck, doubting air, the fixed rigid countenance, with which he hears the forbidding clause ? When he finds utterance, it is but a sentence of four words which he pronounces. But how are they pronounced ! The fingers which had clenched the knife gradually unloose their grasp, and fall nerveless and slowly by his side ; the disappointed, dejected, almost exhausted tone, in which he with difficulty articulates 'Is that the law ?' Surely this was the perfection of acting. We have beheld COOKE's representation of this character with delight, and have dwelt upon it with pleasure. But, great as it was, compared to KEAN's, it appears a cold performance. Indeed, Mr. KEAN approaches nearer to GARRICK than any actor since his time. KEAN has more majesty ; COOKE possesses more physical power, and though not a good, yet a finely-modulated voice. COOPER has great advantages both of person and voice ; but they are all deficient in that astonishing variety of expression, that power of reaching men's hearts, and causing them to tremble, which distinguishes Mr. KEAN.'

KEAN's power over the feelings of his audiences seems scarcely to have been surpassed by any actor that ever trod the stage. Hosts of admirers speak of him even now with unabated enthusiasm.

THE subjoined beautiful reflections and yet more admirable poetry are from an essay based oddly enough upon a version of one of the monosyllabic poems of *Ausonius* ; a string of verses, in which the last monosyllable of each line forms the first of the next, and the first is the same as the last ; so that they may be read over and over again without end. 'We take it,' writes SANDS, 'as a good motto for a paper which we mean to write, without having any precise notion on what subject we shall descant. We mean to make, on something or other, 'a few plain and practical remarks,' as the Rev. Mr. — says, when he means to preach a sermon five quarters of an hour long.' The paper thus lightly commenced, closes as follows :

'A MAN who lives out his threescore and ten years, or lingers beyond that period, must, in the common course of events, see the ordinary revolutions affected by time and death. At the middle of his career, he sees a flourishing family around him ; friends and connections formed in his advancing course ; attachments begun in sympathy, and cemented by interest. He lives on ; and his children are scattered by the accidents of mortality, and their graves are in different countries. His friends have vanished from their former haunts, and the places that knew them, now know them no more for ever. 'He asks of the solitudes, where are they ? and the hollow echo answers, 'Where ?' There is no one to sympathize with his remembrances of the past ; his infirmities become a grievance, or he thinks them so, to those around him ; and he still feels that lingering attachment to life, which answers the philosopher's question, *an mors malum sit*, with the powerful evidence of consciousness. Hope and Memory delude the pilgrim in his journey, by the false colors with which they paint the scene before and behind him. 'Man never is, but always to be blest ;' and as the future, depicted by the fancy only, presents unmingled visions of delight, the past, mellowed by time, loses the little inconveniences which jarred discordantly with the passing

music of pleasure ; and its remembrance makes us regret what when present we neglected. It was under the influence of such reflections, that the following lines were composed. They were written in a prophetic hour by one who died young, and willing to depart :

DELUSIVE world ! whose phantom throng  
Still flit, with juggling smiles, along,  
To cheat the aching sense ;  
Where, as in man's primeval tongue,  
Joy hath no present tense !

Joy, decked in unsubstantial hues,  
The impatient fool for e'er pursues,  
Till when the form is nigh,  
The enchantress fair no more he views,  
And all her colors fly.

But lo ! 'tis there ! 'tis there, again !  
He starts anew, on quest as vain —  
The enchantress is not there !  
But like a vampyre from the tombs,  
Behind, once more, the form assumes  
Its station in the air.

Thus Hope and Memory still delude ;  
Now with the future's fancied good,  
Now with the fancied past ;  
Till comes eternal night to brood  
Above them both at last !

While thus I mused, I heard a voice  
Of sweet and solemn tone :  
'O child of clay !' it said, 'rejoice,  
Nor woo despair alone.

'For know thine age hath reached its prime ;  
There is a race of men  
Who do but hail life's summer-time,  
And sink to earth again.  
With one swift flame their being burns,  
And soon their dust to dust returns' —  
Blest Spirit ! tell me — when ?

Again the voice of music spoke :  
'There is a happier sphere,  
Where neither hope nor memory mock,  
Yet joy is present there ;  
And dreaming souls to bliss have woke' —  
Blest Spirit ! tell me — where ?

'Thou may'st with equal eye behold  
Hours, days, and years behind thee rolled,  
Grasping each present Now ;  
Nor dread the moment yet to come,  
Nor weep o'er pleasure's mental tomb' —  
Blest Spirit ! tell me — how ?

ALTHOUGH we find ourselves 'at the end of the tether,' we cannot resist the inclination to present the following forceful lines. Possibly the sentiment may be deemed heretical by the very imaginative and the young ; but even such, if tasteful and discriminating persons, cannot choose but admire the melody of the verse, and the beauty of the imagery :

#### THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

In fiction's devious wilds the heart misled,  
To dull reality ungrateful turns ;  
Substantial earth's fair plains untempting spread,  
And day's blest beam with light unlovely burns.

Yet not all Fancy's dreams, most wild and bright,  
Are worth one day of Comfort's calm routine ;  
And simple Truth, attired in vestal white,  
Transcends her starry front and garments' sheen.

And constant woman's fond and glowing kiss,  
And heaven's own workmanship of mortal charms,  
Are worth whole ages of imagined bliss,  
Lost in ideal Beauty's airy arms.

The monster brood that cloudy spectre bore  
To rash Ixion, deem not half so vain  
As the fond progeny of minstrel lore,  
Nursed in the womb of a distempered brain.

Why float these visions of delusive birth  
Before the wanderers on the wastes of time,  
Ordned to tread the firm, unyielding earth,  
Nor yet the spires of heaven forbidden climb ?

Is it that the soul divine, imprisoned here,  
Beyond its dungeon bars essays to roam,  
O'erleaps the due progression to its sphere,  
Sees forms and shadows of its destined home ?

Or, lost to innocence, to truth, to Eden,  
Did our dark curse not quench each early ray,  
But leave its broken beams, to light unbidden  
The checkered mazes of the exile's way ?

WE have not exhausted the stores which our obliging friend of 'the Confederacy' has placed at our disposal. When we have more space, we shall resume the desultory series which we are compelled to bring abruptly to a present conclusion.

GOSSIP FROM AN AMERICAN LADY IN PARIS.—We derive the subjoined pleasant gossip from a young and gifted American lady, at present resident in the French metropolis. We hope to be similarly favored, whenever our fair correspondent shall find leisure from the demands of society to transcribe her fresh 'jottings-down' for our pages: 'We went to the Hotel des Invalides this morning to see the plans in relief of the fortified towns of France. They are exhibited to the public only during one month in the year. The plans of those cities I have visited interested me particularly. They are so minute that Miss L —, who accompanied us, had no difficulty in finding the country-house near Toulon where she spent some months last year. I was much struck by the plan of Embrun, in Dauphiny, that little town celebrated in both history and romance by the pilgrimages so frequently made to it by devout Catholics. It is strongly fortified and built on a rock of semi-circular form, which rises so perpendicularly on one side from the meadows which lie below, that one would suppose it must have been hewn away by the hand of man. I was much interested, too, by the plan of Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, the celebrated prison, built on a rock, which the tide separates twice a day from the main land, and where the political prisoners condemned after the *émancipation*, in May, 1839, are confined. We were looking at the plan of a fort, on the pedestal of which the name had not been labelled as on the others, when a soldier standing near informed us it was that of Ham, where the nephew of NAPOLEON is now a prisoner. It is in Picardy, which I am told is the most arid and unfruitful province in France. It is built around a quadrangular court, or I should rather say there are three buildings and a terrace which form a hollow square. The prince, who is said to be a remarkably good horseman, is allowed to ride on this terrace, which is not shaded by trees; indeed, if this plan be correct, which I suppose it must be, as it has just been made, there is but one tree within the precincts of the fortress. . . . In the evening, my friend, Madame D — took me to the house of the Polish Princess CZARTORYSKI. Prince ADAM CZARTORYSKI is from his birth, his wealth, and his character, one of the most illustrious of the Polish refugees. His life has been checkered by every extreme of good or ill. In early youth, he served in the army of the republic of Poland. He was at one time the captive of CATHERINE II., and in 1831 was at the head of the provisional government of Poland. After the total defeat of the Polish army, Prince and Princess CZARTORYSKI with some difficulty made their escape, with their three children, the youngest of whom was not a year old. The Princess had not even a change of linen with her, and no time to collect her jewels, which were brought to her after she had reached the Austrian frontier, by a soldier, whom she had never seen before, and who refused to tell his name. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that offered by the present mode of life of the Prince and Princess, and the splendor by which they were formerly surrounded. Prince ADAM was one of the richest proprietors, and possessed not one, but several, of the most magnificent palaces in Poland, and was accustomed from childhood to every comfort and luxury which wealth could devise. The house he now inhabits is as simple as possible; but he remains at home every Monday evening for the purpose of seeing his friends and countrymen; and his *salon* is always crowded with the most learned men and most fashionable women in Paris. These weekly receptions are attended with but very little expense here, as tea and lemonade are the only refreshments it is the custom to offer. Prince CZARTORYSKI is a most venerable-looking man of about seventy. The expression of his face is habitually melancholy, but at times he is

very animated in conversation. Like most Poles, he speaks low and very slowly. I remarked that he was particularly polite and attentive to young people, which in a man, who, from his various misfortunes and trials, can take but little interest in general society, is, I think, very striking. The Princess, who must be almost thirty years younger than the Prince, is very lady-like and prepossessing in her manners. She is much beloved by her *compatriotes*: her efforts to relieve those who are in distressed circumstances being unceasing. She employs all her leisure hours in embroidering; and her embroidery, which is more beautiful than any thing of the kind I have ever seen, is sold at a bazar, which is opened during the last week of every year; new-year's day being the time when the French make those presents to their friends which in England and in our country are made on Christmas day. All the ladies of the Princess's acquaintance of course contribute to her bazar; and those who are remarkable for their beauty or their talents, are invited by her to keep the stalls. . . . Mrs. B—, whose son, a lad of about sixteen, is now engaged in attending the *cours de religion*, or religious lectures of M. COQUEREL, one of the clergymen of the Reformed Church of Paris, took me this morning to hear one of the lectures. M. COQUEREL is the nephew of the celebrated HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, by whom he was educated. He is the most eloquent, and I believe the most learned, clergyman in Paris. I had been much pleased with his sermons, and was therefore very glad to have an opportunity of hearing one of his lectures. His class was composed of about thirty young men, of different ages, from sixteen to twenty-five. He has written a little book called '*Cours de Religion*,' which he makes use of in his lectures. The method he adopts is this: He reads a paragraph from this little volume, and then comments upon it, and explains or develops it, often relating interesting anecdotes suggested to him by the subject, or asking questions which the foregoing lectures enable the scholars to reply to. The young men take notes, write them out at home, and bring these papers to Mr. COQUEREL at the next lesson. The lectures for young men take place twice a week, from October to May, and those for young ladies at different hours during the same period. The scholars are admitted to take the sacrament at Pentecost. M. COQUEREL is a most active and industrious man. Beside several volumes of sermons, and innumerable papers for different religious journals, he has published a very useful work, called '*Biographie Sacrée*,' in which every name mentioned in the Bible is to be found. His manner is very animated; and as each lecture lasts but an hour, it is impossible that the attention of the young hearers should become weary. . . . 'APRIL 19th. Went to the exhibition of paintings by living artists, which is now open at the Louvre. The most beautiful picture there, is one by M. COGNIEZ; 'TINTORETTO painting his dead Daughter.' The biographers of the great master inform us, that he had a daughter who evinced great talent for painting, to whom he was devotedly attached, but who died when young. M. COGNIEZ has chosen the moment when TINTORETTO, rising from his easel, on which rests the unfinished portrait, stands gazing on his beloved daughter, who is lying on a bed in the fore-ground of the picture. The father is almost *de face*, but the lower part of his figure is concealed by the bed. A crimson curtain falls behind him, and forms a rich but not gaudy back-ground to the picture and, by throwing a slight reflection on the daughter's face, relieves the whole from that disagreeable effect, which, with less judgment and good taste on the part of the artist, it must have produced, without taking from it the solemnity which the subject required. This is, on the whole, almost the only picture of the modern French school which pleases me entirely; in which there is no exaggeration of expression or gesture, and which deserves to be compared to those of the modern school of painting in Germany. I have no doubt that the circumstance of an exhibition taking place every year is a great disadvantage to young artists, who hurry to finish a picture for that occasion, in order that their names may be mentioned in the journals, and that they may obtain a celebrity which lasts but a few weeks. If the exhibition took place but once in five years, I am convinced we should see more fine pictures at the Louvre. Among the portraits I remarked one of

Major Poussin, who resided for so many years in the United States. It is painted by Mademoiselle GODEFROID, a pupil of GERARD, and is a very good likeness. I was struck by a portrait of Mlle de FAUVEAU. This lady is of a noble family of Brittany, and is well known for her devotion to the cause of the DUCHESS DE BERRI, and for the talent she has displayed in the art of sculpture. She is neither young nor handsome; she is dressed in the costume of a peasant of Brittany, a sort of *blouse* or loose frock, with her hair cut short in a strait line across her forehead, as we sometimes see it in the portraits of the early French kings. There is a portrait of the DUKE OF ORLEANS at the Louvre. It was painted from memory by SCHEFFER, a very clever artist. Some of the fruit-pieces and portraits, *en pastel*, in colored chalks, are very beautiful. Indeed, the French excel in this style of drawing. Among the paintings on porcelain we particularly admired a Holy Family, copied from one of the old masters. It is a perfect bijou. The day after our visit to the Louvre, Mrs. R. — took me to the *atelier* of Mr. HEALY, the young American artist. His portrait of WASHINGTON, copied from one by STUART, gave great satisfaction to LOUIS PHILIPPE, and has been placed in one of the historical galleries at Versailles. Mr. HEALY has now a beautiful picture of two of Colonel THORNE's daughters, which he is retouching, at his room. The attitudes, particularly that of the eldest of the young ladies, are very graceful, and the whole picture in very good taste.'

THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK. — This capital work by 'Mr. M. A. TITMARSH,' otherwise W. M. THACKERAY, Esq., author of 'The Yellowplush Correspondence,' has just been published by Mr. WINCHESTER, at the 'New World' office, in a very neat little pamphlet-volume, illustrated with numerous engravings, from the pencil of the author. Our readers have had repeated evidences of the high estimation in which we hold the writings of Mr. THACKERAY; and they may trust our judgment in this, that they will find the volume before us to be second to no previous work of the writer. It is, in fact, Ireland on canvass; its various cities and towns; its ludicrous modes of travel, and more ludicrous travellers; its wretched poverty, its generous hospitality; its suffering, and its indomitable good-humor. We were not until now aware that Mr. TITMARSH was 'given to song' as well as to romance and painting; but his 'Peg of Limavaddy,' a handsome kettle-scrubber, who handed him his 'rummer' of ale, and laughed so joyously at an accident which befel it, establishes the 'soft impeachment.'

'PRESENTLY a maid  
Enters with the liquor  
Half a pint of ale  
For there in a beaker,  
Golly I didn't know  
What my little heart meant,  
Hebbs a wiff thought  
Entered the apartment  
As she came she smiled,  
And the smile bewitching,  
On my world and her  
Lighted all the kitchen!

'With a curtsy neat  
Greeting to the comer,  
Lovely, smiling too  
Offers me the rummer;  
But my trembling hand  
Up the beaker tumbled,  
And the glass of ale  
Every drop I spilt it:  
Spilt it every drop  
(Dance with me to my volumes,  
Pardon me the word,  
On my what-d'ye-call 'ems!

'Witnessing the sight  
Of that dire disaster,  
Out began to laugh  
Merris, merris, and merris.  
Such a merry peal,  
Specially Miss Peg's was  
(As the glass of ale  
Trickled down my legs was)  
That the joyful sound  
Of that ringing laughter  
Echoed in my ears  
Many a long day after.

'Such a silver peal!  
In the mead we listening,  
You who've heard the bells  
Ring to a christening;  
You who ever heard  
Caravan pretty,  
Smiling like an angel  
Singing "Giovanni,"  
Fancy Peggy's laugh,  
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,  
At my partalons  
With half-a-pint of beer full!

We repeat, the 'Irish Sketch-Book' is a *capital* work, and cannot fail of very general popularity. The author possesses a delicate appreciation of the beautiful, as well as a lively perception of the ridiculous; a felicitous combination of faculties, since the union of fine taste and strong humor seldom takes place in the same individual.

'MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.'—Some twenty-five years ago, a work in two or three volumes, under this title, was republished in this city from an English edition. One of these volumes lies before us; and if it be a fair representative of its companions, an American publisher would not find it amiss to put forth a new issue of the book; for it abounds in keen satire, playful wit, and pleasant humor. We have segregated from its numerous divisions a few passages for the entertainment of our readers. A good deal of what is termed 'criticism' upon works of art has lately been expended in this meridian upon an undiscerning and unheeding public; yet we propose to add to the amount, by copying the remarks of one Mr. NED TESTY upon an exhibition of paintings and statuary, similar, we may suppose, to the annual collections of our 'National Academy of Design;' similar, certainly, in many of the points touched upon by the critic. After a consideration of the Landscapes, 'with their meagre subjects, lying perspective, and timid handling; their frittered lights, lumpy shadows, indigo skies, and saffron sands; their forward back-grounds, and backward fore-grounds; with trees and meadows carefully colored from an emerald, and water of such an hue and surface, that forgetting for a moment the season represented, one looks narrowly after the *skaters*!'—after a discussion of these, *en masse*, we are favored with the subjoined 'hits' at a particular '*Family Piece*.'

A YOUNG man who 'wants encouragement,' had immortalized family affection, by representing papa standing up at one end of the picture, ('his lips glued to each other, and his bullet eyes wide open, though evidently seeing nothing,) and mamma at the other; the peace being kept between them without the loss of an inch of space, by their endless progeny, whose heights and ages the artist has most accurately registered, by stringing them strait out, closely linked together in a descending series, like the reeds of Pan's pipe, which they farther resemble in the lank uprightness of their figures, and the billious deadness of their complexions. The next of these Domestic Scenes reproaches the idleness so remarkable in the foregoing, by the great variety of employment which it exhibits, with the additional advantage of allowing more elbow-room to the fancy of the painter; who in the first place has contrived to record, in the mother of the family, a truly exemplary instance of notability, combined with maternal tenderness; for she is seen, at the same point of time, engaged in nursing one child in her lap, rocking with her foot the cradle of another, hearing the task of a third, and eyeing the frolics of a fourth; and all this without seeming at all distracted from her needle, which she has just drawn out at the utmost stretch of her arm. The remaining children are all liberally supplied with such occupations or amusements as, when followed at proper times and places, must be allowed to become their sexes and ages, but which we are not exactly prepared to see going on as here, all at once in the same parlor. The young ladies of this extraordinary family can study their maps and globes, pore over their books, and even practice their music-lessons, without appearing once to know that those boisterous and unruly little dogs, their brothers, are cracking their whips, beating their drums, scampering about the room with their wagons, etc.; the very baby in the cradle, instead of being frightened out of its wits, as might reasonably be expected, only appearing to be lulled into a still sounder sleep, by the riotous gambols going on.'

Outraging nature is as common in art now as it was in the era of NED TESTY. Here you may see the picture of 'a lady in full length, gayly and archly tripping out in a hurricane by herself, in thin fluttering muslin, without cap, hat, or bonnet, by the side of a raging sea; where, if one may judge by the disposition of her limbs, and the archness of her countenance, she is practising an *allemande* to the music of the thunder-claps which seem bursting over her in all directions; yet without the slightest mark of concern in her looks, or apparent apprehension of taking cold, after dancing under such discouraging circumstances of dress and weather; there stares a young miss strait out of the picture, with one hand grown to her side, and the other to the monstrous head of a Newfoundland dog, sitting up exactly as high as she stands; and near by, in another frame, a parcel of Months or Hours, in petticoats, are smiling and dancing jigs round an emblem, in the shape of a good-looking woman in green, who is supposed to be Spring.' The critic wonders 'why they have n't got to changing the Minutes, Seconds, and other inferior parts of clock-work into little fluttering urchins.' But pause for a moment, reader, with hushed respiration, while we set before you a specimen of *the Awful*! There is an appropriate 'power of words' in the description of the 'grouping,' and doubtless the coloring was 'in keeping;' as much so, perhaps, as in DICKENS's picture of the Wise Men

of the East worshipping in a pink manger, or the Prodigal Son coming home in red rags to a purple father and a sea-green calf, waiting to be roasted :

'*HERE* is a piece equally stupendous in size and subject, bearing the semblance of having been furiously thrown upon the canvass in the dark, from the disordered pallets of all the painters in the Universe; a sort of maniac's vision, embodied into a rolling chaos, turbulently brewed up out of the warring rudiments of smoke! blood! fire! night! whirlwind! earth! and water; a ruinous huddle of every thing spiritual and material, real and conjectural, within and without the precincts of possible Nature; and of every mingling shape, shade, color, quality, and consistence; the whole congregated mass of discordances tumultuously wheeling, dashing, boiling, and thundering together, in one giddy storm of—*NOTHING!*' The figures of this landscape are entirely in keeping with it; 'ambiguous and reserved innuendos of beings, fluctuating somewhere among the shadowy and unsettled nomenclatures of incantation; demon, wizzard, griffin, goblin, demi-gorgon,' etc.

After a few more examples of 'single criticism' in this kind, we are favored with a 'running commentary' upon the ostracised paintings which adorn the upper tiers, and spaces over the doors: 'An upward glance of your eye introduces you to those poor creatures in reduced sizes, who are sent to Coventry at the top of the room, and strung along, by way of cornice, close under the ceiling; figures! but what language can adequately report them!—their wooden features, their mortified complexions; their sneaking, disconsolate, condemned looks; their quizzical head-dresses, and paste-board draperies; their brick-dust curtains, increasing by contrast the chalkiness of their cheeks; and that general and inveterate hardness of manner which instantly chases away all idea of the elasticity of the flesh, and the flexibility of cloth or linen. Hard!—adamant is *pap* to it!' The *Crayons* 'afforded striking examples of worse styles, by the help of worse materials;' there were still-born efforts in black-lead pencil, from the hands of academical tyros; wan historical sketches in water-color, by young ladies; imaginary elevations of bridges that will never be built; naked fronts of huge white houses, that sicken all eyes but those of the architect and the owner; and chuckle-headed busts in plaster, of obscure, pudding-faced moderns; likenesses in India-ink, '*done in this manner*' for almost nothing; etc., etc. An exhibition of this sort is certainly proved to be one of the miseries of human life, 'by good witness.' But other miseries are enumerated; and chief among them, the *humbugousness* of quack advertisers, and the gullibility of the public; and a medical sample is cited, which would do honor to any 'pill' or 'sarsaparilla' puff, of the present day:

'*I SHOULD* be the most ungrateful of mankind, were I to delay for a moment to return my heartfelt acknowledgments for the blessings I have derived from your inestimable pill. Before I was so happy as to hear of its miraculous effects, life had long been a burden to me. I was an object no less horrible than piteous to behold, being so entirely covered, or rather crusted, from head to foot, with the most virulent blotches and humors, that I ought rather to have been called an *Ulcer* than a man. I was at the same time so miserably emaciated, that my bones rattled audibly as I moved, and my head itself seemed to hang to my shoulders by a thread. In short, to such a condition was I reduced, that, on being carried to my own door upon a litter, on my return home after a short absence in the vain search after ease, my wife, who chanced to meet me in the passage, insisted that they had brought me to the wrong house, for that she had never seen me before! The sound of my voice, however, but too cruelly undeceived her; and I was then conveyed to the bed on which I continued to lie, without stirring hand or foot, for more than thirty years. During this awful period matters were constantly and rapidly going on with me from bad to worse; scarcely an hour passed but some new and still more deplorable disease was added to the complicated list of maladies which were devouring me up piece-meal, in a manner; and it was a lucky day when I could say that one or more of my bones had not dropped clean out of the socket! Sleep at one time, I had none, for sixty-nine successive nights, unless I may call by that name a series of swoons, brought on by my agonies, and the weakness consequent upon my reduced condition. About this period, the flesh began to drop in large collops from my back and shoulders; and from one hollow which formed exactly beneath my left pap, my heart was absolutely naked and visible, by which my inquisitive surgeon was gratified, at my expense, with a living display of the whole process of *rustole* and *diastole*, as I think he called it. In this state of things, my case having been pronounced absolutely hopeless by every physician in the land, my friends began to think it was high time to call your invaluable remedy to my aid: and invaluable indeed it proved to me! No sooner had I begun to use it, than the most surprising alteration came on: while I was swallowing the first pill, I could plainly feel, to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, that a new and perfect growth of healthy flesh was rapidly forming in every part of the skeleton to which I was now wasted down; and before I had taken the third, I had reason to suspect, from certain strange and indescribable sensations, as if of some hard substance pushing or shooting forth in different places, that the numerous cavities left by the bones I had lost, were about to be filled up by a new process of ossification; which, sure enough, was presently found to be vigorously and prosper-

usually going on. My appetite, too, very shortly became so dangerously keen, that it was reckoned prudent to refuse me a third fowl at my dinner. But not to trouble you with too many particulars, (which to you, indeed, must be mere shadows of a thousand still more extraordinary cases,) I will simply say, that by persevering in the course for one week more, I felt not only that every symptom of disease had absolutely vanished as if by magic, but that I was suddenly able, (which I had never been in the best days of my youth and strength,) to perform the most athletic feats in leaping, wrestling, boxing, etc., without the slightest sensation of fatigue. To express the full extent of my gratitude to you, my dear Sir, for this almost incredible restoration, is a task which I must give up in despair; suffice it to say, that to Providence (under your pill) I shall ever acknowledge myself indebted for the felicity I now enjoy.' P. S. Please send me without delay, by the next coach, six dozen of the largest boxes of your Scorbutic Pills; though, indeed, I have not the smallest apprehension of ever having occasion to use them again.'

It would puzzle few of our readers, in town or country, to make a familiar application of this satire upon the prevailing style of quack advertisements.

**GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**—In an admirable paper upon '*The Poetry of the Bible*,' written for the *KNICKERBOCKER* some years since by Rev. WILLIAM T. BRANTLEY, President of the 'College of South Carolina,' there was an incidental allusion to the proofs of the authenticity of the Sacred Word, as contained in the fulfilment of the 'prophecies concerning the nations.' A dilapidated book-stall volume before us, with the title-page gone, and the author's name nowhere to be met with, (facts in themselves noteworthy in this connection,) thus illustrates the position of our valued correspondent: 'The primitive Christians regarded the Scriptures as their chief and dearest treasure; and often laid down their lives rather than deliver the sacred records to their enemies, who used every art of terror to seize and destroy them. Then, as now, different parties and sects existed, who all appealed to the Scriptures for proof of their several opinions; and these must have been so many checks upon each other, to the general exclusion of mistake and fraud. But aside from this, look at their predictions, in the case of the 'chosen and peculiar people.' The separation of the Israelites from the rest of mankind, not for their own sakes but for the sake of all, and their preservation amidst their enemies, what a display is it of the divine power! This great scheme of wisdom and goodness was carried on by its omnipotent Author 'with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.' 'He sent a man before his people, even JOSEPH, who was sold to be a bond-servant. He increased his people exceedingly, and made them stronger than their enemies. He sent MOSES his servant, and AARON; and these showed his tokens among them, and wonders in the land of Ham. He sent darkness, and it was dark, and turned their waters into blood. Their land brought forth frogs, yea, even in their king's chambers. He gave them hail-stones for rain, and flames of fire in their land. He spake the word, and locusts came innumerable, and devoured the fruit of their ground. He smote all the first-born in their land, even the chief of all their strength. He brought forth his people from among them. He spread out a cloud to be a covering, and fire to give them light in the night season. He rebuked the Red Sea also, and it was dried up: so he led them through the deep as through a wilderness. At their desire he brought quails, and filled them with the bread of heaven. He opened the rock of stone, so that rivers ran in dry places. Yet within a while they forgot his works, and tempted God in the desert. Then the earth opened and swallowed up DATHAN, and covered the congregation of ABIRAM. The plague also was great among them. Then, being chastised, they turned to their God. He led them over Jordan: the waters divided to let them pass. He discomfited their enemies. At His word the sun abode in the midst of Heaven; and the moon stood still, and hastened not to go down for a whole day; so He gave the kingdoms of Canaan to be an heritage unto his people; that all the nations of the world might know that the hand of the LORD is mighty, and that they might fear the LORD continually.' Such was the result of a scheme determined by divine goodness, planned by divine wisdom, foretold by divine knowledge, accomplished by divine power. 'The things of the earth were changed into things of the water, and the thing that did swim went upon the ground. The fire had power in the water contrary to his own virtue, and the water forgot his own kind to quench. Thus the elements were changed among themselves by a kind of harmony, as when one tune is changed upon an instrument of music, and the melody still remaineth.' How graphic also is the description of the 'gift of tongues,' conferred upon the Apostles! 'And they were all amazed, and marvelled, saying one to another: 'Behold, are not all these which speak, Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, the dwellers



in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene. And strangers of Rome; Jews and procelytes, Cretes and Arabians; we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God!' . . . Most likely many of our readers will remember this 'vexed question' in logic: 'It either rains or it does not rain: but it does *not* rain; therefore it rains.' This used to puzzle us hugely; as did also the mathematical problem, in simple equations, which ensues: 'A cat has one more tail than *no* cat; no cat has two tails; ergo, *a cat has three tails!*' The conclusion is irresistible. Here is something, however, which is of deeper import: 'JOHNSON studied law with DOBSON, under the agreement that he should pay DOBSON, when he (JOHNSON) *gained his first cause*. After a time DOBSON got tired of waiting for the conditions of the contract, and sued JOHNSON for his pay. He reasoned thus: 'If I sue him I shall get paid at any rate, because if I *gain* the cause, I shall be paid by the decision of the court; if I *lose* it, I shall be paid by the conditions of the contract, for then JOHNSON will have gained his first cause; therefore I am safe.' JOHNSON, on the other hand, being prodigiously frightened, sought counsel, and was told to reason thus: 'DOBSON reasons well, but there must be a flaw in his argument; because I and not *he* will gain the victory. If the suit goes in my favor, I shall gain it by the decision of the court; if it goes against me, I shall gain it by the terms of the contract, not having yet won my first cause. Of course I shall not have to pay him!' *Vive la Logique!* . . . This fine picture of the Arabian Desert is from the pen of the late lamented N. H. CARTER, Esq., formerly editor of the *New-York Statesman*, a daily journal long since discontinued. We thank 'C. P. D.' for his offer, which is gladly accepted:

'No verdure smiles; no crystal fountains play,  
To quench the arrows of the god of day;  
No breezy lawns, no cool, meandering streams,  
Allay the fervor of his torrid beams;  
No whispering zephyrs fan the glowing skies,  
But o'er long tracts the mournful siroc sighs.  
Whose desolating march, whose withering breath,  
Sweeps through the caravan with instant death.

'T is night: but here the sparkling heavens diffuse  
No genial showers, no soft distilling dews:  
In the hot sky, the stars of lustre shorn,  
Burn o'er the pathway of the wanderer lorn,  
And the red moon from Babelmandel's strand  
Looks, as she climbs through pyramids of sand,  
That, whirled aloft, and gilded by her light,  
Blaze the lone beacons of the desert night.'

A CORRESPONDENT, well known to our readers, in a note to the Editor, remarks as follows, upon the passage of our May 'Gossip' which touched upon COLERIDGE and his conversations: 'I am glad of your remarks on COLERIDGE and WORDSWORTH. I have been for years sick of the interminable cant about those two men. Their admirers have too long exalted them above all that is human. And would you know the reason? In discovering more depth, and pure humanity, and high inspiration, in *their* school of the prophets than the *rest* of the world have seen, they think the world will give them credit for deep penetration, high and refined sense, and a large share of the same or a kindred humanity and inspiration. Witness a sixty pages' laudation of WORDSWORTH, opening a number of the 'New-York Review,' by a writer who doubtless thought his own fame was thereby planted like an eternal light-house on the rock of his idol. Now I hope I am christian enough to admire greatly the genius of COLERIDGE; and I am yet to find any thing in English or elsewhere more movingly and musically beautiful than 'Genevieve,' or more wizard-like and solemn than the 'Rime of the Antient Mariner.' I also plead not guilty to a contempt of 'Christabel' and 'Wallenstein.' Nor am I such a rebel to reason, or heretic in taste, as not to see surpassing beauty in many of WORDSWORTH's minor poems, and lofty grandeur in his 'Ode to Childhood,' and 'Stanzas on the Power of Sound,' and a high, philosophical, and musing mind in his great 'Excursion.' I have read him twice in the last two years, and my admiration has not at all diminished. But I choose to deny that he or COLERIDGE *invented* poetry, or carried it farther, or as far, as some others before and with them. I choose to deny that they have struck the great chord of humanity, unstruck before, or have sympathized more deeply or more sweetly with the joys and sorrows of the lowly million, than the great poets before them have done. I choose to assert, what has been abundantly proven, that they were both great egotists, eaten up by self, which the great poets have rarely been; and that COLERIDGE in particular often knew not what

he meant himself, but between opium and metaphysics, frequently tied the tail of one idea to the head of another, and called the monstrous and unintelligible coalition a *theory*; a mixture of Platonism, Spinozism, and the d—I knows what 'ism. And for believing this, the Coleridgeites and Wordsworthites, who are the most intolerant of bigots, would call me an earthy blockhead, and for expressing this, an ignorant, blaspheming fool. Why, I once had almost broken with a friend, because I would not admit that WORDSWORTH was superior to BYRON, and that BYRON stole almost all his beauties from him! And the secret was, that the poor fellow thought he had the Wordsworthian gift, and undeifying WORDSWORTH was undeifying him! . . . ARE not the circumstances narrated in the following communication from a truly veracious correspondent, 'very remarkable,' to say the least? Can their truth be *doubted* for a moment, however, by any intelligent reader? Yet 'it's curious, is n't it?' In a note to the Editor, our friend writes: 'I have an uncle 'down East,' a retired sea-captain, who having nothing else to do, frequently writes me long gossiping letters. Sometimes they are very amusing: an extract from one of them I now send you. The story appears almost incredible; but knowing my correspondent to be a strictly conscientious man, who would scorn to draw the long-bow on any occasion, I have no hesitation in believing every word of it, whether others are willing to credit it or not. I give it to you in his own language, for there is a strait-forward simplicity about it, that should command belief.'

'All these things, dear S—, happened in my younger days, of course. As I have still a white page before me, I will detail to you one of my youthful adventures. I had one night been to a convivial party, which did not break up until nearly morning, when, on arriving at my boarding-house, I found the doors closed. Not wishing to disturb the inmates at that unseasonable hour, I proceeded in search of temporary lodgings, not doubting but that I should get accommodated at some one of the numerous hotels. In this however I was disappointed; every place was shut as tight as an oyster. It happened to be a wet, drizzly night; and after wandering about the streets for some time, and getting pretty well soaked, I began to feel rather disagreeable. What added not a little to my discomfort, was the fact that within a few nights there had been committed several daring highway robberies, in the very heart of the city, in one of which the victim was murdered; and as a natural consequence, no watchman dared to venture out from his hiding-place; thus making my situation doubly lonesome. In this dilemma, finding all legitimate places closed against me, I began to consider the expediency of seeking shelter at least, if not sleep, in any place that might seem to offer it. While in this mood, I found myself abreast of the — church; and leaning against the lightning-rod a moment, the query occurred to me: 'Why not 'shin up' this rod into the belfry? I have slept in worse places than that, no doubt, and can do so again.' Now I had been a great climber in my boyish days; and feats which to others seemed difficult, if not absolutely impossible, were to me often matters of mere pastime. I therefore hesitated but a moment in such an emergency, but slipping off my boots and swinging them round my neck, I commenced the ascent; and in less than five minutes I had mounted a hundred feet or more, and got safely into the belfry. My accommodations here were much better than I could have anticipated. Some carpenters had been to work a few days previously, repairing the railings on the outside of the tower, and had left a quantity of shavings, which lay scattered on the floor. Placing these together in a heap, I threw my weary limbs down upon them, and was soon in a deep slumber, but not a quiet one. My horizontal position enabled the fumes of wine to reach my head, which before they had been unable to do, in consequence of my extreme height, for you know I am six feet three, and I soon began to have all sorts of fantastic dreams. Strange wild shapes flitted around me, and loud unearthly sounds filled my ears. But prominent over all, was an incessant ding-dong of apparently distant bells, which reached me in every variety of volume and tone; now low and sweet, and anon loud, startling, and many-toned, as if the thousand steeples of Moscow were again pouring forth lamentations over the ruins of their beautiful city. Suddenly, a single stroke, that sent its vibrations through every limb, startled me from sleep; and lifting my head slightly, I at the instant received a blow upon the back of it that sent me quivering against the frame of the belfry. I lay stunned for some moments; and on recovering my consciousness, the bell of the steeple was just closing, with a strange jangle, the peal for seven o'clock in the morning!

'I now comprehended the whole. The edge of the bell, on its return revolution, had come in contact with my head at the instant I had lifted it, on being roused by the first stroke. I placed my hand upon the back of my skull, and the proof of that fact lay there too prominent to be denied. A bump had been raised as big as a hen's egg. I paid but little attention to it, however, as the pain was but slight, and I was moreover exceedingly anxious about the mode of extrication from my present unenviable predicament. Sliding down the lightning-rod of a meeting-house, in broad day-light, was not quite so pleasant a performance as 'shinning up' one at midnight. While considering this matter, in a sort of a 'quandary way,' as brother JONAS used to say, the scuttle-door slowly opened, and the sexton of the church made his appearance. He did not observe me, but went immediately to the bell, which he began to walk round, and to inspect very minutely. At last he stopped: 'It's just as I expected,' said he to himself; 'the bell's cracked! Now what upon airth could he 'dne it? I am sure I felt it hit something hard.' Here I mechanically placed my hand to the back of my head, and coughed slightly. The man turned, and observing me, started back with affright. I immediately stepped forward, and told him my story in a few words, taking care to make it as lucid as possible by the aid of a little silver, and saying nothing, of course, about the bump on my head. The man appeared satisfied, and told me I could go down with him. Before starting, however, I bestowed a hasty glance upon the bell, and perceived that it was indeed cracked, longitudinally, from the flange to the crown, and that a lock of my hair

was firmly inclosed in the crevice, just on the outer edge. This of course was enough to remove from my mind all doubt, had I had any, as to the cause of the mischief; but I said nothing, and followed the sexton down the scuttle. In a few moments I was once more in the streets, with my hat under my arm, for I found it impossible to place it any where near its true position on my head, in consequence of the new phrenological development already mentioned. But now, dear S—, comes the most wonderful part of my narrative. This little incident happened twenty years ago; and to my certain knowledge, since that date, the bell in that steeple has been replaced four times; and yet to this very day, whenever I pass within hearing of its tones, my ears begin to ring, my head violently to oscillate, and straightway I am seized with a stupor and dizziness that continue until I can get beyond the reach of its sound. You will recollect you once asked me why old Major N— called me sometimes 'Captain Hardhead,' and sometimes 'Captain Waghead?' You have now the answer.

THE water stood in our eyes, reader, (and it will stand in yours if you have a heart to feel,) as we perused the subjoined eloquent passage of a letter from a friend to whom our readers have often been indebted for amusement, entertainment, and instruction. What a startling picture it presents of the first approaches of that 'hectic,' 'phthisic,' 'consumption,' or whatever be the favorite title of that most wily and fatal foe, who in one hand presents the insidious olive-branch, and in the other conceals his inevitable sword, cutting down youth in its blossom and manhood in its fruit! 'For very many years, from twelve to two have been my hours of retiring, and my exercise has been nothing, or nearly so, during the day. One result has been, that I have read one half of the Greek and Roman classics, and feasted largely in modern literature. A parallel result has been, that owing to corporeal sluggishness and nervousness, the curse of the sedentary, I have no doubt reaped less pleasure and profit than I might have done from half that assiduity coupled with a due regard to the wants of the body. The final result is, that an iron constitution is now largely disorganized; and from the constant presence of a dull, deep, stationary pain in my left side beneath the ribs, and fixed I fear upon the lungs, I begin to indulge in sad and deep forebodings. Often, when awakened by its painful urgency, I lie in the silence of the night, listening to my heart's deep beatings, and recall my early and yet unfulfilled dreams—dreams oh! how glorious!—and array before my unsated eyes this world, with all its lovely learning, and sweet poetry, and burning passion; and reflect how unfit I am to die, and try the conditions of a new existence, before I have fulfilled the duties and perused the mysteries of this, and then think of the wormy bed, and anticipate the hour when I shall lie there, closing my eyes to coloring and my ears to sound; the impatient longing I have sometimes felt for death is repaid by an indefinable horror; and between the tenderness of natural regret and the shudderings of unconquerable awe, passion masters pride, and both sink to meekness and humility in a flood of gushing tears!' . . . 'The Warning,' in its spirit at least, is borrowed. We are sorry to intimate this, but it is a fact, friend 'P.' You could not say that you have not read the poem which commences as follows, (if we rightly remember,) 'could you, now?' Guess not:

'ALL in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;  
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,  
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul!'

WE gave on one occasion an extract from one of the 'Short Patent Sermons' of 'Dow, Jr.,' illustrating the endless extent of *for ever*. The same sublimity of conception is apparent in the subjoined glance at the magnitude of the planets, and the unsocial 'distance' they keep up between one another: 'If a person were sufficiently long-legged to step from star to star, and were to go at a decent dog-trot, he might as soon think of travelling from everlasting to everlasting and back again in a day, as to undertake to find an end to the planets which roll round their respective suns, as far beyond this insignificant solar system of ours as the farthest flight of imagination is beyond the jump of a ham-stringed grasshopper!' By the by, 'speaking of Dow,' here is a capital anecdote of the veritable LORENZO, which is worthy of record. 'It appears' that Dow, in one of his odd, quaint sermons, declared that he 'had known sinners so very wicked that they actually bu't!' This statement threw an old, ignorant, and fat impenitent present into a state of alarm and perspiration; and home he waddled, in mortal terror. At night, in the horror of his anticipated explosion, he rolled about until he could no longer bear it. He fancied he was already swelling. He rose and attempted to dress himself, in order to go out 'al fresco.' Who can paint his consternation, when he found he could but just strain the garments over his limbs, and even then they would not meet! He was suffering a rapid sin-drop; his iniquities were coming to light! He screamed in the agony of his fear; and a lamp being brought in, he found that in his haste he had put on his brother's clothes. 'The impression, however, says our informant, a clergyman of

the Church of England, 'was a salutary one, for he became a pious man.' . . . THE 'KNICKERBOCKER'-STREAMER, that floating palace of the Hudson, must not pass unnoticed by 'the editor hereof.' To describe her, however, and her superb 'belongings,' her Dutch paintings and quaint adornments, is quite another thing. We have no space for an *essay* in this department of MAGA. It shall suffice to say, therefore, that this truly magnificent vessel is in all respects worthy the honored name she bears. Could we say more? Appropos of this : It was not until the first volume of the KNICKERBOCKER appeared, (this is our TWENTY-SECOND, reader; and, non-reader, an excellent opportunity for you to commence *your* subscription,) that one met our noble potronymic 'about town.' How is it *now*? Let the KNICKERBOCKER steamers, bathing-houses, omnibii, restaurants, clubs—aquatic, literary, social, military, scientific, and artistic—and eke the Temperance-halls and root-beer *perambulatories*, make answer! Their reply is triumphant; and yet 'our' children play with the neighbor's children, just the same as if these were not 'parlous facts!' This, however, is one of the tendencies of that republican form of government under which it is our happiness to reside! . . . ARE not these lines of MOTHERWELL very beautiful? Such thoughts have we had a thousand times; and we desire to thank the writer for expressing them for us so well:

'Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver;  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

'Flow softly down, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet, then a river:  
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

'But here will sigh thine alder-tree,  
And here thine aspen shiver;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
For ever and for ever.

'A hundred suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever!'

SMALL game, Mein Herr, of Albany—small game! A 'two-penny dip' would be wasted on it. Our correspondent's critique reminds us of the tailor in Laputa, who being employed in making a suit for the facetious GULLIVER, disdained the vulgar measures of his profession, and took that gentleman's altitude by the help of a quadrant! We can pounce upon *fair* game, but we cannot 'like French falcons, fly at any thing we see.' Beside, if the satire was 'caviare to the GENERAL' of the *New-Mirror*, how should it find a place in *these* pages? Our friend 'the Brigadier' is a fastidious and a prudent person. Did he not alter a quotation from BYRON, in one of our friend GRAHAM's 'Sketches by a Briefless Lawyer,' wherein '*waistcoat-pocket*' was substituted for that startling indelicacy, '*breeches-pocket*?' Verily, he did! . . . THE following reflections upon the death of friends, and the memories of the departed, which we transcribe from a private letter to the Editor, are too beautiful and true to be confined to one or two readers only: 'I have read the exhortations of PLUTARCH, and SENECA, and JEREMY TAYLOR, and others, all hinging upon the idea that pain and bereavement are natural, necessary, inevitable, in this world of successive bloom and desolation. But pain is to me none the less painful because natural, nor separation less overwhelming for its necessity; nor yet is the blasting of cherished hopes less withering to my heart because the same blight has fallen on the verdure of other hearts, and kindred tears are falling from a world of mourners in a wide companionship of grief. 'The head may reason, but the heart will feel.' Time, however, is a great and effectual healer. Though a tree be lopped to the very root, the maimed giant will send up a new creation of vegetable strength. So the human soul, like some evergreen creeper, if you cut off or tear away its branches of affection with the object round which they entwined themselves, will send forth other tendrils, and wind its clinging arms around some other idol, embalming it with fragrance and clothing it in verdure. The sweet lines of WORDSWORTH are most practical and true, as well as poetical:

'There is a comfort in the strength of love:  
'T will make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overtask the brain, or break the heart.'

'And while there is one, and more than one, whose redemption from their iron sleep I would gladly purchase by a subtraction from the remnant of my own dismembered life, and principally that visible gushing tears, and the test of so great a sacrifice, might be some atonement for causeless misconceptions, and some proof of warm love beneath the outward shows of an inflexible hardness; yet I know that Time in his weary revolutions will soon bring us all together in a world of infinite knowledge, and liberal forgiveness, and uncircumscribed affection; a world where we shall 'see face to face,' and feel heart to heart; 'where no grief makes the heart heavy and the

eye-lids red.' . . . STANDING with a friend the other day by the river-side, to take in the noble *coup d'ail* of the new steamer KNICKERBOCKER, we overheard a little anecdote connected with water-craft, which made our companion merry all the way home; which we shall here transcribe; 'and which it is hoped may please.' 'It seems there was' (nay, we know not *seems*, there *was*) a verdant youth from the interior of Connecticut, for the first time on board a steam-boat. His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there; he wormed from the engineer a compulsory lecture on the steam-engine and mechanics in general, and from the fire-man an essay on the power of white heat, and the 'average consumption of pine cord-wood.' At length his inquiring mind was checked in its investigations, and 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties' made at once apparent. He had mounted to the wheel-house, and was asking the pilot: 'What you doin' *that* for, Mister?—what *good* does 't do?' when he was observed by the captain, who said, in a gruff voice: 'Go away from there! Don't you see the sign, 'No talkin' to the man at the hellum? Go 'way!' 'Oh! certin—yâes; I only wanted to know —' 'Well you *do* know now that you can't talk to him; so go 'way!' With unwilling willingness, the verdant youth came down; and, as it was soon dark, he presently went below; but four or five times before he 'turned in,' he was on deck, and near the wheel-house, eyeing it with a thoughtful curiosity; but with the captain's public rebuff still in his ears, venturing to ask no questions. In the first gray of the dawn, he was up, and on deck; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near but the pilot, who was turning the wheel, as when he had last seen him, he preferred his 'suppressed question' in the oblique style peculiar to his region: 'Wal, goin' it *yit* ha?—been at it all night?—*scréwin* on *her* up?—eh?' What vague conjectures must have bothered the poor querist's brain, during the night, may be partly inferred from the absurd but 'settled conviction' to which he had at length arrived! . . . WHAT a mingling of the dead Past with the busy, bustling Present pervades the mind of the thoughtful observer, as he looks down from the rising tower of the New Trinity Church upon tens of thousands of the dead whose bones crowd the grave-yard below; bones, and dust and ashes, over which are thrown in wild confusion huge blocks from the quarry, and piles of uprooted grave-stones, and slabs and urns of marble! As you have marked an elaborately-carved stone sink slowly from its ponderous 'drop' to its place in an edifice which is to stand for ages, did you never scan closely its grained streaks, its delicate chisellings, with the thought that when you were senseless clay, that *very stone* might arrest the eye of another, gazing upon it with sensations like your own? So at least have we thought, concerning those who have gone before us, as we have looked at the ornamental marbles of our older public buildings, erected in another age. But from the countless Dead, who slumber below, how solemnly comes up toward this rising tower the voice of warning and monition! Each 'storied urn' takes the form of the Departed whom it commemorates, and seems to say:

'Time was I stood as thou dost now,  
And viewed the Dead as thou dost me:  
Ere long thou 'lt lie as low as I,  
And others stand to look on thee!'

MR. WALLACE, the great musical *Wonder*, is not now in town, but, reader, should he return among us, be sure to neglect no opportunity to hear him. In his hands, the piano seems like an instrument hitherto unknown. It has the chant of woodland birds, the silver sound of dropping waters, and 'all voices of nature and of art.' We have heard no resemblance to Mr. WALLACE, as a pianist. But it is his violin which *speaks* to us; and on this instrument no approach to Mr. WALLACE has been met with in this country. How exquisite the notes, pathetic, joyful, or in 'linked sweetness long drawn out' which he conjures from that most facile of all instruments! We would travel ten miles to hear him play, in *his* style, that ravishing melody, 'The Last Rose of Summer.' We shall have occasion, we hope, again to advert to the performances of Mr. WALLACE. He is yet a young man, and possesses the characteristic modesty of true genius; and has hardly yet learned that 'the world meets nobody half way;' in *his* case, however, not a necessary lesson. . . . If any of our town readers are fond, by way of literary variety and contrast, of disinterring the intellectual treasures of the buried Past, they will find 'pleasant employment and liberal wages' in glancing over the antique stores of Messrs. BARTLETT and WELFORD, under the Astor House. We have been indebted to the courtesy of these gentlemen for sundry communications with authors who have been in their graves for five or six centuries. Every *ancient book* is an argument in favor of the immortality of the soul. 'Fancy a deep-buried Mastodon, some fossil Megatherion, Ichtyosaurus, were to begin to *speak* from amid its rock-swathings, never so indistinctly! Yet the most extinct fossils of Men can do, and does, this miracle—thanks to the

letters of the alphabet!' . . . THE friend who sends us, for 'a fragment of Gossip,' the anecdote of the verdant field-preacher who spoke of SAINT PAUL's having 'sat at the foot of *Gammel-Hill*,' is informed that it has already appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. The following specimen of kindred ignorance, however, is quite new to us, and worthy of repetition. It is a precious bit of ignorant bathos, which occurred in a discourse upon the sufferings of CHRIST: 'The blessed SAVIOUR, my hearers, was dreadfully persecuted. Once, when going to Jerusalem, the Jews put him on a wild young jack-ass, and scattered branches in the road, and put clothes onto 'em, in order for to scare the little colt, and make him break the blessed Redeemer's neck!' The speaker actually preached this *three times*, till one of his congregation corrected him!' . . . THE articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and other eminent European periodicals, against the custom of the *duello*, would seem to be but the echoes of a prevalent public opinion. We perceive by late English journals that an *Anti-Duelling Association* has recently been formed in London. 'It consists of three hundred and twenty-six members, including twenty-one noblemen, thirteen sons of noblemen, sixteen members of Parliament, fifteen baronets, thirty admirals and generals, forty-four captains R. N., twenty-three colonels and lieutenant-colonels, seventeen majors, twenty-six captains in the army, twenty lieutenants R. N., and twenty-four barristers. They denounce duelling as 'sinful, irrational, and contrary to the laws of God and man;' and pledge themselves to 'discountenance the practice, both by example and influence.' The association includes, says a London journal, many members who have been successful heretofore in 'killing their man.' . . . ONE of the most delightful as well as most accessible places of summer resort in the vicinity of New-York, is the 'HAMILTON HOUSE,' a spacious and elegant *palace* of an edifice, situated on the south-westernmost extremity of Long-Island, on the picturesque bluff at the ocean-entrance to the Narrows, commanding a wide view of the sea, the lower bay, Staten-Island, and the rich and cultivated fields of Long-Island; a combination of scenery unsurpassed on the Atlantic sea-board. Here, amidst healthful and invigorating sea-air, and charming views; with spacious and well-ventilated apartments, public and private; 'tables richly spread;' wines of the best, and the means of recreation, natural and artificial, in abundance; what could one want more?—save perhaps the ready attention and courtesy of the proprietor, Mr. J. R. CURTIS, and these are 'matters of course.' Go to the 'Hamilton House,' ye invalids and pining wights 'in populous city pent.' . . . WE find the annexed charming translation in the hand-writing of Mr. LONGFELLOW, among the papers of the late lamented WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK:

#### SUMMER TIME IN GERMANY.

—  
FROM JEAN PAUL.  
—

THE summer alone might elevate us! Heaven! what a season! In sooth, I often know not whether to stay in the city, or go forth into the fields, so alike is it every where, and beautiful. If we go outside the city gate, the very beggars gladden our hearts, for they are no longer a-cold; and the post-boys can pass the whole night merrily on horse-back; and the shepherds lie asleep in the open air. We want no gloomy house. We make a chamber of every bush; and so have my good industrious bees before us, and the most gorgeous butterflies. In gardens on the hills sit school-boys, and in the open air look out words in the dictionary. On account of the game-laws there is no shooting now; and every living thing in bush and furrow and on the green branches, can enjoy itself right heartily and safely.

In all directions come travellers along the roads. They have their carriages, for the most part, thrown back. The horses have branches stuck in their saddles, and the drivers roses in their mouths. The shadows of the clouds go trailing along, and the birds fly between them up and down. Even when it rains do we love to stand out of doors, and inhale the quickening influence; and the wet does the herdsman harm no more!

And is it night, so sit we only in a cooler shadow, from which we plainly discern the day-light on the northern horizon, and on the sweet, warm stars of heaven. Whithersoever I look, there do I find my beloved blue; on the flax in blossom, on the corn-flowers, and the godlike, endless heaven, into which I would fain plunge as into a river!

And now if we turn homeward again, we find only fresh delight. The whole street is one great nursery; for in the evening after supper, the little ones, though they have but few clothes upon them, are again let out into the open air, and not driven to bed as in winter. We stup by day-light, and hardly know where the candle-sticks are. In the bed-chambers the windows are

open day and night, and likewise most of the doors, without danger. The oldest women stand by the window without a chill, and sew. Flowers lie about every where; by the ink-stand, on the lawyer's papers, on the judge's desk, and the tradesman's counter. The children make a great noise, and one hears the rolling of nine-pin alleys. Half the night through, one walks up and down the street, and talks loud, and sees the stars shoot in the high heaven. The foreign musicians, who wend their way homeward toward midnight, go fiddling along the street, and the whole neighborhood runs to the window. The extra posts arrive late, and the horses neigh. One sits in the noise by the window, and drops asleep, and the post-horns awake him; and the whole starry heaven hath spread itself open. Oh, God! what a joyous life, on this little earth!

Cambridge, July 30.

LOWELL.

THE following we derive from the same source with the above. It is placed in type from the MS. of MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER:

#### THE PARTING PLEDGE.

I.

YET once again! but once, before we sever,  
Fill me one brimming cup—it is the last,  
And let those lips now parting and for ever,  
Breathe o'er this pledge 'The memory of the Past!'

II.

Joy's fleeting sun is set, and no to-morrow  
Smiles on the gloomy path we tread so fast;  
Yet in the bitter cup, o'erfilled with sorrow,  
Lives one sweet drop—the memory of the Past!

III.

But one more look from those dear eyes now shining  
Through their warm tears, their loveliest and their last,  
But one more strain of hands in friendship twining,  
Now farewell all, save memory of the Past!

q.

'WHAT is more ridiculous to a dandy than a philosopher, or to a philosopher than a dandy?' We thought of this query, while reading a description, in a communication before us, of a knot of fourth-rate dandies, the 'apes of apes,' which the writer encountered in the bar-room of an inn, in one of the fourth-rate towns of Maryland. Doubtless these artificial 'humans' looked upon our friend as quite to be pitied that he was not 'one of us.' 'In their ultra dress, affected manners, drawling tones, and whey-faces, you might read the foolish inanity of an existence parallel in every respect to that of BEAU BRUMMELL, except that his was original absurdity, and theirs was folly on loan. It was Parisianism adulterated in London, qualified in Broadway, weakened in Chestnut-street, reduced in Baltimore, and at last in these provincial decoctions diluted to the lowest possible degree of insipidity, with scarce a perceptible tincture of the original liquid. These had no souls by nature; and the only idea they could inspire was one of humiliation, that apes were permitted to wear the likeness of God's image.' . . . We annex below a few random comments from an old and favorite contributor, (a 'scholar ripe and good,' who holds a felicitous pen,) upon three or four papers in our May number: 'JOHN QUOD is beyond all praise. I read the May chapters throughout with unqualified delight. The passage describing the old lawyer's affixing his own name, in his confusion, to the blind man's will, aroused me to unseemly, uproarious laughter; and the *painting* of Kornicker's manner, particularly his laugh, is scarcely inferior to COOPER's account of Leatherstocking's noiseless, inward laugh, the impression of which could not fade from my fancy in a thousand years. I'll wager my head that the May number of no Magazine in the world contains a sketch of more power and humor. As for the '*Lay of Ancient Rome*,' I cannot praise it too highly. The imitations of ancient manners, and the *keeping* with ancient ideas, is excellent, *excellent* indeed; far better than the efforts of BUTLER, in his '*Last Days of Pompeii*,' or than any other late imitations which I just now remember to have seen. Fresh from the perusal of ANTHON's '*Horace*,' (ANTHON's classics are entirely unequalled,) and with LIVY in my reach, the verisimilitude strikes me as almost perfect. You cannot fail either, to observe that, as in the '*Three Passages in the History of a Poet*,' there is a great deal of sweet poetry scattered about among the jewels of delicate criticism and mirthful wit. I believe my love for the old Greeks and Romans is a little unreasonable; but it is my first love. I often woo other mistresses, but I always return to my '*prima donna*.' Twelve or fourteen years ago I ingorged all of SMOLLET, FIELDING, RICHARDSON, SCOTT, and COOPER, at one intemperate meal, and then lay some

months inert and drowsy, like a huge boa-constrictor after swallowing a bullock. Then again for several years I dieted on Greek and Roman and early English literature. Once more I devoured all then published of EDGEWORTH, BULWER, JAMES, MARRYAT, and I know not how many others, rolled up in one monstrous mass. I wonder it had n't killed me; but the process of digestion brought me again to a state of healthful depletion, and my natural appetite revived. So, although I am delighted with genius, or talent, or wit, or mere taste, no matter when or where I encounter it, yet I cannot forget my youthful worship, or forego my early gods. The death-scene in '*The Young Englishman*,' I do declare, went to my very heart. I have had since continually before my eyes the poor youth, flying from his destroyer, whose unerring dart was already in his bosom. What a mournful comment on that most affecting passage of Virgil, where the wounded deer flies from the pursuer, (who is in truth her companion,) with the arrow for ever in her side — *hæret lateri letalis arundo* — flies through the summer forests, all heedless of their greenness, and lies down by some blue streamlet, helpless and hopeless to die! Seeing the other day a number of 'GRAMMAR'S Magazine,' I read in it an article by E. A. FOX, who comes down on your old correspondent 'FLACCUS' like a mountain of lead! It is clear that 'FLACCUS' has in many places exposed himself to the charge of unmelodious rhymes, incongruous figures, and occasionally faulty taste. But there is a difference between a FOX that sometimes nods, and a CIBBER that *never wakes*! I am not easily moved, in the matter of poetry; I think, at least, that it must have merit to please me; and I well remember that FLACCUS's metrical love-tale in your pages seemed to me very sweet and original, and strongly redolent of the early English odor. His 'Epistle from my Arm-chair' was in good hexameters, and his 'Address to the President of the New-England Temperance Society' had a TOM MOORE-ish spice of elegant wit about it, and might have been written by Mr. FOX in about a century of leap-years.' . . . THE venerable NOAH WEBSTER, full of years and full of honors, has gone down to his grave, 'like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season.' Our very earliest associations, like those of millions of others, are associated with his name. That blue-covered spelling-book of his, with its progressive lessons of learning and morality; its pleasant fables and pretty pictures; its large type and dingy paper — the very *smell* of that spelling-book — all are as vivid in our mind as when we first took it to bed with us, in an ecstasy of enjoyment, some score and a half of years ago. And then his great philological work, which is now so well known in both hemispheres, what a monument it is of careful research, discriminating judgment, laborious industry! It will die only with the 'land's language.' Mr. WEBSTER has been a frequent and always a welcome contributor to these pages; and we have even now in our possession late communications from his pen, of which our readers will know more hereafter. NOAH WEBSTER was an honor to his country. He was a scholar; a 'gentleman of the old school,' who lived a life void of offence toward God and toward man; and he died in the full assurance of a blessed immortality. May he rest in peace! . . . '*Poetry run Mad*' is inadmissible, on two accounts. In the first place, it strikes us we have met *parts* of it at least before; and in the second, the style has 'outlived our liking.' Nobody but HOOD manages well this ragged species of verse; a very clever specimen of which is contained in his '*Custom-House Breeze*,' the story of a lady-smuggler who would not go ashore at Dover, because there was 'a searching wind' blowing, which might expose the lace-swathings of her person:

'In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and tuck,  
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck!  
She could n't, no, she would n't go on shore.

'But, Ma'am,' the steward interfered,  
'The vessel must be cleared.  
You mus'n't stay aboard, Ma'am, no one do n't!  
It's quite ag'in the orders so to do,  
And all the passengers is gone but you.'  
Says she, 'I cannot go ashore and won't!'  
'You ought to!'  
'But I can't!'  
'You must!'  
'I sha'n't!'

WE have given no notice of CARLYLE's '*Past and Present*,' for the reason, let us inform the publishers, that we received no copy of the work. We have perused the book, however; and are compelled to say that in its style it exhibits no improvement upon the previous writings of its distinguished author. It is even less clear, to our comprehension, (or perhaps from the *lack* of it,) than any of his former productions. We are sorry to see, moreover, that he is obliged to *repeat himself* so frequently. Yet is there much matter for deep thought in his pages, and sometimes a whole



sermon in a single sentence. His heart bleeds for his suffering fellow-men in England, Ireland, and Scotland; 'twelve hundred thousand workers, their cunning right hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosoms; asking only for work, and such return for it in food, clothes, and fuel, as shall enable them to live, that they may still work on;' yet we do not see that Mr. CARLYLE points out any means by which these many 'workers' may obtain redress of the 'crowned, coronetted, shovel-hatted, quack-heads' whose rule he stigmatizes so severely. Here is a fine passage illustrating the fact that he only is successful who is 'fortunate for good': 'Success! If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded, no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success! In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark; all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles, visible or audible to thee again for ever! What kind of success is that?' It is not possible for Mr. CARLYLE to write a stupid or an unreadable volume; and it can only be affirmed, in dispraise of the present work, that it is less forceful and attractive than one or two of its immediate predecessors. . . . You are wrong, Sir 'P. F.,' altogether wrong. The 'competence' of the tiller of the soil, the 'abundance' of the successful mechanic, and the 'sufficiency' of the tradesman, we conceive to be better calculated to promote happiness than 'great wealth,' even when unencumbered. We are not insensible to the value of money. Our remark was pointed as to the *wants* that wealth brings; but the *cars* of it are not less exacting. 'Do n't you *know* me?' said a western millionaire, soon after 'the crisis,' to a friend of ours, with whom he had formerly been intimately acquainted; 'do n't you *remember* me? My name is —.' 'Good heavens! it can't be possible!' exclaimed our friend; 'why, what has wrought such a change in your appearance? Where's your flourishing head of hair? where's your flesh gone? what's put that bend in your back?' 'The times! the times!' replied the 'poor rich man;' as for my back, I broke that last year, *lifting notes*; some of them were very heavy.' A grievous and unnecessary burden no doubt they were; and how much better was the rich man's 'wealth,' with its carking cares, than the 'abundance' of the contented mechanic? . . . A most forcible warning to 'nations that know not God' is contained in the following passage from a recent discourse by Rev. GEO. B. CHEEVER:

'This world has been the theatre of a mighty experiment—whether nations could be prosperous and permanent in pride and sin. The result has been overwhelming. Empire after empire has fallen to the ground. I have passed over the ruins of dead and buried kingdoms; have seen the shades of departed monarchies, and conversed with them, haunting the spots of their former glory; and the hollow voice, as if the wind were moaning from earth's central sepulchres, has spoken in the words of Scripture, deep unto deep, in my hearing, THE NATION AND KINGDOM THAT WILL NOT SERVE THEE SHALL PERISH; YEA, THOSE NATIONS SHALL BE UTTERLY WASTED! It is a solemn thing to stand in the Colosseum at Rome, beneath the shadow of the Parthenon at Athens, within the crumbling shrine of the temple of Karnak in Egypt, and to listen to the echo of those awful words. These historical materials and monuments are so many intelligent chords, which men's iniquities have wrought for that great harp of the past, across which God's Spirit sweeps with its majestic, awful utterance! God grant that the history of our nation may not add another tone of wailing to the melancholy voices of dead empires!'

WE are glad to perceive that the '*American Book Circular*,' recently put forth by Mr. GEO. P. PUTNAM, of the Anglo-American house of WILEY AND PUTNAM, London, has been received with a becoming spirit by the English press. It has been most favorably noticed in the '*London Review*,' '*Examiner*,' '*Athenæum*,' '*Literary Gazette*,' and other influential journals; and its publication has secured to the writer the attention and friendship of several of the most distinguished literary and scientific gentlemen of the British metropolis. This timely pamphlet, in fact, has opened the eyes of the English people to the progress of science and belles-lettres in America, and has served to enlighten them as to the extent of their literary obligations to this country. Widely noticed by the press, and stitched in all the principal reviews and periodicals of England, the '*American Book-Circular*' has already been productive of great good to the reputation of our vigorous but infant 'republic of letters.' . . . 'FLANER,' whom we welcome, has made sundry inquiries in preceding pages concerning certain terms and sayings which have long and generally obtained among pen-and-ink writers of romances and novels, native and foreign. There are other common sayings and comparative-adages, toward one or two of which we should be glad to direct the researches of the reader, 'on the present occasion.' 'Poor as Jow's turkey,' has always puzzled us. Is there any authentic record of the personal condition of that afflicted bird, or of the causes which threw it into a decline? Why has it been handed down to us as the very CALVIN EDSON of its tribe? 'Not worth a Tinker's d—n' is another adage, whose origin is involved in mystery. When was the standard of value established for that intangible commodity of this particular arizan? Was there ever a 'sliding scale' for it, or such a

thing as a 'first-quality' article in its kind, before it became a synonym for *nothing*? We have already asked who that 'DICK' was, who wore such an 'odd hat-band' that its memorial has been perpetuated even unto this day? 'We shall resume this important subject in our next discourse.' . . . THE sudden death of WILLIAM ABBOTT, Esq., of the Park Theatre, has been announced in nearly all the public journals of the United States. We had the pleasure to know Mr. ABBOTT well. He was first introduced to us, on his arrival in America, by a private letter from Miss LARDON, who spoke of his literary and social qualities in terms of cordial admiration and praise, which subsequent acquaintance convinced us were well deserved. To marked amenity and cheerfulness of manner, Mr. ABBOTT united literary acquirements of great extent and variety; a thorough knowledge of society; and a frankness of deportment which won, and a sincerity which retained, many friends. He was a most gentleman-like actor; and will be missed and mourned not less by his professional brethren than by those whose acquaintance with his talents and many good qualities was unconnected with his dramatic career. . . . How very prettily this little Love-passage is rendered! Our correspondent lets us hear from him quite too seldom:

TO ALMEDA: FROM THE SPANISH.

THINK you, my love, if ever fate  
Should cast a shadow o'er our bliss,  
That you or I could e'er forget  
In darkest hours our *Good-night Kiss*?

Ah no! though hopes should melt in tears,  
And fade for ever days like this,  
Sad memory through the longest years  
Would hover round our *Good-night Kiss*.

Boston, June, 1843.

J. T. V.

THE appearance on our table of an exquisitely beautiful card of invitation to the great *Dinner at Faneuil Hall* on the Seventeenth of June (a kindness of the 'Committee of Arrangements,' for which, although unfortunately adscititious, we desire to render our cordial acknowledgments) reminds us to speak of *another* species of card, from the same press, which we must believe is little known, but which only *requires* to be known, to be found in the possession of every tasteful lover of the Beautiful. Mr. DICKINSON, of Boston, has recently completed a variety of ornamental cards, of various sizes, large, medium, and *petite*, one use of which we desire to indicate to our metropolitan readers; not without the hope also that the information will not come amiss to our readers every where; for the cards are 'awaiting' as well as 'under orders.' As frames for medium and small engravings, we certainly know of nothing so tasteful and so appropriate. In color various; of tints inconceivably delicate; and with borderings of the most chaste yet elaborate and distinct *bas-relief*; they are 'just the thing' for the purpose we have indicated. We shall be happy to afford 'the ocular proof' to any one who may doubt the justice, or impugn the good taste, which we conceive to characterize as well the cards as our encomiums! These admirable specimens of American taste and skill may be found at the establishment of the Messrs. WOODWORTH's (late BONFANTI's) and at NEBBITT's in this city. . . . THE interest still excited by the slightest object connected with the name of NAPOLEON has recently been curiously illustrated by the opening of a 'NAPOLEON Museum' in London, consisting of a vast collection of mementos of the great hero and his associates, from the day of his birth to the time of his burial. Among them is a morceau of his penmanship in his latter days, on the back of a card, the ominous nine of diamonds, which has caused a good deal of merriment to the cockneys, although it strikes us they should 'laugh on the wrong side of the mouth.' The imperial prisoner appears to have been making an attempt to commit some English words to memory, and to have noted down the difference between *hungry* and *angry*—words which must have sounded marvellously similar in his ears, from the mouths of his English visitors: 'Are you 'ungry?—are you angry?' We do not wonder at his perplexity. His memorandum runs thus upon the card: 'Are you 'ungry?'—'*Avez vous faim?*' 'Are you angry?'—'*Etes vous en colère?*' . . . '*Polemics*' is an article catholic and cogent in spirit and argument, but it is too LONG for an essay. (We wish we could impress upon our didactic correspondents the necessity of at least *comparative* brevity!) Rev. THEODORE PARKER, in the following, has expressed every fact and argument which our correspondent has expanded over eight letter-sheet pages! Indeed, himself shall be the judge:

'Who shall tell us that another age will not smile at our doctrines, disputes, and unchristian quarrels about Christianity? Who shall tell us they will not weep at the folly of all such as fancied

Truth shone only in the contracted nook of their school, or sect, or coterie? Men of other times may look down equally on the heresy-hunters and men hunted for heresy, and wonder at both. The men of all ages before us were quite as confident as we, that their opinion was truth; that their notion was Christianity, and the whole thereof. The men who lit the fires of persecution, from the first martyr to Christian bigotry down to the last murder of the innocents, had no doubt their opinion was divine. No doubt an age shall come, in which ours shall be reckoned a period of darkness, like the sixth century, when men groped for the wall, but stumbled and fell, because they trusted a transient notion, not an eternal truth. But while this change goes on; while one generation of opinions passes away and another rises up; Christianity itself, that pure religion, which exists eternal in the constitution of the soul and the mind of God, is always the same.

'FANCY'S VISION,' says a correspondent, in a running commentary upon the poetry of our May number, 'is very well done for a Scotch song; although I think Burns and others have too well occupied that field, for foreign imitators to expect to glean much. It seems a little unnatural for Americans to compose in the Scottish dialect, however simple and well-adapted to love-lyrics that English-Doric may be thought. Some Scotticisms, such as 'bonnie,' 'burnie,' 'wimplin,' etc., are very sweet; but others, in my view, such as 'hame,' 'drap,' etc., are inferior to the English. Perhaps, however, the writer is a Caledonian.' To be sure she is; and 'that makes a difference;' yet we do not disagree in the main with our correspondent. By the by, speaking of Scottish poetry, here is a specimen of the true thing. It is from the pen of an esteemed friend and contributor, and has been widely circulated, and as widely admired, both at home and abroad:

### THE WEE VOYAGER.

WRITTEN ON SEEING IN A GLASGOW NEWSPAPER THAT THE CREW OF A VESSEL DISCOVERED A HARK FLOATING IN THE FRITH OF FORTH UPON A SHEET OF ICE TO THE OCEAN.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

An' where are ye gaun ye wee voyager,  
Wi' look as deid or bide?  
An' where are ye gaun ye wee voyager,  
On sic an unco gate!

Ye're sailin' awa in a cauld cauld bark.  
An' nae a frien' beside ye;  
Ye're sailin' awa in a frail frail bark,  
Without aye helm to guide ye.

Ye hae nae a mast, ye hae nae a sail,  
Nae buid frae win' to hide ye;  
An' the lift coorse down wi' a threatenin' glow'r,  
Sae ill maun sure betide ye.

The gloamin is mirk, and the gurley sea  
Is yaupin to rin ower ye;  
The big pellocks saum, an the wild maws wing,  
As watchin' to devour ye.

The wrath of the storm shaws her grim grim fies,  
The petrel skree by aloud;  
An' the gird looks sick, an' the lift as 'twad fa'  
For nature's funeral shroud.

Then wherefore sail ye in this frail frail bark  
At sic an uncanny hour?  
Come your ways wi' me (the skipper then cried)  
Frae gurley ocean's power.

An' his cosely runt the gude skipper launched,  
Up on the foamn' wave;  
An' stoutly he skulled wi' his stumpy oar  
The voyager to save.

Then, gleely he reached the wee timid posn,  
An' snatched her frae the flood;  
An' now the wee mawkie that sailed the sea,  
Rus in the bonny green wood.

This would be 'ower Scotch,' perhaps, for an English ear, but that the very sound of the doubtful words is expressive of their meaning. . . . THE 'Reminiscence of Little Burke' is not to our taste. He was an extraordinary urchin, certainly; but like all very precocious children, he grew to—*nothing*. We have always utterly detested infant theatricals. We know of no more ridiculous a sight than one of these dramatic juveniles 'strutting like a Lilliputian grenadier; trying to knit its brow, and flourish its little falchion at an over-grown victim of its vengeance,' who is bending half way down, to hear more distinctly the penny-trumpet tones in which he is threatened. 'Little BURKE's' father had no very exalted opinion of his son's genius! 'Oh, no! by no means! oh, certainly not!' . . . We cannot resist the employment of a line or two, though sadly pressed for space, to commend to citizens and strangers the establishment of the *American Museum*, as conducted by its present indefatigable proprietor. It was our intention to have particularized some of the numerous attractions of this very popular resort; but as these are constantly changing, our intelligence would be likely to prove 'JOHNNY THOMPSON's news' at the end of the month in which we write. The corps of gentlemen-singers, for example, who adopted the 'Ethiopian' garb, were alone worth a walk of miles to hear. Think of a charming *duet*, in the most perfect time and harmony, on a pair of tongs and an accordeon! . . . We derive from a lady-friend, to whose kindness our readers have heretofore been indebted, the stanzas translated from the German by FITZ GREENE HALLECK, Esq., in preceding pages. They were withheld originally from publication; the fastidious taste of the writer suggesting infelicities, which we are

certain will escape the scrutiny of less refined critics of 'the gentle art of song.' . . . Some newspaper 'down east' has been instigated to hint that the lively and gossiping New-York correspondence of the Washington 'National Intelligencer' is written by JOHN NEAL! As if it were possible to mistake the pleasant style of Mr. WILLIS, for the labored yet slovenly *no-style* of 'OMNIBUS SCRIBLERIUS!' One might as well attribute the authorship of 'Thanatopsis' to 'Sir WILLIAM MARSH, of Apple Island, Boston Harbor!' . . . THE paper elicited by the article upon 'Forensic Eloquence' in our last number, is somewhat too kindred in character with that excellent performance, to be at present admissible. As the *ms.* is left to our option, however, with permission to 'add, clip, or destroy,' we annex a passage which will be new to many of our readers:

'CÆSAR, who was himself an accomplished orator, and knew all the windings of the art, was so shaken on the occasion of TULLY's oration, that he trembled, dropped his papers, and acquitted the prisoner. Many attributed this to the force of TULLY's elocution; but it seems rather to have been the effect of CÆSAR's art. He played back the orator's art upon himself. His concern was feigned, and his mercy artificial; as he knew that nothing could so effectually win TULLY to his party, as giving him the pride of having conquered CÆSAR.' In relation to the different *styles* of eloquence, the same writer observes: 'The pathetic orator who throws a congregation of enthusiasts into tears and groanings, would raise affections of a very different nature, should he attempt to proselyte an American congress; and on the other hand, the finest speaker that ever commanded the House, would in vain point the thunder of his eloquence on a Quaker meeting. VOLTAIRE tells us, that 'in France a sermon is a long declamation, spoken with rapture and enthusiasm; in Italy, it is a kind of devotional comedy; in England, it is a solid dissertation, sometimes a dry one, which is read to the congregation without action or elocution.' A discourse which would raise a French audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, would throw an English one into a fit of laughter.'

D.'s story of '*The Whistling Bridegroom*' is very good, but 'drawn too fine' for the strength of the fabric. Briefly, it is this: A clergyman is uniting two persons in marriage; and when he arrives at the point in the service where he directs the bridegroom to 'take the bride by the hand,' the former pays no attention to him, but looks steadfastly upon the floor, and indulges in a subdued whistle. The direction is repeated, but again the only notice taken of it is a continuation of the whistling, *sotto voce*. A third time the command is given, and the only response is the unique musical accompaniment aforesaid. The clergyman pauses, thinking himself intentionally insulted, when the blushing bride, who had doubtless been thinking of other things, raised her eyes, saying: 'He's deaf, Sir; and it's his way to whistle to himself, when he's any thing on his mind!' The explanation was satisfactory; and 'the deaf was made to hear' the next repetition of the important direction. . . . 'PRETTY good,' but not quite probable, we think, the wonderful '*Lusus Naturæ*' described by our Kentucky correspondent! Did he really think we should nibble at that hook? There is a wind-mill, we are informed, on the coast of Holland, which lays eggs and breeds young ones; but its family is not near so remarkable as the Kentucky wonder of our new contributor! Would he have the goodness to 'try again?' We fancy it must have been with him that the western story of the '*Proek*' originated; a singular animal, with its legs, on one side of its body, very short, to enable it to 'graze on the inclined planes of nature!' It was caught, we remember, by 'heading it,' which reversed the animal, and rendered his legs useless, by changing their position! *Vive la Bagatelle!* . . . THE recent death of Hon. HUGH S. LEGARE is an event which deserves a particular record in these pages. He was one of the ripest scholars of whom the Union could boast; and in all regards reflected high honor upon our literature. He always wrote from a full mind. Let any one turn to the papers which he furnished for the 'Southern Review' and our own New-York Quarterly, and it will be seen how forcibly they illustrate the justice of this encomium. Had Mr. LEGARE lived, our readers would soon have had an opportunity of admiring his literary performances in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. In a late letter to the Editor, written only a few days previous to his leaving Washington for the last time, Mr. LEGARE incidentally exhibits the patient research of which he was about to reap an adequate reward, in the new and high career of public service upon which he had entered. 'My studies,' he writes, 'have for many years been of a very severe and serious cast, looking all of them, more or less, to useful results in active life, and most of them connected with political economy and jurisprudence.' Works of recondite research and striking views, such as those of NIKER, SAVIGNY, and others of that illustrious German line, had richly furnished his *adversaria* and port-folios; and it was from these that he was to have enriched and diversified our pages. The death of such a man, in the prime of life and in the midst of his usefulness, is a public loss, which cannot fail to be widely and deeply felt. Honorable and high-minded in all the relations of life, Mr. LEGARE met his last hour with perfect composure. In dying as in living, he was the admiration of his friends. . . . We saw the other day what its possessor termed a '*Dogberry*-o'-type likeness' of MILLER, the Prophet—a counterfeit presentment of a cunning old humbug, 'on

its very face.' Its exhibition led to a story of one of MILLER's converts, which we thought worth remembering. A matter-of-fact old gentleman in New England, whose wife was a thoroughgoing 'Destructionist,' was awakened out of his sleep by his 'possessed' rib, one cold and stormy March night, with: 'Husband! did you hear that noise? It's GABRIEL a-comin'! It's the sound of his chariot-wheels!' 'Oh, psha! you old fool!' replied the gude man; 'do you s'pose GABRIEL is such an ass as to come on wheels, in such good sleighing as this? I tell you it's the wind; turn over, and go to sleep!' We believe she did. . . . THE 'Confessions of a Belle' is not a new title, and it strikes us that we have encountered some of its incidents before. The lesson, howbeit, is an excellent one. THEODORE HOOK speaks forcibly to this point, in a portrait of one of his female characters: 'With all this blaze of notoriety, did any body esteem her particularly? Was there any one man upon earth who on his pillow could say, 'My God! what an angel is FANNY WILDING!' Had she ever refused an offer of marriage? No! for nobody ever had made her one. She was like a fine fire-work, entertaining to look at, but dangerous to come near to; her bouncing and cracking in the open air gave a lustre to surrounding objects, but there was not a human being who could be tempted to take the exhibition into his own house.' . . . In 'J. P. S.' will look once more at our remarks, touching which he 'begs leave to demur,' he will find that we differ very little from himself. His pride of opinion runs to a point, and reminds us of a reply we once heard a quaint old Friend make to the eager question of a group around him, touching the relative speed of two steam-boats which were running a race, and a very even one, through Long Island Sound. 'Do n't you think we've gained on her, in coming the last forty miles?' 'Yes,' replied the Quaker, with great gravity; 'I should say we had.' 'Well, how much, should you think?' 'I may be mistaken,' responded our Friend, 'but, I should say, about an inch.' We believe this 'close observer' was not again appealed to for his judgment in the premises. . . . We do not much affect parodies, generally, but the following, from the London 'Charivari,' is too good to be lost. It is entitled 'The Macadamized,' and is set to the air of 'The Monks of Old:'

'MAY have told of the trials of all,  
What a swamp, if much they were;  
But a Macadam way, on a rainy day,  
Would make a street sweeper swear.  
For it sees boys in the Slough of Despond,  
In its hopeless state of slush;  
And it sees, ha! ha! in your clothes, ha! ha!  
In spite of the hardest brush.

'And when it is fine, if the sun should shine,  
You're no better off than before;  
For it turns to dust, and at every gust  
It settles in every pore.  
And it tries, as it dries, in a cloud to rise,  
And peppers your coat and your hat;  
And it tries, ha! ha! in your eyes, ha! ha!  
And makes you as blind as a bat.'

'The Croton Fever,' by 'STRAW, JR.' has good points. Some of its humor is 'rather fine,' certainly, but only because it is strained. The satire, however, is in one instance just. A friend in a sister city, recently returned home from a visit to New-York, writes us that he is henceforth a Baptist, greatly preferring immersion to sprinkling, of which latter practice of ours, he entertains a vivid recollection. 'In short,' he writes, 'I never saw such a set of incorrigible squirts as you have in Gotham. Morning and evening, every householder, who can afford it, stands before his door, playing with his machine; now deluging the walk, now the pavement, and anon flooding his doors, windows, and blinds with hissing streams of Croton. When you write DICKENS next, just tell him that the application of the *douche* to the pigs, from hundreds of Croton-pipers, has well-nigh driven those quadrupedal republicans from the thoroughfares. That's one comfort! Ah! yes; and clean streets, and murmuring fountains, and cool side-walks, are 'comforts' also, 'which they of the adverse faction want.' The grapes are not sweet, and 'that's the humor on it!' . . . THE Idleberg 'chronicle' will be concluded in our next. The loss of a sheet of the copy (which has now been re-supplied by the author) is the cause of the delay. The fourth number of 'Meadow Farm' will also appear in our August number. The following papers are filed for insertion, or awaiting adequate consideration: 'Greek Epitaphs and Inscriptions;' 'The Doomed Ship;' 'Thales of Paris;' 'Chronicles by an Antiquary;' 'My Leg, a Sketch;' 'A Defence of the Pythagorean System;' 'The Novel-Reader;' 'Disguised Derivative Words in English;' 'MARY MAY, the Newfoundland Indian;' 'An Old Man's Reminiscence;' 'Polygon Papers, Number Ten;' 'The Birth-Day,' by 'W. C.;' 'New Version of an Old Fable;' 'The Count of Paris;' 'The Painted Rock;' 'The Hour of Rest;' 'Song,' by Lady ALICIA JANX SPARROW, Ireland; 'Orators and Bells;' 'The Maiden's Burial,' etc. 'The Consumptive' is both labored and common-place. 'Neenias' of Kentucky is not deemed admissible. . . . SEVERAL publications, among them a Lecture by EUGENIUS A. NISSEY, delivered before the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah, in March last; 'A Voice from the Vintage,' by Mrs. ELLIS, etc., will receive attention in our next. Our Philadelphia Friend, in reply to 'N. S. D.,' shall have a place in the August number.

## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

**LATE PUBLICATIONS OF THE BROTHERS HARPER.**—Independent of the serial works of the HARPER'S, their ALISON, BRANDE'S Encyclopedia, etc., which they continue to publish with their wonted regularity, and in their accustomed style of excellence, we have before us, in a large and well-executed volume, 'A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' illustrated by numerous engravings on wood, and containing numerous additional articles relative to the botany, mineralogy, and zoology of the ancients; by CHARLES ANTHON, Esq., the American editor; a work of too comprehensive a scope and of too great value to be despatched in so brief a notice as the present; and M'CULLOCH'S 'Universal Gazetteer, or Dictionary,' geographical, statistical, and historical, of the various countries, places, and principal natural objects in the world; illustrated by seven extensive and complete maps on steel.' Each article is written with fulness; the arrangement is concise and clear; and the work may be referred to on the instant for any subject embraced in its pages. We should be more indebted to the editor of the American department if he would give us his valuable *facts* unconnected with his *opinions*. His sneer at the voyages of discovery in the north-west, in connection with his reference to a ship-canal across the isthmus of Darien, is in bad taste, to say the least of it. Narrow views in relation to great public enterprises which may chance to be unsuccessful, are out of place in a noble work like this of M'CULLOCH, even though they appear in the 'questionable shape' of acknowledged annotation.

**COBB'S JUVENILE READERS.**—Mr. LYMAN COBB deserves well of his country, and especially of its juvenile citizens, for the several excellent school-books for the young which he has prepared with great industry and tact, and from time to time put forth. We find on our table his three progressive 'Juvenile Readers;' and judging from the necessarily cursory examination which we have been enabled to give them, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the best works of their class we have ever encountered. The author has taken great pains so to arrange the different lessons as to lead the child by a regular gradation from easy to difficult reading; to adapt the subjects to his advancement; and to place before him such matter, and such only, as shall convey to the juvenile mind correct views, and just principles of morality. All words of variable or doubtful orthography are also carefully exhibited. There are numerous other important merits, and improvements upon kindred works, to which we have neither time nor space at present to allude, but which we hope our readers will take occasion to find and admire in the works themselves. Mr. CALEB BARTLETT, corner of Platt and Pearl-streets, is the New-York publisher of Mr. COBB'S series.

**NEW MUSIC: 'THE FORSAKEN.'**—Mr. J. L. HEWITT, 239 Broadway, has sent us 'The Forsaken,' a song sung with effect by Mr. SINCLAIR, and written and composed by JAMES LAWSON, Esq. The 'words' were originally furnished to the KNICKERBOCKER by their author, and were thence transferred to many American journals with cordial commendations. The music is, we think, of a highly pleasing character; and we are not surprised to learn that the 'Song' is in very general request. It is not given to every clever man, we can tell our friend and correspondent, to excel both in poetical and musical composition, as himself has done in the instance before us. We know, for example, a poet 'of the first water' who failed, on a memorable evening not long ago, in improvising a solo for a jews'-harp, 'then and there being' in the hands of a legal friend, who was making the little instrument 'discourse most eloquent music.' It was *rather* a rich scene than otherwise.

**AGRICULTURAL PRIZE ESSAYS.**—A well-printed pamphlet of an hundred and forty pages lies before us, containing an 'Essay on the Preparation and Use of Manures,' and on 'Farm Management,' by WILLIS GAYLORD, Esq., editor of 'The Cultivator,' one of the most widely circulated journals in the United States. The first essay is an elaborate consideration of the laws of nutrition; the preparation and distribution of animal, vegetable, and mineral manures; and the second is a well-digested compend of all the various kinds of information and directions necessary to the successful management of a farm. The useful pamphlet concludes with essays upon plans for farm-houses and out-buildings, (illustrated by several clearly-engraved wood-cuts,) by Mr. JOHN J. THOMAS, Macedon, New-York, Mr. G. D. MITCHELL, Salem, Conn., and Mr. T. M. NIVEN, Newburgh.

**BATTLE OF BUNKER-HILL.**—The small but very comprehensive volume recently put forth by Mr. C. P. EMMONS, of Charlestown, (Mass.), containing 'Sketches of Bunker-Hill Battle and Monument, with Illustrative Documents,' should be in the hands of every American, who desires a record of this most important battle of the Revolution. In the preliminary remarks on the opening of the struggle, and the description of the great battle itself, there is nothing included that is irrelevant, while every thing is embraced that could add to the truth or force of the picture. The illustrative documents are of very great interest. On the English side, we have extracts from General HOWE's orderly-book, letters from Generals GAGE and BURGOYNE, and several other British officers, together with divers grumbling extracts from the English newspapers, touching the result of the 'victory.' On the American side, we have the proceedings of the Committee of Safety, the accounts sent to England and to Congress, with descriptive letters from Colonel STARK, Mr. ISAAC LOTHEROP, and Rev. Dr. ELLIOT. An account of the inception, progress, and final completion of the Monument, accompanied by a sectional engraving of the structure, appropriately closes the volume.

**FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.**—Who that has ever read the stirring Chronicles of Sir JOHN FROISSART, but will rejoice to learn that an excellent edition of them, upon a new and clear type, and with all the original engravings, is being issued in numbers from the office of the New World? We have never found such a historian as Sir JOHN. Give him a battle to describe, a hero worthy of his pen to hand down to posterity, and what a love of his theme, what a *personal* enthusiasm, does he throw into his glowing records! We have sometimes thought that our worthy and world-renowned progenitor, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, of blessed memory, derived no small portion of his fervent historical style from a familiar study of his great predecessor. Be that, however, (and every thing else,) as it may, here are the glorious 'Chronicles' of Sir JOHN FROISSART, accessible to all, for a comparative trifle; and the more who embrace this occasion to read them, the fewer stupid people will there be in the country—in our humble opinion.

**PORT-CHESTER SEMINARY.**—This boarding school for young ladies and gentlemen is in Westchester county, in a beautiful situation, and of easy access from the city. It has now for its Principal, RUFUS H. BACON, A. B., a fine scholar, and well skilled in the discharge of his important trusts. The design of the Principal and his subordinate teachers is, to impart a full and thorough knowledge of the branches of a good English education; to fit young men for college and the counting-room; and to prepare the pupils for honor and usefulness, by softening their manners and improving their moral perceptions. Kindness and attention to their neatness, health, and comfort, are not lost sight of. The terms are low, though the references are very high, being all 'O. F. M.'—'our first men.'

**THE BOSTON 'CHRISTIAN WORLD.'**—We have looked through several numbers of this very various and well-supplied weekly journal, with invariable and increasing interest. It is edited, as we learn, by GEORGE G. CHANNING, a brother of the late lamented Dr. CHANNING, assisted by a number of Unitarian clergymen, and is widely sustained throughout the United States by the patronage and contributions of the members of that religious denomination. It is beautifully printed with a large, clear type, upon paper of a fine color and texture. The mechanical department is in the hands of an artist in his profession, to whose good taste and careful supervision this Magazine has heretofore been much indebted, and for which it here renders its acknowledgments.

**'NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE.'**—The Messrs. HARPER may well pronounce this 'the most splendid and richly-illustrated Bible ever published in the world.' It is to be issued on the cheap plan, in numbers, on foolscap folio sized paper, and will be embellished with *sixteen hundred* historical engravings, more than fourteen hundred of which are from original designs by CHAPMAN, made expressly for the work, and executed in the most finished manner, at an expense of over twenty-five thousand dollars! Those who subscribe early will have the advantage of proof impressions.

☞ A NOTICE of 'Classical Studies, or Essays on Ancient Literature,' 'The Karen Apostle,' and 'The New Purchase,' were in type for the present number, and will appear in our issue for August.

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THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY; LECTURE BY MR. EUGENIUS  
A. NISBET, SAVANNAH.





# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXII.

AUGUST, 1843.

No. 2.

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## GREEK EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

— — —  
*Dignum laude virum Musa velit mori.* — HORACE.  
— — —

GREECE was the land of poetry. Endowed with a language, of all others adapted to every variation of feeling, from the deepest pathos or boldest heroism, to the lightest mirth, and gifted with the most exquisite sensibility to all the charms of poetry, it is not surprising that her inhabitants carried it to a height beyond any thing that the world has seen, before or since. It was intermingled with their daily life, it formed a portion of their very being, and constituted the chief source of their highest enjoyment. All Athens rushed daily to the theatre, to exult or weep as the genius of the poet directed them; and the people who could fine their greatest tragedian for harrowing their feelings beyond endurance, must have been differently formed from those of the present day. The well-known saying of old Fletcher of Saltoun, is not now true; but we can readily believe it, with such a race, when songs, like the glorious ode of Callistratus,

*Ἐν μίτρῳ κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορέσω. κ. τ. λ.*

were daily sung, while the lyre and myrtle-branch passed from hand to hand.

With the Greeks, poetry seemed to enter into the character of every man. It was cultivated by the annual contests between its highest professors; and the honor which awaited the victor was an inducement to exertion of the noblest kind. It was the surest road to the favor and patronage of the great. Not the cold and chilling assistance which the Medici held out to the genius of their land, and which seemed to calculate the least expense with which the credit of a protector of learning could be bought, but the ready and regal munificence of a man who regards the gifts of genius as the highest with which a mortal can be favored. He who could enchant such a people need take no care for the future. Kings disputed for the

honor of his presence, and states were overjoyed to support him. Let not the example of Homer be brought to controvert this. He lived long before poetry thus became the delight of the people; and, after all, to say that he 'begged his bread' is but a bold poetic license. Beside, the eagerness with which the 'Seven Cities' disputed for the Mæonian, show what would have been his fate had he not 'fallen on evil days.' In after ages he was honored, and ranked all but with the gods.

In the same mood, the highest reward, the fullest honor, that could be given to the rescuer of his country was to have his name inserted in the inscription that marked the scene of his victories.\* In this spirit, no national event took place, no great battle was won, no instance of heroic self-devotion occurred, that the genius of the highest poets was not called upon to commemorate it in some noble or pathetic inscription, which, in after ages, calls forth as much admiration as the deed which originated it. The glorious death of the three-hundred takes place at Thermopylæ; the Athenians propose a contest for the honor of placing an inscription to mark the spot; and crowds are gathered to adjudge the prize; for, in those days, crowds were judges. Among the competitors are Æschylus and Simonides; and, amid the roar of that immense multitude, the victor-palm is awarded to Simonides, for two lines which will live to the end of time:

ὦ ξείν' ἄγγελλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῆδε  
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

Their noble simplicity is almost untranslatable, yet we will attempt it:

Ye who see this! to Lacedæmon tell  
Here, honoring her sacred laws, we fell!

Or, more literally:

Stranger! tell Sparta that one common grave  
Here holds our dust, who kept the laws she gave!

The few of these majestic inscriptions which yet remain to us, all bear the same imprint of lofty poetic feeling. Expressed with the utmost simplicity, they would seem bald, were it not for the skill of the poet, and the glorious associations that they call up around us.

The subject of Thermopylæ appears to have been a favorite with Simonides. Here is another which breathes the same spirit:

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἔστι μέγιστον,  
'Ημῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·  
'Ελλάδι γὰρ σπενδόντες ἱλευθερίαν περιθάλπει  
Κείμεθ' ἀγῆρτά· χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

We have endeavored to render it into the English as literally as possible:

\* See Plutarch, Vit. Cimon.

If to die well be Virtue's highest bliss,  
To us, o'er all, the Fates have given this,  
We fell that Greece might liberty obtain,  
And thus undying glory do we gain!

And yet another, a glorious eulogy:

*Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων. κ. τ. λ.*

Oh! sacred be the memory of the brave,  
Who in Thermopylae's deep bosom lie,  
Their country's honor! Let each hero's grave  
Become an altar for the gods on high.  
Their fittest praise is their unconquered death!  
Not even Time's rude hand and wasting breath,  
From those dear tombs, can snatch one wreath away  
Which Greece delights o'er heroes still to lay.

And here, again, is another, from the same, beautiful in its simplicity, on the heroes who fell in one of Greece's glorious victories; which one is not known:

*Ἀσβεστόν κλῖος οὔδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θῆντες  
Κύνιον θανάτου ἀμφοδύλοντο νέφος.  
Οὔδε τεθνήσκει θανόντες, ἐπὶ σφ' ἀραιὴ καδύπερθε  
Κυδαίρουσ' ἀνάγει δάματος ἐξ Αἰδῶ.*

Or thus:

Undying fame for their loved native land  
They won, then sank beneath Death's iron hand;  
But yet, though fallen, they ne'er can die, for lo!  
Glory recalls them from the shades below.

And, as it was with these monuments of national glory, so was it with the bounties of nature, the lesser tokens of love and affection, and the humble demonstrations of piety. No fountain leaped forth from the way-side to greet and refresh the weary traveller; no lone tomb was raised among its grove of gloomy cypresses, that some Meleager, some Anyte was not at hand to adorn it with a few lines, simple indeed, but beautiful and appropriate, and which still live, long after the names of those who called them forth have been forgotten. Then every rustic image, erected by the peasants in honor of some sylvan deity, was sure to have some little inscription, graceful, and conceived in the happiest mood. Thus, in the Greek Anthology, there are preserved nearly eight hundred epitaphs, most of them touching from their natural and exquisite simplicity. They generally indicate deep and quiet feeling, rarely indulging in the little epigrammatic points that so mar the effect of almost all modern epitaphs. What can be more beautiful than Meleager's Lament over the grave of Heliodora?

*Δάκρυα σοὶ καὶ νέφεα διὰ χθονὸς, Ἥλιόδωρα,  
Δακρύμαι, στοργῆς λείψανον εἰς Ἀἶδαν,  
Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτα δ' ἐπὶ τῷ μῦθῳ  
Σπένδω νῆμα πόθων, μνῆμα φιλοφροσύνας.  
Οἴκτρά γάρ, οἴκτρά φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελίαργος  
Αἰδῶ, κενῶν εἰς Ἀχέρonta χάριν.*

Αἶ, Αἶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἱμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν" Αἶδας,  
 " Ἀρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνδρος ἔφυγε κόπης.  
 Ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, γὰ πάντροφε, τὰν πανόδυτον  
 Ἥριμα σοῖς κόλποις, μάτηρ, ἰναγκάλισαι.

This has little of the charming simplicity which usually marks these beautiful poems, but it is an exquisite and touching lament. We have endeavored to render it into English, although we fear

'That every touch which wooed its stay,  
 Hath brushed a thousand charms away.'

I give, O Heliadora! tears to thee,  
 Ah, bitter tears! the relics of a love  
 Unchanged by Death. And, o'er thy sepulchre,  
 I pour this passionate flood, which shows my love  
 Still unabated. But, 'tis vain! 'tis vain!  
 Since thou, adored one! art among the dead,  
 A boon by them unprized. Ah! lovely flower,  
 Now seized by Death, I view thy silken leaves  
 All trampled in the dust. Ah! then to thee,  
 O friendly Earth! I pray, that to thy bosom  
 Thou should'st receive her with maternal care!

And the following shows the hand of genius, guided by love. The name of its author is unfortunately unknown.

Οὐκ ἴδανες, Πρώτη. x. τ. λ.

Proté! thou art not dead. Thou hast but gone  
 To dwell in some far happier land than ours:  
 Perchance thou hast the blessed islands won,  
 Where Spring eternal reigns, adorned with flowers.  
 Or, in the Elysian Fields, thy joyous path  
 Is strown with opening blossoms; far above  
 All earthly ills, thou feelest not winter's wrath,  
 Nor summer's heat, nor care, nor hopeless love.  
 In blest tranquillity thy moments fly,  
 Illumed by beams from Heaven's own cloudless sky.

Both of these are almost perfect, each in its own way. One contemplates the survivor, and paints his grief at the loss of an adored object; the other, in a more resigned mood, observes the felicity which that object should experience in the land of spirits. Both are somewhat wanting in the tender simplicity which is the usual charm and characteristic of the Greek epitaph. But properly speaking, they are not epitaphs; they are addresses to the dead. We will give a few specimens of the inscription over the dead in its true form.

Here is a beautiful one, by Lucian, on a child:

Παῖδά με πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδία Θυμὸν ἔχοντα,  
 Νηλεΐδης Ἀΐδης ἔρπασε, Καλλιμάχον.  
 Ἀλλὰ με μὴ κλαίεις· καὶ γὰρ βιάτοιο μετίσχον  
 Παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιάτοιο κακῶν.

While yet a tender child, the hand of Death  
 Deprived me, young Callimachus, of breath.  
 Oh! mourn me not! my years were few, and I  
 Saw little of Life's care and misery.

This one, by Erinna the Lesbian, was inscribed on the tomb of a bride who died on the marriage night.

Στάλαι καὶ σειρῆνες ἱμαί. κ. τ. λ.

Ye pillars! satyed syrens! and thou urn!  
Soul relics, that hold these my cold remains,  
Say to each traveller who may hither turn  
His footsteps, whether native of these plains,  
Or stranger, that within this tomb there lie  
The ashes of a bride; and also say  
My name was Lyde, of a lineage high,  
And sad Erinna graved this o'er my clay.

Callimachus, too, has given us a noble one in a single distich:

Τῇδε Σάων ὁ Αἰκανὸς Ἀνδρῆος ἱερὸν ὕπνον  
Κοιμᾶται. θνάσκειν μὴ λίγῃ τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.

Here Saon the Acanthian *slumbering* lies;  
Oh! say not that a virtuous man *e'er dies!*

And here is an exquisite little one by Tymneus, on an Egyptian who died in Crete:

Μῆσοι τοῦτο, Φιλαίνι. κ. τ. λ.

Grieve not, dear lost one! that thou find'st a grave  
In Crete, far from thy native Nile's dark wave.  
Alas! hell's gloomy portals open wide  
To all who seek them, upon every side.

This touching one, by Callimachus, is for the cenotaph of a friend who was shipwrecked:

\*Ωφελὲ μὴδ' ἰγνῶντο. κ. τ. λ.

I would that swift-winged ships had ne'er been made to cleave the billow.  
O Sopolis! we should not then deplore thy watery pillow:  
Thou liest 'neath the heaving waves, and of thee naught we claim  
Save this poor, empty sepulchre, and thy beloved name.

When a man died at sea, and his corpse was not recovered, to receive the usual funeral honors, he was refused admittance into Charon's boat, unless his friends erected a cenotaph and performed the accustomed rites over it. The above appears to have been an inscription designed for such an occasion.

Simonides does not forget his fire in commemorating the exploits of a friend who fell in one of the battles against the Persians:

ON MEGISTIAS, THE SOOTHSAFER.

Μῆμα τόδε κλεινοῦ. κ. τ. λ.

Within this tomb is famed Megistias laid.  
He bravely fell beneath the Persian's blade,  
Where old Sperchius rolls his waters clear.  
Although his death was known unto the seer,  
To leave his Spartan chief he would not deign,  
But, bravely fighting, 'mid the foe was slain.

The Greeks delighted to frame epitaphs for their most distinguished men, especially for their poets. Those in honor of Homer are almost innumerable. Anacreon has more than a dozen, and other favorites in proportion. We will give a specimen of these compositions in the following beautiful lines by Simmias the Theban, on Sophocles :

Ἡρὴν ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλῆος, ἱεῖμα, κισσὴ,  
Ἐρπύλοισι, χλοερούς ἐκπροχίτων πλοκάμους,  
καὶ πέταλον πάντῃ θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἢ τε φιλοῦρώτῃ  
Ἀμπέλους, ὑγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χευσαμένη,  
Εἵνεκεν εὐμαθὲς πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς  
Ἥσκησεν, Μουσῶν ἕμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

O verdant ivy! round the honored tomb  
Of Sophocles, thy branches gently twine;  
There let the rose expand her vernal bloom  
Amid the clasping tendrils of the vine;  
For he, with skill unrivalled, struck the lyre,  
Amid the Graces, and the Aonian choir.

Not less beautiful were the inscriptions affixed to fountains, rustic statues, baths, and the hundred other little evidences of cultivated taste so frequent in Greece. With such a people, it must have afforded double pleasure to a wearied traveller on approaching a fountain, sparkling in its basin of rocks, to find over it an invitation to repose from some one of the first epigrammatists of antiquity; as, for instance, this one of Anyte :

Ξεῖν', ἐπὶ τὰν πέτρην τετραμμένα γυν' ἀνάπαυσον·  
Ἄδ' τοι ἐν χλοερούς ἐκπροχίτων πλοκάμοις.  
Πίδακα τ' ἐκ παγῆς ψυχρὸν πλῆθ'· δὴ γὰρ ὁδῖταις  
Ἀμπαυμ' ἐν θέρμῃ καίματι τοῦτο φίλον.

Weary stranger, sink to rest,  
'Neath this rock's o'erhanging crest.  
Where the trees their branches fling  
Breezes soft are whispering.  
Freely drink these waters cold,  
Welling from yon fountain old.  
While the sun thus fiery glows,  
Travellers here should seek repose.

These compositions being so limited as to their subject, bear of course much similarity to each other. We will, however, give two or three specimens in as different styles as we can select.

Here is one by Leonidas of Tarentum, on a brook, too much frequented by the flocks to be acceptable to the traveller :

Μὴ σὺ γ' ἐπ' οἰονόμοιο περίπλεον ἱλῆος ἄδα  
Τοῦτο χαράδρῳ θέρμῳ, ὁδῖτα', πίης·  
Ἀλλὰ μολὼν μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαμαλίστοιο ἄκραν.  
Καὶ σὲ γ' ἐπ' αἰνὰ ποιμένα πίτυι,  
Εὐρύστοις κελαρύζον ἐν κρήνῃ διὰ πέτρης  
Νῦμα, Βορρῆϊας ψυχρότερον νιφάδος.

O, traveller! taste not of this muddy fount,  
In which the weary flock and herds recline,

For farther on, upon yon verdant mount,  
And 'neath the branches of a lofty pine,  
From out a rock a sparkling fountain flows  
With waters colder than the Northern snows.

And, again, here are a few lines, by the fair Anyte, simple indeed, but graceful and pleasing :

" *Ἰξου ἄπας ὑπὸ τῶνδε δάφνας - κ. τ. λ.*

Recline beneath this laurel's verdure sweet,  
And taste the waters of this crystal spring;  
Here rest thy limbs, unnerved by summer's heat,  
Refreshed, the while, by zephyr's whispering.

And yet another, by an author whose name has been forgotten :

\* *Ἐρχο καὶ κατ' ἑμάν. κ. τ. λ.*

Come, wearied traveller, here recline  
Beneath this dark o'erarching pine,  
Whose waving sprays, with sighing sweet,  
Joy the passing winds to greet.

List to the soft and silvery sound,  
My falling waters scatter round.  
Its murmur, low reëchoing,  
Repose to thee will quickly bring.

The whole has an air of quiet yet musical repose that makes us almost fancy we hear the plashing of the falling waters.

There is also a pretty little inscription, somewhat Anacreontic, by Marianus the Scholiast, on a warm spring.

*Τῷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατύνους, κ. τ. λ.*

Once Love within these shades was sleeping,  
And gave his torch to the Naiads' keeping.  
'Aha!' cried they, 'we'll quench its glow  
Within our fountain's icy flow,  
And, when its cruel fires cease,  
The heart of man shall beat in peace.'  
They plunged it in, but, all untamed,  
The wondrous torch still brightly flamed,  
And now these lovely nymphs must pour  
A heated spring to yonder shore.

And here, in the compass of four lines, has Paul the Silentiary given a better eulogy to his sea-side garden than could be comprehended in a whole volume of modern descriptive poetry. He allows the imagination to wander at will among objects of its own creating, and to depict for itself the scene which hé would not describe :

\* *Ἐνθάδ' ἰδιδαίνουσι, τίνας πλέον ἔπλετο χῶρος,  
Νηῖμαι, Νηιάδες, Νηραῖς, Ἀθρυάδες·  
Ταῖς δὲ θαμιστεύει μεσάτη χάρις, οὐδὲ δικάζειν  
Οἶδεν, ἐπεὶ ξυνήν τιρῶν ὁ χῶρος ἔχει.*

Here Dryads, Nymphs, and Nereids contend,  
Which, to this spot, its chief attraction lend;  
Beauty, in vain, their difference would accord,  
Each to the scene such equal charms afford.



We will now give an inscription of Theocritus, in dedicating an humble rustic altar to Apollo :

*Τὰ θροάσειντα τὰ ῥόδα. κ. τ. λ.*

This bushy thyme and dewy roses  
Are sacred to the immortal maids  
Who dwell where Hippocrene discloses  
Her fount, 'mid Heliconian shades.

But, Pythian Apollo! thou  
Hast laurel with its dark green leaves,  
For Delphi's rock, to grace thy brow,  
Of it, to thee, a tribute gives.

Then on this altar, will I lay  
A tender kid, with budding horns,  
Who crops the lowest waving spray,  
Which yonder lofty pine adorns.

And here are a few simple and pretty lines, inscribed by Anyte on a statue of Venus by the sea-shore :

*Κύπριδος οὐτός ἐστι χῶρος. κ. τ. λ.*

This spot is Aphrodite's, and around  
The gentle waves subdue their whitening crests,  
Approaching it from ocean's farthest bound  
To give a friendly welcome to the guests  
Who tempt their bosom : while the neighboring sea  
Gazes upon that statue reverently.

When the Greeks or Romans laid aside their arms, they would frequently dedicate them to some deity, and suspend them in his temple, with an appropriate inscription. Thus, Horace :

*Nunc arma defunctumque bello  
Barbiton hic paries habebit*

*Lævum marinæ qui veneris latus  
Custodit.*

And when any offering of this kind was made to one of the innumerable gods of the Greeks, it appears to have been accompanied by a few dedicatory lines. There is, of course, great sameness in such compositions, and, in fact, they generally consist merely of an enumeration of the articles offered, and the name of the devotee, but we will select two or three on different subjects.

Here is one, by Simonides, on a spear dedicated to Jupiter :

*Οὕτω τοι, μέλιν' αἶψα, ποτὶ κίονα μακρὸν  
"Ἦσα, Πανομφαῖα Ζηνὶ μίνονσ' ἱερὰ·  
"Ἢδη γὰρ χαλκὸς τε γέγων, αὐτὴ τε τίττυσθαι  
Πυκνὴ πρᾶδαινομένη δῆϊα ἐν πολέμῳ.*

Or thus,

This trusty ashen spear we'll hang above ;  
'T is sacred now to Panomphæan Jove.  
The arm is old which once its terrors tossed,  
And sent it quivering through the serried host.

The following inscription is said to be by Plato. It was affixed to a mirror which the celebrated Laïs, in her old age, dedicated to Venus:

*Ἡ σοφὰν γυλάσασα. κ. τ. λ.*

I, Laïs, who, in Beauty's chain,  
Held Greece a captive, and for whom  
So many lovers sighed in vain,  
Enchanted by my youthful bloom;

Subdued by age, this mirror true,  
Cythera! thus I give to thee;  
For what *I am* I will not view,  
And what I *was*, I ne'er can be.

When a Grecian maiden arrived at womanhood, it was usual for her to dedicate some toy of her childhood to Venus, in token of her having abandoned her youthful occupations and amusements. Here is an inscription, by Callimachus, designed for an occasion of this kind. It is both graceful and elegant, yet is deficient in the simplicity which is the usual charm of these compositions among the Greeks. It is addressed to Venus Zephyritis:

*Κόγχος ἐγὼ Ζεφυρίτι. κ. τ. λ.*

O Zephyritis! I am but a shell,  
First gift of Selenæa unto thee.  
Her nautilus, who once could sail so well  
O'er the unquiet bosom of the sea.  
Then, if 't were ploughed by gentle, favoring gales,  
On my own ropes I spread my mimic sails,  
And, if 't were calm, I used my feet as oars  
And swiftly rowed — from which I bear my name.  
But I was cast upon the sandy shores  
Of fair Iulis, and from there I came,  
To be a graceful ornament to thee,  
Here in thy fane, O fair Arsinot!  
Now sad Alcyone will lay no more,  
Within her ocean-nest her eggs for me,  
For I am lifeless. Queen of this bright shore  
Let Clinias's daughter hence receive from thee  
Thy choicest gifts. She dwells beyond the main  
Where Smyrna towers o'er th' Æolian plain.

It would scarcely be fair to conclude this little notice of some of the smaller gems of Greek poetry, without glancing at those intended to be satirical or witty. Of these we can find but few remaining, and what are thus preserved cannot induce us to regret much the loss of those which have been destroyed. They do not seem to show a taste as refined and delicate as is exhibited by the other productions of the Grecian muse, and, indeed, are usually very poor. Two or three specimens will suffice.

Doctors and lawyers, as at present, were favorite butts for the shafts of the epigrammatists. The following mock-epitaph is intended as a cut at the former. The author is unknown:

*Οὐτ' ἔκλυον Φαίδων. κ. τ. λ.*

'T was not with drugs that Phidon killed me;  
He came not even near my side:  
But, while raging fevers thrilled me,  
I chanced to *think* of him — and died!

And here is an epitaph,

'A precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides,'

intended, no doubt, for the grave of an enemy :

*Πολλὰ φάγων, καὶ πολλὰ πίων. κ. τ. λ.*

Here lies Timocreon, the Rhodian ; he  
Loved slander, drunkenness, and gluttony.

This is certainly pithy.

Stepmothers, in those days, would seem to have been just as bad as at present, when they have become a very proverb. Here is a kind of epitaph by Callimachus, containing a hit at them which certainly has no very great merit :

*Στήλην μητρειῆς. κ. τ. λ.*

On his step-mother's tomb, this youth piously placed  
Some flowers, that it might be properly graced.  
For he thought, as this life had abandoned her view,  
That her vices, no doubt, had abandoned her too.

But, while he was thus standing close to the tomb,  
It fell, and it crushed him, Oh ! terrible doom !  
Then youths ! let this warning sink deep in your breasts,  
Shun each step-mother, e'en when in Orcus she rests.

These are ample, as specimens of Grecian wit, which, as here exhibited, is certainly of no very refined or exalted description.

In taking a general and comprehensive glance over Greek Epitaphs and Inscriptions, we see that they are usually characterized by deep feeling, expressed concisely, and with the utmost simplicity. We rarely find any catches, any evident striving after effect, and, in consequence, to an ear not accustomed to them, they may frequently seem meagre, and even bald. But, by studying them, a meaning seems to grow out of the very words ; and the more that we examine them, and the oftener that we read them, the more we find them expressive of 'thoughts that lie too deep for words,' thoughts which can be expressed but darkly, and which, concealed in this garb of simplicity, must be passed over by those who are not content to pause and ponder. Whether the pleasure derived from this be worth the labor that must be spent over them, even though it be a labor of love, is a question which each must answer for himself, according to his own tastes. If they lead him to it, he will have discovered an almost inexhaustible source of pure and elevated gratification ; if not

— 'frustra laborum  
Ingratum trahit.'

## NEW-ENGLAND.

## I.

LAND of the Pilgrim-Rock! how broad thy streams,  
Thy hills how peopled with the brave and free!  
With glorious sights thy fruitful valley teems,  
And lavish Nature pours her gifts on thee;  
On every hand the smile of Beauty beams,  
And rich profusion spreads from lake to sea!  
Imperial land! from out thy mountain sides  
Flow the pure streams of ever-living tides!

## II.

Fair are thy daughters, as thy skies are fair,  
Proud are thy sons, as proud thy mountains rise,  
And as the eagle loves the clear blue air,  
The soul of Freedom hovers 'neath thy skies!  
How strong in heart thy patriot-sires were!  
And, oh, how brave to win war's golden prize!  
To thee, fair land! our souls in love shall turn,  
And in our altar-fires thy heroes' deeds shall burn.

## III.

Birth-land of Freedom! from thy mountain-height,  
From thy deep vales and forests fair and wide,  
Along thy sounding shores where ocean's might  
Expend itself in tide's returning tide,  
Rising, sublime, beyond the tempest's flight,  
The immortal sounds of Liberty abide!  
And, oh! how far along from shore to shore  
They meet and mingle with the sea's loud roar!

## IV.

Oh! there are hearts that turn in pride to thee,  
Thou glorious land of blossom and of shower!  
Gathering sweet incense from each blooming tree,  
And tears of balm and freshness from each flower;  
And at thy altars gloriously and free  
The chainless spirit worships, hour by hour!  
While round thee all our holiest thoughts entwine;  
The fragrance of the heart, dear land! is thine.

## V.

Radiant with rosy light are thy blue skies,  
Fair Italy! thou land of love and song!  
And thou, bright Isle of Erin! whence arise  
The avenging spirits of a nation's wrong,  
Thou too art fair, and worshipped in the eyes  
Of men and nations to whom tears belong;  
But yet, oh! yet we feel, blest land and free,  
One pulse more strongly beating, still for thee!

## VI.

Autumn hath crowned thee glorious, radiant clime!  
Autumn, the holiest season to the heart,  
Making thy sunsets with all hues sublime,  
The faultless picture of the Eternal art!  
To love thee less, New-England! 't were a crime,  
More could we not, ourselves of thee a part;  
Tears are thine offering; prayers unceasing be  
Poured from the heart Imperial Land! for thee.

## 'MENS CONSCIA RECTI.'

A CHRONICLE OF IDLEBERG.

NICHOLAS PELT, the worthy pedagogue, whose history was suspended in the July number of his namesake, the 'Old Knicker,' was not long in establishing for himself a fair fame in all the region round about Idleberg; nor was his attention exclusively devoted to the monotonous duties of his profession. While he taught the young idea 'how to shoot,' a new and absorbing passion had taken deep root in his own heart, and was now flourishing luxuriantly in the genial soil. His fortunes had brought him to Idleberg, and thrown in his path the lovely image of Ellen Van Dyke; and what poor mortal, Yankee though he be, could resist her thousand fascinations? Every day, at home, in the midst of her domestic duties and her ten petticoats, she was beautiful enough, in all conscience; but when on frequent occasions she braided her hair, and pinched her cheeks for a bloom, and clasped around her neck that enchanting dove of jet and gold, poor Nicholas looked and sighed, and sighed and looked, as though his very existence depended on her smile.

Could you have witnessed the eccentric movements of the fair Ellen and the sage Nicholas, you might have guessed the nature of their mutual feelings. How he stood by while she milked, to keep the cow from kicking, and how the cow *did* kick, notwithstanding; how he led the way to church, and how she followed on behind; such smiling and blushing when they met thrice a day at table; such an agitation of nerves whenever he clasped that small hand in his own, that seemed just made for it; these were enough to show that the schoolmaster's sojourn in the village was fraught with deep interest to at least two persons more than the striplings who were thriving on his instructions. Then when the school would be drawing to a close, and the evening sun was growing drowsy together with master and pupil, you might have seen the sage pedagogue forget his official dignity so far as to smile and nod repeatedly at some object over the way, which was no other than the cobbler's daughter, who always happened just at that time to be taking the air from her little gable-end window, and returned Nicholas's amorous glances with such unequivocal symptoms of delight, as should have made any lover's heart, if not his feet, dance for very joy.

But how fared the suit of Hans Keiser? Where were his organs of sight and hearing while all Idleberg was gossiping about the amours of Nicholas and Ellen? Hans seemed to possess the happy faculty of contemplating, with the utmost indifference, spectacles of youth and beauty, that would have driven many men to acts of desperation; and but for the constant efforts of his father to remind

him that Ellen Van Dyke was living in constant expectation of seeing him at her feet, pleading his cause with all the eloquence of a Dutch lover, Hans would have quite forgotten the obligations of his promise to Caleb Van Dyke. Stimulated at length by his father's reiterated appeals and an extra tankard of beer, Hans one evening about sunset suddenly plucked up the requisite courage, and after arraying himself in the most glaring habiliments of his wardrobe, started out on his pilgrimage of love. Never was lover so tricked out with all the fascinations of dress, as was the young Dutchman on that eventful evening. As he surveyed his enormous shoe-buckles, glittering with the lustre of several hours' polish; his numerous suits of breeches; his gaudy waistcoat and the broad-skirted garment which completed his outer man; his imagination was agreeably entertained with visions of bleeding arrows and broken hearts, lighted halls, wedding cake, and honey-moons, all mingled in one wild, brilliant, and enchanting panorama. Nor did this imaginary prospect fade from his mental vision until he reached the scene of action, and contemplated the reality with a fast breath and a palpitating heart. Never was sanguine lover so non-plussed. The first objects he saw at the cobbler's, were the forms of Nicholas and Ellen sitting very close together and whispering in great apparent delight. Cut short on the threshold of his adventure, nipped in the very bud of his affections, Hans stumbled and stammered, and could scarcely gain sufficient composure to bid the company good evening, until he was reassured by Caleb, who, guessing the object of his errand, offered him a stool and bade him be seated.

How many wild, bewildering thoughts scampered through poor Hans's brain, like rats in a garret, while he sat there in silent astonishment, listening to the suppressed whispers of the loving pair! How heartily did he long to be away from such a place; and how often did he think of his favorite idea of going down the river on a flat-boat, or of his dog and gun, or rod and line, and some quiet place in the woods or along the creeks, where woman's image had never intruded to throw him in the shade of even a Yankee school-master! He would rather be a bar-keeper to retail beer by the tankard, or an ostler to be be-Bob'd or be-Bill'd by every traveller, than a lover, sitting up in fine clothes and a straight-jacket, to win the favor of any woman under the sun, the fair Ellen not excepted.

Such a state of things had never entered into Hans's calculations, and he was consequently unprepared for the emergency. Encouraged as he had been to hope that every preliminary arrangement had been made by old Caleb; that at the mere mention of the subject the lovely girl would fly to his embrace; that the wedding would come off the next week, and after that every thing would go on in the same easy, old-fashioned way, as though nothing had happened — Hans found the cold reality inexpressibly chilling, and though neither a poet nor philosopher, began to think of certain objects, such as stars and bubbles, which greater men than he had often tried in vain to grasp. For the first time in all his life Hans was growing sentimental — nay, desperate; and while he was wish-

ing that somebody would call in and knock the Yankee down and then strangle him, the object of his ire arose, and after a graceful bow to Hans, opened a door in the wall, and retired. At this the young Dutchman breathed somewhat more freely, but still as if laboring under great tightness of jacket, when old Caleb addressed him, inquiring what disposition he had made of his voice.

Hans's only reply was a sudden start as if from the sting of an adder, accompanied by a series of awkward gestures, during which his face grew crimson with embarrassment.

'You are not frightened at Mr. Pelt, I hope, Hans?' continued Caleb.

'Yes — no,' said Hans; 'that is — I —'

'For my part,' interposed Ellen, tossing a curl pettishly from her forehead, 'I think Mr. Pelt a very handsome, clever young man, and not an object to frighten boobies;' and with a single bound she stood at the door of her chamber, and disappeared, before Hans or her father could frame a reply.

'Never mind that, my boy,' said Caleb; 'that's the best sign in the world. Cut and come again, Hans!'

'I tell you what, old fellow,' said Hans, rising and opening the street-door; 'you've got this child into a tarnation scrape this time; but if you ever catch me in these diggings again, I'll be darned!'

'Hans! Hans! you are a fool. Good night!'

And the amiable youth departed, and in five minutes had doffed his finery, and was fast drowning his sorrows in the flowing bowl.

Scarcely had he gone, leaving Caleb ruminating on a proper scold to be administered to Ellen the next morning, when a step was heard in the school-master's chamber, and that worthy made his appearance before the cobbler, bearing a great board on his shoulder. Caleb stared for some time at the quaint characters inscribed thereon. His eyes had for the first time that evening been opened to the growing intimacy between his daughter and Nicholas; and he was disposed to consider the invention as little else than a 'Yankee notion.'

'And what do you call that?' he asked, gruffly.

'My dear Sir,' said Mr. Pelt, 'this is nothing more than a sign-board. It is something new in town, and I think it will attract attention, and may do you some service.' Then bringing the lamp to bear on the board, he displayed to Caleb various devices, inscribed on its surface, of boots and shoes of all sizes and fashions, the whole illustrated with the words:

**Caleb Dan Wpke.**

MENS CONSCIA RECTI.

'And what is it for?' asked Caleb, trying in vain to interpret the cabalistic words.

'It is intended, Mr. Van Dyke, to surmount your front door, to notify the public that you are a good cobbler and an honest man; that's all.'

'Do you mean to say, Sir, that you expect Caleb Van Dyke, after living fifty years without any such bauble, to stick such a timber as that over his door, to be laughed at for his pains? Why, what would Karl Keiser say?—that old Caleb is turning Yankee in his old age. Why, Sir, the town would burst its sides with laughter, and the boys would throw all kinds of rocks and brickbats at it, and the windows too. No, Sir!'

'Will you *try* it, my good friend,' said Nicholas, 'if it is but for a single week? And if it does not increase your business, you may set me down for a Yankee tinker, beside expecting me to do all the fighting necessary to sustain the dignity of the establishment.'

And the result was, after a long and animated discussion, that Caleb consented that Nicholas might nail up the board that very night, that the town might be surprised the next morning with the suddenness of the apparition; for such it would be considered, as it was the only specimen of a sign-board in the village, if we except the yellow sky and blue stars of Karl Keiser. Caleb then retired to rest to be visited by curious dreams about sign-boards in general; and Nicholas could scarcely sleep at all, for the busy scenes which he imagined were already advancing in the cobbler's shop, the legitimate result of this invention of his skill.

Early next morning Caleb protruded his uncombed head from the window, and, lo! all Idleberg seemed to be gathered at his door. His first thought was that a mob of his fellow-citizens had assembled there for some nefarious purpose, but he was speedily reassured at seeing Nicholas Pelt standing in the midst of the crowd, and expounding the mysteries of the sign-board to the great delight of his astonished audience. Men, women, and children had gathered there from all parts of the town, with as much intensity of curiosity as if Caleb had caught a live elephant, and was exhibiting it *gratis*. There were men without their hats, and women without their bonnets, and children with little else than bountiful nature had given them. The shop-keeper was there with his yard-stick, and the smith with his sledge-hammer; and the little French tailor was there with his *Sacre Dieu's* and his red-hot goose, which he flourished to the infinite terror of the by-standers. But the principal figure in this motley group was no less a personage than Jonas Jones, the rival cobbler. Mr. Jones had of late grown too large for his trowsers. His prosperity had been too great for his little soul. He had cut the bench in person, leaving the drudgery of the business to the Company. By the aid of the village tailor he had become quite an exquisite, wore white kid gloves, and occasionally sported a Spanish cigar. There he was promenading before the door, with an ivory-headed cane, and an ogling-glass lifted to his eye; and every few seconds he condescended to inform the crowd that 'he was from Bosting, and the people were a set of demd fules to be making such a racket about a cobbler's sign.'



While curiosity was at the highest pitch, the uproar was increased by the sudden appearance of Hans Keiser, who came swaggering and blustering into the group, elbowing his way along until he reached the vicinity of the school-master. He who had been so diffident in the presence of the gentler sex, was now as bold as any lion need be among men. Smarting with the recollection of his recent discomfiture, he commenced addressing the assembly in a very rude, uncouth style, denouncing the sign as a Yankee contrivance, insinuating that the inventor was no better than he should be, and exhorting the good citizens of Idleberg to tear down the bauble as the only means of securing their lives and property from the occult witchcraft which he professed to believe lay at the bottom of it.

Caleb Van Dyke listened to this harangue with great attention, for it presented the subject in a new light by appealing to his hereditary superstitions; and it is not improbable that he would have suffered Hans to proceed in his meditated outrage, but for the intervention of Nicholas Pelt. Already had the sturdy young Dutchman climbed to the board and made an effort to wrench it away, when he was arrested by the stern voice of Nicholas, commanding him, as he valued his life, to desist.

Hans threw at him a look of defiance, and informed him that if he had the requisite physical strength, he might remove him; otherwise, he should remain where he was until he had torn away the board, or chose to come down of his own free will and accord. This announcement was received by the crowd with loud bravos, which however were immediately silenced when the school-master deliberately approached Hans, and grasping his leg, hurled him to the ground. Amid the flight of women and children and Mr. Jonas Jones, who declared that in consequence of being near-sighted he could see better from a distance, Hans scrambled to his feet, and aimed a blow at Nicholas that might have felled a stouter man, but for the skill with which he parried and returned it with interest. With the generous aid of the by-standers, who were ripe for a frolic, and expressed their anxiety on the subject by cries of 'Bravo!' 'Go it, Red-jacket!' 'Hurrah for Old Nick!' the combatants were on the point of getting into a regular pitched battle, with the usual adornments of bruised eyes and bleeding noses, when Caleb Van Dyke, who had just succeeded in putting on his ten breeches, rushed between them, and commanded them to desist. Another pacificator, whose presence operated equally on both parties, was the fair Ellen, who, having caught a glimpse of the fray from her window, and entertaining an indefinite idea in the general confusion that her father was on the point of being carried away by a press-gang, rushed into the street before completing her toilet, and ran to her father's side in all the beauty of her blooming cheeks and flowing ringlets, to the admiration of the company in general, and particularly of Mr. Jonas Jones, who, perched in safety on a barrel hard by, reviewed the subsiding conflict, lifted his ogling-glass, and beating his breast violently with his right hand in the region of his stomach, exclaimed, 'My heart! my eyes! what a demd foine ge-irl!'

Mean time another conspicuous object hove into sight, in the portly person of Karl Keiser, who came ambling and waddling along, supported by a gigantic hickory stick, to ascertain the occasion of the unusual hubbub before the door of his friend the cobbler. The first reply to his many inquiries revealed to him the active part his son had taken in the fray. 'What, Hans! *my* Hans!' exclaimed the choleric old Dutchman; 'where is the dirty dog? Let me at him!' And brandishing his club, he made his way through the retreating crowd, when reaching his recreant son, he belabored him lustily over the shoulders, and pointing significantly toward home, bade him be gone. Crouching and howling with pain, the lusty Hans obeyed; and it may be added in parenthesis, that hearing a vague rumor during the day that he was in request by the worshipful corporation of the town, to answer to certain grave charges preferred against him, by authority of the statutes against riots, routs, and unlawful assemblies, he decamped from Idleberg, and ere long was enjoying the long-desired luxury of going down the river on a flat-boat.

The pacific parties had at length triumphed over the belligerent. The fair Ellen, suddenly conscious of her generous and imprudent haste in rushing to her father's side, made a precipitate retreat into the house, not, however, without having first ascertained that Nicholas was unharmed by the fray; and in a few minutes the scene of such recent commotion was nearly deserted, save by an occasional school-boy who glanced at the sign-board, committed to memory the cabalistic words, *Mens conscia recti*, and went on, repeating them at every step. Last of all remained Mr. Jonas Jones, promenading in solitary grandeur before the house; now watching his elegant shadow in the sun, now glancing at the window where Ellen Van Dyke had first appeared to his enraptured vision, now bringing his glass to bear upon the sign, and winding up the dumb show by producing a white cambric handkerchief, somewhat soiled by use, with which he wiped his eyes; and looking upward and apostrophizing a cluster of invisible stars, he placed his hand on his breast, struck his ivory-headed cane to the ground, and walked off with an air that would have made him illustrious even in Broadway, Chestnut, or Tremont.

Never did cobbler set to work with less confidence than did Caleb Van Dyke on that day, and never was cobbler more agreeably disappointed. Scarce half an hour had passed, when customer after customer came flocking in, to purchase a pair of new boots or shoes, distinguished by the original name of men's conscia recti. Never was cobbler so complimented for his work: such capital leather! such elegant stitches! such a capacity for making large feet small, and small feet large! that every man who shod himself anew, declared that Caleb had at length discovered the true philosophy of cobbling. Conscious as Caleb was that the very articles now so highly commended, were manufactured months previous, and had been lying by in want of purchasers, he was forced to attribute this sudden change in his fortunes to the magical effect of the sign-board.

That was a proud day for Nicholas Pelt. All this time he had been reviewing from his loop-hole the busy scenes enacting at the cobbler's, and when school was over, he hastened into the street in advance of his eager pupils, and rushed to the cobbler's, where he was met at the door by Caleb in a high glee, jingling the genuine coin in both pockets, and declaring that he had realized more profit during that single day than in the entire month preceding.

This seemed a prosperous tide in Caleb's fortunes. Cheerfulness again lighted up his countenance, and competence and independence seemed the sure and early rewards of his toil. Successful industry never threw a brighter glow around any fire-side, than was felt at the humble hearth of the honest cobbler. Caleb was growing so good-humored and facetious, had purchased of late so many dainties from the village store, that the dame and the children were *not* overwhelmed with astonishment, as they should have been, when one morning at breakfast the old gentleman informed them that he was going to devote that day to shopping, and would take them all with him. Such piles of calicoes, cloths, and muslins, as the busy mercer threw down on the counter with an air that said he did n't mind it—he was quite used to it—he could put them all up again in five minutes; such trinkets, toys, and fineries as were then and there displayed, the little urchins had never dreamed of seeing, much less of wearing. And then the old gentleman bought so much and so fast that the clerk, a youth with a sleek head, and a pen behind each ear and one in his fingers, was kept quite busy noting them down. There was a new bonnet for the dame, and a new dress and a 'pink-red' shawl for Ellen, and a hat for Rip, and a doll for the baby, and trowsers and jackets for a dozen more, and stuff for a bran new suit for Caleb, to be converted into fashionable shapes by that arch knight of the shears, the little French tailor. And then you should have seen them at church the next Sunday; how the dame sported her new bonnet, and how Ellen sported *her* new shawl, and how Rip kept trying on his new hat right in the face of the minister, and how young old Caleb looked in his new suit; and how the neighbors all stared at them, and Nicholas Pelt chuckled in one corner, and the minister preached to them about vanity, fine clothes, and all that! ah, that was fine, and it all came from that *Mens conscia recti!* No fear of poverty there; no dowdy hats nor ragged breeches, taxing the needle and the patience of the dame; no thought of casting Ellen into the embraces of such a graceless scamp as Hans Keiser. All these thoughts and a thousand more passed rapidly through the cobbler's mind; and when he remembered the kindness of the school-master, he did not hesitate to forget his old prejudices, so far as to admit that a Yankee might be both a gentleman and a scholar.

While the honest Dutchman was thus inhaling the breezes of good fortune, his rivals, Jonas Jones and Company, were fast sinking into obscurity. The exquisite individual whose name gave title and dignity to the firm, was fairly smitten, as we have seen, with the charms of Ellen Van Dyke. For several weeks he devoted

himself to all the external blandishments his fancy could invent to arrest the affections of his rival's daughter. These had failed, and worse still, his customers were dropping off, one by one; his supplies were suffering under a collapse. Mr. Jonas Jones soon grew crest-fallen. His elegant form and fascinating attire ceased to be visible on the public walks, as of yore when fortune smiled. His wit had ceased to sparkle like champagne; his wares no longer dazzled the credulous Idlebergers with their cheapness and durability. Adversity had driven him to the bench, where he sat day after day, waxing his ends, brooding over his reverses; now dreaming of Ellen Van Dyke, and now moralizing on the vanity of earthly things in general. Mr. Jonas Jones was evidently in a decline.

While Mr. Jones was sitting one day in this happy frame of mind, tugging very hard at a most obdurate piece of leather, his reflections were suddenly interspersed with a series of original ideas. Unable to compete with his rival, he would call on him immediately, and offer his services as a copartner in his business and a husband for his daughter. Animated by these conceptions, Mr. Jones leaped from his sitting posture with a degree of activity that astonished the Company, threw aside the cumbersome rigging peculiar to his craft, devoted a few minutes to his toilet, and with hasty strides started out on his errand of love and copartnership. By one of those fantastic freaks which Fancy sometimes plays, his first step on the pavement was arrested by a new thought which flashed through his mind, and suffused his weazen face with smiles; and turning on his heel, he reëntered the shop, and walked deliberately into a private apartment, where he remained for several days on the plea of pressing and important business, secluded from the observation even of the Company. He had procured an immense board, and a great pot of black paint; and that was all they knew.

Sailing under a fair sky, with the wind all astern, and his canvass swelling in the breeze, Caleb Van Dyke was little prepared for the clouds that so soon lowered above his head. Early one morning, when on the point of resuming his daily toil, he glanced carelessly up the street, and beheld a great crowd before the Yankee's door, staring at a gigantic sign-board inscribed in quaint characters:

### **Jonas Jones and Company.**

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CONSCIA RECTI.

Adjusting his spectacles to reassure him that he was not dreaming, and muttering something very dreadful to think of, he called the school-master from the breakfast table, and directed his attention to the rival sign-board.

'Well, well,' said Nicholas; 'nobody but a Yankee would ever have thought of that. They are very bright over there; they have

translated a Latin inscription into English in a manner truly original. I confess I never thought of *that* before; we will see, however; we will see.' And Nicholas went off in a brown study to his school-room.

Caleb Van Dyke had good cause that day to know that the population of Idleberg was as vacillating as an aspen-leaf, or any thing else that may be shaken by a breath. Not a single customer called that day, nor the next, nor the next. In addition to the crowds of male customers who thronged Mr. Jones's establishment, he saw numbers of the other sex on a similar errand, who were curious to see that particular fashion of shoe called 'women's conscia recti.' Mean time Nicholas Pelt was very grave, and spent all his leisure time in his chamber; and at the end of a week, during which Caleb's shop had been entirely deserted, Nicholas had the satisfaction of showing to his host a sign-board larger, longer, and more imposing than all the rest, inscribed:

MEN'S, WOMEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S CONSCIA RECTI.

It is needless farther to pursue the ebb and flow of popular favor between the rival cobblers. Suffice it to say that this last device succeeded to the entire satisfaction of *our* cobbler; and men, women, and children, literally flocked to his shop, until his hands were kept busy night and day, and his pockets overflowed with gold, silver, and bank-notes. Yankee had met Yankee in the conflict of intellect, and fortune had smiled upon the school-master. In a very short time Mr. Jonas Jones and Company pulled up their stakes, moved farther west, and were never heard of afterward.

What now interposed to prevent the union of Nicholas and Ellen? How readily the fond father said: 'Yes, certainly, Mr. Pelt. God bless you! I can never repay your kindness.' How beautifully Ellen blushed at the thought that she was actually going to be married; how the parson tied the knot which no enactment of man should ever sunder; how friends gathered there to congratulate the happy pair, and share the bountiful repast prepared by the dame; how the wit of the bridegroom and the beauty of the bride never shone so brightly as then, and how Rip was put to bed of a surfeit; and how through it all the story of the *Mens conscia recti* was repeated over and over in tones of merriment, until the cobbler's dwelling rang again; these pictures are all too bright for delineation by our feeble pen.

Departing from the well-beaten paths of many writers of legends and chronicles, who usually drop the curtain at the bridal night, we ask but a moment, gentle reader, to record in outline the incidents which grew out of and succeeded this alliance. These weddings, after all, are actual occurrences, and not dreams of romance. Night *will* slowly retire; the lamps must necessarily go out, even though filled with the oil of Aladdin's; the liveliest tongues will get tired of talking, and the briskest feet of dancing; and then the quiet honeymoon will succeed, and life with its stern realities will wake the loving pair to the thought of duties and pleasures yet in store,

until the fading twilight of existence shall restore the bright ideal of 'Love's young dream.'

Nicholas's first step, then, was to inform Caleb Van Dyke that beside being a school-master, he was also a very respectable cobbler; and Caleb was convinced of this fact, almost against his will, at the sight of a pair of sturdy shoes manufactured by the quondam pedagogue, with a neatness and despatch that truly astonished him. Having arrived at the conclusion that the Idlebergers were disposed to spend their money more freely on their feet than their heads, Nicholas delivered his pedestal and birchen-rods to another adventurer who came along soon after in search of a school, and betook himself to cobbling in all its varieties. The firm of Van Dyke and Pelt thrived beyond precedent, and the old sign-board, after having become so illustrious, was permitted to retire, and its place was soon filled by another, composed and executed by the gifted Yankee, as follows:

'Blow, blow, ye winds and breezes  
All among the leaves and trees:  
Sing, oh sing, ye heavenly muses,  
While we make both boots and shoeses.'

In the mean time Hans Keiser returned to Idleberg, thoroughly cured of his passion for adventure. His old father, while under the combined effects of those genial stimulants, beer and tobacco, received him with great cordiality. Hans soon became reconciled to the loss of Ellen Van Dyke, having found a congenial spirit in the person of a farmer's buxom daughter, who had been for years selling butter, eggs, and poultry, at the sign of the yellow sky and blue stars, until the young Dutchman was suddenly smitten with her charms; and all parties consenting, they were in due time pronounced man and wife by the very parson who had officiated at the nuptials of Nicholas and Ellen.

Since then Idleberg has emerged from the ashes of its primitive obscurity, and has risen into great consideration at home, if not abroad, for its chaste attractions and its elegant society. The spot of ground once occupied by the hostelry of Karl Keiser, now sustains an imposing mansion-house, distinguished hereabouts as the Indian Queen Hotel. During Caleb Van Dyke's life-time nothing could induce the old gentleman to improve the indifferent dwelling to which a long residence had so much attached him; but Nicholas took the earliest advantage of his decease to remove the old shop, and rear upon its ruins a larger and more elegant building. While the Pelts are enjoying the luxuries of elegant country-seats and well-tilled acres, they cherish a commendable pride in remembering the humble means by which they have arisen to competence. Nicholas and Ellen are now enjoying a green old age, surrounded by their numerous and prosperous posterity; and the old family carriage, as it comes rumbling into town every Sunday, drawn by a pair of sterling gray horses, has painted on the pannel of each door an odd-looking pair of shoes of the last century's fashion, beneath which are inscribed in antique characters, the magical words:

## P O R T U G U E S E   J O E .

At the battle of Lake Champlain, a sailor, called Portuguese Joe, performed the gallant exploit of nailing the stripes and stars to the mast, after they had been shot down. He perished in the flames at the late fire in Exchange Place, New-Orleans.

Upon the lake the battle raged,  
And warmly was each heart engaged,  
To win their nation's liberty —  
To conquer or to die!

The iron hail was flying fast  
Against the sail, against the mast,  
And many a warm and gallant frame  
The prey of death became.

And louder grew the cannon's sound,  
And faster flew the balls around,  
And sadly rose above the strife  
The groans of parting life!

Still the brave tars beheld with pride  
The stripes and stars exulting ride  
Where many an eye was fondly cast,  
Upon the towering mast.

But hark! a shot! 't was guided well,  
And suddenly the colors fell!  
Another — and another — now  
The flag is lying low!

Upon the deck the stripes and stars  
Dip in the blood of dying tars;  
Oh! surely 't is a glorious stain,  
The life-blood of the slain!

But who is this who nobly dares  
Replace those precious stripes and stars?  
The tattered shrouds his fingers seize! —  
'T is Joe — the Portuguese!

Into the rigging quick he springs,  
Close to the splintered mast he clings,  
And now aloft how eagerly  
Is gazing every eye!

A long, a loud, a deafening cheer,  
Bursts from each gallant sailor near,  
Behold! the flag of liberty  
Again is waving free!

Three cheers! the flag once more is spread,  
Joe's shining hat waves o'er his head!  
And hark! a shout of triumph now!  
Three cheers from those below!

The fight is o'er—the battle done;  
'T was bravely fought—'t was bravely won;  
And Joe a glorious part did play,  
That long-remembered day!

Long years have passed, and Joe is dead;  
His ashes to the winds are spread;  
Long live within our memories  
Brave Joe—the Portuguese!

Charleston, June, 1843.

MARY S. B. DANA.

## THE POLYGON PAPERS.

### NUMBER TEN.

AUTHORS are very unequal. The loftiest sometimes sink lower than the mediocre ever do; the passionate are often lifeless; and the deep and original portrayer of character and the heart frequently utters sententious truisms and apophthegmatic nonsense. I have lately been perusing the writings of La Bruyere, and have been forced more than ever to admire his masterly choice of language, his vivid wit, and keen discrimination. Among some very acute and just remarks I observed one so amazingly juiceless, that for a time I thought it must have been hazarded as a kind of tantalizing puzzle—a hollow nut for fools to crack in the hope of finding a kernel. He says, 'As we become more and more attached to those who benefit us, so we conceive a violent hatred for those who have greatly injured us'—that is, 'we love our friends and hate our enemies!!' A truly profound conclusion, and one requiring long experience and deep philosophy to discover! My efforts to detect *some* brilliant thread in the triteness, and *some* savor in the jejune-ness of the above childish enunciation, gave rise to the following 'scatterings' on aphorisms, etc., and their writers.

Proverbs have been called 'the condensed wisdom of nations.' They may, I think, with more propriety be entitled 'an epitome of the truths and falsehoods contained in the more extended forms of books, and in the practical commentary of life.' Those of them which are true, are like the rules in the practical sciences, which the most ignorant artisan may apply, although he know nothing of the principles on which they are based, or of the process by which they are proved. If all these adages were true, they would prove of infinite advantage in life; since by a slight effort of the memory we might retain rules for our guidance through almost every difficulty of doubt or of temptation. But the misfortune is that here, as elsewhere, the true is mingled with the false, and only excellent sense with an addition of long experience can inform us which are worthy and which unworthy of reception. Now this same good sense and experience would furnish us with the same wisdom by



the induction of our own minds, and thereby supersede the necessity of the written or oral maxims of others. Hence it is clear that proverbs are of little practical utility, since the very wisdom they would teach is a prerequisite to an intelligent adoption of their teachings. Their chief value lies in their conveying a great deal of instruction in a portable form, and presenting it very impressively by the energy of some brief and homely illustration.

The frequent use of aphorisms and proverbial phrases has in all ages been regarded as a vulgarism. Many of them are strikingly true and extremely elegant, having emanated from thoughtful and polished minds; yet in their daily use among writers and speakers of all classes, they become soiled and worn, familiar and profane. They acquire the tone of cant, and are resigned to the possession of those who cannot think and speak for themselves. In the fragments of the old Greek comedy and in others of their familiar writers, we find proverbs usually given up to the subordinate characters. Even in Euripides, 'the philosopher of the scenes,' nearly all whose personages harangue in sententious monostichs like disputants in the *Academy* or declaimers from the *Stoa*, the proverbial style is mostly left to messengers and attendants, pedagogues and nurses. Among the Romans, Plautus is most profuse in adages, and with him they drop, thick and fast, from the mouths of pimps and parasites, courtesans, and slaves. Horace employs them seldom, save when personating some humble character; and Cicero, even in his 'Familiar Letters,' often prefaces their introduction by an apologetic 'ut aiunt'—'as they say.' Every one, who has read (and who has *not* read?) the romance of the renowned Cid Hamet Benengeli, remembers the ludicrous distress suffered by the knight of *La Mancha* in hearing his squire discharge whole broadsides of rustic proverbs at all times and on all subjects. The Italian language overflows with these trite familiarities. The low characters in the early English comedies, and the old English writers in general, abound in these homely texts, which teach the rustic moralist to *live*. If the novelists of this age of gas and steam-boats place in the mouths of their subaltern heroes few of the thread-bare aphorisms so common in the works of Smollet and Fielding, it is because the 'ignobility' of the present day have arrived at great perfection in a peculiar dialect—a compound of buffoonery and sentiment, of poetry and flash. In place of the quaint proverbs and worn allusions, in which their ancestors couched their humble thoughts, they bedizen their every-day attire of flimsy cant and coarse burlesque with borrowed flowers of fancy and the stolen jewelry of wit.

Writers of apophthegms, maxims, laconisms, etc., are more liable to errors than most other authors. Their aim is to be striking rather than consistent; and hence, in their pages you may frequently find sentiments of the most conflicting tendency. They have conceived a truth, and in order to illustrate it more forcibly, they clinch it with a brilliant catch; that is, they sharpen it with a glittering nothing, or point it with a sparkling lie. They fall into the same category

with the epigrammatists of the Martial school, who often bore you with a long and irrelevant preface for the purpose of introducing a smart turn at the conclusion. How infinitely inferior, by the way, with all their wit and all their polish, are the sharp conceits and coquettish affectations of Martial and his successors to the severe and noble simplicity of the Greek epigram! An ingenious thought is commonly a false one. Its very ingenuity and uncommonness are *primâ facie* evidence that it is neither natural nor correct. The apophthegmatist perceives that a particular fact is frequently associated with another fact. He immediately notes it down, and in a shape of antithetic brevity delivers it to others as a universal guide.

Many of these maxims are like those of Rochefoucault, on which Bulwer and some other self-imagined dissectors of the heart appear to have looked with an envious emulation. They are hard, cold, and brilliant—the deductions of a long, active, and passive experience in scenes of courtly treachery and polished heartlessness. They are gems, that have crystallized by an infusion of selfishness in the residuum of exhausted feeling—sparkling stalactites, formed by continual drippings from the cells of an acute and scheming brain upon the bottom of a cavernous and icy heart. If true at all, they are true, thank God, only among the summits of social life, where the scintillations of loveless intellect flash from peak to peak through an atmosphere of frosty splendor. Even if they be better founded and more widely applicable than I believe, their spirit is baleful, their tendency pernicious. They sow in the warm heart of youth the suspicions of the hackneyed worldling, and teach him that to meet and baffle the simulations and dissimulations of his fellows, he must sheathe his innocent spirit in the panoply of craft, subject every movement to the guidance of consummate art, and conceal every generous impulse and each warm emotion beneath the ice of unchanging coldness, or behind the glittering veil of one inscrutable, invincible, and everlasting smile. Asserting the absolute wickedness of all men, and impressing the necessity of a sleepless and universal doubt, they inoculate the tender nurslings of a rising generation with that poisonous wisdom which diffuses a moral death through the pithless trunk and leafless branches of their riper years. When I hear one rehearsing these odious lessons, and affirming that Virtue lives not in the heart of man, I am not so much convinced of her non-existence in the world as I am of her non-residence in the bosom of her slanderer. Whether the upholders of this infamous doctrine find in their own breasts the prototype of the unmitigated moral deformity which they attribute to their race, I shall not attempt to decide. But it is certain that these degraders of humanity are reduced to this dilemma. They either have an internal consciousness of their own utter depravity, which induces them to think all others equally devoid of worth, or from the evidence of history and experience they infer that mankind are entirely abandoned-devils incarnate. If the first be the basis of their belief, they must indeed be wicked—wicked beyond hope, and beyond redemption; for even thieves, cheats, and impostors

proceed on the conviction that there is something good, honest, and unsuspecting in the human breast. If they draw the foul tenet and utter the blasphemous libel from testimony and experience, how poorly must they have read the volume of history, how blindly have moved on the theatre of life, not to have seen that humanity is a mixture of good and evil, and that its eventful records are often bright with kindness, and faithfulness, and every virtue, though oftener alas! black with cruelty, and treachery, and crime! Leave, dear youth, leave 'Timon of Athens' and all others, who have out-lived, or fooled away their capacities of enjoyment, to gnash their toothless rage at a world they have abused, and, believe me, you may find on the written and unwritten page of human action a thousand deeds of noblest daring and most unswerving love — deeds whose touching moral beauty will thrill through all your frame, causing your eyes to glisten, your flesh to quiver, and your heart to swell.

The aphorisms of Epictetus, Antoninus, Seneca, and others of that class are not, indeed, of the same heartless and freezing character with those of Rochefoucault, and the Chesterfieldian school; yet they are mostly of too Stoical and superhuman a cast to be of much practical benefit to poor human nature. They counsel you, for instance, to bear the gout with patience, by considering that many have had it before you, have it now, and will have it after you; that impatience will not ease your pain; that you were born for suffering and must expect to suffer, and that, at the worst, it cannot last for ever. All mighty, true, and philosophical, no doubt; but the twinged and wincing sufferer cannot extract one grain of comfort from any of these considerations but the last. Sometimes they bid you reflect whether your sorrows are not the consequences of your own crime or folly. The affusion of *this* 'oil of consolation' is literally the casting of oil upon the fire. It is a sedative for grief resembling a handful of red-pepper thrown into inflamed eyes. It is adding to the agonies of the previous torture the rage of remorse and the bitterness of self-contempt.

These calm and rational exhortations to 'take it coolly,' and 'never to cry for spilled milk,' are all very good till they are needed. They are extremely salutary before the fever kindles or the milk is spilled; but in the presence of pain, or on the advent of disaster, to all but those who are gifted with fortitude by nature, or have been disciplined in the school of affliction, they are about as effectual as whistling in the teeth of a norwester. Their utter impotence in the storm of passion reminds me of the directions given by a good New-England deacon to his choleric son. 'Whenever you feel your *dander* rising,' said he, 'be sure to say the Lord's prayer, my son, or else the alphabet clean through; and long before you git to the eend on 't, you'll be as cool as a cucumber, or an iceberg. Promise me faithfully, my son.' 'Yes, daddy, I promise.' Off trudged Jonathan to school, carrying his bread and meat with a small bottle of molasses in his jacket-pocket, and his late firm promise uppermost in his mind. A boy, who bore him an old

grudge, met him, and, after calling him the 'young deacon,' and many other scurrilous nicknames, caught him off his guard, and threw him to the ground, tearing his jacket, and breaking his molasses-bottle. Now it is said by censorious Southrons, that a Yankee will take a great many hard names with the patience of a martyr: his spirit is word-proof; but tear his clothes or cheat his belly, and he will fight 'to the knife.' Up jumped Jonathan, his eyes wolfish and his lips white with rage. But 'there was an oath in Heaven,' and he did not forget it. So he proceeded to swallow his alphabetical pills—an antidote to wrath, not mentioned in the 'Regimen Salernitanum,' nor recognized by the British College. 'A, B, C,—you've tore my jacket—D, E, F,—you've spilt my 'lasses—G, H, I, J, K,—you're a 'tarnal rascal—L, M, N, O, P, Q,—I'll larn you better manners, you scamp, you!—R, S, T, U, V,—I'll spile your picter, you old wall-eye!—W, X, Y, Z, *amper sand*—now I'll pound your insides out o' you, you darned nigger!' And with that, Jonathan, whose passion had been mounting alphabetically throughout all his father's prescription of vowels and consonants, caught the young scape-grace, and, throwing him down, was proceeding to work off each of the deacon's twenty-six antirascible pills in the shape of a dozen hearty fisticuffs, which might, perhaps, have brought the poor fellow to the omega of his days had not the timely approach of a passenger interrupted the manipulations. So much for rules to control the passions.

The Greek pentameters, containing the 'Admonitions of Theognis the Megarian' form one of the strangest compositions I ever read. They are as complete a medley as any *colluvies* of vegetables, shells, and bones, swept by the Noachic flood into the hollows of the earth. Here a petrified rose-leaf rests its cheek upon a nettle; here lies the bill of a dove, and here a shark's tooth; here is the grinning chasm of a lion's jaws, and here the skeleton of a loving lamb. A kindly maxim is followed by a cynic snarl, and exhortations to universal affection sleep side by side with counsels to entire distrust in man. They are probably the 'disiecta membra'—a pest on the pedantry of Latin!—the scattered limbs of several moralists, and in their present incoherency, they remind one of that anomalous species of union facetiously styled by grammarians, a 'conjunction disjunctive!'

The proverbs of Solomon, apart from their inspiration, are of clearer and more comprehensive wisdom than all the paræmial precepts of the world beside. But among them, as Peter said of the writings of his brother Paul, there are 'some things hard to be understood.' As one instance out of many, I refer to Prov. xxvi. 4, 5. 'Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him;' and again, 'Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit'—directions which it requires the wit of an Œdipus fully to explain, and the wisdom of Solomon himself to act out with appropriate discrimination.

Among all modern books of that cast, I prefer the 'Lacon' of the eccentric Colton. Straggling through the fields of life after the

Greek and Roman reapers, he has bound his gleanings into a bundle scarce inferior to their sheaves in beauty and abundance. If hardly equal to some of his Gallic rivals in glitter and acuteness, neither has he dazzled the eyes of Truth with sparkling falsehoods, nor pierced the heart of Virtue with the darts of slander, nor sundered with the sword of sarcasm the fresh-strung nerves of Hope. Expressing thoughts at once noble, original, and true, in words always happy, and in a style at times of almost unrivalled elegance, the teachings of his few brief pages are of more value than all the tawdry sentiment and flimsy ethics scattered through the fifty 'parvum in multo' volumes of the *Last of the Baronets*.

'Dans toutes les conditions,' says La Bruyere, 'le pauvre est bien proche de l'homme de bien, et l'opulent n'est qu'ère éloigné de la friponnerie. Le savoir-faire et l'habileté ne mènent pas jusqu'aux énormes richesses.' How shallow and how false! One can hardly imagine how a man of his wit and sense could have ventured the sweeping declaration, that poverty is a proof of honesty, and wealth of knavery. Every one must see in the world around him that riches fall exclusively neither to the good nor to the bad, but somewhat according to the industry of men, and still more by the caprices of Fortune, or, in better language, by the mysterious dispensations of Heaven. Many of the rich have acquired their wealth by discreet and honest industry, and manage it with a thoughtful and wise benevolence. Many of the poor, on the contrary, are niggards on a contracted scale, and in their avidity for money would engage in any knavery to obtain it. Why have they not become rich? Because they had neither industry, enterprise, nor patience, and many constantly laid out their little gains in extravagant dress, temporary pleasures, and vicious indulgence. If, then, we grant the eager love of money to be a vice, the poor are often chargeable with it to the same extent as the rich, while the sum of their moral excellence being still farther lessened by idleness, impatience, imbecility, and vice, they are left far inferior to the wealthy in the scale of character and value. The truth is, the larger portion of mankind are dishonest, so far as temptation urges, and their courage or their opportunities allow. It is also true that large numbers of the rich have amassed their fortunes by knavery or gross injustice, and that a majority of them have occasionally infringed the rules of rigid honesty. And it is certainly no less true that, in some shape or other, a large plurality of the poor are more or less unjust and knavish in their little dealings with each other. The proportion of truly upright men is doubtless greater among the poor than among the rich, because riches have confessedly a corrupting influence upon the heart. But this corrupting influence of wealth has nothing to do with the mode of its acquisition. The ranks of the rich are constantly recruited from the crowds of the poor, and most of those who are now rolling in wealth were at first but penniless and friendless boys. If, therefore, a majority of the poor be radically and truly honest, so are an almost equal number of the rich, who are taken indiscriminately from among the poor.

Furthermore, the position that the opulent have generally gained their money unfairly, clashes with two other very orthodox and ancient proverbs, that 'villany never prospers,' and that 'honesty is the best policy.' I leave those who guide themselves by old saws to reconcile these contradictions, and independently of all proverbs I form my own opinion; which is, that riches and power are distributed among men with little or no respect of merit, and that fraud, however beneficial temporarily and in a coarse, pecuniary view, is ruinous, if we regard the sum total of our existence.

There are many opinions so commonly entertained and so frequently expressed, that although they have not perhaps attained the fixed form of an adage, yet they have the operation, and may be considered in the light, of proverbs. These opinions may be divided into two classes — generalities in general, and generalities in particular. The first arise from men's observing a few instances of a given fact, and erecting these instances into an all-embracing rule. They consist in such unqualified assertions as these — 'Americans are money-worshippers: Frenchmen are fops: religionists are hypocrites: doctors are pretenders: lawyers are knaves: politicians are time-servers.' These may be termed generalities in general, and they generally amount to falsehoods in particular. Unqualified assertions are usually qualified lies; for every thing in this world is a commixture of good and evil. What is good at one time, is bad at another; or what is good in itself is bad from its circumstances and adjuncts, or bad in comparison with something better. He, therefore, who affirms a thing to be good or bad absolutely, entirely, and at all times, commonly affirms more than is true, or, in other words, affirms a restricted falsehood.

Generalities in particular are derivative generalities, and the detection of their falsity requires a double analysis. After generalities in general have been established by a course of false reasoning, generalities in particular are inferred by a process of similar sophistry reversed, and an unfair deduction from an unsound predicate derives specific falsehoods from a generical untruth. Like that famous tree of the Indies, whose branches droop downward to the ground, and take root, and rise again, and descend once more, and rise afresh, till the central trunk is guarded by a youthful forest, and clings to its native earth by a thousand vegetable arms; so one of these comprehensive untruths sends forth its ramifications of mistake, which spring upward in a fresh growth of reproductive errors, till they are all fastened to the soil of the social mind by numberless and ineradicable roots, and the parent falsehood stands, surrounded by a giant progeny of lies. Here is the reasoning. Such a class of men are bad in general; *therefore*, this particular individual is worthless. Lawyers are usually dishonest men; *ergo*, this individual lawyer is a knave.' Here is the same beautiful logic reversed. 'I have heard of *some* cruel slave-holders; *therefore*, every slave-holder is a bloody tyrant. I have seen *some* haughty and oppressive 'millionaires'; *ergo*, all the opulent are purse-proud and unfeeling aristocrats.' These are the foolish generalities of

opinion and assertion, which have caused so many misunderstandings, suspicions, antipathies, and heart-burnings among the classes of society, the sects of religion, and the nations of men. He who should believe in the infallibility, and guide himself by the directions, of accredited opinions, and undisputed proverbs, would often be woefully puzzled by their divergent counsels and contradictory assertions. They often uphold as unfailing truths things that are true but in a majority or even a measureless minority of instances, and that according to extraneous contingencies.

For example, in speaking of heirs they represent them as universally a race of spendthrifts. Now they may, or may not, be so, according to their peculiar dispositions. Doubtless the acquisition of wealth by inheritance is less calculated to impress its possessor with a prudent estimate of its value than its accumulation by 'eating the bread of carefulness.' Yet thousands of legatees are more miserly than their legators, and thousands more manage their inheritances with discreet liberality.

It is said that intemperance *always* hardens the heart. Far be it from me to play the sophist in favor of excess, or to deny its natural *tendency* to blunt the feelings, and brutalize the soul. But, though I know not how it is, I have *seen* many, who, amid the ruins of their character and the withering of their hopes, seemed only to grow the more tender, generous, and self-sacrificing, and while shrinking from the coldness of their connections and the contempt of the world, overflowed with affection toward all mankind. A few years since I chanced to sit by the death-bed of one, who had drank up a fine estate, and brought down his once full and muscular form to a shrunken, fleshless frame — a very skeleton. That man would, at any time, have periled his life for another; and, when in his cups, would have rushed on inevitable death for the meanest of his kind. And even then, as he lay now writhing in pain, now fainting with feebleness, forgetful of his own sufferings and danger, he followed all my motions with his eyes, constantly beckoned to the servants to attend to my wants, and watched me, stranger as I was, with an anxious tenderness, which almost choked me with tears. Peace be with thee, poor Ned! May the earth rest lighter on thy heart than did the scorn of thy kindred! The adamantine chains of habit bound thee to degradation, and dragged thee to the grave — but a truer and kinder spirit never dwelt within a human breast!

A common maxim is, that 'old maids' are peevish, tea-drinking, scandal-loving bodies. Many old maids are so; for their constant exposure to unfeeling derision renders them the first; sympathy with each other's condition gives them the second habit; and the weakness of human nature prompts them to envy and detract from those whom they deem more fortunate than themselves. But there are many of these slandered sisters who never coveted the double blessedness they are supposed to envy; who are too independent to sigh for gilded compliments and hollow homage; and are quite content to live in isolated virtue, and die in solitary peace. Yes! thousands of these unappropriated 'units' have been mellowed by

the touch of Time, till they have become the very models of womanhood; modest and intelligent, just and generous, mild and charitable; aiding by their labors, consoling by their words, enlightening by their wisdom, and instructing by the beautiful teachings of uniform example. Hannah More is at the head of the female world.

It is a frequent remark that the sons of eminent men are rarely eminent. Now eminence is rare in *every* class of society — for it is a relative term, meaning *uncommon* excellence, and of course, it cannot be very common. But I think the proportion at least as large among the offspring of the great as among the children of the obscure. If among the former, vice too often consumes the energies of the spirit, and parasites persuade them that greatness is the privilege of their birth, and that Elisha will receive the mantle, although he walk not in the footsteps of Elijah; to the latter 'the ample page of Knowledge' has been sealed by stern necessity, and 'Penury has frozen the genial current of the soul.' Not one in ten thousand among the sons of the humble has ever attained to eminence, and quite as great a percentage is found among the children of the distinguished. The opinion, therefore, is either false, or is a stupid truism amounting to this: 'Few of the multitude distinguish themselves by *uncommon* merit.'

Another common assertion is, that the sons of very good men are generally more profligate than those of others. This proverb contradicts another adage, that a 'good tree bears good fruit,' and they nullify each other. In truth, however, the latter maxim is true, agreeing with reason, and verified by experience; while the former is absurd in theory, and false in fact. It forgets the grand principle of cause and effect. It were, indeed, a strange and mournful comment on the perverseness of our race, if the pious counsels and pure example of an upright father only served to harden and degrade the child. Strange were it, most strange and sad, did the seeds of a blameless life fail generally of their natural crop, and fructify only in acts of guilt and shame. On this theory, the tender parent, who would take the surest course for securing the integrity and welfare of his offspring, should in his own person display an obscene drama of flagitious action, and, like the lawgivers of Sparta, infuse in others a disgust of vice by a practical exhibition of her foulness. I do not thus believe in the force of contrast, or the power of opposites to beget and produce each other. The ordinary rule of Nature is, 'Like produces like.' The quite common opinion that reverses this rule in reference to the children of pious parents, arose from the observation of some instances of sad degeneracy, and as these were very striking, people forgot the mass of instances on the other side of the question, and generalized a few scattering exceptions into a universal rule.

Once more. Many modern novelists, when they wish to be very novel and acute, exclaim (in some suitable context) 'Misery loves company.' 'Ho! ho! are you there, old Truepenny!' 'Misery loves company.' And, pray, my fine apothegmatist, are you deep and



original in this remark ? Is it a profound discovery, or is it a shallow truism ? Are you very wise, or quite otherwise ? ' Misery loves company.' And does n't joy love company ? Does not anger long to diffuse its fires, confidence to reveal its hopes, and triumph to announce its exultations ? Instead of appearing to say something when you were saying nothing, why did you not remark in unpretending prose that we are sociable, sympathy-craving beings, and love company, whether miserable or happy ; and that all our passions, save the morose ones, seek for participation ? If you wished to go a little farther, and assert a truth, which should not be very brilliant, nor entirely unfathomable, you might remark, that if ever our joy or our sorrow fly from crowds, it is only because it is unfitted for their sympathy or too great for their comprehension. When our happiness or grief is so intense that it fills all the heart and engages all the brain, we withdraw ourselves from all communion, and reverize in the selfishness of solitude and silence.

Here endeth the commentary on the Book of Proverbs.

POLYGON.

#### S T A N Z A S .

ALONG the rugged path of life,  
So lonely, wild, and drear ;  
Where nought is heard but toil and strife,  
And nought but cares appear ;  
And where, for every springing flower,  
A thousand thorns arise ;  
And joy's uncertain, fleeting hour,  
Like meteor glows, and dies,

There is a light that brightly shines  
Mid passion's wildest rage,  
A charm around the heart that twines,  
From childhood up to age ;  
That light, that charm, when storms are nigh,  
Like heaven's own beams appear.  
The light, it glows from Beauty's eye ;  
The charm is Woman's tear.

The monarch on his lofty throne,  
The lowly village swain,  
Alike their magic influence own,  
And bow beneath their reign.  
When wavers Hope's unsteady light,  
And dark is Reason's ray,  
Oh, then, with radiance pure and bright,  
They guide our dreary way.

E'en at the last and solemn hour,  
When shadows dark appal,  
The spirit owns their mystic power,  
And lingers at their call.  
And when above the turf-crowned grave,  
Its head the willow rears,  
Brighter and greener does it wave,  
Bedewed by Woman's tears.

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

PACING up and down the small room, and muttering to himself in broken sentences, with his brows knit, at one time hugging his arms tight to his breast, at another flinging them over his head, snapping his fingers, or rubbing his hands together, and chuckling to himself, in that low, mocking tone which was peculiar to him, Rust spent the short interval that elapsed between the departure and return of Kornicker.

When he came to the office on that afternoon, and discovered the character of the persons who during his absence had made it their haunt, his first impulse had been to rid himself of them in the most summary manner; nor would he have hesitated to have done so but for the fear that Kornicker might regard such a proceeding as tantamount to taking the same step toward himself, and might break with him immediately, when he could but illy spare him. Determining, however, to reap some advantage from his situation, he set to work during the dinner to effect two objects; the first of which, being to quell the spirits of his clerk, was completely successful; but in the second, which was to discover something against Kornicker by which he might hold not only that gentleman's actions but his conscience in check, and finally break him down, until he became a mere machine, to obey blindly whatever was dictated to him, he failed utterly. Nothing was discovered on which he could hang a menace; no burglary, no swindling, no embezzlement, no fraud; not even a petty contemptible theft; nothing that could subject him to fine or imprisonment, even for a single day; for Kornicker, though a vagabond of the first water, still stood out stoutly for principles; of which he had established a code to suit himself, somewhat peculiar in character, but which carried him along more safely, and with less to answer for, here and hereafter, than many who boast a nicer creed; and to whom God has granted greater gifts and more extended opportunities. Rust had mistaken his man. Kornicker never deserted a friend in trouble; his hand was never tight shut against the solicitations of others, even though that hand might contain but a shilling; and often and often, the whine of a beggar had drawn his last copper from him, when he knew not whither to turn for another. Rust, however, was not daunted; for he believed no man so immaculate but that at some time or other he had brought himself within reach of the iron arm of the law. 'Patience, patience!' thought he; 'time will bring that too, and then he will be mine!'

His revery, and these thoughts which formed a very essential part of it, were cut short by the arrival of the subject of them, followed by the small boy who had officiated as waiter, bearing a large basket; and who, according to the established usage of all waiters, on entering a room which they intend to quit at any period on the same day, left the door open to facilitate such proceeding.

'Shut the door!' said Rust, sharply.

The boy obeyed the order instantly; and as was intended, the stern, abrupt tone in which it was spoken had a very decided effect upon Kornicker, who slunk into a seat, near the window, and began to look abstractedly at the ceiling.

'It's growing dark,' said Rust, turning to him. 'Will you oblige me by lighting a candle?'

There was a show of civility in the wording of this request; but the tone and manner were as peremptory as in his abrupt order to the boy; and it was obeyed with such nervous alacrity that Kornicker succeeded not only in fulfilling it, but in burning his own finger; whereupon he placed the candle on the mantel-piece, and blew upon the afflicted member with great vociferation.

'Ah!' said Rust, his thin lip curling, 'it's a pity; especially as it's entirely gratuitous. I asked you to light the candle, not your finger.'

Kornicker stopped abruptly, and probably somewhat stimulated by the pain, advanced a step toward him; and looking him steadily in the face, said: 'Thunder! man; let me tell you —'

'Certainly,' interrupted Rust, bowing with his hand on his heart, and his eyes closed, with an expression of profound humility, 'tell me whatever you please; I shall be delighted to obtain information of any kind. Michael Rust is always in search of knowledge. *Pray* go on with your communication. From its opening I should think that it was on the subject of atmospheric electricity; though perhaps it may treat of burns, or candles, or even of dinner parties for four; or of the various modes of keeping promises; or perhaps you intend to show some new process by which a dinner contract for one may be made to include five. The world's improving; perhaps mathematical calculations are advancing also, and I may be behind the age. But no matter; whatever it is, emanating from such a source as Mr. Kornicker, Mr. Edward Kornicker, it must be valuable. Go on, Edward. My dear Edward; *do* go on. Bless me! how slow you are!'

Kornicker, completely staggered by the list of topics which Rust enumerated, each of which was foreign to what he had to say, and each of which suggested something disagreeable, stared at him for a moment or two in sore perplexity; and then, instead of continuing his remarks, merely shook his head, muttered something between his teeth about 'a hard horse to ride,' and finding that blowing had not assuaged the pain of his finger, had recourse to the other usual remedy; and putting it in his mouth, sucked it apparently with much satisfaction.

'You do not proceed,' said Rust, after waiting with an air of pro-

found attention; 'I'm sorry, *very* sorry; for I've no doubt that we've lost much. You should n't have been diffident; you had quite a small audience; only two; one of them a boy, and the other an old fool, you know; and we would have made all allowance for youthful embarrassment.'

Kornicker, however, had so completely altered his mind that he made no other response than that of drawing his finger from his mouth, with a sudden noise like the popping of a cork out of a bottle; and holding it to the light, examined it with an air of anxious and sympathizing investigation; as if saying to it, 'Never mind, old finger; do n't let his remarks trouble you. I'm your friend. I'll stand by you;' which, doubtless, he intended to do, and did. Having concluded his examination, and his mental assurances of devotion to his afflicted member, he took a seat at the window, and looked out in the darkness. Rust in the mean time continued his remarks in the same strain; but as he went on Mr Kornicker began to show signs of restiveness; shaking his head in a sudden and positive manner, as if giving a sharp negative to some imaginary request; drawing in his breath between his teeth, with a whistling sound, and snuffing with extraordinary frequency and vehemence.

'A pleasant prospect that! The view from the window is very picturesque, particularly by candle-light,' said Rust, whose eye had not been off his clerk for a moment. 'I think it embraces a broken window and an old hat; although you may not be able to see them in this light, as they are at least ten feet off. I hope you enjoy it.'

'Suppose I do?' said Kornicker, turning short round, placing a fist on each knee, and looking up at Rust with an eye brimming with dogged sulkiness; 'and suppose I do n't; what then? what concern is that of yours? I came here to do your work; not to give an account of my thoughts or tastes.'

'Right! *very* right!' replied Rust, who saw that he had pushed matters as far as was prudent; and that any farther direct attempt at annoyance, might result in open rebellion upon the part of his clerk; but at the same time it was no part of his policy to appear to yield to this angry expostulation; so he merely repeated what he had just said: 'Very, *very* right, Mr. Kornicker; so you *do* my work, I care not a straw for your thoughts or tastes; and I *have* work for you, of which I will speak to you presently.'

Turning to the boy, who was removing the things from the table and placing them in a large basket, he asked: 'Were you acquainted with the persons who dined here to-day?'

The boy, who at that moment was invisible with the exception of a rear view of his legs, and of that portion of his body to which they were immediately attached, the rest of his person being busy at the bottom of the basket, in a struggle with the remnants of the roast beef, rose slowly to an upright attitude, and turning round, somewhat red in the face, asked if Rust was speaking to him; and on being answered in the affirmative, and the question being repeated, he nodded, and said: 'He rather thought he ought to be, and should n't be surprised to find out that he was, if waitin' on 'em, not

once, nor twice, nor three times, nor four times, was one of the avenues to their acquaintance.'

'Then you *do* know them? said Rust, to whom this reply was rather enigmatical.

'In course I do; all to pieces!' replied the boy.

This whole sentence, from the look and gesture which accompanied it, Rust took to be a strong affirmative.

'Who are they?'

'Ax *him*;' replied the boy, indicating Kornicker by a nod of his head. 'But don't *you* know? My eyes! I thought you know'd 'em all. If I did n't I'm bu'st!'

Having given utterance to this elegant expression, he forthwith plunged into the basket, and, with the exception of his aforesaid legs, was seen no more, until Rust told him 'to be quick,' when he again emerged, with a piece of meat in his mouth; and shouldering the basket, staggered out of the room, telling Rust 'that if he did n't shut the door himself this time, he suspected it would be left open; as he had but one pair of hands, and that pair was full.'

While these words were passing between Rust and the boy, Kornicker sat in the window in silence; but ever and anon, turning about and fastening his eye on the feet of his employer, he slowly perused him from his toes to the crown of his head; and then revised him downward to his feet, with an unflinching stare, generally pausing at the eyes, with an expression by no means amiable; and concluding his examination by a shake of the head, accompanied by that same drawing in of the breath already described.

In truth, Kornicker was gradually beginning to entertain the idea of throwing himself bodily upon Rust; of pummelling and mauling him, until he was a jelly; of flinging him promiscuously under the table, to keep company with the blacking-brushes, and a ragged coverlet which lay there, being part of Mr. Kornicker's sleeping establishment; then of rushing into the street, cutting his employer, throwing himself into the arms of his absent friends, and of setting up for himself, from that time forth. As these dim resolutions acquired strength, he began to straighten himself, look Rust full in the face, finger his snuff-box with vast nonchalance, indulge a low whistle, and once or twice he even worked his arms and shoulders backward and forward, as if tugging at an imaginary oar, or as if for the purpose of developing his strength, for some unusual performance.

These and various other indications of a resuscitation of spirits did not escape the quick eye of Rust, who saw that he could venture no farther; and after standing for some time with his arms folded, and his eyes fastened on the floor, he turned to Kornicker and said, in a tone very different from any which he had hitherto assumed:

'I have appeared to you to act strangely to-night, eh?'

'D—d if you hav'n't!' replied that gentleman, laconically.

'I supposed so,' said Rust; 'but I came here harassed, perhaps

cornered; as a wild beast would seek his den, for quiet and repose; and to endeavor to extricate myself from troubles which are thick upon me; and I found it the resort of — what?’

He paused and looked at Kornicker, who not knowing exactly under what head to class the individuals who had passed the afternoon there, remained perfectly silent.

‘It was not right,’ said Rust. ‘It was not right; but no matter for that now. I have work on hand which must be attended to at once. Bring your chair to the table.’

Kornicker in compliance with this request, and not a little mollified by Rust’s change of manner, dragged his chair to the place designated, swung it to its feet, sat himself down on it, and leaning his elbow on the table and his cheek on his hand, waited for the other to open his communication.

Taking a large pocket-book from his pocket, Rust ran his eye over a number of papers which were folded up in it, and finally selected two, which he placed on the table in front of him.

‘There they are, at last. Those are the ones;’ said he, pushing them toward Kornicker.

The clerk took them up one after the other, holding an end in each hand, and carefully viewed them from side to side; after which he replaced them on the table, and observed, partly by way of remark and partly in soliloquy: ‘Two promissory notes; Enoch Grosket maker; in favor of Ezra Ikes, for fifteen hundred dollars each; due six months ago.’

‘And indorsed by Ikes, to Michael Rust;’ continued Rust, taking up the phrase where Kornicker had left off. ‘Indorsed to Michael Rust; that’s me!’ said Rust, looking eagerly in his eyes, and pressing his thin finger on his own breast: ‘me — me — me!’

‘If you tell me that by way of news, you’re late in the day, man;’ replied the other. ‘I know that Michael Rust is you, and that you are Michael Rust; I think I ought to.’ And for the first time in the course of that evening, Kornicker closed his eyes, and shook inwardly; thereby indicating that he was enjoying a hearty laugh.

‘You will take these notes,’ said Rust, without paying any regard either to his merriment or his observation, ‘and sue on them at once; arrest Grosket, fling him into prison, and there let him lie and rot, until his stubborn heart be broken; until he crawl to my very feet and lick the dust from them. Ho! ho! would that he were there now, that I might spurn him! If he will not bend, why then,’ muttered he, setting his teeth, and his black eye dilating, ‘let him *die*; his blood be upon his own head. The fool! the vain, weak, short-sighted fool! He knew not that I had these in my grasp,’ said he, taking up the notes and shaking them as if in menace at the object of his wrath. ‘Now let him writhe in his den; and moan, and rave, and blaspheme to the walls that shut him in. There is no escape; no means of borrowing three thousand dollars. No, no; the jail is his home; the felon his room-mate; ho! ho! What a

glorious thing law is! Now then, Enoch, *friend* Enoch! *conscientious* Enoch! we'll see in whose hand the game lies!'

There is always something in the display of any fierce emotion, no matter how subdued may be the manner or tone it assumes, so it be connected with stern, unflinching purpose, that quells all lighter feelings in others; and there was that in the glowing eye of Rust, and in the convulsive working of his thin features, and in the sharp, hissing tones of his voice, although he spoke scarcely above a whisper, which effectually banished from Kornicker all farther inclination for merriment; but at the same time he felt no great complacency in being in the employ of a man who kept such dark and bitter feelings garnered up in his heart.

'Is it Enoch Grosket, the one who used to be here, you want put in limbo?' inquired he, after looking in the face which bent over him, for nearly a minute; 'why, I thought ——'

'Think what you please,' replied Rust, fiercely. 'I explain my motives to none. My instructions to you are simple. Get the money for these notes from Enoch Grosket, down to the last farthing. Listen to no offers of compromise; and whatever law will do toward adding wretchedness to poverty, let him feel!'

Rust spoke sternly and peremptorily, too much so for his own purpose; for he observed that Kornicker eyed him with a look of suspicion, and once or twice shook his head, as if the duty prescribed did not suit his taste. He saw that he must play his cards nicely; and to allay any feeling of compunction which might be gaining ground with Kornicker, he said, as if speaking to himself: 'Much as that man Grosket has wronged me; much as he has threatened me; anxious as he now is to ruin me; I'll deal more fairly with him than he has done with me. I'll be open in all my dealings. I'll not stab in the dark, as he has done. He shall know who his opponent is; and let him cope with him if he can. 'Mr. Kornicker,' said he, addressing his clerk, as if unconscious that what he had just said had reached that gentleman's ear, 'be strict in conducting that matter with Grosket; but deal fairly with him. Let every proceeding be such as will bear the light; no quirking, nor quibbling; no double-dealing; no, no. Give him law; law, only law; that's all I ask. I'll not let anger sway my actions, whatever effect it may have on my words. Did I not step in between him and starvation? Did I not lift himself and his family from the very dirt; and for five long years did I not furnish the very bread which they ate; and what then? The viper turned upon me and stung me. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Kornicker, I now ask only justice. Other men might be revengeful, and might long for his very life; but it's not so with me; oh no! no! Michael Rust seeks only justice, only law. Now, Sir, what's the first step you'll take upon those papers?' said he, pointing to the notes; 'how will you arrest him?'

Kornicker threw himself back in his chair, and putting his fingers together at the points, and forming two hollows of his hands, looked at them with an air of profound deliberation, as if selecting one out of several hundred modes of commencing a suit. Having, as he

supposed, duly impressed Rust with the importance of the undertaking, he took his snuff-box from his pocket, and having balanced it for some minutes, in great absence of mind, in one hand, while with equal abstraction he held a pinch of snuff between the thumb and forefinger of the other, he replied, 'that he thought, upon the whole, it would be advisable to commence by *'capias'*;' after which he snuffed copiously.

'How soon can you begin?' inquired Rust.

'As soon as I can get a writ,' replied Kornicker, dusting the particles of snuff from his prominent feature with the back of his hand. 'A blank costs two cents.'

'Begin at once; to-night;' said Rust, pushing a handful of silver to him. 'Have him in prison before midnight. Spare no expense, but carry out my views.'

'Why, you *are* quick, upon the trigger,' replied his clerk. 'I can fill up the writ at once; but it's eight o'clock; the clerk's office is shut, and we can't get a seal; so is the sheriff's office, and we can't get a deputy. It won't do. We must wait until to-morrow.'

'Time is gold, now,' muttered Rust, starting up and going to the window, against which he leaned his head, whilst his eyes peered out in the gloom. 'Had I been warned sooner; had that love-sick boy spoken but a few hours earlier, I might have had him in my grasp. While I am here, with my hands tied by the empty forms of courts and legal proceedings, Grosket, who laughs at them all, is at work. Who knows what a single night may bring forth! In a single night, nay, in a single hour, the schemes of a whole life have been overthrown; and with such a man as Grosket to cope with, the danger is doubled. *Would* that I had him here! with no law to hold up its warning finger at me; with my gripe upon his throat! ho! ho! ho! Good Enoch! my dear, best-beloved Enoch! would that I had you here! So nothing can be done until to-morrow?' said he, abruptly, turning to Kornicker, as he recollected that he was not alone; 'and I must sit here, shackled, until then?'

'As to the shackles,' Mr. Kornicker replied, 'that he knew nothing about them; but as to issuing the writ before morning, it could n't be done, that was plump!' Saying which, he pushed back the money, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, whistled thoughtfully.

'You'll be here early in the morning?' said Rust.

'I rather think I will,' replied Kornicker, 'unless the house should take fire, in which case I shall withdraw.'

Rust looked at him for an explanation, which Kornicker immediately gave by pointing to the coverlet under the table, and informing him that they were then in his bed-chamber; at the same time volunteering the information that during the day the bed itself was placed in a spare room in the garret, occupied only by a cat and her family; which said cat and family were a source of much annoyance to him, from their being addicted to sleeping on his bed during the whole time that it was not occupied for the same purpose by himself. 'Cats had n't fleas; there was some comfort in that. If it had been a dog and family, he should have resisted strenuously.'



Rust, at the conclusion of his observations, turning to him, merely said: 'If nothing can be done here, I must be at work where my time will not be lost. I shall expect you to be ready early in the morning. Good night!'

At an early hour on the following day Mr. Kornicker sallied out of his office, and bent his steps toward the City Hall, bearing in his hand a small slip of printed paper, whereby the Sheriff of the City and County of New-York, was commanded by the People of the State of New-York, to take the body of Enoch Grosket, defendant, if he should be found in his bailiwick, and him to safely keep, and to have him before the Judges of the Supreme Court, on a certain day and at a certain place, to answer unto Michael Rust, plaintiff, for the non-performance of certain promises and undertakings, etc., to the damage of the said plaintiff of three thousand dollars. And on the back of the same paper was a small memorandum, containing a hint to the said sheriff to hold the defendant to bail in six thousand dollars.

Thus armed and equipped according to law, Mr. Kornicker presented himself at the sanctum of that officer. It was a small room, with a partition a few feet high thrown across it, to shield the sanctity of the magistrate and his deputies from contaminating contact with the rabble members of the bar. Behind this partition was a sloping desk, on which lay a number of large ledgers; and looking over one of these, stood a stoutish man, with a round, full face, thin whiskers, and an aquiline nose. He had a gold chain hanging over his vest, and there was not a little pretension in the cut of his garments. As Mr. Kornicker entered, he put his pen in his mouth, paused in his employment, and looked at him over the partition.

'Here's a gentleman whose flint wants fixing,' said Kornicker, handing him the writ. 'I want it done at once. Screw him tight.'

The man nodded; and taking the paper, after glancing at it, turned to a person who sat behind the partition, invisible to Kornicker, and said: 'Mr. Chicken, can't you do this?'

Mr. Chicken rose up; a mild man, six feet high, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, from beneath which straggled a few locks of hair, which had once been iron gray, but which were now fast verging toward white. His nose was bulbous, being neither Roman nor pug; his eyes dark, and paternal in their expression; his neck was buried in the folds of a white cravat; and in his hand he carried a cane, probably for the combined purposes of self-aid and self-defence.

Fixing his hat more securely on his head, and placing his cane under his arm, he drew from his pocket a small leathern case, containing his spectacles; and having placed them on his nose, and adjusted and readjusted them several times, he proceeded to peruse the document submitted to his inspection. Having completed this, he gently inquired if Grosket lived a great way off; and being informed that he did not, he said, 'he rather thought he'd like the job.' This conclusion having been happily reached, the man with a Roman nose entered the writ in one of the ledgers which lay in

front of him, after which Mr. Chicken placed it in a large pocket, in company with about a dozen documents of the same description, and looking affectionately at his collection, he shook his head with a melancholy smile, and said :

' Folks is beginning to talk of abolishing imprisonment for debt. It's an inniviation as will bring no good ; and it's the hardest-hearted proceeding agin us deputies as has been done yet. It'll use us all up. Forty year I've been a deputy, and never heerd of the like of it afore ; never ! never ! Arter this, rascals will be gentlemen, and deputies will be beggars ! Ah !'

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

A SAD blow, was this quarrel between her father and Ned Somers, to Kate Rhoneland ; for so fierce and bitter was the anger of the old man, whenever he was alluded to, and so opprobrious were the epithets which he showered upon him, that at last his name was never mentioned between them. But had Kate forgotten him ? or had she forgotten the day on which he had accidentally met her in the street, and had turned about, and walked at her side ; and had, among other things, casually told her that he loved her more than all the world beside ? Or had she forgotten how she, in the same casual manner, had uttered a few words in reply ; but how, or what they were, she knew not ; except that they made his eyes grow bright with smiles, as he whispered in her ear, that she was ' his own dear little Kate, and had made him very happy ;' and that they had loitered on, hour after hour, quite forgetting that she had any where to go, or any thing to do, or any thing to speak of, or think of ; or that there was any one else in the wide world but themselves ? No, no. Kate had forgotten none of these things. A happy day was that ! They talked over occurrences which had taken place long before. They explained away trifling difficulties, and misunderstandings, which had been the source of much thought and anxiety to both ; and which (although Kate did not confess thus much) had often caused her eyes to fill with tears, when she was alone, and there were none to see her ; and which accounted for the bright drops which her father had sometimes discovered on her cheek as she lay asleep, when he came to take a last look at her, at night ; and which had caused him to ponder and dream until he forgot them amid his own troubles. Thus was that day spent ; a green spot in memory. Through quiet, out-of-the-way streets, they took their way ; through quarters which the bustle of the world never reached, and where the rumbling of the city was heard only in the distance, like the hum of a mighty hive ; beneath tall trees with their long branches drooping to the earth, as if to protect the soil which made them so great and beautiful as they were ; and their deep green leaves, now glittering with sunlight, now dark in shadow, hanging motionless, or quivering on their slender stems,

with a scarcely audible sound, as if whispering to each other; and through the thick foliage were glimpses of the blue sky, with here and there a fleecy cloud loitering on its broad bosom, like a sail at sea; while beneath, the earth was checkered with a mosaic of light and shadow. Who can tell the happiness of those young hearts on that day! Who can tell why sky and earth seemed so beautiful; and even the faded old houses about them, pent up in dim streets with great trees nodding over them like dozing sentinels, seemed to wear a gay, glad look?

How much they had to say! And yet when it was said, and they had parted, and Kate was recalling it to mind in her own room, how little there was in it! How familiarly she had leaned on his arm, as if she had known him from childhood! and how fondly he looked down in her face! and how strange it seemed to call him Ned, whom she had never before addressed except as Mr. Somers. Yet, 'Ned' sounded better. Much better than 'Mr. Somers;' and so did 'Kate,' than 'Miss Rhoneland.' Poor little Kate! There was much food for thought in all that had passed that day; much food for happy thought. All that had occurred was dreamed over; and never had time flown by so rapidly. How surprised she had been, on hearing a clock striking the hour, to discover that he and she had been walking together for four long hours, and that Ned, like a downright-vagabond, as he was, and as she told him that he was, had contrived (she of course not being aware of the matter) to get her at the longest possible distance from home; so that, when they returned it took them a good hour to get back; nor did he even then, as she shrewdly suspected, select the most direct course; but as she was not certain on this point, she said nothing about it; but merely told him, 'that she would be careful the next time she trusted herself to his guidance;' which no doubt she was.

Well! the happiest day in our lives must have an end; and that day, which certainly was the happiest one in the life even of Kate, who, up to that time, had had little to make life other than a bright dream, at last came to an end; or at least the time which most contributed to make it all that it was, was past, and Ned Somers was gone, having escorted her to the door and even into the entry, from which, however, he retreated with some precipitancy on discovering that he had inadvertently, for the first time in his life, pressed his lips to hers, and that if he remained there, the same inadvertent offence might be repeated to an indefinite extent; an occurrence which, of course, under present circumstances, could not fail to be in the highest degree lacerating to the feelings of both.

She never spoke to her father about what Ned had said; for Ned had told her that he did not wish to ask her of him until he could look him in the face, and tell him 'that he could support her as she always had been accustomed to be supported; and that it was his daughter, and only his daughter, that he asked.' He told her, too, that that time would come soon, and that they were both young, (for Kate was then barely sixteen,) and Kate had said, 'Oh yes, entirely too young to get married,' although Somers had differed from her

on that score; but from that day forth, Ned had constantly been at the house at all hours, until he was regarded as one of themselves, and grew to be almost as great a favorite with the old man as with Kate herself; and both looked hopefully forward to the time when Ned's prospects, which were already brightening fast, should be firmly established, without anticipating obstacles of any kind from Rhoneland.

Things had gone on thus until Michael Rust came; and with him came a change in all else. There was evidently something between him and Rhoneland, hidden from all others, which had a powerful influence upon the latter, who more than once spoke to Kate of the great wealth of their new guest, inculcating upon her respect and deference to him. At other times the old man spoke to her of observing a strict economy; of saving every farthing, to lay it up in case of need, speaking of gold as if it were omnipotent; and seeming to gloat over it with a miser's hunger; yet such had never been his disposition until Michael Rust came. But that was not all; for, although it would almost have broken her heart to see the fine-soul'd old man, which her father always had been, sinking down into a mere machine for hoarding dollars, with no other instinct or aim in life; it was not that, however, which lay heaviest at her heart. From what had dropped from him at intervals, she knew that there was a stronger bond between him and Rust than the mere obsequiousness which avarice pays to wealth. There was the quick, restless motion of the body when Rust's name was mentioned; the watchful, irresolute glance of the eye when he was present; ever ready to detect his slightest movement, like the look of a person ever in fear, and ever on his guard against attack. There was the nervous, anxious desire to propitiate, to anticipate any thing which he might desire; to remove any thing which might give offence; and unaccompanied by any of those tokens of goodwill which indicate that these acts spring from the heart and not from the fears; all showing that whatever tie might connect them, it was not that of love on the part of Rhoneland.

At last Rust, who for a long time had troubled himself about none but Rhoneland, seemed to discover that he had a daughter, and that that daughter was exceedingly beautiful, and that the old man doted on her. He also discovered that a certain young man by the name of Edward Somers came to the house frequently; much more frequently than was proper for a young man not connected with the family, and not desirous of being connected with it; and not having any thing in particular to bring him there, as Ned certainly did not say that he had. Having made this discovery, and thinking it desirable to get Somers out of the way, he set to work to attack his character, not openly, but in that most assassin-like of all modes, by throwing out mysterious innuendoes; by occasional whispers in the ear of old Rhoneland, and by repeating rumors which he had heard; but which of course he did not believe, and which he mentioned only that his friend Jacob might know what absurd stories were afloat. They were never repeated, however, in

the presence of Kate, but only to the old man when he and Rust were alone; Rhoneland, however, stood out stoutly for his young friend. He said, 'that he had seen much of him, and never any thing amiss; that the reports were lies, for there were great liars in the world, and he did not believe them.' Neither did Rust. 'He was astonished that people would circulate such tales; for from all that he had seen of Ned, he was a fine, frank, open-hearted fellow, although he must confess, that all who seemed so were not so; and that he had not liked Ned at first, for he thought that he had a 'down look,' (which, by the way, was rather remarkable, as Ned always held his head peculiarly erect, as if to look all the world in the face.) Rust, however, kept at work, rasping, and rubbing, and picking away at Ned's character; inventing a thousand things which had never happened, and whispering to the old man, under promises of secrecy, remarks which Ned had made of him, which were not very respectful, and which Rust was surprised (considering what a fine fellow Ned was, although others had a different opinion of him) that Ned should make. Whatever may have been the cause of his want of success, it is certain that it was not very great, until the conversation with Harson opened Rhoneland's eyes for the first time to a fact which he had never before suspected; that Ned's visits were paid to his daughter and not to himself; and that his child had given her affections to him. On the back of that came the encounter with Michael Rust, and his insinuations, that Ned was hovering round his daughter with the purpose of dragging her from him, and deserting her when there was no hope left for her but the grave.

No wonder then that when Somers was driven from the house, the old man hugged his daughter in his arms, and wept over her, and kissed her fair forehead, and pressed her face to his bosom, and rested his cheek upon her head, while his whole frame shook with heavy sobs, of mingled joy and indignation; nor that he kept near her the whole of that day, scarcely suffering her to quit his sight, locking the house door and always opening it himself when there was a knock, lest it should be Somers, returning to lure his child from him. Over and over again he begged her not to leave him; conjuring her not to see Somers again, and telling her that Ned was a scoundrel, and that the only mode of saving herself from destruction was by never meeting him again.

And did Kate never see Somers again? But once and only once. She knew that her father wronged him. She knew how long and patiently he had been waiting and working for her. She knew too that Michael Rust had his own designs upon her; for she was not blind, and Michael Rust's admiration was too undisguised, and his speech too devoid of concealment to leave her in doubt. She knew too, although he had studiously concealed it from her, that he was Ned's enemy, and that he wished to rid himself of a rival; and she strongly suspected that he was at the bottom of this whole matter. She knew all this, and she thought, that now that the worst had taken place, that Ned should know it too; for she had hitherto concealed much of it, lest it should lead to difficulties

between Somers and her father's guest. But nothing was to be gained by concealment now; and she felt, that to see Somers, to tell him all that she knew, all that she had seen, all that she had heard, and all that she suspected, was but her duty, and that to refrain from doing so would be very, *very* wrong. If she erred, it was an error which many will forgive.

And under this conviction, she met him again, with her young heart full almost to bursting. She met him to tell him every thing that she knew or suspected of Rust, and his plans with reference to herself, and to caution him against him; to tell him to watch him; but above all, to incur no risk himself; to tell him that he and she must meet no more until he could vindicate his name to her father; to assure him, whatever others might say, or do, or think, that she believed not the slanders circulated against him; to beg him, that whatever others might say of her, or whatever attempts might be made to separate them, or whatever tales might be fabricated to make him doubt her faith and love, to believe them not; to set them down as the base coinage of a baser heart; and to believe that she loved him still; that in her heart of hearts he was still the same to her that he always had been; and that he ever would be, until that heart ceased to beat. She said this, and she said a thousand times more, for she was meeting him with the full resolve to meet him no more; with the full knowledge that their parting must be at all events a long one, perhaps a final one.

They went over the same spots which they had lingered over in happier days; the same out-of-the-way haunts, where there were few to observe them; under the same old trees which stretched out their long branches, now naked and stripped of foliage; along the same bye-streets which they had selected on the day when he first learned that she loved him. They spoke but little; for all that Ned could do was to assert that the tales which had been repeated to her father were false; to wonder who the slanderer was, breathe forth vengeance against him, and to suggest the propriety of belaboring Rust soundly, and running the risk of the flogging falling on the right shoulders. And all that Kate could say in return was to repeat her utter disbelief in every thing, that went to show that Ned was not all that she had supposed and wished him to be.

Thus the day lingered on, and the time came for parting. They said but little, for there were no bright prospects to cheer them on: a few words of encouragement faintly spoken, for their hearts whispered that they were vain; a few broken words of hope, uttered in so sad a tone that they seemed a mockery; a stifled 'God bless you, Kate!' as he pressed her to his heart; a 'Good by, Ned,' half sobbed, and they parted, and Kate hurried to her own room; and hiding her face in her hands wept the bitterest tears that she had ever shed in her life. But the agony was over; they had parted; and now she told her father that they had met; and why; and that they were to meet no more until he could vindicate himself. The old man heard her out, contrary to her expectations, without an expression of anger, and merely said, that 'it was very well, as it was; that she did right to see him no more;' and that was all.

## I M P R O M P T U .

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A ROSE-BUD FROM A LADY.

METHINKS thy gift to wandering bard,  
Who weaves for thee this careless strain,  
Will prove an amulet to guard  
From outward ill and inward pain.

Oh, precious is the bud to me!  
On thy fair bosom once it lay;  
For richest pearl in Indian sea,  
I would not barter it away.

Thy touch hath made it, leaf and stem,  
A priceless and a hallowed thing,  
Meet for Titania's diadem,  
While dancing in the fairy ring.

When faded its voluptuous hue,  
A life will linger in the flower,  
That needeth not sustaining dew,  
Or golden sunshine's nursing power.

By day and in the hush of night,  
Grief's shadow from my brow to chase,  
Its leaves will summon back to sight  
Thy graceful form and classic face.

Thanks for the gift! its leaflet fair  
Of thy young heart is emblem sweet;  
Place in this bosom may it share,  
When lifeless in my winding-sheet!

To the bard's dreamy, gorgeous land  
In spirit may we often fly,  
And wander, shadowy hand in hand,  
Through rose-wreathed halls of fantasy.

What nonsense have I written down?  
I am not self-possessed to-day;  
On brow the world hath taught to frown,  
The light of song should never play.

Can witch Imagination warm  
A heart whose passion-streams are dry?  
Mere man of parchment and of form,  
And slave of wrangling fools, am I.

Should maid, then, blest like thee, require  
From me the tributary rhyme?  
The peerless child of laurel'd sire  
Will share his fame in after time.

Thou needest not the praise of one  
From whom life's romance is receding,  
Who haunts a land without a sun,  
The barren realm of special pleading.

Farewell! I leave thee with regret,  
To struggle in the war of life;  
I would not for a world, forget  
Thy words of — Hush! I have a wife:

And two sweet children, one a boy  
Who wears the dark hair of his mother,  
And, full of innocence and joy,  
A radiant little girl the other.

New-York, June 25, 1843.

WILLIAM H. C. HORNER.

## C À E T L À.

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE.

Now Samson went down to Gaza,  
To buy up his goods for the season:  
Quoth Madame: 'Don't make a stay, Sir,  
And come back with some foolish reason.'

OLD AMERICAN BALLAD.

THOU knowest, DIEDRICH, that it has long been settled that Noah landed in America, and that Mount Ararat is in the State of New-York. I am inclined to believe, from this undoubtedly genuine ballad, which I discovered in the lining of an old trunk in the garret of the principal inn at Ramapo, that the Jews resided here at a much later period of their history; but that has nothing to do with us at present. All that I wished to prove by the ballad is, that the great wielder of jaw-bones was hen-pecked. So was Cicero.\* So was Mr. Liner. Mr. Liner was, beside, pullet-pecked. Miss Catharine pecked him. Not that Miss Catharine was by any means ill-natured; for I have seen her only 'grin a ghastly' when she met a rival belle better dressed; but she made her poor father keep his eyes open night after night, by pinching himself, and by wondering at her astonishing strength of limb, '*effera vis crurum*,' as he delighted to call it. And when the old gentleman would hint to his daughter that he thought it high time to depart, she would meet his suggestion by a decided negative: 'Oh no! not yet, pa!' pronounced with that sweet asperity and bitter mellifluousness of manner, which we often notice in people whose toes have been trodden upon by a distinguished stranger, who apologizes. Metaphysically speaking, her tone was a cross between a smile and a snarl.

In the summer Miss Liner visited at the watering-places — Saratoga, Sharon, Rockaway — and returned fully impressed with the truth of a late traveller's remark: 'The social intercourse of American watering-places may be defined as follows: the gentlemen spit

\* 'An ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet,' etc.



and the ladies spat.' She herself came home with no less than five quarrels on her hands, which she was heroical enough not to regret, when the five foes gave parties and left her out.

The first year or two of this kind of life was very pleasant; but as winter after winter rolled on its balls, and summer after summer found her haunting the same places, and she found herself still remaining Liner, a sigh, soft yet spiteful, escaped from her 'heaving breast.'

(*Nota.*—All breasts 'heave' in romances, as if they were Irishmen employed in coal-yards.)

'Why,' whispered she, softly, 'can I not find some one on whom I may lavish the treasures of affection that I have been hoarding for so many years?'

'There,' hissed she, spitefully, 'is that Henrietta Hoogeboom, not half so stylish as I am, and a miserable waltzer, and yet she is engaged!'

One young man, a foreigner from Tobolsk, encouraged by her bravos at his performances, did propose; but was indignantly refused. Old Mrs. Liner, who was a little à la Malaprop, said, crimson with rage, that she 'would n't make use of him as a foot-pad.' Had the youth from Tobolsk asked a few years later, he would have been accepted. A man can carry off any single woman, if he only chooses the right time. Drowning men are said to catch at straws. It may be so. We have never witnessed a drown, and cannot say: but spinsters about sinking into the vast profound of old-maidism do catch at straw men. This we can assert.

No good parti offered. Attention too began to be scanty. The world of beaux, empty-stomach'd as empty-hearted, rushed to her balls to enjoy the suppers, and to dance with newer belles. They were smiling but unsatisfactory. Now and then some eager debutant would claim her hand for a waltz, and lead her off in triumph, amid the sneers of the experienced. Pardon us, good friends, if we again recur to the romance, the *analyses* of which we have been giving you:

'THE ball room was bright and beautiful. Two thousand candles shone in the lofty rooms; two hundred belles flashed as they sidled in the waltz and simpered in the cotillion. The 'middle ages' line the walls; capped, sitting bolt upright, wide awake, smiling, but looking out like highwaymen for rich young men. Tarpenny descends from the dressing-room, and trembles. It is his fourth party. Simple-minded youth! He feels the arduous nature of his undertaking. He gives his hair the last adorning touch, the *coup de grâce*; with hands glued to sides, he enters, fixes his eye upon the hostess, and rushes headlong at her. Politeness urges her to advance to meet him; self-preservation prompts her to avoid. Convulsively forward jerks his hand, eager for a shake; two taper fingers only, cautiously advanced, are feebly placed within his grasp. His friendly force betrays him; he shakes the air; loses his balance; hops upon one foot. While on the hop, his rosy face

meets a cognizant female eye. He bows upon one leg, totters still, and half falls against a man of muslin. He jumps away, muttering an indistinct '*Pardon!*' With a hot, painful sensation in the face, he takes refuge behind a door, to emerge again when coolness brings relief, and the nose no longer glistens. He looks about him, and gallantly resolves to dance. Miss Liner meets his inquiring eye. When a little boy he had seen beaux about her. It was years ago. She is a belle. There can be no doubt about it. How lucky that she is not engaged! He sees distinction close at hand, and hurries to the hostess. She presents him. He stammers out the question. Miss Liner grumbles a 'Yes.' He leads her off in triumph. Short-sighted mortal!

MRS. LINER began to ask, 'Why don't the men come forrard?' and old Liner was heard to mutter: '*Quousque tandem Caty Liner abutère patientiâ nostrâ?*'

Another year, and the last faint *spark* expired.

'Why is it Mrs. Liner,' quoth the father, as he was tying his night-cap strings, 'that our daughter cannot get a husband? I know very well that Erasmus says, in speaking of women, *Nulla bona, Nullus beau*; but we, thank God! are rich, and I am sure we all have tried hard enough. There was Shufflesbank, for instance. Did not we run after him at balls, plays, concerts, until I got the pleurisy, and you a bilious attack? And Catharine, poor soul! did she not dance after him until she wore herself down to a skeleton? and all for nothing? Something must be done, Mrs. Liner. Gad! I have a plan——' A rattling, reverberating snore completed Mr. Liner's paragraph; and soon the married noses, blended in harsh discord, pealed a lullaby through the bed-curtains. As to Miss Catharine, she looked upon the first part of the proverb, '*L'homme propose*,' as an absurd and cruel fiction, invented by a tantalizing wretch. And when her cousin, Miss Frizzle—who like the Scythian in Elian was all face, and poor and ill-natured to boot—when Frederica Frizzle, whose physiognomical and moral qualifications were forcibly described by one of her friends as

'Nose carnation,  
Temper darnation!'

when Miss Frizzle, I say, engaged herself to her first offer, a nice musical young man, with the slightest possible moustache, then Catharine waxed gloomy, and her snowy *batiste* was bedewed with tears. As the poet hath it:

'Through fingers tiny  
Streamed the briny.'

We have now come to the beginning of our story. Miss Liner sits weeping upon the sofa, regretting Shufflesbank and her first offer from Tobolsk. It remains for us to see what was Mr. Liner's plan.

## N O ' T H - E A S T   B Y   E A S T .

## I.

THE wind is East; what little there is,  
 No'th-East by East, and the captain lays  
 His ship all lady-like in stays,  
 Stripped as far as it decent is.  
 For three points off her weather-bow  
 The curtain of mist that passed just now  
 Has shut the light out suddenly;  
 The big bright Eye that over the sea  
 Is rolling round unceasingly:  
 A dim white-darkness spreads about,  
 And sun, and moon, and stars are out,  
 A low and aloft; from Holmes's Hole  
 To a point in the east'ard not yet known;  
 And where the White Bear, shook from the pole  
 By an avalanche, sits perched alone,  
 Or floating down to the southern sea  
 Stalks round in sullen majesty.  
 With a keen eye out for the wrecked that come  
 With the breaking surge to his icy home;  
 All over this waste of sea and land  
 The light is out — as an unseen Hand  
 Had drawn a curtain over at once,  
 To cool it all for the summer months.

The sea rolls lazily, and whist,  
 As the motions of the whirling mist;  
 A pantomime of air and sea,  
 That hath a solemn witchery,  
 Which puzzles the cock, who has the right  
 If any one has, to know day-light;  
 But tired at last, he gives up, dumb  
 With wondering when the morn will come;  
 And, after straining his lungs all day,  
 Kicks up a row in his family.  
 The porpoise out on the fishing ground  
 With a running start, comes upward-bound,  
 Then skimming along the ocean's brim,  
 And just in tone with its solemn hymn,  
 He snorts and blows, with a careless fling  
 Of his short bob-tail, as it suited him  
 Exceedingly, that sort of thing;  
 Or, startled from her easy awing,  
 The fluttering of a sea-bird's wing,  
 The moaning cry of some lost bird,  
 Or the dropping of a spar, is heard.  
 And sudden, as from eternity,  
 Quick to the eye and quickly missed,  
 Just in and out of the driving mist,  
 A something white moves slowly by,  
 And you know that a ship is drifting nigh;  
 A moment in, and a moment out,  
 And then with the lull, a smothered shout,  
 And all is dull and hushed again  
 To the still small talk of the mighty rain;  
 Or the 'Graves,' that never can quiet be  
 While a pulse is left in the heaving sea;  
 The gossiping Graves, now off the lee  
 You may hear them muttering, either side,  
 As the ship heaves round with the lazy tide;  
 And weary and faint, as a sick man raves,  
 Is the senseless talk of the gossiping Graves.

Farther down in the outer bay,  
 Knocking about as best they may,  
 The ships that rounded the cape to-day  
 Lie off and on, with a slow chassé;  
 All sorts of freight, from tar to teas,  
 All manner of craft, that skim the seas:  
 Some, just come in from an eastern cruise,  
 Are big with the latest China news;  
 Some, ballasted with golden sand,  
 Are perfumed from Arabia's strand;  
 Some with a crust from the Levant,  
 And some *without* are from Naliant;  
 (Oh, sweet to them as Sabbath bells  
 Would be the ring of it: rocky wells!)  
 And many an enterprising Noah  
 Is there, with latest news from shore;  
 With pilot-boat so snug and taut,  
 And motion of grace, like an aeronaut  
 Caught in a cloud, when the wind is low,  
 The sky above and the sea below:  
 But sauciest, among them all,  
 The harlequin of the mist-masked ball,  
 And livelier than the fisherman,  
 With jaunty roll the pinkie trim  
 Turns up his tail to the Indiaman,  
 (Either end is the same to him,)  
 Or skips around the steamer that plays  
 Like a thing bewitched in the general maze;  
 Feeling about, as shy of her limbs,  
 And careful and slow as a blind man swims.  
 And many a turn-coat stomach below,  
 That held out bravely until now,  
 Rises with every swell of the yeast  
 Peculiar to No'th-East by East.

## II.

'Tis the morning hour by the Old South clock,  
 But the light is hardly enough to mock  
 The candles lit in the breakfast-room:  
 Ugh! ugh! Ugh! ugh!  
 Nobody up, but the maid and groom,  
 And not a spark to cheer the gloom:  
 Ugh! ugh!  
 Unless they get one up, those two,  
 By the candles lit in the breakfast room.

Is the day foggy and cold?  
*Decidedly*—both foggy and cold;  
 And so for three long days shall be,  
 While hangs this mist o'er land and sea;  
 Three days and nights, like a frightful dream—  
 Some say the earth is blowing off steam.

Boston is up, and its noisy blare  
 Strikes heavily on the muffled air;  
 Like the growling of some savage beast,  
 Hidden away at his morning feast:  
 A faint, dull light is off the east,  
 A trifle of cream, that mingles there  
 With the milky hue of the thick, dull air;  
 And by that light in the east, you guess  
 That the Sun is somewhere up to dress,  
 But, held back by some fond caress,  
 Has caught his night-gown over his head,  
 And — Boston, breakfasted,  
 Quite cool, thus knowingly looks up,  
 One hand holding the coffee-cup,

The other with the 'Morning Post'  
 To 'calculate' how long, at most,  
 'This heavy weather will hold on'—  
 So, breakfasts, dines, and sups, Boston.  
 Oh! pleasant *reflections* are every where  
 Except in this cursed atmosphere;—  
 But nothing whatever, unless their priest,  
 Disturbs your Boston phlegm the least;  
 Not even a storm, No'th-East by East.

## III.

THE iron chariots bowling on  
 From Albany and Stonington,  
 Are chiming with their thousand wheels,  
 And within, the living cargo reels  
 And nods about familiarly,  
 Each to the other, as he were a brother,  
 And all as the mist falls silently.  
 Five hundred noses point ahead,  
 And a thousand eye-lids closed, as dead  
 As already the silver coin had pressed,  
 And sealed them in their final rest;  
 So chill, from the mist of the neighboring deep,  
 Is the nodding, nibbling, icy sleep;  
 And dreams confusing go and come,  
 Which blessings are and a curse to some;  
 But all with a feeling of 'Devil-may-care,'  
 Peculiar to the rail-road car,  
 Or such as you fancy a witch's are  
 On a broom-stick ride in the midnight air;  
 Some 'promenade all' at Symma's Hole,  
 Or, 'Hands all around' at the Northern Pole;  
 The spot, where the earth having come to a crisis  
 The Sun goes around on the tops of the ices,  
 A weary Anchises;  
 Ices, like Alps, of all shapes and devices;  
 The pyramid, dome, the temple, and all  
 That seemed 'frozen music' to Madame DE STAEL;  
 While cluster of stars, with their beautiful eyes,  
 Just peep in between, with a kind of surprise;  
 Some fading, some flashing, all grouping anew,  
 Like the lights of a city, when passing in view,  
 Or laughing young girls, all crowding for places  
 In windows brim full of (God bless!) their sweet faces;  
 And thus night and day, vis-à-vis to each other,  
 Waltz round the horizon like sister and brother;  
 While deep in the vault, with a hand unseen,  
 (The 'unknown God' of the shifting scene,)  
 From the morning of Time, one star has stood  
 And ruled that glittering multitude.

Or, some may prefer, as it's here rather cold,  
 To mount on a streamer of crimson or gold,  
 And shooting off in a shaft of light,  
 Ride tangent up to the top o' the night,  
 And dip in the slant of the Sun, as he  
 Wheels up somewhere in the Indian sea;  
 Or wink to the wink of a new-made star,  
 Not yet rolled round, and 'caviare  
 To the general;' but here with a jar  
 That murders sleep, old Beelzebub,  
 With a kind of 'hip-hurrah!' hubbub,  
 A snort and a scream, has startled all;  
 And the lady in the travelling shawl  
 Has dropped her babe, too drugged to squall;  
 And stiff as a shaking Quaker sits  
 The gentleman in summer 'fits,'

No'th-East by East, a point too far;

His dream is true, that he left last night  
New-York, at eighty of Fahrenheit —  
And his coat in the baggage-car!

But dreams must change; and now they wake  
To run on coffee and beef-steak;  
The latest 'Picayune,' and then  
A southern climate, to read it in;  
A flower or two, a light and table,  
To make the thing more passable;  
A sea-coal fire, a Tremont-bath —  
All the dear *comforts* Boston hath  
In such rich store; and *her's* so much,  
No other rail-road leads to such:  
But some, with stubborn memories  
Of last night's ugly-sounding seas,  
The few, with stomachs out of tone,  
Dream every thing; but, senses gone,  
Have no distinct conception what,  
Save a fire, and a bed, and something hot,  
In (oh, so like a home to one!)  
The pleasant rooms at the Albion.

## IV.

ALL night long, in the outer bay,  
The ships have rocked with the lazy sea,  
Off and on, with a slow chassee,  
And all night long, on top of the mist,  
The stars have danced unceasingly,  
And the moon has smiled her prettiest;  
Yet not one ray has wandered by:  
Oh! when shall we have a brighter sky!

The wind is light and the light is dim,  
But a single star worn pale and slim,  
As though the journey had wearied him,  
Has just come down from Heaven, to say  
That the Sun is coming up this way,  
With promise of a gala-day.  
Great wonder had been, up there, he says,  
That Boston lay so long in a haze;  
And strange they had n't invented a way,  
Some patent or other, to blow it away;  
No'th-East by East had gone ashore  
Below, some twenty leagues or more;  
He had weathered the Cape about midnight,  
And was taking a nap, to come up bright;  
An hour, or two at the most, and he  
Would bring the bloom of the orange-tree,  
And swear it was just from Florida,  
Caught last night at the fall of the dew;  
He left as the stars came out of the blue,  
And shunning the breath of the land, by sea  
Has kept all fresh its fragrancy.  
Thus spake, or looked the star, and soon  
The air is soft as a breeze in June;  
The sun comes down by way of the moon,  
And all the sister stars and brothers,  
And other lights, if there *are* others,  
Mars, and his Tiger,\* *all* are out;  
And right glad they look, as about to shout,  
At sight again, their right good will  
On Boston heights and Bunker Hill:  
And Bunker Hill's great Orator,†  
Catching a ray from every star,

\* A small star near Mars.

† The monument. vide WHEATON.

Binds him a chaplet of Thirteen,  
 And silent, smiles upon the scene.  
 The mists have gone off silently,  
 And scarcely whispered their good-bye ;  
 They have crept away with a stealthy roll,  
 Like the gathering of a noiseless scroll ;  
 You may see them yet, as they glide away,  
 And hang their curtains about the bay ;  
 While the pointed reas flash out between,  
 Like the spears of a host, in battle seen ;  
 Or lift their white caps, one by one,  
 A welcome to the rising sun :  
 A moment's hush, on sea and air,  
 Still, as an angel passing were,  
 To bid them breathe a silent prayer,  
 And then, all free and gloriously  
 The Sun comes mounting from the sea,  
 As lightning had sprang sudden there,  
 And lingered in the atmosphere !  
 Again the languid pulses start  
 Like a rush of joy to a weary heart,  
 That hardly hath left a hope for such,  
 So mild its quick but gentle touch :  
 And now it clasps in warm embrace  
 All living things, and face to face  
 And lip to lip, shall cling all day,  
 Still giving life, unceasingly.  
 Beneath the clear unclouded sky  
 All quiet and still the islands lie,  
 Like monsters of the deep, couchant ;  
 And farther out is cool Nahant,  
 A finger pointing the sea aslant ;  
 The light-house top, and Nix's Mate,  
 And tall ships moving by in state,  
 With top-sails and top-gallants bent  
 To catch each wandering breeze that 's sent ;  
 Some, just come in from Labrador,  
 Sweep by with the nod of an emperor ;  
 And some are there, have dipped their spars  
 In waters that flash back of stars  
 A sky-full from each wave that swells  
 Its mounting crest in the Dardanelles ;  
 Some, that have iced them at Cape Horn ;  
 And some dash in, with topsails torn  
 In some such trifling matter as  
 A rough-and-tumble at Hatteras ;  
 And some, still warm from southern seas  
 And cotton bags, hail out, ' Balize ;'  
 A long procession, dashing on,  
 Like the march of men to a clarion.

They may do these things in Italy  
 In a different way ; but enough for me  
 The off-hand manner, the tone, the style,  
 The ' keeping ' of all, and the glorious smile  
 Of earth and air, and sky and sea,  
 So gayly decked and brilliantly ;  
 Why, Heaven has left a door ajar  
 This side the world, to show how fair  
 May be a land, and sky, and air,  
 Where bold and free are ' heart and hand ' —  
 And such is this, our glorious land !  
 Beside, your Greece and Rome, and all  
 Who hold themselves so beautiful,  
 Have no such charming mists as these,  
 No climate changing with each breeze ;  
 And nothing to compare, in the least,  
 With a Boston storm, No'TH-EAST BY EAST.

## THALES OF PARIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the hobbies cherished in the most especial manner by the good citizen of Paris, is Philosophy; not that he takes delight in the cultivation of wisdom, or makes the study of nature his pursuit: but when things go well with him in the world; when his fortune has reached the limit of his desires; when age has abated the ardor of his passions, and in the bosom of his family he finds himself surrounded with every comfort and luxury that heart could wish; he fancies himself beyond the common accidents of life; he becomes a philosopher. His philosophy is his pet, his play-thing, his hobby-horse upon which he gets astride, and gambols like a frolicsome child. Should his wife scold, should his roast-beef be burnt, should a sudden shower break up a party of pleasure, he alone preserves his equanimity; is smiling, soothing, and consolatory; he is a philosopher. Philosophy is his sovereign panacea; with the understanding that no precautions have been neglected to secure him as far as possible against the weightier mishaps of life. His houses and furniture are insured, and his money, instead of being exposed to the hazards of joint stock companies or rail-roads, is safely invested in the royal funds.

Monsieur d'Herbois was a happy example of this consolatory system, and seemed to have been sent into the world expressly for the purpose of sounding the praises of philosophy, without ever being obliged to test its efficacy in his own case. Wealthy by a paternal inheritance, which thrift on his part had increased, he had early in life married the woman of his choice; and his only son, about twenty-two years of age, was now in his turn about to espouse a young lady, whose character, fortune, and family all exactly suited the fortunate father. And so Monsieur d'Herbois, a man of a naturally placid and even temper, was now busying himself in preparing the dower, or if you please the appanage of Gustavus, with the benignity and disinterested solicitude of a sage.

'My friend,' said he to Monsieur Durand, who was not a philosopher, 'I shall give to Gustavus my house at Sussy. I well know that this will be a great sacrifice, and that we cannot pass the summers there any more, because it is possible that my wife cannot agree on all points with her daughter-in-law; but we love Gustavus so dearly!—and beside, one must be a philosopher. We shall therefore live in Paris on the second floor; the first will be occupied by the young folks. My wife grumbles a little at this; but says I to her: 'My dear, suppose some unexpected calamity should occur, to sweep away all our property?—what would then become of us? Then we should have to climb up into the garret, and would be



forced to summon up all our philosophy, of which we shall scarcely stand in need, merely to ascend a few additional steps. Thales of Miletus acted in this manner, one of the seven wise men of Greece, who endured all sorts of troubles without complaint, and in fact defied all mankind to disturb the serenity of his soul and the tranquillity of his spirit.'

'And do you give the same defiance to men as Thales did?' asked Monsieur Durand.

'To be sure I do. You, my friend, ought to know whether I have not the right to do so. Have you ever known me to depart from my principles?'

'I know,' replied M. Durand, 'that during the time since you and I left college together, which is now upward of thirty years, I have never known you to be afflicted with any personal misfortune; and if Thales of Miletus, whose story I do not now remember, was always as lucky, his philosophy would not have cost him more than yours does.'

'To speak candidly,' replied M. d'Herbois, with a good-natured smile, 'I think that I am a little more of a philosopher than Thales himself was; for I have never been inconsistent with my professions, although a husband and a father, while Thales was a bachelor.'

'But still,' said his friend Durand to him, 'you have never been put to the test.'

'Let the test come; I am ready.'

'Suppose your wife should prove false to you, or your son not turn out in accordance with your expectations?—do you think you would support these misfortunes with the constancy of Job?'

'Of Thales, my dear friend, of Thales, if you please; do not confound them:

'For all events the wise man is prepared.'

Thus said a poet who talked Greek, and not an Arab like your Job.'

M. d'Herbois, proud of Thales, of himself, and of philosophy, proceeded to make careful preparations for the nuptials of his well-beloved son; and already in his mind's eye beheld himself dandling his little grand-children that were to be.

One morning he was about entering the apartment of Gustavus, for the purpose of consulting him on the purchase of some jewels, intended as a present for the bride. The chamber of the young man was situated at one end of the room of M. d'Herbois. The entrance to it was through this latter, and also by a private staircase, which allowed the young man to go in and out without disturbing any body. D'Herbois, just as he was about turning the handle of the glass door, the curtain of which was on his side, checked himself, on hearing the sound of voices. His son, he found, was not alone.

'Oh, ho!' thought he, 'Gustavus is perhaps bidding farewell to the bachelor's life. Can he be consoling some little beauty, who is reminding my young master of his broken vows?'

He raised the corner of the curtain, and was a little tranquillized.

The companion of Gustavus was a man. 'May be it is a creditor,' thought he; 'but this is a lesser evil.'

He placed himself so as to see and hear what was going on. Opposite to him, in the middle of his son's room, stood a man of about the age of M. d'Herbois, gray-headed, with a sharp and crafty expression of countenance, and person enveloped in a large farmer's riding-coat.

'My dear Peter,' said this person, 'listen to me ——'

'Peter?' replied d'Herbois junior; 'you are mistaken, Sir; my name is Gustavus.'

'I am not mistaken, for all that,' continued the stranger; 'listen to me, I entreat you, my good Sir; I am about to communicate a piece of news which fills me with joy; my only fear, (and I confess it is a natural one,) is that it will not give you as much pleasure.'

'Go on, Sir,' said Gustavus; 'nothing that is agreeable to an honest man can give me pain; speak out.'

The man, whose presence singularly annoyed M. d'Herbois, deliberately took a seat, and commenced thus:

'You know, my good Sir, that it is now about twenty years since Madame d'Herbois gave birth to a son. On account of the weak state of her health, she was not able to afford him nourishment herself. A nurse was sought for, and it was my wife, Margaret Pithou, of Pontoise, who was selected.'

'Ah! you are then my foster-father,' cried Gustavus, with open arms; 'walk in, walk in; my father and mother will be delighted to see you.'

'Softly! softly!' said Pithou; 'neither Monsieur nor Madame d'Herbois must know that I am here, or have spoken with you, until we have had a little explanation together, and you know all.'

'Until I know all! What is it, then, Monsieur Pithou? Pray go on,' said Gustavus, impatiently.

'Patience, my good Sir; you shall hear all in good time.'

The more interesting and mysterious this conversation became, so much the more immovable did his philosophy hold Monsieur d'Herbois, who scarcely dared move, or even breathe.

'My wife and I,' continued Pithou, drawling out his words, 'like most of our neighbors, were at that time dealers in a small way in cattle. But provided the murrain did not get among the beasts, and our cows kept healthy, we managed in one way or another to make both ends meet at the end of the year. We were young then, and had one child, a few months older than the son of Monsieur d'Herbois.'

'Than me?' exclaimed Gustavus.

'You shall see. As ill luck would have it, a speculator came down from Paris, with plenty of money, and established himself at Pontoise; bought up the finest cows, built large stables, raised the price of hay and feed; and in short, broke up all the small dealers like us; for the veal and mutton of this Parisian were always the fattest and brought the best prices. One bad year ruined us. My wife took it sadly to heart, and fell ill; her poor foster child felt the

effects of her malady ; we dared not say any thing, lest it should be taken from us ; in fine, my wife and the child of Monsieur d'Herbois both died on the same night. My poor Peter !' continued Pithou, addressing Gustavus, 'my poor Peter, I was then indeed in a situation to excite pity : nothing left me, no wife, no money, plenty of debts, and an infant in the arms, which looked up to me for support. A thought from heaven suddenly seemed to strike me. Said I to myself, 'The rich are placed here to succor the poor, and render them assistance ; but as they are often hard-hearted, selfish, and avaricious, we must have recourse sometimes to stratagem to obtain from their credulity what their indifference refuses.' In pursuance of this idea, I gave out every where that my son was dead, and sent you, my own offspring, to M. d'Herbois, under charge of cousin Potard, who was herself the dupe of my trick. Yes, you are my own son Peter ! my dear Peter !'

At the conclusion of this strange story, Pithou arose, drew Gustavus to him, kissed his forehead, his eyes, his hair, and bedewed the young man, who seemed lost in amazement, with paternal tears. 'How otherwise, my dear child,' said he, 'could you have wished me to have acted ?' The time passed with Monsieur d'Herbois has procured for you the advantages of a good education, and beside that, has been so much exemption from suffering for you. In truth, when I examine my motives, and think seriously of my conduct, I cannot repent of it. Since then, fortune has been more propitious to me. I came to Paris, engaged in trade, and as others have done before me, have made a handsome fortune. You see that I am too honest to allow you to profit by the riches of M. d'Herbois ; we will confess all to him. Adieu, my dear Peter ! I have full proofs of what I have told you ; I am going to get them, and will take them myself to M. d'Herbois.'

So saying, Pithou again embraced Gustavus, and departed by the private stairs.

Monsieur d'Herbois, upon whom not a word of this conversation had been lost, knew not what to do or think. What ! Gustavus, his son ! the child of whom he had not lost sight for twenty years ; whom he loved more than ever parent loved a son ; for whom he had deprived himself of so many comforts ; who bore his name ; Gustavus to be called Peter ! Peter Pithou ! to be the son of another ! Monsieur d'Herbois was astounded, and in the utmost consternation ran to seek his wife.

'Madame !' cried he, 'Madame d'Herbois, I have no longer a son ; my son has been dead for twenty years !'

Madame d'Herbois was a woman of a lively disposition, who knew her husband well, and did not always take his words literally.

'You frightened me,' said she to him, laughingly ; 'but as you say that Gustavus has been dead for twenty years, I reassured myself when I thought of the good appetite he had at breakfast this morning.'

'Gustavus is not my son, Madame !'

'What do you mean by that, Sir ?'

'Good heavens, Madame, you do not comprehend me! I mean that he is no more your son than he is mine. Poor Gustavus died while nursing; we have got the son of Pithou, Peter Pithou!'

The amazed couple then recalled all the details of the early infancy of Gustavus. He had, in fact, been placed at nurse at Pontoise, and the child had been brought home in consequence of the death of his nurse, Margaret Pithou. All that Pithou had related had the appearance of truth; perhaps, alas! was true.

Gustavus at this moment entered his mother's apartment, and M. d'Herbois now for the first time remarked that the young man did not resemble him as much as he had formerly fancied; in fact, he had neither the same eyes, the same features, nor the same figure. M. d'Herbois also mentally observed that the voice of Gustavus had the same tones as that of Pithou. Gustavus, embarrassed by his secret, knew not how to commence the painful disclosure; his eyes filled with tears; he turned from M. d'Herbois toward his wife, without daring to address or embrace either of them.

'Come to my arms!' passionately exclaimed Madame d'Herbois; 'come here, my child; we know every thing; but you are, yes, you are my son; I feel it in my love! I feel it in my heart! Come to me, my dear son!'

'You know every thing?' said Gustavus; 'has Pithou, then, already brought his proofs?'

'No, my child, but your father overheard it all.'

A domestic entering, announced to M. d'Herbois that a person was waiting to see him in his study.

'It is that Pithou,' said he, as he left the mother and son dissolved in tears.

In the study he found his friend Durand.

'My good friend,' said Durand to him, as you are about marrying your son, I thought you would like to have this beautiful cameo that I have recently met with. I think it the finest I have ever seen. Look at it; and it is not dear either.'

'To the devil with your cameo, and with the wedding, and with my son too!' cried d'Herbois, beside himself with passion.

'Hey day! what's the matter now?' inquired Durand; 'has Gustavus been getting into any scrape?'

'There is no such person as Gustavus. I have no longer any son; there is only one Pithou; confounded be the whole race! one Peter Pithou!'

D'Herbois then recounted to his friend the sad discovery he had just made.

'Well, well,' said Durand, coolly, 'this is not so bad after all; the matter may be amicably settled; M. Pithou will doubtless listen to reason. He will possibly consent to leave Gustavus the name which he has hitherto borne; and since you possess the affections of the young man, what difference, after all, does it make to you?'

'What difference does it make to me!' replied M. d'Herbois, in a fury. 'What difference? I have lost my son, my blood, my life!'

They have left me in his stead the descendant of a Pithou ! And do you ask me what *difference* does it make !'

'Patience, patience, my good Sir ! Have you not always loved him until now as if he were your son ? Have not your paternal bowels yearned toward him, as if in fact he had been Gustavus and not Peter ? Take my advice, my friend ; arrange this matter with Pithou. The young man will never lose the affection he bears you, and it will be Pithou, and not you, who will have the worst of the bargain.'

'The wretch !' continued d'Herbois, pacing the room with hurried strides ; 'to have played the fool with me in this manner ! to have trifled thus with my affections ! But there are laws against crimes like this ! Thank Heaven ! we live in a civilized land ; we have the code ; the substitution of children is punishable in France ; I will invoke the law ; I will bring the culprit before the tribunal, and he shall receive the reward of his guilt.'

'But consider,' replied Durand ; 'there were many extenuating circumstances in this offence of Pithou. He was suffering from want ; his mind was distracted by grief for the loss of his wife. To be sure, nothing can justify a crime ; but if any thing could excuse one, would it not be the anxiety of a father to save his child from imminent death ? Beside,' continued Durand, 'observe the conduct of this man. As soon as he becomes wealthy, and is able to provide for him, he comes to reclaim his son. He is not willing that he should enjoy any longer the advantages of your wealth ; he does not even wait until his child has consummated an advantageous marriage. All these circumstances would plead strongly in favor of Pithou, in a court of justice. And, in fact, the offence is not the complete substitution of a child ; it is merely a temporary one ; and the court would probably adjudge Pithou to pay to you the expenses of the education of Gustavus, or Peter ; this would be all.'

But poor M. d'Herbois would not listen to his friend. He gave himself up to all the violence of his passion, and began already to feel in his heart a strange aversion to a son, whom until now he had so tenderly loved.

'Yes, yes,' said he, 'he has the very voice and look of Pithou ; his gestures, his walk. No doubt this Peter Pithou junior will turn out a rogue, like his father.'

'But only one word,' said Durand ; 'take my advice ; marry Gustavus, who is not to blame in this matter, and buy this beautiful cameo. You will never get another such a chance.'

'I beg you, Sir, to hold your tongue about that cursed cameo !' said d'Herbois, sternly, to his friend.

'But remember, my good Sir, you are a philosopher, and have defied the whole world to disturb the serenity of your soul, or the tranquillity of your spirit.'

'Philosopher ! when I have lost my only child !'

'You have lost nothing. Gustavus is in good health. As for the one that died twenty years ago, you have never known him ; in fact, have scarcely seen him. Beside, where is the merit and

advantage of philosophy, if it is not able to console you under afflictions; to moderate grief, and impart to the mind the calmness requisite to diminish evil, and enable you to arrive at truth ?'

Instead of making answer, the philosopher burst into tears; two briny streams flowed down his cheeks, attesting the vanity of his stoicism, and the superiority of Thales of Melitus over Thales of Paris.

'Ah ha !' exclaimed M. Durand, on witnessing the deep humiliation of his friend, 'have I then conquered your philosophy? But cheer up! Lapierre! Lapierre! come this way.'

Lapierre entered; he had laid aside his livery, and had on still the farmer's large coat.

'Here is Pithou, and there is no other; it is Lapierre, my valet. The claim he sets up for your son is all a matter of moonshine. I was acquainted with all the circumstances, and laid my plans accordingly. The true Pithou is still at Pontoise, employed in fattening calves. He has married a second time, has a score of children, and has no thoughts of coming here to claim a son who is none of his. And now, Monsieur Philosopher, is it thus you put in practice the professions you are daily preaching? Is it thus you exemplify the maxims of the great Thales? Let but misfortune touch your little finger, and you are beside yourself: you examine nothing, neither the truth, nor even the probability of a thing; and before the slightest proofs are laid before you, you withdraw your affections, almost discard your child, and are eager to send a man off to the galleys! And yet one of the maxims of Thales was, 'Never decide any thing rashly.'

M. d'Herbois, confused and crest-fallen, hung down his head, and by his silence confessed that the trial had been too severe for his philosophy. Being, however, fortunately possessed of a large stock of good-nature, which is sometimes better than philosophy, he did not think it worth his while to quarrel with his friend. Poor Gustavus alone suffered from the trial. M. d'Herbois from that time forth could no more trace in his features that resemblance to himself of which he had formerly been so proud; and when the young man spoke, 'That is not my voice,' said he to himself; 'it is the very tone of Pithou.'

And so Gustavus, although suitably married, did not get possession of the country-house at Sussy, which was so agreeable to M. d'Herbois during the summer season. Neither did the old folks discommode themselves in town, and the young couple resided on the second floor.

Convinced in this manner of the vanity of his philosophy, M. d'Herbois quietly resumed his position as father and husband. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'to preserve one's serenity, if our happiness is placed upon objects out of ourselves, and depends upon a wife or child. So when the mother of Thales besought him to marry, the sage replied, 'It is not yet time.' After a while she renewed her entreaties; 'It is now too late,' said Thales.

In our days, the philosophy of most people commences the day after marriage.

## L I N E S   T O   A   C A N A R Y   B I R D .

WARRIOR during the difficulties of the boundary question in Maine, when Sir JOHN HARVEY, Governor of the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was deterred from actual hostility by the judicious conduct of General SCOTT, his personal friend. Prescott's noble work of 'Ferdinand and Isabella' had just appeared, and the 'Crayon Papers' were in course of publication.

God bless thee! and thy joyous throat!  
Thy trill, thy churr, thy piercing note,  
My sweet canary!  
Thou gush of song, thou waterbrook  
Of joy, thou poem, doctrine, book,  
Vocabulary!

Thou caged-up treasure of delight!  
That know'st to make a prison bright  
Through music's mystery!  
To swell thy rich notes in full tide,  
Or highest reach of sound divide  
Like Paganini!

Where didst thou gain this wondrous lore?  
Where that, (which I admire yet more),  
The glad Philosophy,  
That smiles at iron bars and doors?  
In loneliness a spirit pours  
Of mirthful minstrelsy?

Wert ever old? or broken-hearted?  
Hast ever from thy mate been parted  
To meet hereafter?  
It cannot be; that gleesome strain  
Springs from a heart that ne'er knew pain —  
'Tis almost Laughter!

Now thou art still; thy chaunt is o'er;  
Thou seem'st intent on something more  
Important to thee.  
Hast any thing to lose? or gain?  
What think'st thou of the war in Maine?  
And Sir John Harvey?

Would'st Scott, or Prescott, rather be?  
The Cotton crop — is 't aught to thee?  
The Crayon Papers?  
Art rich at heart? or yet to know —  
But hark! thy strain again doth flow,  
Again, in music, stirs!

Ah Rogue! I see thee, have thee now —  
That leap from off the transverse bough,  
That knowing look, inspires;  
The sound *thou* lov'st shall now be heard:  
'Fresh seed and water for my bird,  
And sugar for his wires!'

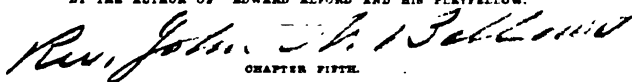
'Tis done — and here 'King, Cawdor, Glamis,'  
Not more to Macbeth were, than this  
Thy stock of seed renew'd  
Is joy to thee! — would I might draw,  
From thy bright gayety, a Law  
Of confidence and good:

Forget my bars, forget my cage  
 Like thee; my wants, my cares, my age,  
 A lone and widow'd bed;  
 And raise to Heaven thy magic song  
 In words, that might to both belong,  
 'Thanks for our daily bread.'

JOHN WATERS.

## MEADOW-FARM: A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAYFELLOW.'



CHAPTER FIFTH.

'The common notion has been, that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded.'

'SELF-CULTURE.' CHANNING.

THE cultivation of the soil is the most easily learned of any art. It is falsely supposed that a certain degree of obtuseness, roughness, clod-hopper ignorance, is essential to the farmer; that intelligence, refinement, and science are poorly applied to agriculture. This is the impression that farmers themselves have; and as a body they mistrust the advantages of education as applied to their occupation. The cause of this impression may be traced to the fact, that most of the scientific farmers sink money in carrying on their farms, while they who doggedly plough, plant, and dig, as their fathers did before them, lay up money yearly. These successful men sneer at the gentleman-farmer, and deride his science; and his yearly losses only confirm them the more strongly in their previous habits. Now they might be told that this gentleman farmer expects from the beginning to sink money; that he has taken up the cultivation of the land for amusement, health, or scientific experiment; that his object is not to make money, but to gratify his taste, or perhaps benefit the general farming interest of the country by his failures. It can easily be understood that a very erroneous notion of the value of science, as applied to agriculture, is likely to be drawn from such instances, and how the true farmer comes to mistrust the spirit of modern improvement.

It is pretty well understood among farmers that no man can succeed in their employment who hires his labor. The price of products is so low that wages consume all the profits. And yet there is a great deal of labor hired on the land by those who have lately begun to cultivate it; and the farmer should know that these persons can afford to lose five or six hundred dollars a year, and that they expect to do so, while learning the art of country life, and still be better off than they would had they continued in commerce at a yearly loss of as many thousands.

Much surprise is often expressed by those unacquainted with the



facts, that the farm-houses of the country look so rough; that more attention is not bestowed upon the cultivation of shade-trees and pleasure-grounds. Why, they ask, are the houses unpainted? why is it that the farmer's horse and cattle look as if they never felt the curry-comb? His harness looks as if it were never washed, and the owner himself only shaves on Sundays! Oh! farming must be a horrid business! So dirty! such smells! and so slovenly! It will do well enough in poetry and pictures, but Heaven preserve us from this harrowing, dung-heaving life!

It must be confessed that the first business of the tiller of the soil is to attend to his crops, his wheat-fields and corn-fields; to think more of the fences around his pasture-lands than the flower-garden before his house. He must think first of these, and afterward of ornament. It must be confessed that the man who makes money or who keeps his farm from running him in debt, 'in these times,' must rise in the morning with his 'boys,' eat with them and work with them. He must wear a coarse frock and thick boots, and lead a rough but a healthful life. And we aver that the smell of the barn-yard is like a bed of violets, when compared with the reeking gutters of the city, and that the very gentlemen who take a pride in eating cheese *all alive*, turn up their noses with a poor grace of consistency at the earth-worms the plough-share turns up in the furrow.

It is worse than idle for any man to expect to better his condition in a pecuniary point of view, by turning gentleman farmer. If a person have a fortune already, he may lay out pleasure-grounds, fence in parks, make experiments in crops, try crosses in breeds of cattle, and set out trees for shade and scenery, and thus gratify his taste, and possibly make some discovery for others to benefit by; but in his own case he will lose money; probably he expects it. What would any one think of a gentleman warrior or gentleman poet? that is, of a man who should hire all his fighting done or all his verses made. If success only crowns individual, personal exertion in all other matters, how is it that in this alone, in the primitive occupation of mankind, men expect it, without putting their own hand to the plough, and girding themselves for the labor? It is a common remark among husbandmen that he who works with his 'hands' gets double the amount of work out of them compared with him who only gives his orders and waits until they are accomplished. The general must lead his troops to victory; he must endanger his own life if he would infuse bravery into the hearts of his soldiers; and this principle is not inapplicable to the 'boss' of the farm.

The snow was not yet off the earth when Rufus Gilbert and his companions reached their new home in Landsgrove. It was one of those late seasons when winter departs tardily and reluctantly, but which almost always repay the farmer by a year of abundance. Vegetation, when it does begin to appear, shoots up as if by magic, and hardly has the snow melted from off the hills before flowers are in blossom all over the valleys. But we must attempt to give the reader some idea of the situation of the place at which they had arrived.

The Green Mountains run north and south nearly in the centre of the State of Vermont, on the west sloping toward Lake Champlain, the Otter Creek river, and the eastern tributaries of the Hudson, and on the east to the Connecticut river. The ascent begins on the eastern side almost as soon as you leave the river. At whatever point you attempt to cross the State, you meet hills which rise in regular succession, until you reach the summit of the ridge. The villages lie mostly in the valleys, although some are perched like watch-towers on the elevations or table-lands of the mountains.

A small river runs through the southern part of the town of Landsgrove, on its way to join the Connecticut. Here it rushes through a narrow gap in the hills, in which its course was undoubtedly once confined, where it formed a lake, now changed into a broad extent of rich meadow land. All about this little amphitheatre the hills rise, sometimes abruptly, and, on the north, by regular steps or plats of table-land. It was upon one of these latter that Rufus had built his house, fronting the south, and overlooking the whole extent of the farm he had purchased.

Human contrivance could hardly have planned a situation so agreeable to the eye, or one better suited to the purpose for which he had made the purchase. Completely shut out from the rest of the world, and yet near enough for all objects of trade and convenience, he owned the whole of this little valley, with enough of the upland for grazing. The widening of the river still left a small lake or pond in the centre of his domain, well stocked by nature with the daring trout which wanders fearlessly up the waterfalls in search of food; and this little sheet of water added much to the beauty of the prospect. The house, on an elevation itself, was protected by still higher land from the cutting north winds, and the plain on which it stood was just large enough for barns, out-buildings, and a garden plat.

Our adventurers had enough to do from the very day of their arrival to improve the snow-paths in drawing in their wood for the next season; for the farmer must always be one year in advance of the elements, and during one winter draws and cuts his wood for the succeeding one. All hands were summoned to assist in this their first united task. One felled the proper trees, taking care to leave the sap-trees, the sugar-maple, untouched; others, the weaker, drove the team and helped to load and unload, while the Stewarts cut the wood into the proper sled length, eight feet. In this form it was taken near the house and piled up, ready to be prepared, at odd moments of time, for fuel. And even in this simple operation, at the close of their first day's labor, they were all astonished at the amount of work which had been accomplished. Each one, having an allotted part to perform, acquired new skill every hour, and no time was lost in changing from one kind of work to another. One man, with the lever power, can lift large logs on to a sled, and do his work alone; but he cannot do one fourth as much as four men can perform in the same time, because he loses time in adjusting a more complicated apparatus. He not only uses the lever, but rolls

the logs on an inclined plane, and these must be taken up and put down again for every stick of timber, while the four men, at one effort, lift it at once upon the sled. The mechanical powers enable one man to do alone what he could not do at all without their assistance; but the advantage of their application is by no means universal. On ship-board they are of incalculable service, standing in the place of seamen, whose maintenance and room is of great relative value; for by means of the capstan, ten men can raise an anchor, which, without it, one hundred men could not start; and two men will run up a sail with a pulley, which would resist the strength of many hands. Now any one can see that to keep one hundred men solely to raise the anchor and run up the sails, and who could not in the intervals be employed profitably otherwise, would be a great expense. But on a farm, if it be large enough, no hour is lost; so that ten men united will accomplish more than ten times as much as one man working alone, with all the mechanical power he can bring to his assistance. And as the mechanical powers when combined are capable by one pound of power of lifting millions of pounds' weight, so the force, strength, and capacities of men may be so arranged and systematized, the second acting on the results of the first, and the third on the second, and so on, to produce effects which individual actors would never dream of.

Unimportant as this first effort of their united labor might seem, all the young men were highly delighted with their success, and as they met in the common hall of the house at supper, Ruth, Clara, and the mother of the Stewarts had a story to tell about the expedition with which all domestic affairs had been arranged. One had taken supervision of the sleeping-rooms, another of the kitchen furniture, and a third had arranged the library, as it was called, a room which was to answer the threefold purpose of school-room, chapel, and lecture-hall. The woodmen returned to find every thing in order, a plentiful supper spread for their repast, and smiling faces all around the board; as people are always cheerful when they have done good actions.

Rufus Gilbert, as he sat at the head of the full table, for they numbered fourteen souls, and glanced at the happy countenances of his friends, felt as if his experiment was no longer doubtful. The party lingered long over the table, which each one might feel was his own, talking of the various duties of the next day, of the friends they had left; and the infant delight of two orphan children Rufus had brought with him, whom the novelty of the scene excited to ask a thousand questions, was not repressed amid the general satisfaction. Their impressions were listened to with attention, their inquiries answered, and the little fellows became careful what they said, when they found that their careless words were replied to in earnest. At length, when the company had separated for the night, all except Rufus and Philip, who were too full of hope to regard fatigue, the two young men drew together before the fire, to compare their impressions of their progress, each afraid to speak first, lest the other should think him extravagant; but Philip could not be silent.

'The happiest day of my life!' at length broke from him.

'And of mine!' responded Rufus.

'Brother, friend, let us thank God for this hour!' said Philip, grasping the hand of Rufus, 'for preserving us along our journey, for bringing us together to this peaceful home, in health and strength; for my heart is too full for any words but prayer.'

'Most cheerfully and devoutly,' said Rufus. And the brothers knelt together, and Philip prayed for all beneath their roof; and not alone for them, but for the poor, the oppressed, the ignorant, and the destitute in all lands. They rose from their knees calmer and better prepared to talk together.

'I have read somewhere,' said Rufus in the course of their conversation, 'and the remark struck me as forcible at the time, that men ought to mistrust too favorable beginnings. If in any undertaking every thing goes very smoothly at first, if no obstacles meet you, no misgivings cloud you, you may be sure there is something wrong in your plan. And this quaint writer then remarks, to support his theory, that the early blossoms are apt to be nipped by the frost.'

'And the Scripture hath it still more pointedly; indeed, what very wise or very true saying has not a parallel passage in the Bible? I have often thought that a most interesting book might be made, showing how much even Shakspeare accords with the sacred page.'

'The Bible was once read more thoughtfully than it is now,' said Rufus; 'it made a more important part of the instruction of the youth; its words fell with a deeper accent upon the heart of the young man; it was handled reverently and read devoutly. Shakspeare must have been familiar with it, or himself divinely inspired.'

'Then you argue failure from our happiness to-night,' said Philip.

'No, but let us study caution; you did not hear me out, for I have a commentary to make. Early success makes men heedless; obstacles and difficulties render them thoughtful and wary. But it is better not to be excited with our first gains, and then we shall have no need of this severe training. Think of this, I will think of it myself; good night.' Having succeeded in cooling his own ardor by attempting to bring Philip's feelings down to temperate heat, with a meaning smile on his face, Rufus retired to repose.

#### CHAPTER SIXTH.

### THE SUGAR CAMP.

'THERE might you have beheld one joy grown another. — THE WINTER'S TALE.

As soon as the snow began to melt, another important item of the spring work of the Vermont farmer demanded the attention of the household; no less a business than the making of maple sugar. To this all hands repair, in expectation of many a sweet lump not only of sugar, but of a taste of cherry lips and rosy cheeks. The

lads and lasses of the green mountain region begin to lick their lips about the middle of March. The season of the frolic varies many weeks in different years. When warm spring days are succeeded by cool, freezing nights, when the light snows begin to fall, called the 'poor man's manure,' from an idea, true or false, that they fertilize the land, then the sap begins to run, and all hie to the sugar-camp to work and play by turns.

The place selected for operations is often near a clump of hemlock trees, amid whose thick branches a temporary shelter is erected. Boards, straw, and buffalo robes secure a warm and deep sleep after the excitement of the sugaring. Blazing fires burn up here and there, over which the huge kettles, containing the sap, are suspended on cross sticks, replenished now and then from the extempore buckets, troughs roughly hewn in blocks of hard wood, which hang to receive the drippings, drop by drop, from the incisions made in the tree. After it has been boiled to a proper consistency, it is suffered to cool, and with no more labor, becomes the famous maple sugar, the delight of all children and many full-grown people. It is run in fanciful moulds, and easily assumes any shape when in a moist, warm state. The Indians prepare it in bark, curiously ornamented with quill work and beads, and sell it to travellers at an exorbitant price.

Since the abolition movement, many of the members of which society make a virtue of consuming nothing raised by slave-labor, this sugar has become a more important article of trade, and the trees which produce it are guarded with great care. The temperance cause, too, is giving it a new value, as many have the idea that spirit cannot be extracted from it so well as from the West India molasses, which favorite 'sweet'ning' of the Yankee is getting into disrepute with the ultras; a fact which speaks louder for their zeal than their knowledge. So it is engaged in as a serious matter of profit, and the hilarity and fun that once were ripe in the sugar-camp is departed. In former days it yielded not to husking frolics in enjoyment; it was the vintage of the north; but those days are gone, with many a simple custom and innocent pastime which the spirit of modern improvement is frowning down.

Formerly the expedition lasted several days, and the sugar-makers slept in the woods; now the increased population of the State affords a house near to the orchards. Our friends were determined to make the most of the time, and Rufus was glad of a little amusement for the band, but newly leagued together, to wean the thoughts of the home-loving from their old to their new abode; to create pleasant associations about the place not yet honored with a name.

As soon as a light fall of snow was succeeded by a warm, sunshiny day, they all repaired to the woods, and a thrifty clump of trees having been found, commenced their work. The place was not a mile from their house, but a hut was erected as for a regular, old-fashioned encampment, and conveniences for sleeping were not forgotten. And it was well they were not omitted, for

late in the afternoon, as they were thinking of returning home, there burst upon them a crowd of visitors from the neighboring settlements, who had waited for this time to make their introduction to their neighbors, wisely choosing a day of merriment, when the heart is open, to spur on their own bashfulness and insure a cordial reception.

If any one is surprised that the news of the contemplated gathering should get abroad so quickly, he has only to live in the country to discover that it is in vain to attempt secrecy in any thing. Whether birds, dogs, or cats carry news, we will not pretend to say; but all we know is, that one may gain information to any extent about any body, who is worth the notice, in a country village. The fact proves the skill that may be acquired in any art by persevering industry, and the fact is all we can state, leaving the wonder unsolved still, for the future investigation of some writer upon the mysteries of human life in general.

We say it was well the sleeping-berths were not omitted, for so numerous was the gathering, that when night drew on, our friends found that beside taking up all the spare beds in the house, and leaving a goodly number in the hut, they should be obliged to give others a bed in the barn, on the hay-mow. But to this the Vermonter does not object, occasionally, when on a frolic; and, indeed, one very essential part of a frolic in the country, and in the city, and in every place, is the doing of things, not better, more joyously and handsomely than usual, but differently. If a man sleep on feathers at home, and in a carpeted room, and eat with a silver fork, it is a frolic to him to eat with his fingers, drink from large leaves, and find rest even in a barn.

The hospitality with which the visitors were greeted, the trouble of having their home turned upside down, for one night, was no loss in any sense to the band; for on the next morning, as the day was favorable, they all turned out to assist in making sugar in earnest; and, before they departed, left the most ample proof of their good wishes and sense of Rufus's kindness. One remembered that he had brought a keg of butter in his sleigh, which his father had sent, begging Mr. Gilbert's acceptance; another unloaded baskets full of dried apples, as his offering of friendship with the new neighbors; a third, a brawny youth of eighteen, was tugging to lift alone a barrel of something from his sleigh, to show his strength to the girls; (every Green Mountain boy being required, before he can be considered marriageable, to load and unload his barrel of cider;) a task rather beyond his powers. John Stewart stepped forward to assist him, and asked the nature of the contents that made his lift so heavy.

'Some of our best cider; the first run from the orchard green-ins,' said the youth.

'We drink no such stuff here,' said John; 'but Mr. Gilbert will be very glad to take it to make into vinegar.'

'Vinegar!' exclaimed the young man, opening his eyes to be certain he was not dreaming, 'make *that* cider into vinegar! It

won't be made into vinegar. You might bring all the teetotallers at once to look sour at it; swear at it; damn it up hill and down, and finally keep it into the middle of eternity, and then pour out a mug, and it would sparkle as bright as ever.'

It was touching the young farmer on a tender point to speak disparagingly of his cider; and this has been the great obstacle to be got over in the Temperance reform. Thousands have refused to have any thing to do with the cause, because cider was forbidden in the pledge; and in our opinion the bigots in this cause (for Temperance has its bigots as well as other causes) have presented the question in an untenable form. They have attempted to show that a natural fruit of our region, which cannot be preserved for any length of time, except by expressing the juice, which is slightly mixed with alcohol, is a deadly poison. Now the farmer who has hundreds of bushels of apples yearly, beside those which are fitted to keep sound, knows no other course than to make them into cider; and he argues that the natural product of the soil on which he dwells cannot be a poison; he knows that the *spirit*, as he calls it, meaning the alcoholic principle, in the juice of the apple, preserves it; and when the Temperance apostle comes to him and tells him that this gift of God is a rank poison, he is disgusted with the whole subject, and doubts the sincerity and honesty of those who really are the friends of man, and who are laboring at a pecuniary loss for his and others' good.

The course of Rufus was quite otherwise. The noise attracted the attention of the whole party, and twenty or more young farmers gathered about the youth, who stood over his barrel of cider, ready to support its merits.

'Thank your father in my name,' said Rufus, approaching the place, for his kind offer. We will accept it gladly, and doubt not it is as good cider as any in Vermont; he no doubt will suffer us to use it in any way we please.' The opportunity was too favorable to be lost; so he went on to explain why he did not drink it, and the league which had been made with his companions, which in short hand amounted to this.

All the gifts of Providence are good in their place. Men have the power of perverting the blessings of Heaven to curses. It sometimes becomes necessary to abstain from innocent acts, because others deduce wrong inferences from them. Cider and wine, which in their nature contain alcohol, when drunk in moderation, are salutary to health, and are nourishing to the body; but we agree to abstain from them because it is dangerous for those whose constitutions have been debilitated by intemperance to indulge in these luxuries. They bring back the old disease in such cases. And as Paul said he would eat no meat (a thing good in itself) if his doing so caused his brother to offend, so we have agreed to deny ourselves cider and wine, for the sake of our fellow-men.

It was evident from the looks of all, that they cared more for the reputation of their cider than for the liquor itself; and when Rufus had finished his remarks, the youth who had brought the barrel was

the first to propose that it be emptied upon the ground. It was done with a shout; and so much influence had the words of Rufus, that, with one accord, they all joined in a compact, on the spot, to abstain from cider and all intoxicating drinks. Never did a sugar party terminate more agreeably or profitably for all concerned.

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S O N G .

I.

Oh! say, can honor lost,  
And a bright, unspotted name  
Come back to cheer the tempest-tossed;  
And cleanse him of his shame?

II.

Say! can an erring heart,  
That still has thoughts of good.  
Return once more to the shining part  
Of life, where once it stood?

III.

Can those who are *more* just  
And innocent than he,  
Refuse unto their kindred dust  
Their love and sympathy?

IV.

Is *man* more just than Heaven?  
Shall *he*, himself so weak,  
Who needs each hour to be forgiven,  
No words of pardon speak?

V.

Can they, who held him dear,  
Forget his errors past,  
And on his penitential tear  
Affection's glances cast?

VI.

Oh! yes! all *this* may be—  
But never, never more,  
Will he feel the sweet and childlike glee  
He felt in days of yore.

VII.

His eye can never more resume  
Its calm and fearless gaze;  
For the pureness of his heart is gone,  
The freshness of his days!



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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LECTURES ON THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF THE HEBREWS. By E. C. WINES, Author of 'Two Years in the Navy,' 'Works on Education, etc.' Delivered at the New-York Society Library Rooms.

WHEN we first saw the advertisement of Mr. WINES in the public journals, it struck us that the theme he had chosen for his lectures was a *dry* one, and that it would scarcely be found to interest the general public; but we were greatly in error. It was not only an unbackneyed subject, of intrinsic interest, but it was one that had never before been treated in the manner in which it was presented by Mr. WINES. We are no longer surprised that the lectures should have drawn together overflowing audiences in Philadelphia, nor that they were received with the most marked approbation in our own metropolis. Although the chief authority whence the materials of the discussion are drawn is the Bible, a book in every body's hands, yet the facts in the record are brought by Mr. WINES into such new and sometimes almost startling relations, that while they impart important instruction on a subject venerable by its hoary antiquity, they have yet all the charms of *novelty* to recommend them. Even acute and diligent students of the Scriptures, after listening to his discourses, must confess that they have not exhausted its riches, especially so far as they treat of the great principles of social organization and constitutional government. Indeed, one of their best fruits will be to send the hearer with a keener spirit of inquiry, and with increased patience and industry of investigation, to the 'Lively Oracles.' The lectures are conceived in a liberal and philosophical spirit, and evince an ardent attachment to, and a firm faith in, our republican institutions. They are written with thorough scholarship and learning, and in a style always lucid and vigorous, often glowing and elegant. In a word, Mr. WINES takes hold of his subject like a man who is conscious of his strength, and he almost invariably carries the sympathies and convictions of his audience along with him, even when advancing opinions quite out of their ordinary habitudes of thought. He has shown how thoroughly a subject, which has been commonly regarded as belonging exclusively to *scholars*, can be brought within the grasp of the popular mind. Whatever currency his elaborate and most interesting disquisitions on the laws and government of the Hebrews may have, will be so much subtracted from the strength of infidelity, and added to the cause of sacred learning and religion.

The lecturer commenced with a reference to the magnificent sepulchral remains of an unknown city on the banks of the Ganges, in Central India, as an emblem of the uncertainty which accompanies most of our researches into the events of remote antiquity. The writings of the best of the Greek historians were represented as filled with contradictions, and with mutual charges of error and falsehood; and several striking instances of historical doubt were adduced; as, whether the famous Trojan war ever actually occurred or not; whether Semiramis lived two thousand or seven hundred years before CHRIST; and whether the Great Cyrus fell in battle near the snowy Caucasus, or died

in peace in his palace at Persepolis. The noble historic record of Moses was contrasted with the confused and incredible fictions which disfigure all other ancient annals; and a just eulogium was passed upon its clearness and consistency. Mr. WINKS's brief but clear analysis of the political and social institutions of the various ancient Asiatic dynasties, as also of Egypt, Sparta, Athens, and Rome, fully established his main position in reference to them, that they knew nothing about the true principles of civil liberty; but were, at all times, governed either by arbitrary *men* or arbitrary *laws*. A sober, rational, well-poised, and well-guarded national freedom was nowhere to be met with in the ancient world, except in Palestine, under the occupancy of the Hebrews; and all antiquity did not afford a single example of a state, where the PEOPLE exercised any just influence in public affairs, till we come to the Jewish republic. The far-famed Spartan institutions were discussed with merited severity. Their barbarous and even brutal characteristics were drawn in strong relief, but without a single darker shade than truth required. It was admitted that the Spartans were the bravest, the most warlike, the best skilled in the art military, the most politic, the firmest in their maxims, and the most constant in their designs, of all the people of Greece; but in making them so, Lycurgus had stripped them of almost every quality of men, and caused them to put on the fierceness of savage beasts. The war-laws of ancient times were sketched in vivid but truthful colors. One cannot but regard with horror the spirit of barbarity and cruelty that reigned in almost every ancient nation. Death or slavery was the inevitable portion of the vanquished. Cities reduced to ashes; sovereigns massacred in cold blood, and cast out a prey to dogs and vultures; children crushed to death at the breast; queens dragged unworthily in chains, and outrage and humiliation added to the rigors of captivity; these were but the common consequences of victory. And to crown all, the horrible practice of poisoning the arrows to be used in battle was almost universal. The general military regulations of Moses were examined and contrasted with those of the other nations; and, though undeniably severe when compared with the war-laws of our day yet most essential modifications, tending to the progress of refinement and humanity, were introduced into his military code. The severities exercised toward the Canaanites formed no part of the general war-system, having been employed by special warrant and for a specific purpose — the punishment and prevention of idolatry and unnatural lusts.

The institution of slavery was next discussed at considerable length; and an interesting and instructive contrast was drawn between the condition of bond-service as it existed among the Hebrews and in the other nations. The relation of slavery is so ancient that its origin is lost amid the shadows and uncertainties of early legendary traditions. It is, however, a most curious fact, that probably more than one half of the human family have at all times been in bondage to the other, and have been looked upon as the rightful property of their masters. Gibbon estimates the slave population of the Roman Empire at sixty millions, fully a moiety of the whole; and the proportion of the slaves to the free citizens in Greece almost exceeds belief, being, according to the accurate Mitford, more than four to one. In reference to Eastern nations, we are without these exact statistics; but we have every reason to believe that the slave population was immense. In all these nations the slaves were reduced to the lowest possible depression; and were, in every sense, at the absolute disposal of capricious, greedy, imperious, and merciless owners. They might be tortured, maimed, or put to death, without let or hindrance from the civil power. Mr. WINKS gave a variety of deeply interesting details in illustration of these positions. Moses did not abolish slavery; he could not do it, without a miracle wrought upon men's minds. He was too wise to make the attempt, when failure would have been the certain consequence. But he so modified and softened the relation; he so fenced it about with checks, and restrictions, and guaranties; that it was disarmed of most of the evils flowing from it in other countries. Servitude, under the institutes of Moses, at least so far as Hebrew servants were concerned, resembled the system of *apprenticeship* in vogue in this country, where a child is bound

out for a certain number of years for a stipulated compensation, to be paid to the parent at the end of that period. In no nation, either ancient or modern, has slavery existed under so mild a form, and guarding the rights and persons of the slaves with such jealous care, as among the ancient Hebrews. These topics, and some to which we have not had space to allude, were discussed in the opening lecture. In his second, the learned Professor drew a portrait of the illustrious Hebrew sage and law-giver, developed the general policy of his laws, and traced the obligations of other nations, in their legislation and philosophy, to his institutes. Moses was described as possessing, in an eminent degree, all those endowments, natural and acquired, which form the character of a consummate chief magistrate of a nation; an intellect of the highest order; a perfect mastery over all the civil wisdom of the age; a judgment cautious, penetrating, and far-reaching in its combinations; great promptness and energy in action; patriotism that neither ingratitude nor rebellion could extinguish, or even cool; a persuasive eloquence; a hearty love of truth; an incorruptible virtue; and a freedom from selfish ambition, and a greatness of soul, in which none of the most admired heroes of ancient or modern times has ever surpassed him. These positions were proved and illustrated at large; and the lecturer concluded his sketch with a beautiful parallel between the military and civic character of MOSES and WASHINGTON; both were men whom their compatriots placed in the highest position, and both managed their authority so as to produce the 'greatest good of the greatest number.'

In entering upon his account of the political system of Moses, Mr. WINGS insisted, with great earnestness, that all the essential principles of civil liberty and constitutional government were as thoroughly embodied in his constitution, as they are in ours; and in fact, that that great charter of human freedom, the DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, which, like the writing on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, has troubled the thoughts of many a tyrant, and caused his knees to smite one against the other, was but an echo from the deep thunders of Mount Sinai. His great maxims of policy were remarkably sound and judicious. The entire and absolute political equality of the whole body of citizens; the discouragement of a spirit of war and military conquest; the appointment of agriculture as the chief employment of the nation; the universal education of the people, especially in the knowledge of the history, constitution, and laws of their own country; a firm union of hearts and sentiments; and the indispensable necessity of a well-contrived and well-guarded system of checks and balances between the several departments of the government; these were the organic principles on which he founded his civil polity. The lecturer laid down the proposition broadly and without qualification, that there never was a nation, ancient or modern, in which the people stood upon so perfect a level in regard to political rights and influence as the Jews under the Constitution of Moses. Property in the soil is the natural foundation of power, and consequently of authority. Hence, the natural foundation of every government is laid in the distribution of its territory. If the prince own the lands, as was the case anciently in Egypt, and is now in many Eastern governments, such prince will be absolute; for the people, holding of him, and at his pleasure, will be in the condition of slaves rather than of free men. If the land be shared among a few men, the rest holding as vassals under them, as in the feudal system, the real power and authority of government will be in the hands of an aristocracy, or nobility, whatever power may be lodged in one or more persons, for the sake of greater unity in counsel and action. But if the lands be equally divided among all the members of a society, the true power of such government will reside in all the members of the society, and the society itself will constitute a real democracy, whatever form of union may be adopted for the better direction of the whole as a political body. Now this last is an exact description of the provision of the Hebrew constitution in reference to property in the soil. Moses legislated for a people without land, and who had their territories to gain at the point of the sword. He was not therefore trammelled by any prescriptive rights, or long-established laws of inheritance. He was free to adopt any principle he might deem most expedient. The principle actually

chosen by him was that of the equal division of all the conquered territories among the whole six hundred thousand citizens; and to render this equality solid and permanent, the tenure was made inalienable, and the estates thus originally settled in each family, were to descend, by an indefeasible entail, in perpetual succession, to all the heirs-male of the original proprietors. Such was the oldest of Agrarian laws. The wisdom of this provision was most refined and admirable. It made extreme poverty and overgrown riches alike impossible, and thus annihilated one of the greatest sources and engines of ambition. It gave every member of the body politic an interest in the soil, and consequently in the maintenance of public order and the supremacy of law over mob violence. It elevated labor to its just dignity, by making the virtues of industry and frugality necessary elements in every man's character. It cut off the sources of luxury, that corruptor and bane of states, by denying the means of it, and took away the strongest incitement to it in the example of others. It served to keep up that original equality of the citizens, which was fundamental to the legislation of Moses, and altogether conformable to its strong democratic spirit and tendency. It rendered it impossible for any Israelite to be born to absolute poverty, for it gave to each his hereditary modicum of land; a garden, an orchard, or an olive-grove. In preventing poverty, it cut off the most prolific source of emigration, and thus preserved unimpaired the strength and vigor of the state. It tended strongly to perfect the science of agriculture. And, finally, it served to bind every Hebrew to his native soil by almost indissoluble ties, and gave to the sentiment of patriotism an almost passionate fervor and intensity. The entire political equality of the citizens was proved by various other arguments, and illustrated with great copiousness of detail.

The system of checks and balances between the several powers of government, provided by the constitution of Moses, evinced the deepest political wisdom, and a most patriotic regard to the public liberties. History is full of proofs that restless and ambitious spirits are the growth of all times and nations. Now there are two principal methods of preventing the evils of ambition; either to take away the common occasions of ambitious views, or to make the execution of them difficult and hazardous. The Hebrew constitution made both these provisions in a manner equal, if not superior, to any known constitution of government in the world. Never did legislator labor with such eagle-eyed jealousy as Moses, to preserve the people from the dangers of ill-balanced power, or guard the public liberty with so many and so admirably-contrived defences against the projects of factions and restless ambition. We regret that we cannot follow the learned lecturer through his earnest and unanswerable argument in support of these positions. All who heard it will yield a full assent to the remark with which he concluded it, that the provisions of the Hebrew government to prevent faction and ambition incomparably surpass all the constitutions of the famed Spartan law-giver for the same purpose, so celebrated in ancient story; nor would they have missed their praise, had they been published by a Lycurgus, a Solon, a Numa, or indeed by any body but Moses. The great principles of the Jewish law early became known to the contemporaneous nations, and were powerfully felt in modifying their political institutions, their philosophical opinions, and their moral practices. This influence was traced in the clearest manner by Professor WINKS, in respect both to ancient and modern nations. He drew his proofs from the chronicles of the kings of Media and Persia; from the history of the Egyptian Ptolemies; from the writings of Hermippas, Theophrastus, Clearchus, Longinus, and even Aristotle, as well as those of Josephus and Philo; from the public records of France and Great Britain; and from the whole structure of our own government, and the history of our jurisprudence. He maintained with great force, that it is to the laws of Moses, and not the politics of Greece and Rome, that we moderns are indebted for the great and precious principles of civil freedom. He referred to the fact as not a little remarkable, that when the presidents and professors of our colleges are most of them ministers of religion, a contrary impression is permitted to remain upon the minds of the young men, who are there receiving their education to be Ameri-

can citizens. He administered a rebuke to those gentlemen, because they do not give the writings of Moses a more prominent place in their systems of instruction, and because they do not more distinctly inform their pupils that the true elements of republican liberty are to be sought in his institutions; but permit the Greek and Roman authors to monopolize their admiration and their gratitude. The very nations whose achievements in arts and arms these writers so eloquently commemorate, were not a little indebted to the genius of the Hebrew legislator for those principles and qualities in their institutions which awaken our youthful enthusiasm.

In his third lecture, Mr. WINES showed that to suppress and supplant idolatry was the grand design, and constituted, as it were, the very soul, of the Mosaic Institutes. He entered into an elaborate and erudite examination of the qualities and tendencies of polytheism, and of the nature, design, and limit of the theocracy. He showed that the theocratic feature of the government was not an arrangement of the commonwealth, fundamentally different from the monarchical, aristocratical, democratical, and mixed forms of government; but that, viewed as to its main design, it was nothing more than a name, or contrivance, employed the more effectually to exclude idolatry. God took the name of king, as a title that conferred honor on the Israelites, and the great object of it was to supplant idolatry, without an infringement of that essential and precious principle of civil liberty, that mere opinions are not to be cramped and restrained by the pains and penalties of the civil law. Having cleared the ground by these preliminary disquisitions, the lecturer entered upon the analysis of the constitution itself. This part of the discussion was exceedingly novel, philosophical, and luminous. Learned doctors in divinity acknowledged themselves instructed and charmed by his masterly dissection of the *jus publicum* of the Hebrews; the texture and frame-work of their government; the fundamental, organic law of their state. He proved, conclusively, that the government Moses instituted was a constitutional democracy, and that there were, properly speaking, neither nobles nor peasants under it, but a brotherhood of hardy and industrious yeomen, all politically equal, and having each an important stake in the maintenance of public tranquillity and order. The analogies between the Hebrew government and ours, in their substance, forms, and modes of administration, were shown to be, many of them, most close and surprising. The radical features of that ancient and venerable social compact were stated thus: Each of the twelve tribes formed a separate, and in some respects, independent state, with a local legislature and supreme court of judicature, having absolute power within the limit of its reserved rights. Nevertheless, so long as the Constitution of Moses was preserved unimpaired, there was both a real and a vigorous general government and national administration. The nation might, with strict propriety, have been denominated, 'The United States' of Israel. The government consisted of four departments; the chief magistrate, the senate, the oracle, and the congregation of Israel. This last was the popular branch, and consisted of deputies truly representing the nation, and faithfully embodying and carrying out the decrees of the popular will. The form of a legal enactment might have run thus: 'Be it enacted by the Congregation of Israel, the Senate advising, the Judge presiding, and the Oracle assenting.' There was a supreme national court at Jerusalem, to which difficult causes were adjourned from the local tribunals. And, finally, the organization of the tribe of Levi was such as to impart a vital action to the whole system, at the same time that it served as a sort of counterpoise to the democracy, and prevented its excesses. All these positions, and many others not here enumerated, were sustained with an array of convincing arguments, drawn from the sacred writings themselves.

The great Hebrew statesman foresaw that the time would come, when his countrymen, infected and dazzled by the example of the surrounding nations, would lose their relish for republican simplicity, and demand the splendors of a throne and a court. But it was neither his advice nor his wish that they should have a king. He used every means to prevent it. He reasoned; he dissuaded; he expostulated; he threatened; he uttered many solemn and fearful warnings against the dangers and horrors of despotism. If he

could not wholly resist the headlong proclivity of his nation to the regal form of government, he at least postponed the issue which he dreaded; he fenced about the royal power with a thousand unwelcome restrictions; and, by his glowing and withering denunciations against every form and species of despotism, he showed how thoroughly his own spirit was impregnated with popular principles; how deep was his hatred of tyranny and usurpation; and how ardent and irrepressible his sympathy for the rights, the liberties, and the happiness of the people. Whoever, then, holds to the divine legation of Moses, and therefore necessarily believes that a constitutional and representative democracy is a form of government stamped with the seal of the divine approval, while the monarchy was but granted in anger to the mad clamors of the people, will hence derive a new and forcible argument to cherish and defend the precious charter of our own liberties, since its type and model came originally from the depths of the divine wisdom and goodness. We are glad to learn that these very able lectures of Professor WINEs are to be re-modelled, extended to eight, and repeated the ensuing season. A syllabus of them lies before us, which we shall have pleasure in presenting, when the time for their delivery shall have arrived.

THE SPANISH STUDENT. A Play in three Acts. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume. pp. 174. Cambridge: JOHN OWEN. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WITH what regularly-progressive steps HENRY W. LONGFELLOW has trod the path of fame! We can scarcely call to mind an American writer who has exhibited the industry of patient acquisition, the increasing refinement of taste, the expansion of fancy, and the enhanced delicacy of execution, which have distinguished the literary career of the author of the volume before us. Nor in depth of thought, and power of expression, have Mr. LONGFELLOW's writings fallen behind those of any of his contemporaries; while in that winning sympathy with humanity, which finds a response in every bosom, it would be difficult to name his superior. It is not however for this Magazine — which has been the source through which the best and most voluminous portions of Mr. LONGFELLOW's poetical writings have been given to the public — to praise that which our readers know is its own best commendation. Nor can we, from the scores of pencilled and dog's-eared pages of the beautiful volume under notice, select a tithe of the passages which we indicated as we read, rather with the *hope* than the *expectation* of being able to find space for them in our crowded pages. For the beautiful story, we shall, in justice to the publishers and the author, refer our readers to the volume which contains it and its accessories, un mutilated; yet in the mean time we cannot resist an extract or two, as a sample of the execution of the verse. It is enough to 'make lovers of us all,' to read the annexed dialogue between the enamoured PRECIOUSA and VICTORIAN:

PRÆC. Dost thou remember when first we met?

VIC. It was at Cordova,  
In the Cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting  
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

PRÆC. 'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.  
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,  
And then anon the great Cathedral bell.  
It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,  
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.  
I never had been happy, till that moment.

VIC. Thou blessed angel!

PRÆC. And when thou wast gone  
I felt an aching here. I did not speak  
To any one that day.

VIC. Sweet Preciosa!

I loved thee even then, though I was silent!  
PRÆC. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.  
Thy farewell had to me a sound of sorrow.

VIC. That was the first sound in the song of love!  
 Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.  
 Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
 Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
 And play the prelude of our fate. We hear  
 The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

If any doubt that WORDSWORTH'S 'comfort in the strength of love' can be exaggerated, let him or her 'inwardly digest' the following picture of the power of this passion, drawn by VICTORIAN:

WHAT I most prize in woman  
 Is her affection, not her intellect.  
 Compare me with the great men of the earth—  
 What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!  
 But if thou lovest—mark me, I say lovest—  
 The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!  
 The world of the affections is thy world—  
 Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness  
 Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,  
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
 Feeding its flame. The element of fire  
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,  
 But burns as brightly in a gypsy camp  
 As in a palace hall.

How forcible are the following thoughtful lines:

HYP. HAST thou e'er reflected  
 How much lies hidden in that one word *now*?  
 VIC. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!  
 I oft have thought, my dear Hypollito,  
 That could we, by some spell of magic, change  
 The world and its inhabitants to stone,  
 In the same attitudes they now are in,  
 What fearful glances downward might we cast  
 Into the hollow chasms of human life!  
 What groups should we behold about the death-bed,  
 Putting to shame the group of Niobe!  
 What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!  
 What stony tears in those congealed eyes!  
 What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!  
 What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows!  
 What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!  
 What lovers with their marble lips together!

But we are admonished of our lack of space; and are left only room to say to every lover—whether of some precious maid, or more precious 'wife and mother now,' or lover only of the beautiful and the true in poetry—to obtain the 'Spanish Student,' and lay 'its gentle teachings to the new-warmed heart.'

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CLASSICAL STUDIES: ESSAYS ON ANCIENT LITERATURE AND ART: with the Biography and Correspondence of eminent Philologists. By DAVID SEARS, President of Newton Theological Institution; Professor B. B. EDWARDS, of Andover; and Professor C. C. FELTON, of Harvard University. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL, AND LINCOLN.

THIS work will be warmly welcomed by scholars, and all true lovers of classical learning. Professor EDWARDS furnishes an essay upon the study of Greek literature, of classical antiquity, and upon the school of philology in Holland; President SEARS presents the reader with an article upon the schools of German philology, a very voluminous correspondence between eminent philologists in Germany, together with a history of the Latin language: and Professor FELTON contributes an admirable paper upon the Wealth of the Greeks in Works of Plastic Art; the superiority of the Greek Language in the use of its Dialects; the education of the Moral Sentiment among the Ancient Greeks; and, as we have reason, from internal evidence, to believe, the excellent 'Introduction.' We are glad to learn from this last-mentioned treatise, that amidst the din of practical interests, the rivalries of commerce, and the great enterprises of the age, classical studies are gaining ground in public estimation. It is a much more common thing now for young

men to continue them after leaving college than in former days. 'The excitements of modern literature lend additional ardor to classical studies. The young blood of modern literature has put new life into the literature of the dead languages.' GÖTTE's 'Iphigenia,' TALFOURD's 'Ion,' MILTON's 'Samson Agonistes' and its Dorian choruses, and the creations of the myriad-minded poet of England, are cited in proof of this position. In short, the benefits, direct and indirect, of classical study are so forcibly illustrated in this work, that we hope to see it widely diffused, as an offset against the declamations of the ignorant—who undervalue what they do not understand—against classical acquirements and sound learning.

THE FIRST TEN CANTOS OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Newly translated into English verse. By T. W. PARSONS. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

THE well-printed pamphlet before us, as will be seen from its title-page, is merely a specimen of a larger, and as we infer, yet unfinished attempt. We can hardly believe however that it will long remain incomplete, if the approving voice of capable judges shall have weight with the author, to 'whet his purpose.' Although the work must needs abide a triple test, in a comparison with the original, with previous translations, and with finished English poems, it is our own belief, and that of others 'whose judgment cries in the top of ours,' that it will endure the ordeal with honor to the translator. We regard Mr. PARSONS's translation as indeed excellent. The versification is melodious and smooth, and the translator has evidently been scrupulously careful to confine himself to the exact sense of the original. To the merits of the great creations of DANTE, it is of course quite unnecessary to advert; but of the illustrious Italian's claims to the character of a *philosopher* it may not be amiss to speak. We glean from a comprehensive and instructive essay, addressed by the translator to the reader, that DANTE was the greatest philosopher of his age. As early as the fourteenth century, he was familiar with the sphericity of the earth, and alluded to the existence of a western hemisphere. He was acquainted with the theory of winds, and had a curious insight into the phenomena of the production of rain. 'He hinted at the laws of gravitation, anticipated NEWTON's theory of attraction and repulsion, and announced the tendency of the magnet to the polar star. He anticipated also the discovery of the circulation of the blood; he described and explained the phenomena of the shooting stars; and long before the telescope of GALILEO, he taught us that the milky way was nothing else than the combination of light with an immense number of smaller orbs.' The fine etching of the bust of DANTE, which forms the frontispiece of the pamphlet before us, indicates we think, beside the other noble characteristics of the poet, this philosophical bent of his mind. The translator's lines on this bust are admirable. We annex a few forceful stanzas:

'SEE from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Amo shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim  
The father was of Tuscan song.  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care and scorn abide;  
Small friendship for the lordly throng;  
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
No dream his life was, but a fight;  
Could any BEATRICE see  
A lover in that anchorite?  
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips, as Cumæ's cavern close,  
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsuited still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Peace dwells not here; this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien, when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine,  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.'

We counsel Mr. PARSONS to pursue the commendable task which he has allotted to himself, the commencement alone of which redounds so much to the credit of his taste, scholarship, and skill. He cannot fail of entire success.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE R. C. SANDS: FOURTH NOTICE.—We resume a consideration of the early writings of this true son of genius, in a brief review of a characteristic production of his pen, which we are sorry to say was never completed. It was the singular biography of '*The Man who Never Laughed.*' It purported to be a 'German story;' but the veil of pretended translation was quite too thin to deceive the writer's friends, who perused the manuscript. It was entitled '*Tristan, the Grave.*' The hero was the son of a German Baron in the Duchy of Bremen, in Lower Saxony, 'who traced his ancestry up to Bruno the First.' Tristan, when an infant, was a comely child, 'perfect in his parts and proportions, with a sober and serene countenance, which seemed to indicate that he was born to be a great dignitary in the church or in the state. His lady mother and her attendants soon noticed, however, a strange idiosyncrasy in the hopes of the family; which was, that he never laughed, nor indeed did his features assume the faintest appearance of smiling! He could cry, as other babes are wont to do, and shed as many tears as are usual in the period of childhood; but after the squall was over, and the cloud cleared away, no sunshine illuminated his face and sparkled in his eyes. He looked as sedate as a little stone angel on a monument; his lips were as rigidly fixed; and his gaze expressed but little more intelligence. In vain they tickled and tousled him; instead of chirruping and smiling, he showed his dissatisfaction at this appeal to his cutaneous sensibilities, by sneezing and snarling; and if it was prolonged, by obstreperous lamentation. In vain did the maids snap their fingers, distort their countenances, and make every variety of grimace and ridiculous posture before him. He seemed to look upon their monkey tricks with an eye of compassion, and relaxed not a whit the composed arrangement of his muscles.'

Little Tristan's imperturbable gravity was a great 'thorn in the flesh' of his mother, who attributed it to the *diablerie* of a suspicious-looking old beldame, who hung about the premises just before he was born, and wrought the unhappy charm upon him. The old baron, however, treated the subject of his wife's uneasiness with levity, and swore that when his son was old enough to understand Dutch, *he* would make him laugh till his sides ached. The learned Hieronymus Marascallerus, a great astrologer, who superintended at present the baron's kennel, and was to take charge of his son's education, when he should arrive at a suitable age, also stoutly denied the agency of any *diablerie* in the matter; but said that Tristan's sober demeanor was purely the result of natural causes, he having been born when Saturn and Jupiter were in conjunction in Libra. His temperament was therefore that of a generous melancholy; but whether he would make a great poet, or politician, or captain, Marascallerus could not yet decide, as part of his ephemers had been eaten by the rats, and he could not adjust the horoscope to his satisfaction! As Tristan grew up to be a tall boy, and verged to man's estate, the same utter insensibility to ludicrous exhibitions and associations displayed itself in his physiog-

nomy and character. He was not unsocial in his disposition, but very condescendingly joined with the younger fry of the village; and in all sports and games where violent exercise, or that dexterity which is called manual wit was concerned, he was distinguished for length of wind and ingenuity. When any one of his playmates tumbled head over heels, broke the bridge of his nose, or put any of his articulations out of joint, he saw nothing but the detriment done to the body of the suffering individual, and was incensed by the boisterous and to him inexplicable merriment of the others. He listened to a droll story as he would to a tragical one; taking an apparent interest in the incidents, but finding no farther relish in their strange combination, than as they might have been mere matters of fact. In a bull he saw nothing but the ignorance of the maker; and he did not detest puns, (if he ever heard any,) because he never suspected the jest. He heard his father's crack-joke without any other expression than that of wonder, as if he half thought the old gentleman was crazy.

As he grew in years, TRISTAN was greatly vexed to find that he lacked one of the common properties of his species, and that his company was by no means considered an acquisition in jovial society. A face all rosy and radiant with unquenchable laughter, though like that of one of HOMER's divinities, was to him like the countenance of a baboon. He once asked MARASCALLERUS whether he supposed any of the heroes, knights, and kings, recorded in ancient chronicles, ever wrinkled their faces and made hysterical noises, in the manner of those who were said to be laughing? He had several times practised before a mirror the detested corrugations which he had noted on the countenances of others; but on such occasions he succeeded in producing no other expression than that which a Dutch toy for cracking nuts would wear, without any paint; while his eyes seemed looking out above, in wonder and scorn at the performance of his lower features; and he turned with disgust from the image of himself. Time, who travels on at his jog-trot pace, whether men turn the corners of their mouths upward or downward, had carried TRISTAN along with him into the twenty-first year of his serious existence; when his father the baron received a letter from one of his old friends, a brother FREIHERR, as nobly descended as himself. The writer stated that he was waxing old, and that the dearest object of his heart was to establish his only child, the fair CUNEGUNDA, comfortably and according to her rank in the world, before he went out of it; and having heard much of the wisdom and good qualities of his old friend's son, he was anxious to effect a union of two illustrious houses. TRISTAN professed himself ready to set forward on the mission forthwith. Provided with a suitable answer to the epistle which had been received, and a slenderly-furnished purse, and mounted on the least carrion-like looking steed the old gentleman's stables could furnish, he set forth. MARASCALLERUS stood by, wiping away his tears with the end of a dirty apron, which he wore at his more servile occupations, and beseeching his pupil not to go for three days longer, as the planetary influence was just then most malign to all about commencing a journey. But TRISTAN put spurs to his wind-galled charger, and in a short time reached the boundary of his father's domains. Here the beast came to a sudden stand, and exhibited violent symptoms of oppugnancy to the goadings and buffets he received, by way of encouraging him to proceed. Thrice did he wheel round, quivering in all his ill-assorted members, as if under the influence of powerful terror; and thrice did TRISTAN compel him to put his nose in the direction he wished to take. Then uttering a shrill and melancholy neigh, he started forward at his wonted miscellaneous gait. The natural curiosity of so grave a lover, touching the appearance and character of a mistress whom he had never seen, are forcibly depicted:

'ALL along the road the people at the inns treated him with great respect, taking him for a messenger intrusted with important secrets and despatches, from the sobriety of his looks and seriousness of his demeanor. After three days' journey he reached the town of Stade, and after making a disbursement to the improvement of his outward man, repaired to the residence of Baron Ehrenfriedersdorf, his father-in-law elect. The baron's dwelling stood in an old part of the town, and looked a little the worse for wear. Tristan felt a little queerish as he lifted the knocker, at

the antiquated and half-ruined gate-way. What sort of a young lady was Cunegunda Ehrenfriedersdorf? Did she squint? and if so, was the obliquity single, double, or manifold? Had she a hump? and if so, where located? On her shoulder, or her back; or how was its topography? Was she subject to nervous spasms? If so, how did the twitchings exhibit themselves? All down one side of her face, or all over? Intermittently, or all the time? Had she had the small-pox? If so, were the cicatrices deep or shallow? Was her countenance rivelled by it, into longitudinal or latitudinal seams, or promiscuously? Was she a natural, or a virago? All these doubts passed over the mind of the suitor as the iron fell from his fingers. A hollow sound reverberated from the ruinous establishment, and the portal was opened by a decayed-looking serving-man, faded alike in years and in his livery. At sight of the grave-looking young man, he bowed respectfully, taking him for a candidate for holy orders, if not a licentiate, and marshalled him across the court.'

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Does our critic remember an ancient motto on a sun-dial? '*Non numero Horas, nisi serenas?*' It is capable of application. . . . We are glad to say, since our opinion in this place is requested, that the essay on '*Education of Youthful Morals*' is an excellent one. It is only too long for our Magazine, if we would preserve our accustomed variety. It would make at least fifteen printed pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. We hope however to see the article published. No parent who feels as he ought for the children which God has given him, growing up around him, but would honor its aim and emulate its salutary lessons. Years pass quickly away. Yet a little while, and our dear ones will be actors in this busy world, of which at present their knowledge is so small. The article in question has been returned, as requested, through the Upper Post-Office. . . . SOME-THING akin to the following, were certain lines written by '*S. C. M.*', now well known in America and England under a popular pseudonym, many years since. There is rather more of the '*cautionary*,' however, in this '*limning from life*:'

## THE NOVEL-READER.

'T was very sweet of a summer's eve,  
To hear her talk and sing  
Of stars, and dews, and rocks, and caves,  
And all that sort of thing.

I loved her for her mild blue eye,  
And her sweet and quiet air;  
But I'm very sure that I didn't see  
The novel on the chair.

I longed to have a quiet wife,  
For a noise quite drives me frantic;  
But to be a novel-reader's spouse  
Is any thing but romantic.

The live-long day does LAURA read  
In a cushioned easy chair,  
In slipshod shoes, and a dirty gown,  
And tangled, uncumbered hair.

The children look like beggars' brats,  
And little have they of breeding;  
Yet this is but one of the many ills  
That flow from novel-reading.

For oh! the meals! I'm very sure  
You ne'er did see such feeding;  
For the beef is burnt, and the veal is raw,  
And all from novel-reading.

The bed-room's very like a sty,  
And the kitchen seems a stable;  
The lap-dogs litter the parlour or,  
And the nursery is a Sabel.

Ho! youth in search of a quiet wife,  
Before to the shrine you lead her,  
Take care, I pray you, take good care  
That she isn't a novel reader!

We had lately missed our friend Mr. L. P. CLOVER, from his establishment under the Astor-House, in Vesey-street, and were ignorant of his whereabouts; until happening one day to pass Dr. LYELL's church in Anthony-street, near Broadway, we observed, near the door of a building adjoining that edifice, a couple of large paintings, representing the Falls of Niagara. Entering, to inquire the name of the artist, we opened upon Mr. CLOVER, which 'fully accounted' for the presence at his door of works of art; for although his establishment is better known for its excellent looking-glasses and picture-frames, for the sale of which, on reasonable terms, it has become so popular, yet we have been often indebted to the proprietor's taste and enterprise for the enjoyment of some of the best paintings to be met at any similar place in the metropolis. To test the justice of our commendations, let our town readers drop in at Number eighty-three Anthony-street, and examine VANDERLYN's Views of the Great Cataract, and several of WARD's fine landscapes. . . . We hear of various changes and some deaths among our contemporaries. Our friend 'SARGENT's Magazine' has been swallowed up in 'GRAHAM's'; two or three 'lady-periodicals,' as they are termed, have been similarly wedded; the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' since the death of its amiable and persevering proprietor, has been advertised for sale at public auction; the Charleston '*Magnolia*' is we hear to be discontinued: Mr. SIMMS recently transferred its editorial functions. The '*Orion*,' we are informed, will commence its third volume in September, with increased attractions, literary and pictorial. How many Magazines have arisen, struggled, and fallen, within the last ten years, that were going to throw the '*Old Knick*,' into the back-ground, and darken his out-goings! We could at this moment count up a score of such upon our fingers; and yet MAGA 'flourishes in immortal youth!' 'Be virtuous, and you will be happy;' 'Rome was not built in a day;' and so forth. . . . 'REMEMBER that thou keep holy the Sabbath-Day,' is a lesson beautifully enforced in the following lines by Sir MATTHEW HALE. We give them in place of our Baltimore correspondent's remarks upon '*Sunday is the Country*,' in our last number:

'A SABBATH well spent  
Brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of to-morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned,  
Whatso'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.'

THE article upon '*President Tyler and his Family*' in our last number seems, according to the newspapers, to have given offence to a portion of the public. The sketch was from the pen of an

old correspondent of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, who had never failed to please its readers; his articles having always been widely copied and warmly commended. Assured that it had no political bearing, and that it could in no wise trench upon our neutrality, we gave the paper a place; not without the thought also that the recent tour of the President and a portion of his family in this section of the Union would give it additional interest to our readers in the Northern States. The reception of the article, however, has satisfied us that while politics run high, it is not expedient for a neutral work like the *KNICKERBOCKER* to intermeddle either with public *men* or public *measures*. We shall therefore eschew all kindred themes hereafter. . . . We are indebted to a kind friend for the following 'incident of travel.' We have heard before of the couplet which he transcribes, but never of a *serious* application of the lines. We did not however need the assurance of our correspondent that he 'actually saw them, as stated: 'During a recent journey through New-Hampshire, with a small party of choice friends, we stopped to refresh ourselves at a little inn in a village that shall be nameless, although it has a *stame at home*. The parlor into which we were ushered was ornamented, as is usual in New-England villages, with two or three rude pictures; and among the rest, the indispensable family mourning-piece. This latter is always irresistibly attractive to me. Poorly as it is executed, it is the work of love. It speaks of the natural and holy desire to remember the dead; to hold their images and their memorials near; to bind the members of the little family, in whatever worlds, together into one. It is one of the many symbols in which the affectionate heart imbodyes its instinctive prophecy of the indissolubleness of the holy and beautiful alliances of friendship and home. It seems to say: 'We have not yet done loving the dead. Our sympathies and attachments are too strong to be so soon dissolved. Virtuous friendship must endure for ever, or love is a cheat. Our holy associations *must* abide, or we have no confidence in any thing eternal.' The picture was the work of the needle, representing with wonderful *originality* of conception, a weeping willow bending over a small obelisk, upon which was recorded the name of an infant, aged seven weeks. Beneath the name were the following lines; the perusal of which, I need not say, produced a most sensible effect upon the feelings of all the travellers, and left an impression never to be effaced:

'Since that I so soon was done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for.'

The brevity of human life is a mystery, which has often perplexed the wisest heads. But the difficult question is here propounded 'with a vengeance,' considering the quarter from which it is represented to have come, that is perfectly overpowering.' . . . WHAT an admirable reproof of selfishness is conveyed in these few words of *BACON*: 'Divide with reason between self-love and society, and be so true to thyself that thou be not false to others. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth; for that only stands fast upon its own centre, whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit.' . . . We like *parts* of 'The Summer-Storm' very well; but as a whole, it lacks clearness, and in one or two places the language is tame; mere prose, indeed, and not over-felicitously divided. We can well *imagine* the appearance of such a storm, however, in the highlands of Rockland county. *Thomson* has a spirited picture of a similar scene:

'At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burthen on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts  
And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze!'

For one only reason, we decline the 'thrilling story' of 'M. D.' of Hudson. We do not affect a *fight* in a tale. Indeed, we crossed out a great battle of fists recently in one of the best articles that has appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for several months. *SIDNEY SMITH's* advice on this point is most judicious: 'Nobody should suffer his hero to have a black eye, or to be pulled by the nose. The *Iliad* would never have come down to these times, if *AGAMEMNON* had given *ACHILLES* a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the *Æniad* if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious *ÆNEAS* in the fourth book. *ÆNEAS* may have deserved it, but he never could have founded the Roman empire after so distressing an accident.' . . . Now in this fervid summer solstice, forget not, O ye sedentary! that most important requirement of the body, frequent ablation. *Baths! baths!* A recipient ourselves of 'the early and latter rain' of Dr. *RABINOW's* shower-bath, and eke the benefits of his unrivalled swimming-bath, we speak by the card, and as

one having authority. Of Mr. H. RABINEAU's warm salt water baths, at the foot of Desbrosses-street, on the North River, we hear also the warmest praises, from the lips of invalids and others. . . . If we were to write a page of fine print in reply to one point of 'S.'s remarks upon '*Street Aims - Giving*,' it could not so well express what *he* at least will understand, as the annexed brief sentence: 'That charity which Plenty gives to Poverty is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly, when Poverty gives to Want.' . . . We submit it to the reader whether our correspondent is not excusable for the tardy fulfilment of a promise in which they were interested:

'I've had the tooth-ache, DIZPATCH, and have taken  
All sorts of extracts, essences, and lotions;  
Have held on blisters, till my jaws were baking,  
Of mustard, vinegar, and other notions;  
And for about a week, at midnight waking,  
Have drank raw fourth-proof brandy, in such portions,  
(Mixed with quinine, valerians, and morphines.)  
'T would put a dozen stout men in their coffins.'

'M.'s curt notelet is impertinent and ungentleman-like. His article was a mere *ébauche*, and very indifferent at that. The nuclei of his associations were objects of the very smallest kind, and the language was kept down to a sympathetic degradation and due correspondence with the thoughts. The article was 'respectfully declined,' and in the manner prescribed by its author; and for this we are berated in no measured terms. 'Go to; you are a fishmonger.' . . . THE '*Lines to Old Ocean*' possess a kind of latent rough-and-tumble sublimity, not unlike a good borrowed thought smothered in windy words by JOHN NEAL. But we like DICKENS's prose picture of 'the main' much better: 'The sea never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them polar bears in the wild-beast shows, as is constantly a-nodding their heads from side to side, it never can be quiet.' This is at least 'clear to the meanest capacity.' . . . It is said of RICHTER, that his foremost thought about a wife was, that she should be able to 'cook him something good.' Our Port-Chester epigrammatist seems to have a taste for the fragile in his estimate of the sex:

'Lovely woman's a flower, so when you address her,  
If you wish to retain, I advise you to press her.'

The others 'will do.' They bide their time; as also the 'Night on Lake Erie.' . . . THE recent death of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the painter, the poet, in all respects the man of genius, has left a void which will not soon be filled; and *one* there is, in a foreign land, who will feel this sad event in his very heart of hearts. WASHINGTON IRVING and WASHINGTON ALLSTON were for many years friends of as confiding a faith and firm an attachment as DAMON and PYTHIAS. They rose to fame abroad together; were constant mutual advisers in literature and art; and at one time, when they were residing temporarily in Rome, we came near losing our renowned author, through the love he bore his friend, and a desire to unite with him in the common pursuit of his delightful art. We shall hope to obtain for these pages a tribute from the pen of Mr. IRVING to the memory of his illustrious friend. . . . HERE is a fact related by an eastern correspondent, that raises HANDY ANDY's character for truth and veracity greatly in our estimation. It matches the best blunder recorded by that amusing narrator: 'Not many days since, a little child, two years old, the son of a poor Irish widow, lay in the middle of a new road, kicking up a dust, and roasting in the sun. Presently came along an Irish teamster, who in the most deliberate and careless manner walked his team over the little fellow, and crushed him to death. Some dozen or twenty Irish shanties were in full view of the catastrophe; and as might be expected, there was a rush and an ululloo from a hundred women at once. While some took up the dead body, others shouted after the teamster, who, apparently unconcerned, was making slowly off. They forced him back to the scene of the catastrophe, where they did not hesitate to accuse him of having caused it purposely. Pat of course denied it strenuously, declaring that he did not see the child, and was therefore wholly blameless. But with a hundred fierce eyes glaring upon him at once, and fifty tongues hissing in his ear, he became confused, began to waver, and finally gave up the point entirely, probably as a peace-offering to his tormentors: 'Thrus, thrus, Mistress CONOLLY,' said he to one of them, while he scratched his head sorrowfully, 'I *did* see the boy lying there, 'pon me word; but I thought he was asleep.' This, Mr. C., is a positive fact.' . . . Did you ever peruse these '*Lines written upon a Watch*?' We derive them from a favorite contributor, who informs us that his honored father, in winding up his watch, used often to repeat them:

'COULD but our tempers move like this machine,  
Not urged by passion, nor delayed by spleen,

But true to Nature's regulative power,  
By virtuous acts distinguished every hour;  
Then Health and Joy would follow, as they ought,  
The laws of motion and the laws of thought;  
Sweet Health, to pass the present moments o'er,  
And endless Joy, when Time shall be no more!

'Owz more last word' to 'Main Hetz of Albany,' to whom we alluded in our last number. We admit the justice of your satire; but with deference, it strikes us that it does not require a cimeter to cut down a gnat. Hoop somewhere mentions an Irishman who apologized to the keeper of a menagerie for insulting his elephant by a rude assault upon his most prominent feature. He could n't resist, he said, the only chance he had ever had to pull a nose that he could take hold of with both hands! Our correspondent has a kindred excuse, certainly, in *one* sense, but not in another. 'Fleas are not lobsters,' nor are asses elephants. . . . A *very* charming story, friend 'G.' of Illinois; simple, well-told, and *not too long*—the bane of kindred performances. Love-stories should *end* once in a while, by way of novelty. How many novelists have elaborated chapter after chapter, to depict the true-hearted constancy which is better described in these four lines:

'I Lo'z nae a laddie but ane,  
He lo'es nae a lassie but me;  
He's willing to make me his ain,  
And his ain I am willing to be.'

'T.'s manuscript is *wretched*. The words are strung together like a bunch of onions. Some of the conglomerated syllables reminded us of a sign in London, mentioned by Hook, whereby a plain manufacturer of Roman cement was turned into a manufacturer of *Romancement*; as if he were anxious to solicit business from the prolific fashionable novelists of the time. . . . We do not accept 'The Signs of the Times.' The writer looks through a pair of very dark spectacles, we should say. Going upon the assumption that every man is a rascal until he *proves* himself an honest man, would be a course as unjust to a community as to an individual. Our correspondent seems to think that 'the world is in a state of bankruptcy; that it owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery and be sold!' The best-laid plans of *honest* men, our censor should remember, often fail. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, as many a delving, toiling 'two-footed worker' can bear witness:

'DAME FORTUNE is a fickle gipsy,  
And always blind, and often tipsy;  
Sometimes for years and years together  
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,  
Bestowing honor, pudding, pence,  
You can't imagine why, or whence;  
Then in a moment, Presto, pass!  
Your hopes are withered like the grass.'

We have received a very indignant epistle from 'The Mail-Robber,' who read our last number at Saratoga, where he is temporarily sojourning. We shall present it to our readers, with another poetical epistle, in our September issue. 'Mohawk, a Cluster of Sonnets,' by our friend H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq.; 'Green places of the City,' by Mrs. HEWITT; and 'Thoughts at Niagara,' are in type for our next. A word here to a few correspondents whose articles were not named in the large list enumerated in our last, or who have not been privately advised of the reception and disposition of their papers: Where is our venerable friend to whom we have been indebted for 'The Young Englishman?' We look for him in our next. The 'Treatise of Books' by 'R.' struck us as rather stiltish and labored in its style, although its *thoughts* were unexceptionable. It was declined, however, because our port-folios contained three or four papers on the same theme, for whose insertion at some future day we have been looking for several months. The 'Treatise' awaits 'R.'s order at the publication-office. 'H. W. R.'s indignation at the silly charge of plagiarism of 'The Southern Pinewoods' by BRYANT—whose lines on 'The Prairies,' written for the KNICKERBOCKER, furnished every thought and simile for the imitation—would be thrown away upon a 'weak invention.' The whole affair is a stupid joke, not worth a resurrection. 'Chronicles of the Past,' by an esteemed friend and contributor, is filed for insertion. 'Peter Brown and Dolly Cross,' a Legendary Ballad, and 'Night and Morning,' by 'W. H. H.,' bide their time. They are 'booked.' 'T.'s 'Lines on the Death of a Young Girl' are under 'hopeful' advisement. We shall be glad to receive the 'Inquiry concerning the Manifestation of Mind by the Lower Orders of Animals.' The theme is a fruitful one. Notices in type, of several new publications, are unavoidably omitted.



## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'WASHINGTON: A NATIONAL POEM.'—Who was it contributed five pounds toward the payment of the English national debt? He was such a benefactor to Britain, in a pecuniary point of view, as the author of this 'WASHINGTON' poem is to our national literature. To judge from his high-sounding preface, one would think that MILTON was to be out-done, and the fame of by-gone poets utterly eclipsed. The writer went into a 'state of retracy' and 'threw himself into his task.' He 'read, mused, and meditated; wrote and re-wrote.' He rose early and reposed late; 'sleepless himself, to give to others sleep!' He 'prepared himself long and laboriously' for his great effort, and 'laid his foundations deep.' And the result is, that he has given us an *original* poem which sets criticism at defiance. In this judgment, unless 'we bedoubt them o'ermuch,' to use our poet's words, his readers will at least agree with us. Since the 'travail in spirit' of Dr. McHENRY, in bringing forth 'The Antediluvians' in twelve books—an ominous number in the present instance also—we have seen nothing to compare with the pains and perils which our poet must have suffered and dared, in giving birth to the literary offspring under notice. Our candid and deliberate advice to the author is, to bottle up Book First in spirits, and strangle its eleven brothers.

'ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.'—We regret that we did not receive this noble work of Mr. F. B. TOWER, of the Engineer Department, in time for adequate notice in the present number. As it is, we cannot forbear to call public attention to its great merits. The volume is a superb quarto, containing upward of twenty large and exceedingly well-executed engravings, illustrating all the important structures on the entire line of the Aqueduct, from its source; its tunnels, aqueducts, bridges, reservoirs, fountains, etc. In the letter-press, which we should not omit to add does great credit to the care and skill of the printer, Mr. OSBORN, we find a clear and comprehensive history of the preliminary measures which led to the accomplishment of this great enterprise, together with accounts of the aqueducts of ancient Rome, and of the Romans in other parts of Europe, as well as of the modern-Roman, Italian, French, Mexican, and South American works, of a kindred character. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

'CLONTARY, OR THE FIELD OF THE GREEN BANNER,' is the title of an Irish Historical Romance, in verse, by JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA, which reaches us at too late an hour for adequate perusal and notice. Not to pass it wholly by, however, we are fain to say, that in hastily reading a passage here and there through the volume, we have been struck with the warm spirit of freedom which it breathes, the easy flow of its versification, and its frequently agreeable imagery and faithful pictures of passion. The poetical introduction is fervid and felicitous. A few minor poems, which have acquired general celebrity, among them that fine address to the ocean, 'Likeness of Heaven!' etc., close the volume; which being published by APPLETON AND COMPANY is of course in good keeping in its externals.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the July quarter, is an excellent issue of that always respectable Quarterly. The leading paper, upon the life and character of THOMAS PAINE, is written with great power, and with evident familiarity with all the details of the history of its notorious subject. STEPHENS's 'Travels in Yucatan' and Miss BREMEA's novels are noticed in terms of well-deserved praise. These, with an entertaining and instructive article upon the cod, mackerel, and herring fisheries, are all which we have found leisure to read. The remaining papers are upon the 'Maturity of the Somers,' DRAKE's 'Northern Lakes and Southern Invalids,' 'The School and the School-master,' 'The Nestorian Christians,' 'Classical Studies,' and the usual briefer 'Critical Notices.'

MR. NISBET'S LECTURE.—We have perused the lecture delivered before the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah, by Mr. EVERTUS A. NISBET, with satisfaction and pleasure. The writer's remarks upon the drama; the tendency of French literature; the necessity of an international copy-right law; the intellectual inheritance which we have derived from England; and the influence of domestic airs and national songs; are exceedingly forcible and just. We commend especially Mr. NISBET's argument in favor of literary protection to those liberal-minded casuists who would at the same time pick an author's brains and his pockets, and defend the justice of the operation, on the ground that the victim could not help it, and that *somebody* would rob him if *they* did not!

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

No. 3.

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## THOUGHTS AT NIAGARA.

—  
'THERE 's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!  
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall.' MONROE.  
—

NUMBERS have labored to describe this imposing spectacle, but no pen can exhaust the subject, or do full justice to its grandeur. It is great, indescribable, mighty; and the sensations it produces are indefinite, confused, and wholly unlike and above the emotions raised by other scenes and other causes. It would be presumption to offer a description; although the image of the passing moment is so deeply fixed in the mind, that all else can be dismissed at pleasure, and the imagination conduct us, as often as we will, to a seat on Table-Rock where we can again see the dashing waters roll up in billows above the verge, then gliding over, literally tumble into myriads of particles before they are lost in the rising spray.

One idea impressed me strongly, while enjoying this triumph of Nature's eccentricities; that the Canada Fall was to the American as Great Britain to the United States. Both of the same majestic pattern, equally lofty, created by the same stream, and side by side; but the former more powerful, more irresistible, more overwhelming; while the latter possesses another kind of beauty, less angry, less furious, less threatening, but yet grand and magnificent, and, take away the other fall, incomparable.

Undoubtedly in ages past this mighty tide rolled over in an unbroken sheet; but having worn away in a slow retreat to its present position, a rock unyielding and immovable separated the stream into two unequal divisions; and, judging from the past, the future would seem to forewarn changes equally great. The Canada Fall, however, can gain nothing by the wearings of time. It can have no larger proportion, no higher ledge; but on the other hand, some shifting rock, some rupture in the bed of the river above, may direct the larger share into the American channel, and the relative character of the two be reversed.

The comparison to some extent will hold of the two govern-

ments. Our ancestors were common. The same language, the same literature, and the same religion supplied, and continues to supply us both; and although a rock impassable has divided us, we continue in civilization to stand side by side. Great Britain, however, stretches her dominion through the world. The channel of her power is deeper, and its full current sweeps along with irresistible force. She has attained her full meridian, and stands forth the mammoth power of the present age; with her ensign unfurled to every breeze, and her ambassadors upon every isle. She draws within her influence 'earth's remotest bounds;' but, if we rightly estimate the indications of the times, her political meridian has no higher degree; and when she moves from her present position, it is even more probable that she will 'hasten to her setting' than be borne along in her present attitude by the shifting currents of time.

Our republic, in contrast with it, presents the figure of aspiring, expanding youth, and vigorous age. The youth of the parent stock; but, being educated in a different school, and upon another soil, and having shaped out a separate course, founded upon the experience of the past, has formed juster estimates of the dignity and independence of man; of his social immunities; of his inborn liberty; of his equality of right with all mankind; and of his constituting a part of the national sovereignty, rather than its appendage. His free-born genius has unfolded while struggling for these essential principles; and guided by their inspiration, he stretches forward in the career of intellectual and moral expansion, promising ere long to excel immeasurably the sturdy parent, whose genius is encumbered by prejudice, aristocracy, and regalism, and blunted by long and arduous toil.

Unlike the two Falls in extent, neither Great Britain, nor any civilized nation, possesses such a valuable, continuous, and available territory as constitutes the American republic. It reaches, with hill and plain, river and mountain, from ocean to ocean. The waters of the Missouri wander for five thousand miles through its breadth, and yet find their source and discharge within its limits. If, excepting Russia, we double all the kingdoms and States of Europe, and suppose the area to be extended over the Union, an empire as large as Spain would still be left: indeed it is almost impossible to appreciate the territorial magnitude of this grand confederacy, on the imposing scale on which its government is instituted.

For the beautiful and grand in natural scenery, it is saying little to assert that ours is unrivalled. From that variety which stirs the milder feelings, up to that which rouses the highest emotions, it seems to furnish the whole catalogue of the pleasing and the sublime. It offers to us 'rivers that move in majesty;' the bright and gentle scenery of the inland lake,

'On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky;'

— 'Antres vast,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven;'

and lastly, Niagara's rushing tide, the triumph of the grand in nature.

The comparison might be continued in some other respects. The American Fall presents a plain, bold, and widely extended front, while the Canadian is sinuous, and bears deeper marks of the surges' wild career. In like manner the English government has been irregularly extended by the convulsions of time; enlarging its empire by every vicissitude, and swelling its resources even by calamity. Its institutions also have been essentially modified, almost revolutionized, during the long struggles for the emancipation of mind. On the other hand, ours exhibits the same unbroken and formidable outline by which it was originally bounded. Not a fragment has crumbled, but it has rather been rendered geographically complete. Relying upon no foreign possessions for its magnitude; upon no navy or army for its strength; it trusts the future to the guidance of the American mind; those mighty energies now unfolding in the sunny atmosphere of free institutions, and cultivating in that republican school which recognizes no degradation but ignorance, and no distinction save substantial and virtuous worth.

Leaving any farther comparisons, which are idle except as a mere matter of novelty, it may not be amiss to consider the *pretension* so often reiterated, that our institutions are levelling. What does this vague charge mean? Do they obstruct personal effort, or the pursuit of happiness, or the cultivation of the mind? Do they draw from the husbandman his earnings, from the artisan the fruits of his skill, from commerce its reward? No; so far from shackling man, the philosophy of all Americanism seems to be to open wide the gates to the field of human exertion; inviting every citizen freely to enter and reap according to his abilities; and emphatically to make the utmost of the powers which the Deity has bestowed. Where then is the prostrating tendency detected by the aristocrat in our institutions? It must be because they do not establish and sustain a Patrician race, exalted by territory, wealth, and prerogative. If this is the levelling into which such charges may be resolved, it has precisely a contrary effect, and is much more a matter of commendation than reproach. Republicanism does not seek the elevation of a few, but of all; and this principle is one of profound wisdom, guiding more directly to national greatness than any other political maxim, aside from its inherent justice to man. We have yet to learn that intellect and moral worth require the sustenance of hereditary wealth and place; while ignorance coupled with arrogance would merit contempt, no matter how it was habited. On the other side, aristocracies organized and sustained by law have in all ages, without doubt, produced more misery among men than all the desolations of faction, the rapacity of military commanders, and the tyranny of kings combined. We need no American mandarins to wrest by legitimized oppression that free, unbroken spirit from the great mass of citizens which must constitute the energy of the nation. Our republic, however, does recognize an order of Patricians, though it rises high above the region of factitious distinctions. Taking the monument for its

emblem, the corner-stone of the order is virtue. The pedestal, intellect. The shaft, mental progress, and usefulness to man. The summit, grandeur, sublimity of character. It is composed of Franklins, Marshalls, WASHINGTONS, and the ascendancy of such Patricians is founded on the grateful appreciation of the people of eminent usefulness and exalted worth. If the Pisos, Antoniuses, and Scipios of Rome, together, with the swarming host of Europe's privileged characters shall fade even from the page of history, our WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN will live 'through the still lapse of ages,' with perpetual freshness in the minds of men. Such men need no commemorative column, sculptured with their deeds or lineage; and as Napoleon dated his patent of nobility from the battle of Monte Notte, so does theirs bear date with the commencement of their public usefulness.

Turning once more to the Falls of Niagara. Our national boundary divides it, assigning a part to the British empire, thus forming a natural but most remarkable division, the centre of a raging river and a mighty fall. We can all cordially approve the poetical exclamation of a distinguished Englishman:

'Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,  
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep;  
And till the conflict of the surges cease,  
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!'

AQUARIUS.

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S T A N Z A S   T O   A   L A D Y .

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BY W. H. HERBERT.

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## I.

How sweet the time, when morning's prime  
First brightens into day,  
And fields of dew from skies of blue  
Receive the glittering ray!

## II.

More sweet the hour, when Passion's power  
First sways the yielding frame,  
And heart and soul, and mind and sense,  
Dissolve in Love's soft flame.

## III.

Oh! sweet the light, that gilds the night  
From many a glorious star,  
And bright the beam, whose golden gleam  
The sun shoots forth afar!

## IV.

But sweeter far than sun or star,  
The light of that dark eye,  
Whose dazzling glance and dreamy trance  
The shining spheres outvie.

## M O H A W K .

## A CLUSTER OF SONNETS TOUCHING THAT VALLEY.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

## IV.

HARK ! how the cool wind shakes this tent-like screen  
 Of thick and rustling leaves. No sultry heat  
 Flames 'mid this spicy air and twilight sweet,  
 Or steeps the fresh moss, shaded by the green  
 O'erhanging branches. Let the hot sun beat  
 Upon the haze-filmed forest-tops ; for me,  
 Amid this hush, inviolate sanctity,  
 Where all that's best and holiest seems to meet,  
 The noontide hours shall gently glide away  
 In quiet meditation. Thou, meanwhile,  
 That wearest 'mid thy banks through many a mile  
 Of wood and moorland the fierce beams of day,  
 Shall be the almoner of many a story,  
 Hallowed with daring deeds and ancient border-glory !

## V.

## THE MOHAWK GIRL.

'A noble race ! but they are gone,  
 With their old forests wide and deep !' — BRYANT.

WHERE are the painted skiffs that rocked between  
 These clumps of willow ? 'Neath this twinkling shade  
 Of waving bushes, which o'erhead have made  
 For the smooth waters a light emerald screen,  
 Thick with young leaves, and mingling stems, that lean  
 Mid briars and grass-tufts where the wren hath laid  
 Her speckled eggs — the shell-decked Indian maid  
 Sees her wild costume in the trembling green  
 No longer. Haply by this mossy cove  
 Of rocking silver she hath twined her locks  
 With daisies and wild-roses from the rocks ;  
 Roses, the summer growth of this dark grove,  
 And dewy violets from the splintered blocks  
 Of yonder bluff, with vines and weeds inwove.

## VI.

CHEEKS olive-bright, o'er which the blaze of noon  
 Kindled a sweeter crimson ; jetty braid,  
 And meek eyes where the summer heaven had made  
 Its bluest glory ; speech, which like the tune  
 Of winds among the beechen boughs at noon,  
 Scattered soft music through the stooping shade ;  
 She seemed some 'delicate Ariel' of the glade,  
 Whose life was one of sunshine. Fair, yet soon,  
 Too soon ! that creature of fond romance passed  
 With the brief beauty of her gentle look,  
 Dark lock and wampum by the cool wind shook,  
 And all that I had deemed most sweet to last ;  
 Yet not less fleetly have her race forsook  
 Those natural rights which once they held so fast.



## THE INNOCENCE OF A GALLEY-SLAVE.

BY 'THE BULWER OF FRANCE.'

ABOUT two o'clock one morning in the month of September, 1828, the country houses situated on the banks of the Garonne, between Reole and Cadillac were steeped in that profound stillness to which the repose of the city is a stranger; and when, in the words of DELISLE, 'one sees only night and hears only silence.' A single villa standing alone in the middle of a park of moderate extent, seemed to form an exception to the general repose. From a window on the first floor, at the eastern angle of this building, streamed forth a gleam of light so faint that at a short distance it would be necessary to regard it very attentively to be certain of its existence. A lover of adventure, who would take the pains to scale the park-wall, climb the balcony, and then support himself on the outside of this window, might perchance deem himself sufficiently repaid for his trouble by the mysterious picture there displayed to his curiosity. Between two curtains of blue silk the eye might distinguish the interior of a sleeping apartment, furnished with elegance and taste, and dimly lighted by a night-lamp. Upon a bed in a recess of the room, a female in the flower of youth and of surpassing loveliness was lying in a slumber whose feverish agitation betrayed the presence of one of those tenacious emotions, which not even the temporary suspension of thought and sensation can interrupt. Near the bed, watched a man mute and motionless, with forehead pale and furrowed with the traces of old age. With head bent over the pillow, breathless, and apparently attempting to restrain with one hand the throbbings of his heart, he seemed to catch with sinister avidity the half-uttered words which a painful dream apparently forced from the lips of the sleeper.

'His name! she will not pronounce his name!' exclaimed the old man, after a vain effort to distinguish the broken sounds, and casting around him a look of impotent rage.

'Arthur!' murmured the fair sleeper, as if some fatal power had suddenly broken the last seal which still guarded the half-betrayed secret of her dreams.

'Arthur!' repeated the old man, starting as if this name had been a dagger ready to pierce his bosom; 'Arthur d'Aubian! and I refused to give credence to it. Arthur! blind fool that I have been!'

With a convulsive gesture he brushed away the moisture which stood upon his livid brow, and leaning over the bed, more hateful to him than a yawning sepulchre, he again put his ear close to the fresh and rosy mouth from whence issued these empoisoning words.

'I can go no farther!' murmured the young female, making an

effort to rise ; ' thy life is in peril ; mine is nothing ; but thine — No, I can no more ! He has suspicions ; he will kill you ! '

She uttered a stifled sob, trembled from head to foot, and suddenly, with a painful exertion, started to a sitting position. The old man, thinking she had awoke, glided behind the bed-curtains to conceal himself from her view ; but without opening her eyes, she remained for some moments immovable in the position she had assumed. Gradually the changes in her countenance betokened those of her thoughts ; the terror impressed upon her features gave place to an expression of contemplation, which in turn changed to one of anxious and profound attention. At length, as if the excitement of her nerves had reached the degree of intensity at which the phenomena of somnambulism commence, bending her head, as if to catch some distant sound, she suddenly arose, threw over her shoulders a night-robe, and gliding on tip-toe, cautiously approached the window.

' Midnight ! ' said she, in a low tone ; ' there is not a drop of blood in my veins ; the wall is so high ! Should he fall ! Hark ! I hear him in the garden. How loudly he walks ! It is the gravel they have put upon the paths. Oh ! this is, this *must* be, the last time : I shall tell him so. This fear is worse than death ! '

With a precision in her movements manifesting that internal clairvoyance, of which science has not yet offered us a satisfactory explanation, the somnambulist, whose eye-lids were still closed, extinguished the night-lamp and drew the bolt of the door. She then drew aside the curtains, and opened the window, without the slightest sound reaching the ears of her husband, who a few paces behind her followed this pantomime with looks of sullen fury. She next took from her work-box a long riband, which she unrolled from the window, until it might be supposed to touch the ground ; a moment afterward she drew it in, and made a movement as if she were attaching the hook of a rope-ladder to the balcony. Then, breathless and palpitating, she withdrew into the interior of the chamber. Suddenly she opened her arms, and threw them around an imaginary being, murmuring in impassioned tones, ' My life ! my life ! ' She embraced but empty space, and remained for some time as if confounded, with arms crossed upon her bosom.

' Arthur ! ' cried she at length, aloud, and rushed in a wild paroxysm of terror toward the balcony. The feeble hands of her husband found strength for the moment to hold her back.

' I am terrified ! I must not be terrified ! ' exclaimed she, in a low voice, as she struggled in his arms. The anxiety of the loving woman had now given place to the instinct peculiar to persons subject to somnambulism ; who with an incomprehensible perception of their situation, dread above all things being suddenly awakened. But the paroxysm had been too violent for a peaceful termination. Those mysterious filaments by which the soul extends itself during the slumber of the organs which are its accustomed agents, were suddenly severed ; as the chords of a harp are snapped by the contact of too rude a hand. The young woman awoke, and uttered

stified shrieks at finding herself, in profound darkness, in the clasp of unknown arms, which held her tightly in their embrace.

'It is I, Lucia,' said the old man, with a painful effort; 'it is I; be not afraid.'

Releasing her from his grasp, he then lighted the candles, closed the window, and with an air of composure approached his wife, who was now seated on the bed, gazing around in silent amazement.

'What has happened?' demanded she, pressing her forehead with both hands; 'I have a chaos, a volcano in my head! How came you here?'

'I heard you walking,' replied the husband, in a subdued voice; 'I was afraid that you were ill, and came up.'

'Can you hear one walking here from your chamber?' replied Lucia, with a secret terror.

'It is the first time it has happened. Your sleep has never before been so disturbed.'

'What a dreadful thing to be a somnambulist!' said she, bending down her head; 'and they say there is no remedy for it.' She then added, faintly: 'Did I  *speak*  while asleep?'

'No,' replied the old man, whose exterior remained cold, while his nails were tearing his bosom. He then took a light, wished his young wife a more peaceful remainder of the night, and descended to his apartment. On entering the room his strength failed him, and he sank into an arm-chair, where he remained for some time exhausted and almost insensible. At length that moral energy which physical decay does not always destroy, awoke fierce and implacable in the old man's heart, which at first had seemed almost broken by the discovery of his dishonor.

'How can I kill her!' exclaimed he, wringing his hands in agony. 'Her! I cannot; I have not the courage. But he!  *he!*  the aggressor! the spoiler! He will refuse to fight. He will talk of my years; and every one will side with him. For it is allowable, ay, it is deemed an honorable thing, to pluck from an old man the happiness of his declining days; to hold up his name to ridicule and contempt; to make him the victim of shame and despair; but to cross weapons with him,  *that*  would be to outrage his gray hairs! And have they not reason? My sight is weak; my hand feeble; in a duel, I should fall without avenging myself. He would spare me, perhaps! Ha! ha! No! no duel; no uncertainty; no hazard. His death at all events, even if I must assassinate him!'

The injured husband passed the remainder of the night in revolving in his mind a thousand plans of vengeance. At day-break he arose, and walked for a long time in the park before any one in the house was stirring. At length a gardener whom he had employed in working on the terrace, met him at a turn of the walk. At sight of the old man the workman took off his cap and approached him with an air of mystery.

'Monsieur Gorsay,' said he, 'I am glad that you have come out so early; I have something to tell you, and I had as lief have none of the others present.'

'What is it, Piquet?' demanded the old man, in a quick tone.

'It is this, Monsieur Gorsay: somebody has broken into the little green-house where we keep our tools. Last night, through forgetfulness, I left my jacket there, in which was my watch, a real silver one, bran new, which cost me, 'pon honor, eighteen francs. There were beside in one of the pockets four crowns, and at least three francs in small change. I found the jacket—proof of which, you may see it on my back—but the watch and the money, parbleu! not a shadow of them to be seen.'

'Don't your workmen go into this green-house?' observed M. Gorsay.

'You have hit it; it is one of them that has done it; I'll put my hand into the fire else.'

'Whom do you suspect?'

'Jean Pierre and Vacherôt are both natives here. I have known them for twenty years, and would answer for them as I would for myself. There is no one, saving your presence, but that sulky Bonnemain who could have thought of such a thing.'

'Bonnemain!' repeated the old man, who seemed as if he was reflecting deeply upon something.

'Yes, he; I have always mistrusted that town fellow,' replied Piquet; 'beside, he spoils work so that I am ashamed of him. He calls himself a gardener, and cannot make a graft!'

'But,' said Monsieur Gorsay, who seemed to take a greater interest in this affair than might have been supposed, 'you have only suspicions, and it is necessary to have proofs.'

'Proofs! here is one that I think clear enough,' replied the gardener, taking from his pocket a little nail, which he held between his fore-finger and thumb; 'look at this new nail which I found under the green-house window. Nobody but Bonnemain has got such as these in his shoes, which he bought the other day at La Reole, and by my faith! there is one gone from the right foot; I noticed it yesterday when he took them off to go down into the fish-pond.'

'Have you mentioned this to any one?'

'No, no; I am not such a fool;' replied the gardener, with a knowing air; 'I wished first to take your advice on the subject.'

'You have acted very prudently, Piquet. Say nothing of this until you hear farther from me; and when you see Bonnemain, send him to me: I will make him speak, I warrant you.'

Piquet shook his head, doubtfully. 'He is a stubborn dog; you will find him the devil to confess, Monsieur Gorsay.'

The old man dismissed the gardener with an abrupt movement of the head, and walked slowly toward the house. He entered his apartment, and there waited with a strange feeling of impatience for the presumed perpetrator of the theft, who was not long in making his appearance at the room door, where he stopped, cap in hand, with an air of respect.

Bonnemain was a man of about forty years of age, of a strongly built frame, rather a mild countenance, and dressed with a sort of care and pretence which seemed foreign to his occupation.

'Shut the door and come this way,' said M. Gorsay to him; at the same time closing the window at which he was sitting.

After obeying him, the laborer remained standing upright and motionless; his whole appearance and demeanor calm and collected.

'Bonnemain, or rather Baptiste Leroux,' said the old man, regarding him with a fixed and piercing eye, 'a robbery has been committed in my house. Innocent or guilty, you have been suspected, for your previous course of life renders you liable to suspicion; beside, there are proofs in the present case, and an investigation will doubtless bring others to light. You have already suffered a severe punishment, and as an old offender you are doubtless well aware of the sentence that awaits you — the galleys for life.'

'My good Sir!' replied Bonnemain, with an air of astonishment which might have deceived even a practised judge, 'you fill me with amazement! I give you my word of honor, Monsieur Gorsay, that I am innocent. It is true I have been in trouble, and I cannot deny it; because when I came here to look for work, I had to show you my passport. But because one has been caught in a foolish scrape in his youth, that is no reason why he should be a rogue all his life. As sure as there is a God who hears us, I know nothing at all about this matter.'

'For what crime were you condemned the first time to the galleys?' demanded Monsieur Gorsay.

'For a little faux pas I had the misfortune to commit when I was in a mercantile house,' replied the freed convict, with an air of contrition.

'For an assassination,' replied the old man, lowering his voice, but with marked emphasis; 'for an assassination, committed upon the person of a tax-gatherer, from whom you expected to get what he had received, but which, happily for you, he chanced not to have about his person at the time. I say happily for you, for the robbery not having been committed, and the premeditation not proven before the jury, you were only sentenced to the galleys. At Toulon your good conduct gained you a commutation of punishment, and instead of finishing your days in confinement, you were set free at the end of ten years. You see I am well informed.'

'Ah! old fox!' thought Baptiste Leroux, alias Durand, alias Lejeune, alias Bonnemain, 'if you and I were alone in some dark wood, your business should soon be done for you, old fellow!'

Monsieur Gorsay seemed to divine the sanguinary thoughts of the man, for he cast his eyes with an uneasy look toward the window. He was reassured, however, by the presence of some men who were working in the garden at a short distance. In broad day, in his own house, and within reach of such assistance, he felt that he had nothing to fear from the fury with which the convict seemed filled, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it. He therefore continued the conversation, but it was rather with the familiarity of a friendly counsellor, than the severity of a vindictive judge.

'Hitherto,' said he, 'you have experienced nothing but misfortune; you have passed ten years in the galleys for a murder by

which you gained nothing; and here you are on the point of going back again for life, for stealing a paltry watch, worth perhaps twenty francs.

'It was not worth ten!' answered Bonnemain, who instantly bit his lips till the blood sprang from them.

'Ten or twenty,' replied the old man, with an ironical smile, 'it matters little; the main point is, that the robbery can be proved. Indeed, it is so now, by your own confession. I shall be obliged to have you arrested.'

'You will then arrest an innocent man,' said the convict, losing in spite of himself somewhat of his assurance.

Monsieur Gorsay bent down his head, and remained for some time with downcast eyes; raising them at length, he fixed upon Bonnemain a look which seemed as if it would pierce the inmost recesses of a soul degraded by habitual vice. 'Suppose,' said he to him, 'that instead of giving you up to justice, I should furnish you with the means of repairing to Bordeaux, and from thence of embarking for a foreign port; St. Sebastian, or Bilboa, for instance; suppose farther, that not content with saving you, I should remit you a sum of money sufficient to set up an establishment somewhere out of France, which would place you beyond the reach of want; ten thousand francs, for instance. What would you think of such a proposal?'

All the emotion evinced by the galley-slave at this munificent and unlooked-for proposition, was an almost imperceptible movement of the lips. With the sagacity of that class of persons who gain their livelihood by a criminal and not always bloodless industry, he comprehended in an instant that a bargain and not a deed of benevolence was in the wind. This conviction at once restored all his wonted audacity; for to bargain with a superior is for the time to become his equal.

'What should I think, Monsieur Gorsay?' replied he, after seeming to reflect for a little while; 'by my faith! I should say, 'Bonnemain, it is not for your beautiful eyes that ten thousand francs are offered you. In truth, somebody has need of you for a job that is worth the money. Egad! a fine *pour boire* is ten thousand francs!'

'And this job; will you undertake it?' demanded the old man, in a concentrated voice.

'That depends on circumstances,' said Bonnemain. 'I never turn my back upon work. It is only your lazy dogs who refuse to work. But still, one must know what the matter in hand is.'

'Suppose it is something of deep importance?'

'Something like the affair of the tax-gatherer, is it not?' demanded the convict, with a significant smile.

'It is,' replied M. Gorsay, in a deep tone.

'Only this time,' continued the convict, 'instead of having an eye upon the government money, the business in hand, perhaps, is to get rid of a tall young fellow who scales walls and climbs into windows as if he had been brought up to it?'

'You have seen him then?' exclaimed the old man, put off his guard by this unexpected revelation.

'Listen to me, Monsieur Gorsay,' said Bonnemain, coolly; 'we must be plain with each other in this matter. I will speak frankly, and tell you all I know. Beside, I am not now afraid of your denouncing me. That fool of a Piquet leaving his jacket, with his watch and money, in the little green-house, put some notions in this noddle of mine. And beside, I chanced just then to be a little cramped for the needful. And after all, the best of us are but human. See me then in the park, by the wall, behind the plane trees. On a sudden I hear a noise just above me. At first I thought it was a cat or a marmot; but no such thing; it is a man who lets himself down the wall, and then marches straight toward the house. 'Good!' thinks I to myself; 'here's a comrade who has perhaps got a better idea than mine, and may-be there will be shares for two.' It was near midnight, and as dark as an oven. All's one to me; so I slip off my shoes and follow. Behold him now just under your window. I lay me flat down on the turf, so that in turning he might not see me. What then do I see? A window opens above, something white appears, and up my gentleman climbs in a twinkling. 'Excuse me,' says I to myself; 'it seems my comrade has got a friend inside the house, and we are hunting for different game.' And so, seeing that the affair was not in my line, I set about my own little business.'

'Did you recognize this man?' demanded the old man, in a husky tone.

'I think,' replied the galley-slave with a grin, 'that you had better ask that question of Madame Gorsay, who saw him nearer than I did.'

'Did you recognize him?' repeated the husband of Lucia, in a tone of thunder.

'Yes,' said Bonnemain coolly, 'I did; it was your neighbor, Monsieur Arthur d'Aubian, who lives down by the river, about twenty minutes' walk from here.'

'Well, it is he that must be put to death!' said the old man, rising in a transport of fury.

'I do not say yes, I do not say no;' replied he of the galleys, with an air of nonchalance. 'I risk my ball at this game; if I lose, I know what I must expect; if I win ——'

'You shall have ten thousand francs;' said M. Gorsay, interrupting him.

'That is more than my carcase is worth, there is no doubt about it; I do not find fault with the price. But the deed once done, who will assure me that I get my pay? You may guess I shall not have much time to wait; and, as they say, one does not find ten thousand francs on horseback; you have not perhaps a quarter of that sum in your house; for although one may be rich, yet that is no reason for keeping so much ready money about him.'

Instead of replying to this objection, the old man approached a secretary which stood near the chimney, opened it, displaced one of the drawers, and drew out from a secret cavity a wooden bowl, containing some twenty little rouleaus; he took three or four of

these in succession, and tearing off their coverings, let fall on the writing-table a shower of gold. All the emotion evinced by the convict at this sight, was a sudden sparkle of the eye, and a gloating smile, which was instantly repressed by his thin and colorless lips.

'You see your money is ready for you,' said M. Gorsay. 'Is the bargain concluded?'

'When one does not pay in advance, it is the custom to give an earnest,' replied Bonnemain, twisting his hands behind his back, to resist the temptation.

'There then,' said the old man, giving him a dozen twenty-franc pieces; 'when the business is done, you shall have twenty times as much. You see it is gold; you will not have much trouble to carry it.'

'Gold is never heavy,' replied the galley-slave, in a sententious tone; and without farther discussion he thrust the earnest of his bargain into his pocket.

Thus far the compact between the old man and him of the galleys had been carried on without a difference. The two accomplices then began to discuss the means of accomplishing the deed of which Arthur d'Aubian was to be the victim. Listening only to the impatience of his hatred, the outraged husband was eager for a vengeance as prompt as terrible; to wait until evening seemed intolerable. The subordinate assassin, upon whom was to fall the danger and responsibility of the deed, soon convinced him that a murder in broad day-light was out of the question.

'As he is in the habit of taking walks at midnight,' said he, with the confidence of one who had maturely weighed the matter in hand, 'that must be the time for our purpose: between his house and yours there is a little by-path, exactly suited for the deed; one may lie hid behind the hedge. There is not a dwelling within half a mile, and the Garonne is hard by. The moon does not rise till two o'clock; and as my gentleman takes his stroll about midnight, we shall be able to do his business for him without risk. The time of the tax-gatherer's little affair, it was that cursed moon that caused me to be detected; and since then I have made a vow never to do work with that minx overhead. There is no way, see you, of putting her out.'

'First of all, however,' said M. Gorsay, 'you must restore to Piquet the watch and money you took from him. He has suspicions of you, and if he enters a complaint will have you arrested.'

'And that will spoil your business, eh, old gentleman?' familiarly interrupted the thief, about to become a murderer. 'I understand you; they will cage me, and in the mean time this fine fellow d'Aubian can climb over walls and scale balconies at his leisure. Here goes, then, for restitution; it shall be done forthwith, and Piquet shall see wonders. As for his cursed old warming-pan, I do not value it a sous; it is not worth the trouble I have taken for it.'

The plan being at length arranged, the two men parted. Before leaving the chamber, however, Bonnemain examined every corner



with that close observation with which adepts in villany are usually endowed. He noticed the secret place where the old man replaced the bowl of gold, and the manner in which he fastened the secretary; he also carefully observed the structure of the window, and noted that there were no shutters on the inside. On the outside a simple Venetian blind protected it from forcible entrance, which the small elevation of the ground floor rendered easily practicable. Satisfied with his examination, the convict respectfully saluted the man to whom he had just sold himself, and then rejoined his companions in the garden, with his usual tranquil and composed air.

In the course of the morning, as Monsieur Gorsay was slowly pacing one of the alleys of the park, he was again accosted by his gardener.

'I am surely bewitched,' said master Piquet, whose sun-burnt face seemed expanded to double its usual size with joy and amazement. 'Only to think, Monsieur Gorsay, that my watch and money should get back into my pocket again, and I know nothing about it! If there were such things as sorcerers, the thing would be plain enough; but one does not believe in such nonsense now-a-days.'

'It is one of your comrades who has been amusing himself at your expense,' replied the old man, shrugging his shoulders and continuing his walk.

'It may be so,' thought Piquet, 'but they sha'n't drive it out of my head that Bonnemain is an ugly dog, and if I were Monsieur Gorsay, I should get rid of him in short order.'

About the middle of the following night a strange rencounter took place upon the coping of the wall which surrounded the park of M. Gorsay, on the side of the alley of plane trees. Two men who at the same moment were scaling this enclosure, the one from the outside and the other from within, suddenly found themselves face to face on reaching its summit. Mutually startled at so unexpected a meeting, both were on the point of letting go their hold. Instinctively, however, they preserved themselves from falling by clinging to the cope-stone of the wall, and bestriding it with a vigorous effort, found themselves seated on a more secure resting-place. For a few moments they remained motionless, face to face in this position, bestriding the wall, to which they clung tightly with their legs, so as to leave their hands at liberty for the contest which such a rencounter seemed to render probable. They were so close to each other that in spite of the darkness they could distinguish the persons, and in a short time recognized each other. Presently the one who came from without saw the arm of his adversary suddenly raised, and at the extremity of the outline which it for the instant formed with the dark back-ground of the heaven, he distinguished the blade of a knife or dagger. Retreat was out of the question, and the attack was a deadly one. Unarmed himself, he sprang upon his assailant, seized the extended arm with one hand, and with the other rudely grasped him by the throat.

'Bonnemain!' said he, in a low tone, 'throw down your knife, or I will pitch you from the wall!'

Compelled under fear of strangulation to obey this mandate, the convict dropped his weapon, which fell into the park.

'Monsieur d'Aubian,' said he, in a half-stifled voice, 'let me get down; I will not prevent your going in, do not hinder me from going out.'

'You have been committing a robbery,' said Arthur; 'people do not scale walls in this manner without some evil intent.'

'But you yourself are climbing them; does it follow that you are a robber?'

Rendered mute by this reply, the lover of Lucia reflected that even had a robbery been committed, it would be impossible for him to arrest the criminal without compromising the woman he loved.

'Best let him go,' thought he; 'it is doubtless his interest that I should be silent, and he for his own sake will hold his tongue.'

Freed from the double grasp which confined his arm and almost stopped his breathing, Bonnemain, without a word farther, stooped down and groped along the outside of the wall. He soon found the rope-ladder, of which Arthur had made use, and which a hook, thrown by a strong and practised hand, had fastened to the edge of the coping. The convict grasped it tightly, and swinging himself over, began to descend with the agility of a squirrel. When half way down he stopped short, and reascended as quickly as he had gone down.

'Neither *seen*, nor *known*; you understand me!' said he, in a significant tone to the young man; 'or if you choose to turn informer, I shall have a story to tell, how a certain young man made his way into the chamber of Madame Gorsay the other night!'

Without waiting for reply, Bonnemain let himself slip to the ground, and fled across the fields, where, favored by the darkness of the night, he quickly disappeared.

Arthur, without moving, remained for some time in the position in which the convict had left him. The idea of the secret of his love being at the mercy of such a miscreant, filled him with a sensation of mingled chagrin and anger. He soon, however, tried to reassure himself with the thought that he ought not to dread any indiscretion on the part of one so much interested in keeping the secret. Still, in spite of all his efforts to drive from his mind the impression produced by this disagreeable incident, he felt a vague apprehension of impending evil, which in all his previous nocturnal rambles he had never experienced. Instead of descending rapidly into the park, as had been his former custom, he now hesitated, and was on the point of retreating; but the thought of Lucia awaiting his arrival, decided the point, and love triumphed over prudence. He drew the rope ladder to the inside of the wall, and then perceived that on this occasion its services would not be required; for Bonnemain, to facilitate his escape, had placed against the wall one of the large ladders used in the garden. D'Aubian soon reached the ground, and notwithstanding the darkness, bent his way through the trees, as one to whom the obscure labyrinth was familiar. As he approached the pavilion, his footsteps were arrested by an unwonted noise, which

broke the silence, till then undisturbed, save by the monotonous sound of the rustling foliage. Hearing nothing farther, he pursued his way; but presently a more distinct sound, like the voice of a man calling to others, again caused him to stop. Many shouts in rapid succession from different quarters were now heard in reply. It was evident that the robbery which had been committed by Bonnemain had aroused the inmates of the house, and that they were now searching the park. With the fleetness of a deer when he first hears the baying of the hounds, Arthur directed his course toward the place at which he had entered. Just as he reached it, he saw, flitting before him in the coppice, a light resembling a will-o-the-wisp, and immediately afterward distinguished a man with a lantern running hastily up the straight alley which bordered the wall of the enclosure. On perceiving the ladder, the man suddenly stopped, like a hound when he scents a track, and began to utter shouts, which were answered by other voices at a distance. In a short time two more lights, similar to the first, made their appearance through the trees, and the lover of Lucia now saw that his retreat was completely cut off. For a moment he hesitated, and then decided that it was more prudent to confront the danger than attempt to fly without the chance of escaping. He advanced therefore toward the scouts, who were assembled at the foot of the ladder in animated discussion. At sight of the young man, who emerged briskly from the thicket, there was a general sensation. The more prudent remained quiet; the bolder threw themselves upon d'Aubian, whom they did not at the moment recognize.

'What's the matter, Piquet?' said Arthur, shaking off the leader of the nocturnal expedition, who had seized him by the collar.

'How! what! is it you, Monsieur Arthur?' said the gardener, astounded at this rencounter.

'What has happened? and what is the meaning of all this stir?' replied the young man.

'Oh, good heavens!' said Piquet, 'poor Monsieur Gorsay has just been assassinated!'

'Assassinated!' exclaimed d'Aubian, turning deadly pale.

'All bathed in blood! with a great gash in his side in which you may put your hand! It is all over with him, poor gentleman! We are now after the assassin, who you may see has got off at this place, for here is my ladder which the gallows-bird has used. But how comes it, Monsieur d'Aubian, that you are in the park at this time of night?' continued he, regarding the young man with a look of suspicion.

Arthur had had time to invent a story to account for his unexpected appearance on this occasion.

'From what you tell me,' said he, 'I am sure that I have seen the assassin.'

'Seen him! Who is he? Did you recognize him?' demanded all at once the three men, pressing round him.

'I was returning from Canderol,' said d'Aubian; 'on my way home I passed along the foot-path on the outside of the park. Sud-

denly I perceived a man letting himself slip down the wall. This excited my suspicions, and I advanced toward him, but at sight of me he instantly took to his heels, and disappeared in the fields. In his stead I only found a cord hooked to the wall. Fearing lest some mishap had befallen Monsieur Gorsay, I clambered over the wall by means of this cord, in order to reach the house more quickly and give the alarm; which I was about to do when I saw your lanterns.'

'And did you recognize him? this robber?' asked one of the domestics.

'No,' replied Arthur, calling to mind the threat of the convict.

'It could only have been Bonnemain who has done this deed,' said Piquet; 'I always mistrusted that sulky wretch.'

One of the men who had been ferretting along the wall, now suddenly raised himself. 'Here is a knife!' said he; 'and there is blood upon it!'

The instrument of murder passed from hand to hand. It was one of those poniards without a sheath, known as Catalonian knives, the blade of which on opening is fastened by a spring. The steel had been carefully wiped, but in the groove of the handle might be seen traces of blood which had not been completely effaced.

'He cannot be far off,' said the head gardener; 'we must track him like a villanous wolf as he is. Come on, boys! let us after him, all hands! But you, Monsieur d'Aubian, will not you come in and console poor Madame Gorsay a little? She is almost distracted. Think what a shock this is to the poor lady! They have sent for the doctor, the priest, and the king's attorney; all is in confusion; but I am sure she will be glad to see *you*, who are so good a friend of the family.'

Suspicious as all men are whose consciences are not free from reproach, Arthur thought he perceived in these words an ironical meaning, which was in reality very far from the simple mind of the honest gardener. He feared also lest a refusal to go might awaken suspicions; and beside, the calamity which had just befallen Lucia inspired him with a mournful desire to see and assure her of his eternal devotion; the only consolation he could offer at the moment of so terrible a catastrophe. He accordingly accompanied Piquet, who returned to the house, carrying with him as proofs the clasp-knife and rope-ladder.

'The rascal laid his plans well,' said the gardener, as he trudged along; 'he must have thought that the ladder would be too heavy to drag over the wall, and this is why he has brought along this rope-ladder; a true robber's instrument. A strong-wristed rascal to climb up such a machine as that!'

'Is Monsieur Gorsay dead?' asked d'Aubian, with a thoughtful air.

'The poor old gentleman cannot be far from it,' replied the gardener, quickening his pace.

The place where the crime had been committed was the bed-chamber in which the old man had had the interview with the galley-slave a few hours before. The assassin had effected his entrance

through the window, by raising the inner hook which fastened the Venetian blind. Surprised in bed, and probably asleep, M. Gorsay had to all appearance been stabbed instantly. At any rate his resistance must have been short and feeble, for he was found lying in his natural position. The covering was scarcely deranged, and were it not that the bed-clothes were deluged in blood, one might have supposed him to be sleeping. After the commission of the deed the assassin had endeavored to break open the secretary. During this attempt a vase which stood on the chimney-piece was disturbed by him, and fell with a loud noise; and it was not until then that the domestic, who slept in an adjoining room, was aroused and gave the alarm.

The spectacle which met the eyes of Arthur on entering this fatal place redoubled the emotion by which he was already agitated. By the light of a number of torches placed hap-hazard around the room, might be seen a group in whose visages and attitudes extreme consternation was displayed. The bed on which the victim was lying had been dragged into the middle of the room, in order to facilitate the remedies which the physician was beginning to apply. At the pillow knelt an old priest, watching for some sign of life which might permit him to commence the performance of his office. These two individuals, invested with an office equally stern and almost equally sacred, had arrived at the same moment. Accustomed to meet at the bedside of the dying, they scarcely exchanged words. Without losing time the physician had commenced his work; the priest was awaiting the fitting moment for his.

At the foot of the bed, motionless as a statue, sat the wife of the wounded man, her hands tightly clasping the edge of the couch, which she had seized with convulsive energy when they had tried to draw her away from the bloody spectacle. Not a tear, not a groan escaped her; pale as if at the point of death herself, with fixed eyes and set teeth, she gazed upon her husband in mute stupefaction; and now and then, as if the better to see him, she dashed aside with frantic gesture the black locks which fell in disorder over her forehead and shoulders.

At sight of her lover, Lucia testified neither perturbation nor surprise: it seemed as if excess of emotion had dried up all the sources of ordinary feelings. With a look of profound sadness she pointed to the lifeless body of her husband, and then resumed her stone-like aspect, which might remind the beholder of one of the ancient victims of destiny.

However conscience may be lulled and put to sleep by passion, it is always sure to awake at the sight of death. As Arthur gazed upon the man whose hospitality he had abused, now lying bathed in his blood, he felt a portion of that remorse which racked the heart of the guilty wife steal over his soul. At such a moment to direct toward her a single word, a look, even a thought, seemed to him an odious profanation. Instead of approaching her he seated himself beside the priest, and said in a low voice: 'Is there any hope of saving him?'

'God knows!' replied the old man, raising his eyes to heaven.

For many hours the efforts of art seemed unavailing; consciousness was not restored to Monsieur Gorsay; and every moment respiration seemed on the point of ceasing. The physician, who on the first examination of the wounds did not think them mortal, began to lose hopes. The absolute insensibility which prevailed, and which he had at first attributed to loss of blood, and the feebleness of old age, made him now suspect that some vital organ had been reached by the poniard of the assassin. From time to time he bent over the wounded man, and listened with anxiety to the faint breathing which with difficulty made its way from his breast. At length some nervous contractions disturbed the sepulchral rigidity which the form and features of the patient had hitherto assumed; the respiration became stronger, and after a painful effort, the eyelids half unclosed; he tried to raise himself, but had not sufficient strength; and he now lay for some time with mouth and eyes open, but evidently unable to see or speak.

'Curate,' said the physician, wiping his forehead, 'I think you may go to bed; I have now good hopes that we shall save him.'

For the first time d'Aubian now sought the eyes of Lucia, but he caught them not. On hearing the words of the physician she had fallen upon her knees, and seemed to be praying fervently.

It was now broad day-light. A group of peasants and workmen had collected before the house, whose eager conversation showed what an impression the news of the attempt made on the person of a man rich and universally esteemed had produced in the neighborhood. The excitement of this assemblage increased every moment, and broke forth in loud expressions of rage at the sight of Bonnemain, with hands tied behind his back, whom two sturdy peasants under the guidance of Piquet were dragging along with an air of triumph. Curses, menaces, threats of death, of which in such cases the populace, especially those of the south, are always prodigal, overwhelmed with frightful concert the presumed author of the assassination. From threats they were proceeding to stones, and from stones would probably have come to knives, when the mob was on a sudden roughly broken in upon by a carriage which drove up at a brisk trot, and from which leaped a personage clad in black, of grave demeanor and stern countenance.

'In the name of the law,' cried he in a tone of authority, 'let none of you raise a hand against this man.'

On recognizing the King's Attorney of the Court of Reole, the most violent desisted from their process of summary justice, and ceasing their vociferations, fell back some paces. After interrogating Piquet, the magistrate ordered the cords to be taken from the prisoner, whose mud-soiled clothes and bruised visage showed that he had only yielded after a desperate resistance. The king's attorney committed him to the care of the two volunteers who had effected his capture; he then entered the house for the purpose of holding the inquest, for which an express had been sent to him at day-break.

Thanks to the skilful succors which were incessantly employed, Monsieur Gorsay by degrees recovered strength and consciousness, but not the power of speech. In the mean time, and while waiting until the patient should be in a fitting condition to sustain an examination, the king's attorney employed himself in viewing the localities, and collecting with scrupulous attention every fact which might have a bearing upon the proceedings which were subsequently to be instituted. Of all the persons collected in the house, one only had declared that he had seen the assassin escape; this was Arthur d'Aubian, who found himself obliged to repeat his partially fabricated story, of which Piquet had already given some details.

'And so, Sir,' said the magistrate to him, 'the gardener was mistaken when he affirmed that you believed that you recognized in the man who scaled the wall the individual named Bonnemain?'

'As I did not see his face, I could not have recognized him,' replied Arthur, who signed his deposition with a steady hand; resolved to preserve the reputation of the woman he loved, even at the expense of a false oath.

These preliminaries finished, the king's attorney, who was in haste to reach the main point of his inquest, the confronting the accused with the victim, returned to the chamber of Monsieur Gorsay. He approached the bed of the old man, who in spite of his feebleness made an effort to raise himself, and seemed to thank him for his coming, by a look of intelligence.

'He is not yet in a condition to speak,' said the physician in a low tone to the magistrate; 'but he hears and comprehends what is said to him.'

'Monsieur,' said the king's attorney, bending over the bed, 'I hope that you will soon be able to give us in your own words the information which justice requires, to punish the attempt of which you have been the victim. Meanwhile, until you recover your speech, will you please to answer me by signs? An overturned lamp which was found upon the secretary, leads us to suppose that the assassin made use of a light while attempting to commit the robbery. It is possible that at this moment you might have seen him; is this conjecture true? Did you see the murderer?'

Monsieur Gorsay with some difficulty made a sign in the affirmative.

'If he were brought before you, would you recognize him?'

The old man repeated the same gesture with more energy, while an expression of horror was manifested in his countenance.

'Monsieur,' said the physician, drawing aside the officer of justice, 'I must declare to you that a confronting of the parties at this moment would be attended with danger. The situation of the wounded man is still very precarious, and the sight of the assassin would necessarily produce an excitement which it would be prudent to avoid.'

'It is precisely,' replied the magistrate, 'because I, as well as yourself, regard the situation of the wounded man very precarious, that it seems to me improper to defer a confrontation, which alone can

throw satisfactory light upon this affair. For the sake of the public, as well as that of the individual in custody, I must not neglect the only means of decisively ascertaining the truth. In case of the death of Monsieur Gorsay, what will remain? Strong proofs, presumptive evidence, more or less weighty, but not ocular testimony; since Monsieur d'Aubian declares that he did not recognize the fugitive. We must therefore take advantage without delay of the lucid interval of the wounded man, who may become worse in a moment.'

'Who will most certainly become worse, if you bring the assassin into this room,' replied the doctor in a quick tone.

'Will you assure me, upon your honor,' asked the king's attorney, 'that Monsieur Gorsay will be still alive to-morrow morning?'

'Nobody is sure of living until to-morrow,' replied the physician, avoiding a direct answer; 'but do as you please, Sir. In protesting against a measure which may prove fatal to a man committed to my care, I have performed my duty.'

'As I shall perform mine, by taking every measure to developé crime, no matter at what cost.'

'Though this cost should be the death of an old man?' demanded the doctor, with generous warmth.

'Sir,' replied the magistrate, with a grave air, 'you speak as an apostle of humanity, and I shall not take offence at your language. I for my part am the representative of society; and you must understand in your turn that it is impossible for me to shrink from my mission, whatever may sometimes be its rigor. I regret that a discussion like this should have arisen between us, although in fact it is honorable to both, as it proves that each of us is sensible of his duty. Were I in your place, I should perhaps take the course that you have taken; permit me to believe that were you in mine you would act as I do.'

These two men separated with a mutual gravity. As the king's attorney left the room for the purpose of having the prisoner brought in, the physician approached d'Aubian and the curate, who since Monsieur Gorsay had recovered his consciousness kept themselves withdrawn from view, in a corner of the room; the priest, that the patient might not perceive that his situation was of sufficient danger to render spiritual succor necessary; and Arthur, from one of those compunctious visitings of conscience which the conviction of having irrevocably injured a man whom one respects never fails to awaken in honorable minds.

'Curate,' said the doctor, with an air of dissatisfaction, 'human justice is scarcely humane. You might preach a sermon from this text. While you are considerably concealing your cassock in order not to alarm this poor man, the king's attorney here is giving us a fine specimen of the morals of his trade. Provided he can complete his *procès verbal*, every thing else is of little moment. He has now gone to bring the assassin into this chamber. I have told him that I would not answer for the consequences, and he still persists. But let him do as he pleases; I wash my hands of it.'

'Madame Gorsay should be removed from the room,' said Arthur,



whom the situation of Lucia at this moment inspired with pity as much as love.

'That is what I was on the point of suggesting,' replied the physician. 'You alone, curate, are capable of doing it: lead her out, and do not permit her to return. Should we need your services I will send for you, but do not let her come here again. Her nervous organization is extremely irritable, and I dread a rush of blood to the brain. There are those who have become confirmed lunatics with slighter indications of insanity than she sometimes exhibits when under great nervous excitement. Keep her in her chamber; I will go up to her as soon as I can get away from here. It may perhaps be necessary to take some blood from her.'

Making use of the double authority of his age and profession, the curate succeeded in leading Lucia from the apartment. As they left the room the king's attorney returned, followed by Bonnemain, in custody of two peasants, his volunteer guard. At sight of the assassin of her husband, Madame Gorsay turned away her head, and leaned heavily upon the arm of the priest, who quickened his pace, saying to himself in a low tone, 'In this great calamity I thank thee, O my God! that this is not a child of our parish!'

The prisoner and escort stopped at the threshold of the chamber, while the magistrate advanced singly toward the wounded man, to prepare him for the interview.

'This is the critical moment,' said the physician to d'Aubian; 'lend me your aid, for these domestics are so awkward they can afford no assistance. Pass your arm under the pillow, and support Monsieur Gorsay: in his present posture he cannot see the man they are bringing in, and we must try and abridge this ceremony.'

Having satisfied himself that the wounded man, although still speechless, was capable of comprehending the scene which was about to take place, and seemed to be in a condition to support it, the attorney made a sign for Bonnemain to approach. The galley-slave cast around him a ferocious look, and seemed to be calculating the chances of escape; these appearing hopeless, he resigned himself to his situation, and slowly advancing, remained motionless a few paces from his victim, with head hanging down, face livid and contorted, and his whole frame agitated by a trembling which seemed strongly characteristic of guilt.

'This old fellow is a tough one!' thought he, as he beheld the eyes of Monsieur Gorsay, which he had believed closed for ever, now wide open and glaring upon him.

The crisis anticipated by the physician now took place. At sight of the murderer the old man, in spite of all his efforts to nerve himself, experienced a feeling of terror, the violence of which was manifested by a sudden change in his countenance. Already pale, his face became still more death-like, his eyes closed, and his head sunk upon the pillow, as if the sight of the assassin had completed the work of the poniard. As the doctor hastened to prepare a cordial, Arthur, who with one arm supported the wounded man, bent forward to apply to his nostrils a vial of salts. At this moment

Monsieur Gorsay reopened his eyes, and saw immediately before him the countenance of the man for whom Lucia had betrayed him. He stared at him for some moments with an air of stupefaction, as if contemplating an apparition to which reason will not allow us to give credence; but suddenly a supernatural fire lighted up the features which death seemed already to have stiffened with his icy hand. Hatred, indignation, fury, vengeance, all the deadly passions which since the preceding evening had been busy at his heart, now seemed to flash from his eyes in one appalling glance. Unaided, and by an effort of incredible vehemence, the old man raised himself, and stretching his hand toward Arthur, whom this movement struck with a sort of superstitious awe, he made convulsive efforts to speak, which at length burst the bands by which his tongue had until now been enchained:

'The assassin! the assassin!' cried he, with a voice which seemed to issue from a sepulchre.

A clap of thunder falling in the chamber could not have produced a greater impression than that caused by this terrible and vindictive exclamation. D'Aubian stood speechless and aghast, as if indeed guilty. A sullen smile of malice played on the lips of the galley-slave. The magistrate and physician exchanged a significant glance: the latter, approaching the wounded man, took his arm and felt his pulse.

'Ægri somnia!' said he, addressing the magistrate.

Monsieur Gorsay repulsed the doctor, with an expression of anger. 'No! it is not the dream of a sick man!' said he, in a hoarse but distinct voice; the blood which I have lost has not taken away my reason. I have my senses; I see you all. You are Monsieur Mallet; you, you are Monsieur Carigniez, the king's attorney of Reole; the curate has just left the room with my wife; these are the workmen who work in my garden; and this,' continued he, pointing to Arthur with a furious gesture, 'this is the man who has just attempted to kill me!'

'Your sight, still feeble, deceives you,' said the magistrate, who as well as Monsieur Mallet continued to think that the wounded man was not in full possession of his senses. 'Look this way; do you not recognize this man here on your right as the assassin?'

'No nonsense, Monsieur Magistrate!' cried Bonnemain; 'you see well enough that he recognizes the other one. I call every one here present to witness!'

The old man by a strong effort overcame the horror which the sight of the galley-slave caused him, and gazed on him for an instant with affected composure.

'This man,' said he, 'is called Bonnemain; he is employed by my gardener. It was not he who attempted to assassinate me. It was that one, I tell you; it was Arthur d'Aubian. Do your duty, Monsieur Attorney. I have perhaps but a short time to live; let my declaration be written down. If I die, I adjure you all to repeat to the jury my last words; write — No, give me the pen; I have sufficient strength to write myself.'

'Bravo!' said Bonnemain to himself, drawing a longer breath than he had yet done; 'this will do bravely! If all customers were as plain-spoken, there would be some pleasure in doing business. It seems the old crab has not yet digested the rope-ladder of my tall gentleman here. This does finely!'

D'Aubian had not spoken a single word: the victim of a vengeance whose stroke he could not avert without publicly casting dishonor upon the woman he loved, he enveloped himself in silent resignation and disdain.

'Monsieur!' said the magistrate to him, with an embarrassment to which gentlemen of the legal profession are rarely subject, 'however strange the declaration of Monsieur Gorsay may appear to all of us, it is impossible for me not to include it literally in my *procès verbal*.'

'Do your duty, Sir,' replied Arthur, gravely.

At the request of Monsieur Carigniez, the old man recapitulated the details of the attempted assassination, of which he had been the victim; he adhered to the truth in every particular save one. In spite of all the objections which were raised by the interrogator, he invariably substituted the name of the lover of Lucia for that of the real assassin. At the moment he took the pen to sign the declaration which would probably send an innocent man to the scaffold, the priest reentered the room. At sight of the minister of that religion which enjoins forgiveness of injuries, Monsieur Gorsay experienced a moment's hesitation. Vengeance, however, soon gained the ascendancy; with a hand still steady, he signed the *procès verbal*, and immediately fell back on the pillow, exhausted by the tremendous efforts he had just made to assure himself of revenge by committing it to the strong arm of the law.

'Have you finished?' asked the doctor of the magistrate; 'you see he is almost lifeless; methinks this should suffice you. Have you not learned all you wished to know?'

'I have learned more than I desired,' replied Monsieur Carigniez, with a troubled air. 'What is your opinion of the situation of Monsieur Gorsay? Do you still believe that the delirium of fever has any thing to do with this strange declaration?'

'Were my life at stake,' answered the physician, 'I could not speak an untruth against my conscience. Monsieur Gorsay is at present free from fever, and knows very well what he says: whether he speaks the truth or not, that I cannot tell.'

'And you, reverend Sir, cannot you aid us with your lights?' said the solicitor to the curate, who on learning the declaration of the old man, remained absorbed in silent consternation.

'A true christian would have forgiven,' replied the old priest, to whom Lucia had made a full and detailed confession of her faults.

'Forgiven what?' demanded the magistrate.

The curate felt that to pronounce a single word more would be to betray the secrets of the confessional.

'God reads the heart,' answered he in an agitated voice; 'He alone can cause light to descend upon men, whose mission it is to

dispense justice. He alone can proclaim innocence, and amend the guilty by leading him to repentance.'

'I wish to know your opinion,' said the attorney, still persisting in his inquiry; 'do you believe Monsieur d'Aubian guilty of the crime of which he stands accused?'

'I believe him innocent, Sir,' replied the priest with warmth.

'How then do you explain the conduct of Monsieur Gorsay?'

The priest cast down his eyes and remained silent. Monsieur Carigniez, who was sitting at a writing-table, engaged in the re-perusal of the *procès verbal*, leaned his head upon his hands, and remained for some time in an attitude of deep thought.

'It is the attempt at robbery which perplexes me,' said he at length, speaking to himself; 'murders are committed by all classes; but this robbery! this is what seems inexplicable. A man of wealth may become an assassin from jealousy, or revenge, but not from cupidity. Passion engenders murder; need begets theft; in this case passion may perhaps exist as a cause, but where is the plea of poverty? Monsieur d'Aubian is wealthy, is he not?' asked he in a half-voice, addressing the physician.

'He is so reputed, if play has not impaired his means,' replied the latter in the same tone.

'Ah! is he a gambler?' responded the magistrate.

'A gambler not a little ruined, I suspect,' replied Monsieur Mallet; 'he has been seen to lose at Bordeaux twelve thousand francs at a single sitting.'

'This changes the whole aspect of the affair,' said the king's attorney, upon whom the words of the physician seemed to make a deep impression: 'I was saying to myself just now that we cannot imagine an effect without a cause; but play is a cause. You remember the old adage: 'One begins by being a dupe, but ends by becoming a knave.' Sometimes one ends by becoming something worse. We all remember the Count Horn, who assassinated an old money-lender for his gold.'

'You give to words spoken at random an interpretation which was very far from my thoughts,' exclaimed the doctor, with an accent of reproach.

'It is the business of both of us to interpret,' coldly replied Monsieur Carigniez. 'You proceed from symptoms to the disease; I, on my part, go from signs to the crime; from suspicions to proof.'

The attorney here rose, and approaching d'Aubian, who during this scene had preserved a firm and composed demeanor: 'Sir,' said he to him, with grave politeness, 'have you any observations to make upon what you have just heard?'

'None, Sir,' replied the young man, in a tone in which strong emotion, with difficulty repressed, was perceptible. 'It is not for me to discuss the accusation of which I find myself the object, nor to endeavor to remove the error of Monsieur Gorsay. In my declaration I have spoken the truth; it is therefore needless to say more. I deem it beneath me to protest my innocence, which no one here present doubts.'

He cast an expressive look toward the bed of the old man, who only answered this appeal by a smile, in which shone forth the triumph of inextinguishable hatred and implacable revenge.

'He knows all!' said Arthur to himself; 'it is my death he wants; he shall be gratified, if to save my life the sacrifice of Lucia is required.'

At this moment two *gen d'armes*, who had just arrived from Reole, passed before the window, through which they cast an inquiring look. On seeing them Bonnemain experienced the instinctive terror with which the sight of agents of the law always inspires criminals. D'Aubian knit his brow, and slightly contracted his lips.

'Are these men here to take charge of my person?' inquired he of the king's attorney, with forced irony.

'I can give you a seat in my carriage,' replied the magistrate, whom the haughty countenance of the young accused inspired with a degree of involuntary respect.

'Will *they* accompany us?' inquired Arthur, more occupied by the ignominy than the danger of his situation.

'Not if you swear to me that you will not attempt flight.'

Arthur smiled disdainfully: 'There are but two kinds of men who fly; the cowardly and the guilty; I am neither of these. You may therefore trust to my word of honor. And now allow me to beg of you one favor.'

'Proceed, Sir,' said the magistrate.

'Let us set forth immediately,' replied Arthur, eager to quit the place; for he dreaded lest Lucia, unexpectedly returning, might become the witness of a scene so fraught with danger to both.

'I am at your service,' replied the king's attorney, who had just closed his *procès verbal*, and whose presence in the house of Monsieur Gorsay was now no longer required. At a sign from the magistrate all present left the apartment. The two *gen d'armes* waited at the door. Physiognomists by profession, they placed themselves with one accord on each side of Bonnemain, in whose aspect they had simultaneously scented crime.

'Monsieur Magistrate,' cried out the galley-slave, 'tell these good gentlemen, if you please, that they are mistaken. As it is as plain as that two and two make four that I am innocent of this business, I hope you will set me at liberty at once. I have some work to do in the garden; and I cannot lose all day here like a sluggard.'

'Public opinion accuses you,' replied Monsieur Carigniez, 'and I am obliged to detain you temporarily. Should there be no proofs against you, you will be set at liberty in a few days.'

'Here is fine justice for you!' said the man of the galleys, when he saw d'Aubian enter the carriage and take his seat by the side of the king's attorney; 'the detected assassin rides in the carriage, while the innocent man goes on foot, between two *gen d'armes*. This is the way the rich always combine to trample upon the people! And you, comrades, have you no blood in your veins, that you let one of your brothers be dragged off to prison in this way?'

'You have neither brothers nor cousins here, hark you, Mister Juggler-of-watches!' cried out Piquet to him, with a knowing air.

'Vive la Republique! down with the Jesuits!' howled Bonnemain, who in his desire to excite a popular movement in his favor threw out in succession the two greatest stimulants he could think of.

No one stirred among the attendants; some hootings even were heard; and the galley-slave, forced to set out on his march under the escort of his two new guardians, became convinced that his fate excited very little sympathy among his old companions.

'Well, well,' said he to himself, with forced resignation, 'it would have been almost too much of a good thing to be let off at once; provided only the old man, who has been such a good fellow thus far, does not change his mind.'

The departure of the two suspected individuals had excited among the assembled peasants a commotion, the noise of which reached the apartment of Lucia. Half terrified at the outcries, she approached the window, and saw Arthur at the moment he ascended the carriage of the king's attorney.

'Where is Monsieur d'Aubian going?' asked she involuntarily of the physician who had rejoined her.

'To prison, probably,' replied Monsieur Mallet, fixing his eyes steadily upon her.

'To prison!' almost shrieked Lucia.

'Are you then ignorant that it was he who attempted the life of Monsieur Gorsay? Your husband has formally accused him.'

The poor wife, instead of making reply, gazed around her with an air of bewilderment; suddenly turning deadly pale, she closed her eyes, and fell backward into the arms of the doctor, who seemed prepared for this crisis; for without being discomposed, he laid her upon a sofa, and afforded her the succor her situation required.

'Curate,' said he to the old priest who at this moment entered the room, 'this young woman has now two confessors.'

PART TWO IN OUR NEXT.

#### S T A N Z A S .

Oh! ask not whither my heart hath flown,  
Nor who to that heart is dear;  
Though sweet the scenes that meet my view,  
My heart, oh! my heart is not here!

Though friends surround, and fortune smile,  
And love e'en the prospect cheer;  
Though pleasure's roses strew my path,  
Yet my heart, oh! my heart is not here!

But far o'er the blue wave's crested foam,  
Where the heather blooms so fair,  
And berries hang on the holly-bush,  
My heart, oh! my heart is there!

## THE DEATH OF A GENTLE MAIDEN.

A PHANTASY: INSCRIBED TO S. T. D.

'Now is done thy long day's work;  
 Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest,  
     Let them rave!  
 Shadows of the silver birk  
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave.  
     Let them rave!'

TENNYSON.

'T WAS Sabbath eve: on couch of rose-leaves lying,  
 With all her undimmed loveliness around her,  
 Silent, yet fast, a radiant ONE was dying;  
 Fading most like the flowery wreaths that bound her  
 With fragrance, vainly wasted. There had been  
 A fitful dirge upon the cool air borne,  
 That spake of parting. Sadly sweet was seen  
 A hectic bloom upon the cheek of morn,  
 That told of tears to be ere day was done.  
 Dark pall-like clouds swept by till set of sun,  
 Then folded their broad pinions, and reclined  
 In sullen grandeur o'er the distant West,  
 Like spectral forms in slumber. Every wind  
 Had wailed itself to stillness, and a rest  
 Voiceless and deep stole down upon the world.  
 The STORM-FIEND slowly turned his sombre car,  
 With drooping wing, and lurid banner furled,  
 Toward his own rugged North, while from afar  
 There came a sudden gleam, a golden ray,  
 A strange, rich light, as from a young moon's birth,  
 And shone o'er ONE, there passing fast away  
 From the soft sky, and green, rejoicing earth!

Many a presence, dim and fair,  
 Pale gleaming shapes of things, divine and rare,  
 With tearful eyes and broken sounds of weeping,  
 Beside that couch a mournful watch were keeping  
 In that hushed eve. Gay Zephyr pensive stood,  
 With plumes enfolded like a stricken flower's;  
 And Echo from her cave in dark wild wood  
 Held whisperings faint with groups of gentle hours,  
 Making the silence yet more sad and still;  
 And glowing sighs that dwell in rustling grass,  
 And guardian spirits of each singing rill,  
 Murmurs from vine-clad vale and sunny hill,  
 Odors that from the rose's deep heart pass,  
 When kissed by breeze of even, gathered there,  
 Where that clear radiance quivered on the air,  
 Melting to farewell showers. And there seemed  
 A gush of music, dying far away,  
 Soft, exquisite, and low, like that is dreamed  
 By one who slumbereth at the close of day  
 On Ocean's golden wave. A liquid tone,  
 Like fall of distant waters, deep and lone,  
 A silvery strain of many voices blending,  
 Fell on my soul; and, thrilling cadence sending  
 Far thro' the coming night, did float along,  
 Profoundly sorrowful, this brief, wild parting song:

FARE thee well!  
We have heard the solemn chime,  
Pealing forth the flight of TIME.  
Sternly tolls its passing bell  
For thy latest funeral knell.  
From Earth's griefs, unquiet fears,  
Mournful memories, lingering tears,  
Mortal ill, and mortal wo,  
Thou art soon about to go!  
Fare thee well!

Brightness marked thy pathway here;  
Stars, and skies, far, blue, and clear,  
Gorgeous clouds and silvery haze  
Floating in the streaming rays;  
Love, and hope, and joyous mirth,  
Such as in young hearts have birth;  
Soon will be a lasting close!  
Come not breathings of repose?  
Fare thee well!

Fades the thronging dream of life  
Through the mist of mortal strife;  
Rends the veil that shrouds the real  
From the vast and lone ideal;  
Spectres wild, and quaint, and strange,  
Flitting gleam in hurried change  
O'er the Future's magic glass;  
They are passing — Thou wilt pass!  
Fare thee well!

Paler grows thy lustrous eye,  
As the light of sunset sky,  
Death-damps chill are on thy brow,  
White and cold as moon-lit snow.  
As a bird with wounded wing,  
Now thy heart is fluttering;  
Soon 't will rest, to beat no more —  
Pang and thrill alike be o'er!  
Fare thee well!

In the shadowy dome of dreams  
Mournful light of Memory streams  
O'er the voiceless forms and still  
That the busy Past did fill.  
Far from wreck of wo and weeping,  
They in stormless peace are sleeping;  
There thy sisters long have gone,  
Thither *thou* wilt soon be flown —  
Fare thee well!

Music that ends not in tears,  
Love that knows no boding fears,  
Tones that falter not in sighs,  
Hearts in which no sorrow lies,  
Flowers, unfading, sweet, and fair,  
Sister! all await thee there!  
We shall miss thee; but away!  
Wearied one, no longer stay!  
Fare thee well!

'T was gone! That radiant train melted away  
Like last love-whispers of the broken-hearted;  
And with the purple gleam of closing day  
The gentle SPIRIT OF THE MONTH departed!



## FOREST WALKS IN THE WEST.

BY THE 'HERMIT OF THE PRAIRIES.'

It is strange that men should prefer to live in cities. If there were any pleasantness conceivable in the perpetual clamor and strife of tongues, or in sharpening one's face by frequent contact with the crowd, or in receiving a thousand ideas daily of which only one can be retained, the preference would not be so unaccountable. But much communion with men does not tend to soften the heart; and a multitude of ideas, like a surfeit of food, will not digest. How much more delightful to pass one's life in the country, where the multifarious noises and confusion of the town die away before they reach half way to him, and only the higher voices, the voices of the higher men, fall on his ear! At intervals, to continue the figure, one of these voices utters a thought which the heavens, or the earth, or the human mind has been ransacked to find; and he sits down in quiet to incorporate it with his own brain, without having his nerves jarred with the same thought repeated in an hundred different tones, and with a thousand modifications. All is tranquillity around him and within him. He is not hourly jostled by hardening avarice, or ambition, or self-idolatry, in any of its forms. He converses with himself, and the nobler spirits that have lived, or that do live; and if he is not a happier, and does not die a better man than the denizen of the metropolis, it must be that there is something radically defective in his nature. This thought is naturally suggested by the country through which I am passing. I don't know that interminable woods are a necessary accompaniment of rural life; but if they were, and when they are, it would be and is so much the better for those whose tastes, like mine, incline that way. Not exactly that I would live *in* the woods, either, but yet not so *far* from them that I could not sometimes lose myself in them.

Ohio, the State of 'the Beautiful River,' has as yet woodland enough to satisfy the most extravagant desire. I have been travelling many days along this untrodden highway; the giant trees almost constantly interlocking their branches over head, except when the enclosed ten-acre lot of stumps, and the block-house dwelling of some hardy emigrant break the monotony. And I expect it will be the same for several weeks to come, until I emerge into daylight on the borders of some prairie. I hope those weeks will be many; for it is really pleasant, plodding along with no company but these tall beeches and maples, and no conversation save such as the birds and I, each in our own language, hold with one another. I have learned some new movements in music too; for when the little choristers do me the honor to stop and examine my physical

appearance, and when they express their surprise, or pleasure, or indignation, by interrogatory trills, or by angry chromatic passages of unimaginable rapidity, always accompanied by appropriate gesticulation, it would be exceedingly impolitic in me not to answer in numbers and melody. I am afraid they do not understand me; or else they doubt my word, when I assure them of the kindest treatment, if they will indulge me with a nearer view of their wings and eyes.

The mind is bewildered when it tries to think of the solitude that has reigned here; how in winter and summer, year after year, farther back than the imagination can reach, these trees have grown, wrestled with the whirlwind, and fallen; how those clouds have given their rain, the sun his light, and the flowers their fragrance, *alone*! Forms, colors, and sounds of beauty and sweetness have sprung up and lived here, when there was no eye or ear to receive them, and be made happy. Nature has put on her robe of grace; has breathed her pleasant odors on every breeze; has tenderly cherished her delicate plants; and has most beautifully decked herself, as though for the embrace of man. Truly may we ask, 'For whom were all these things made? If for man, why was this waste?' It cannot be; and certainly not for any inferior being. If it is mortifying to think that all things were not made to minister unto us; that we are but a part of the great machine, a principal, though not an indispensable one; that the happiness of birds and all animals is as important in the view of the Giver of Happiness, as ours; it is nevertheless pleasant to feel that we are connected with the lower orders of existences by a kind of fellow-feeling, in that we both partake of common pleasures, and that no bounty which has been given to one has not also been given to the other.

But this does not answer the question: 'What *were* flowers, and trees, and running brooks made for?' It will not do to say, for the sole behoof of man; for then I might reiterate: 'Why this waste of centuries in profitless vegetation? The Greeks would give an answer without hesitation; and so would the poet. And since we have not even a conjecture to make, I am sure we cannot do better than to adopt a pleasant hypothesis, and firmly believe in the Spirit of Poetry; that trees were no more designed merely to live, prepare the way for their successors, and die, than man was to propagate *his* species and die; but that flowers, trees, and all plants are in themselves, as possessing some sort of vitality, of sufficient importance in the scale of existences to render it supposable that a world might be made for, and inhabited only by plants, and that a world so inhabited would not be altogether useless, either. If this thought ever entered the heads of our pioneers and wood-cutters, habit has lamentably blunted their susceptibilities.

I have been building a pretty extensive castle in the air in these woods; such a castle as it seems to me I should like to live in. The embellishments of course are supplied by fancy, but the materials and situation are furnished by the condition of this pleasant family, who with the heartiest welcome have thrown open their door to

me, while for an hour I repose in the shade. It seems to be a *very* pleasant family. The head of it is a young man, perhaps a year or two older than myself, with the sparkle of health and contentment in his eye; a noble, manly form; and a face constantly full of exultation. He seems proud of his own strength, of his victory over thousands of mighty trees; proud of himself, and most of all, of his young wife. These two, together with a matron, who may be his mother, form the group. Their history is the history of thousands of families with whose rude tenements this vast Valley is sparsely dotted. They were born and fitted by early education for their situation in life, in the State of New-York. They were betrothed three years ago, and have been married but half of one. After much consultation between the lovers, it was determined that he should seek a home in the wilds of the West. So he set out, not knowing whither he should go, and not following the guidance of any particular star; and he stopped by accident, he says, on this, the best tract of land between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains; which is as much as to say, 'the best the sun shines on.' Having settled the boundaries of the farm to suit himself, he erected a shanty of bark, provided himself with a few of the most indispensable articles of food, and went whistling to work.

In the course of a few months, a space of several acres was cleared from the timber, which was burned as fast as cut down; a crop of wheat was put into the ground; and the walls of a house built up of hewn logs, so substantial as to be, if not bomb-proof, at least wind and age-proof. When winter came on, he left his new-founded city to take care of itself; marked the trees as he went out, that he might be able to find his way in again; cut down one here and there, so as to make the passage of a wagon imaginable; and departed for home. In the spring he was married; and with as many implements and necessities of household and farm use as could be compressed into a reasonably small space, and stored away in their caravansary, and with as many domestic animals as could be expected, from their known peculiarities of disposition, to submit to be driven or led without opposition, he started on his 'move,' and introduced his mother and fair bride to their new home. Not 'fair' bride, exactly, but lovely. With a perfect form, one which in another sphere of life would have been admired as voluptuous; with the hue of health on her cheek, the light of innocence in her eye, and the smile of youth on her lips; the lovely bride, leaning on the strong arm of her husband, passed mile after mile through the shades of the forest, without casting 'one longing look behind;' entered into the house which had been constructed with more strength than skill for her; and set herself to work with a woman's tact to adorn the bare walls, and scatter over the barn-like dwelling the charms and comforts of *home*. She has succeeded in all her labors, and her husband has succeeded in all his. But after all, are not their position and prospects dreary enough? And is it not strange that both should be so happy, dwelling here, out of reach of the eyes and sympathies of the rest of the world?

It is strange; and so I sit myself down by the side of the young wife, look in the same direction that she looks, and try to make objects appear the same to my eyes that they do to her's. How great a difference in the picture is made by a little alteration in the position of the inspector! It is not strange *now* that she should be happy; for her future is as bright as is ever set before mortal eyes. The harsh features of the landscape are covered with a soft and verdant carpet; golden wealth and peace smile in the distance; the inequalities and roughness of the road are as nothing, for her feet are strong and light; and if there are but two of them to journey together, those two hearts will be only the more closely knit to each other. It is on the whole such a prospect, that I do not wonder at her for being perfectly happy. And yet I was ready to exclaim, 'How preposterous to suppose that *she* can be contented!' Or, if I was not ready to say so, it was only speculatively, and without exactly understanding how, that I admitted the possibility.

Now, speaking in grave, deliberate terms, what *do* we mean by contentment? For my part, I cannot tell, precisely. But that particular prospect, to use the old figure, which is set before me, and becomes my future, is, Heaven knows, sufficiently cheerless and uninteresting. And yet, if I were asked to exchange it for any other in the world, I should be compelled to answer, *no*. Still, I am far from being contented. Not but that the present is well enough, because it receives its character from the future; but with the future itself I am dissatisfied. Dreary as my circumstances are, I would not alter them, nor the past; I would not undo any thing that has been done; but show me some road by which I can regain the position which I once occupied, or by which I can gain another position which I desire, and I despise the past and present, and am contented. That is to say, contentment has respect mainly to the future. This is a bungling and circuitous way of coming at a simple idea; but this truth explains to my mind some things concerning happiness; and among the rest, how it is that this beautiful young woman can be contented, perfectly satisfied, with her lot, in these forests. And how it is (which I have often wondered at) that men whose views are bounded by the limits of their own farm, can be as happy as those who take in at one glance a whole kingdom. And a blessed thing it is, much as those of the latter class may be disposed to sneer, that a few small objects, to the eye accustomed to look at them, can grow into sufficient magnitude and importance to become *the* objects of life. And I would ask these scorners if they are not afraid that some higher class still will scorn *them* too? for their pursuits and means of happiness, though large in their own eyes, may be as small to the sight of some being whose glance takes in the world, as the poor man's is to theirs. I am sure I don't know, if I could have my choice, whose lot I would prefer.

But I am no sneerer, my gentle hostess. If I could, I would contract my roving vision and desires; like yourself, make my most desired object of attainment, *comfort*, and rustic health; confine my

thoughts to my own neighborhood; study and fall in love with Nature; grow wise in that wisdom which is from within — and be happy. I have been *trying* to do so; but there is something in me that rebels. It cannot be, and I must go restlessly and sorrowfully wandering on. And when I am gone, and you forget the way-farer, he will not forget you, nor the heart-felt benediction, 'May it remain with you forever!' which he leaves with your household.

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ODE TO BEAUTY.

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'A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER.'—KEATS.

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SPIRIT of Beauty! thou whose glance  
Doth fill the universe with light  
Which is the shadow of thy might,  
Whose fair, immortal countenance  
Transcends all human sight! O where,  
Within what calm and blessed sphere  
Of earth, or air, or heaven, doth dwell  
The glory of thy presence? Now  
All things repose beneath thy spell.  
Bright essence, pure, invisible,  
Blest spirit! where art thou?

Beyond stern Boreas' crystal throne  
Dost hold thy court with meteors dancing,  
And phantom gleams mid shadows wan,  
Like thought from earth to heaven glancing?  
Art sphered in light within the glorious Sun  
When upward on his burning course he hies,  
Or in the golden west when day is done,  
Weaving his gorgeous robe of thousand dyes?  
Hast thou thy home far in yon silvery star,  
Aye twinkling silently,  
As fondly struggling to reveal  
The secret of its mystery;  
Whose radiance floating from afar,  
Like music o'er the heart doth steal,  
Making the listening soul to be  
Part of its own deep melody?  
Dost dwell in the trembling moonbeam's smile,  
When, wakened by the midnight spell,  
Light fairies trip through each silent dell,  
Their dewy ringlets dancing, while  
Beneath the shadowy mountain's base  
The vales lie steeped in loveliness,  
And the breathing lawns afar do seem  
The soft creation of a dream?

Thy spell is abroad on the Ocean's breast  
When the Sun awakes from his dreamless rest,  
And the crimsoned waves leap exultingly  
Beneath the glance of his golden eye.  
Thou reignest in the glowing haze  
Of noontide, like a presence brooding  
Above the fields in radiance dressed,  
When amber gleams the woods are flooding,  
And insects sport mid the quivering rays;

And the flowers their trembling zones unbind  
 To the soft caress of the wooing wind.  
 Thou com'st on airy footsteps, blest  
 With a spirit-power in the twilight hour,  
 When the dreaming lake lies hushed below,  
 And the heavens above with looks of love  
 Keep watch as the shadows come and go.

All hours, all worlds, thy spell obey ;  
 Yet not alone within the circling pale  
 Of universal Nature's wide domain  
 Extends thy sovereign reign ;  
 The Soul hath beauty of her own  
 Which oft doth penetrate the mortal veil  
 That shrouds the spirit's viewless throne,  
 Winning to something of celestial ray  
 The charms that blossom only to decay.  
 It lives in all the nameless grace  
 Of wreath'd line and shifting hue,  
 (That speak the pent soul shining through,)  
 It sleeps in the unruffled face  
 Of holy, smiling infancy,  
 Wherein, as in a lake of blue,  
 Lies mirrored heaven's own purity.

But most in Woman's soul-lit eye,  
 Within whose depths lies eternity !  
 And in those smiles that gleam and tremble  
 Through the veil that seems to shroud  
 Their full effulgence, and resemble  
 Lightnings hovering in a cloud ;  
 And in the light serene and clear  
 Of her own vestal purity,  
 Which surrounds her like an atmosphere.  
 Spirit of Beauty ! here confess  
 Thy divinest dwelling-place !

Yet not the kindling dawn,  
 Nor breathless summer noon, nor soft decline  
 Of eve, nor stars, nor moon-lit lawn,  
 Nor 'human face divine,'  
 Nor aught that greets our earthly sight  
 Of most surpassing loveliness,  
 Thy full divinity express ;  
 These are but symbols of thy might.  
 High throned above all mortal state,  
 Enrapt, serene, owning nor death nor change,  
 Nor time, nor place, thou hast thy seat  
 In that calm world wherein the Soul doth range,  
 Where Thought and Wisdom do abide,  
 Beside immortal Truth, thy sister and thy bride !

Supreme immunities are thine,  
 Eternal Beauty ! glorious giver  
 Of light, and joy, and blessedness !  
 And they are blest who on thy face divine  
 Gaze and repose for ever.  
 Such guerdon high do those possess,  
 The star-like souls, who dwell apart, \*  
 Above our dim and common day  
 Shining serene. To these thou art  
 Immortal light and strength, and they  
 By virtue led, and contemplation high,  
 Partake with thee thine own eternity !

H. M. O.

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\* 'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' — WORDSWORTH'S SONNET TO MILTON.

## MEADOW-FARM: A TALE OF ASSOCIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAYFELLOW.'

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

'Because there dwells  
In the inmost mole of the body heart  
The presence of the spirit far and wide,  
There are His tabernacles; there His rites.'

SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

THE next day after the events narrated in our last chapter, was the Sabbath. 'How shall it be employed?' No preconceived plan of worship had been agreed upon; this Rufus chose to leave to the inspiration of the moment. In this small number of persons there were various religious impressions; that is, they had been brought up under different denominations. The widow Stewart and her sons called themselves Baptists; Rufus Gilbert and his wife were Unitarians; Philip and his mother were Calvinists; but no one of all these could be said to have opinions upon religion. Chance, accident, had determined their position; and if any one had been asked why he bore this or that name, he would have said, because I go to this or that church, rather than give any reason for his presumed faith.

With Rufus the case was rather different. An ignorant person in talking with him would have said he was inclined to infidelity; for he had no faith in the saving power of the church, and did not believe that church-membership was necessary to salvation; he maintained that virtue was the key to Heaven, and obedience to conscience the sure passport to eternal happiness; that worship and all the ordinances of religion were the means of cultivating the virtue and obedience, and so far they were sacred.

Philip Wilton had been educated a Calvinist. The splendid intellectual system of orthodoxy had blinded him to the fundamental errors upon which that noble superstructure rests; for grant their premises, and what scheme of faith is so consistent? Of an ardent temperament, he loved to lose himself in religious agitation; and surrounding himself with gloom, and picturing the despair of hell, the agony of the lost, the terrors of the law, to pass in imagination to the foot of the cross and feel his sins forgiven, his stains washed out, by the cleansing blood dripping from the body of the Lord. Then would he mount to Heaven, a purified saint, and veil his face before the ineffable glory of the Father, to thank him, to praise him forever.

Such was the action of his early piety, exhausting, fruitless, and delusive; for every thing was to be done for him, and by simply believing certain facts he was to be entitled to this blissful state. Time has sobered his views, as he felt the power of reason in his

mind, and his experience of life had banished this physical form of worship, and substituted a more spiritual religion in his heart.

The sun shone brightly on this their first Sabbath morning together in their new home. The notes of birds, the rushing streams, the shooting grass was the voice of Spring. The cattle and flocks in the fold cast wistful glances to the pastures on the hill-sides; every thing that had power of motion seemed to have come out to welcome the voice, and to be filled with tranquil happiness. It was surprising to see how perfectly all these persons united in their religious service as they met together in the library to thank God for their blessings. All idea of sect was lost or forgotten in the common feeling of thankfulness. Sheltered by the same roof, fed at the same table, and happy and contented in the same scene, they were led to acknowledge in their hearts that they had a common Father and one faith in Him. All those circumstances of going to different places, having different forms and different names, the rivalry of preachers, and the temporal success of their various churches, were absent, and in the fervor of their gratitude all causes of separation were forgotten, and every thing disuniting was merged in a common sense of dependence, as they confessed their sins and prayed for guidance and light from the one Source of all benefits.

Philip conducted the meeting, and the mother's heart was satisfied with seeing her son even in that humble pulpit. Forgetting himself, and making no special effort to be eloquent and fine, he extemporized a better sermon than he could have written, from the text, 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.' Music, a kind of devotion itself, was not wanting to complete the beauty of their simple worship; and when the sun went down on that Sabbath evening, each felt that he had never truly worshipped before; so cold, tame, and meaningless did the almost compelled services of the churches seem to them, when compared with this spontaneous, social outpouring of the heart.

As the sun was declining, John Stewart and Clara had separated from the others in their walk, and stood beside the lake. They were discussing the sermon of Philip: 'And then how beautifully he portrayed the effects of true religion on the life,' said Clara, in reply to some remark of his. 'He has so much feeling that he makes others feel. He does not say such remarkable things, but all he does utter you are sure comes from the bottom of his heart.'

'And do people always produce such effects when they speak from their hearts?' asked John.

'I believe so,' answered Clara; and then there was a long silence, and they sat down on a fallen trunk by the side of the lake, looking at the budding trees reflected in the clear water.

Religion and love are close companions. When the heart is touched by devotion, when we have made our peace with Heaven, and formed resolutions to lead purer and better lives, all the finer parts of our nature are roused into action, and we are prepared to love, to assist, and sympathize with our fellow creatures. A bad man cannot love; he may feel passion, but not love.



John Stewart, with a rough exterior, had a sensitive heart. He had long in secret worshipped the fair Clara, but the sense of his own deficiencies had hitherto kept him silent. His connection with Rufus Gilbert had drawn him often to her mother's house, where he was considered an odd sort of young man; for as we have before remarked, he would sit for hours watching the movements of the younger sister, who regarded him almost like a brother.

'You know, Clara,' at length began John, 'that we are all under a solemn agreement with Mr. Gilbert to have no secret plan, to make no bargain of any kind, and to conceal no grief, while members of the family, but to be perfectly open and trusting in all our dealings with each other.'

'Yes, John; and have you broken the agreement?'

'No, but I am like to, unless you help me out of a difficulty.'

'Oh, any thing, John; you know I would do any thing in my power for you.'

'But if it is not in your power now, will you try to help me?'

'Certainly.'

'Then you must try to love me; you must be my wife, Clara.'

'And the wedding shall take place when you have earned a thousand dollars by your own labor,' said a voice behind them, which they knew to be Rufus Gilbert's.

'And,' added another voice, 'I am an ordained minister, and can legally marry you.'

Turning, they became aware that their friends had come up as they were talking together, and unintentionally heard their conversation.

Clara said nothing, but gave her hand to John, then run to embrace her mother and sister, while her lover half bewildered with delight and happiness so unexpected, was shaking hands with his brothers and friends.

'We heard what you said about the 'solemn agreement,' to divulge all secrets; we have saved you the trouble,' said Rufus. This honesty alone makes you worthy of any woman, and I congratulate myself as well as you upon this plighting.'

The parties returned to the house and spent the evening in singing sacred music together; and if, as some one has observed, happiness is the true atmosphere of devotion and of virtue, John and Clara both were better on that evening than ever before.

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CHAPTER EIGHTH.

'O THAT the newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death but life.'

CARLYLE'S 'PAST AND PRESENT.'

It must not be supposed that the Meadow-Farmers gained their position without other struggle than the labor of arranging and cultivating their domain. Fortunately for them they had enemies, or rather opponents, who talked against them and wrote against

them, and by these means compelled them to look carefully to their own principles. These attacks taught them their own strength, and gave steadiness and manliness to their efforts. The strong ship never sails so steadily as when she stems an opposing current.

A man can hardly introduce a new kind of plough upon his farm, without being called upon for his reasons; much less can a body of men start a new project of society, unquestioned and unnoticed. Although every freeman may plough and reap as he please, yet may I call him to account for the implied slander which he utters upon the usual and common plough of the country, by throwing it aside and adopting a new one. So when men promulge new doctrines of society, and establish new forms of business and domestic economy, may we not rightfully question them closely, for their attempt to unsettle the established order of things, which they virtually do by such a course? For by no means is it true, that men have the right—the moral right—to plunge recklessly against old institutions and habits, with no other reason than that such is their pleasure. Such crusades may be more safely allowed in monarchical countries, whose heavy and ponderous forms are little moved by them; but in a country where public sentiment is law and government much more than the statute-book, it is not only our right but our duty to watch narrowly every innovation, and to question, with a voice of authority, him who comes to remove the old landmarks planted by our fathers.

This curious and, as it is called, meddlesome spirit, which Americans show in the affairs of their neighbors, is in fact the instinct of self-preservation in our people. It is a better habit than an idle curiosity, however it may be denominated. It matters little who comes or goes, or what the habits and opinions, of people who live in countries where a military power is ever ready to support the established authority of the land. Not so with us. We require no passports in passing from village to village, from state to state; every man is free to move as he pleases; but there is constantly over every man a jealous scrutiny, and not so much over his personal movements, as over the most important part of him, his opinions and habits. Hence the thousand staring eyes which greet every stranger as he passes through our villages and towns. Is any one desirous of being conspicuous among his fellow men, he has only to quietly take up his abode in any of our country towns; preserve a mysterious silence respecting his business; say no more than is absolutely necessary for his wants, and in a week's time he will become the theme of every tea-table in the neighborhood; and should he incline to go to meeting on the Sabbath, he will find that he will more than equally divide attention with the preacher. As we live and move and have our being as a nation by the action of this public sentiment, is it not a necessary consequence that we are curious and meddlesome, and often annoying, toward those who come among us to see the strange anomaly, a self-governed people? And we ask such persons seriously, if, having considered the case, our prying, Yankee questioning is a proper subject of their ridicule?

For the same reason, too, all secret societies are deemed dangerous to the community, and our people will not endure them because they are foreign to the character of our government. And how are they foreign, it is asked? Each voter being a part of the government, he wants all the facts of the country before him in order to form his opinion, which he cannot have if secret societies exist. In a despotism the power being in one head, that head alone has need of the facts we refer to; the governed have no interest except to obey, no duty but to submit. To refer to an almost forgotten question, the rights of Free Masons, the opposition and abuse they received was far less against them as Masons, than as asking for protection and privilege, without being willing to yield any thing to that public sentiment which they were opposing by their very existence as a secret society.

Let us draw here one other inference from what has been said, and then to work: a free and untrammelled press is as essential to a free government as air is to life. If the art of printing had been known by the ancient republics they might still have existed. And, moreover, we may demand, as a right, to know any and all of the affairs of others which may, by possibility, act upon this public trust, of which each man is part keeper. And the advantage of this supervision is mutual, for it is well for every one to know that the whole country has an interest in what he does, in his acts, his habits, and especially in his opinions.

Rufus Gilbert courted this scrutiny, and took pains to open his views to all who visited him; but he became unpopular at first with the church in his neighborhood, because he did not come under its wing and ask its influence — an influence always to be obtained by paying for it. Both political parties called him a fool and fanatic, because he did not immediately set down his political opinions and promise his vote for or against men he had never seen or heard of before.

To the Whig committee-man who called to ask his support for that party, he propounded first the question, 'Is your candidate a temperance man?'

'Really, Sir, we have little to do with such narrow questions; I can't answer you.'

'Is he for or against slavery?' next proposed Rufus.

'That, too, is beyond my instructions.'

'What then, may I ask,' said Rufus, 'are the grounds upon which you ask my vote for your candidate?'

'Grounds, Sir! — zounds!' said the emissary, looking about for a convenient stump, 'grounds, did you say? Sir, he is a Whig; he was born a Whig; he has lived a Whig, and will die a Whig. What more can you ask? He never opposes his party; he is a man we can rely upon; we know where to find him; he is a man to stick to the party, if the party go to the d — l; and that's what I call being a patriot.'

A little ruder in speech, but quite as honest in his views, was the friend of the opposing party, who called to solicit the name of

Mr. Gilbert on his paper, whose inquiries respecting the opinions of the candidate upon what he conceived to be vital questions, namely, temperance and slavery, he answered thus:

'I'll tell you what, friend, you're a stranger to me and I'm a stranger to you, but I have heard that you are a friend to the poor; now if such be the case, you hate the Whigs, you hate the rich, the aristocrats that they be; this is as natural as for hens to cackle. Now we don't meddle with temperance, because some of our men can only be brought forward by the drink; we don't touch slavery, because, you see old Hickory may own slaves himself. These are, in polite way of talking, subjects for the straddle. The fence, Sir, the fence, is our only and our tee-total safety on these p'int's.'

'But,' said Rufus, 'because I am a friend to the poor, how does it follow that I must hate the rich? I must love all men, for every man is my brother. I shall not vote at all at the coming election, for I have not had time to inform myself as to the respective merits of the men that are up.'

'That's right, Sir, I must confess,' said the young man, with an entirely different tone and manner, for he was the son of an honest man, and had had early instruction in his youth; 'that's right; I respect you, Mr. Gilbert; 'it's just what father said; and I must tell you, I've seen better days than getting a dollar a day for crying 'Hurrah for old Hickory!' So, re-cocking his hat and falling again into the part he was paid for playing, off he rode.

'A pretty fellow this,' said the Whigs, 'to show no colors; 'I'll bet a cow he will sneak in and vote for Hickory. What right has he to come into our county and play dark till the game turns? We'll fix him!'

'Did you try to buy him?' said the Jackson men to their emissary.

'No; I did n't dare do it; I'll wager drinks all round he is not to be bought.'

'This is a noble fellow,' sighed the Whig candidate himself, when he heard what Rufus had said; 'I must seek him out; a man after my own heart. Would to God I were free to act myself! Oh! this slavery of party; this slavery of the soul! How much meaner and baser is it than any bonds of the body!'

'Saddle me a horse,' said the other candidate; 'I'll ride over and promise him he shall be post-master.'

'That's promised three times already,' said some one; 'promise him the judge of probate, for that's only promised twice.'

'Ah! that will do.' But Rufus was proof against promises and bribes.

Providence smiled upon the labors of the band, in a productive harvest, the first year of their location. The land proved even better than they expected. Uninterrupted health, the result of their simple and regular habits, enabled them to enjoy life as they had never done before. And what was it gave such a spring to their labors? They each had a personal interest in the crops. If profits accrued, they were to gain by them; if losses occurred, they

were to lose by them. But better than this, they all lived in an elevated atmosphere. Subjects of deep interest employed their hours of rest and refreshment. They were living in the school of love and brotherly kindness. No rivalry excited their passions; no competition enbittered their intercourse; every act of each one was felt to be the act of all; and they were as much interested in the success of each other as of themselves. It is astonishing how one earnest mind may spread its influence over masses of men, and give tone and harmony to the most discordant elements. Such was the influence of Rufus; and hardly less that of Philip. The young farmers caught the spirit of their discussions, and as they became informed in their minds, they began to take part in their animated debates. This made their hours of rest seasons of real improvement, and they became as much concerned for their intellectual harvest as for the crops on the soil. Their evenings were not spent listlessly in smoking and lolling about on benches, drinking cider and picking their teeth with straws, as many farmers spend them, but in the library, where one read aloud for the benefit of all, or in the general discussion of some topic of sufficient importance to cause them to forget their bodily fatigues. And thus are we kindly constituted by nature; study is rest from bodily labor, and bodily labor is rest from study. It has been proved by experience that one man may more easily do the intellectual and physical labor of two men, than the two can do it separately. The student without exercise becomes the invalid or the madman, and the laborer, without thought and intellectual culture, becomes a brute.

With the majority of our farmers money-getting is the prevailing motive. Are they temperate, it is out of regard to their health and pocket. If they are honest, it is often more a matter of business and credit than of virtue. Can it be denied that the farmer's standard is too low? Does he live for his soul, his mind; to make life a scene of noble progression in knowledge and virtue? Is he not generally more anxious to enlarge his farm than to expand his intellect? Does he not sneer at learning, and glory in his coarseness? Would that he might try the true life; keep up the balance of his powers; make his body the servant of his soul; and look toward knowledge and virtue as the destiny of his being!

Rufus Gilbert had arrived at that point of attainment. He really and sincerely valued money only as a means, an unusual refinement indeed; and this principle he had instilled into the hearts of all his disciples, so that they were elevated beings, and had high views of the object of life. No man who has been by circumstances 'born again' to this new being, ever can go back to the low aims and filthy pursuits of party ambition, or heap up money for money's sake. 'To him that hath shall be given;' such men are always improving, always advancing; they cannot help it. 'From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath;' such men are always retrograding, sinking, falling; they too cannot help it.

As the reader must by this time begin to feel some interest in the

financial state of the Meadow-Farm, let us look in upon them at the end of the third year of their experiment. The writer will give the statement as it was given to him, and as nearly as may be in the same words.

'Our original purchase cost five thousand dollars, and consisted of five hundred acres of land, mostly in a wild state. The expense of the house, furniture, and stock, was about two thousand dollars more, for we began with the smallest amount practicable. We numbered at the outset fourteen souls, among whom were seven able-bodied young men, ready to endure hardships and work their way wherever I should lead them. Four of the remaining were women and three were children. The first year was spent in clearing enough land to secure us against want in the way of corn, and potatoes, and wheat; and contrary to my own fears, at the end of it we were able to pay the interest on our borrowed capital, beside having greatly improved our farm. The second year was still more fortunate. We had admitted five new hands, four of whom were able-bodied men and good farmers; so that we were strong in force. The other was a good tailoress whose services we began to need. Mechanics of all sorts flocked in upon us, many of whom we could not receive. At the close of the third year, now, our affairs stand thus:

'Our farm with the buildings we have erected, is estimated at, and taxed for, eight thousand dollars. We have paid the two thousand dollars borrowed capital, and do not owe a farthing. We have three hundred sheep, and fifty head of cattle and horses. We have a good library; are all well clothed and fed. Some are richer than others, in proportion to the time they have been with us. We now number twenty-five persons, including my own two children, one an infant. John Stewart considers he has earned six hundred dollars toward the thousand which is the condition of his possessing before he can claim the hand of Clara Welton. Not that I think it necessary a young man should possess a fortune before he marries. I think with Cobbett upon this point, that the sooner a young man marries the better for him, if he has good and industrious habits; but we thought it necessary to test the case with John, as he had the reputation of being an odd fellow, and we thought while he was earning the specified amount, we could do it to our satisfaction.

'But, Sir, the best wealth we have, in my opinion, is the amount of good habits of mind and body among us. Our young farmers are chemists and botanists. We have poets, musicians, and painters among us. We cultivate the sciences as well as the land. Our wealth is in our heads and hearts, as well as something in our pockets. As to myself, I have lost nothing, but on the contrary have received a better interest on my share of the investment than I could have received in any fair business. Thus you see what united labor can accomplish; in three years we have converted three thousand dollars into eight thousand. Our profits in happiness and improvement cannot be estimated in money.'

Now although much was said and written against this new-fangled scheme of Meadow-Farm, when the public saw how successful and

happy were the members, what peace and harmony reigned among them, and more than all, how much money they were making, the tide began to turn the other way. Parents gave the best evidence of what they thought of it, by striving to get their children received into Philip Welton's school. The few boys placed at first under his charge had made such improvement, not only in their studies but in their dispositions, living in an atmosphere of love and kindness, that the school began to be very popular, and many pupils were refused for want of room. Let us look in of a summer morning, at the library, and see the charms the place had for the youth. It was a large and spacious room, kept studiously clean. Books were arranged around upon the walls; historical pictures were seen here and there. The bust of WASHINGTON, which, though never so badly executed, always tells us of firmness and virtue, patriotism and heroism, stood conspicuously fronting the entrance; that of FRANKLIN, the true man and republican, the wise man and the practical man, stood near it. Flowers were placed here and there upon the tables. There was no master's desk, no pedagogical throne, the sceptre a ferula. All formality was banished from the place, and they found their seats as suited their taste and convenience. They came and went as in the order of a well-conducted reading-room, without restraint, and looked like those who came to seek knowledge, rather than like the pupils of most schools, whose anxious faces seem to say, 'When will it be my turn to be crammed?' 'How long will it be before it will be time to leave this prison?'

Or listen to the words of the teacher as he meets his pupils in the morning, and cordially takes each one by the hand, and thus removes all feeling of distance and reserve between himself and his scholars. 'My dear children, our law is love; see, it is written yonder,' pointing to an inscription on the wall, 'God is love;' 'let us to-day strive to obey this law in our thoughts and actions. It is our first duty to be good, and then, if we can, to be learned and honorable, and graceful and happy. You have collected here to learn history, and language, and useful sciences; but all these will avail you nothing, unless you first learn to govern your passions, and obey your conscience, and try to be like Christ, in preferring to bear and suffer every thing rather than commit sin. This is the enemy of happiness; the only evil in the world; for a good man cannot be unhappy. Let us, before we do any thing else, ask our Father to assist us in forming this character.'

The pupils all kneel devoutly; they all pray mentally. It is no hurried form of prayer, run through without preparation, and which robs the young of respect for devotional exercises. They are all impressed by the service, and the great idea that they will be assisted in whatever they purely undertake, gives encouragement and hope to their hearts. The words, the manner, the confidence of their teacher, lift the pupils into an elevated frame of mind, and they are ashamed, or rather forget, to do wrong, so wholly are they occupied with that which is good.

In our ambition for a high intellectual training for our youth, is

there not danger that we may forget that moral and spiritual discipline, without which learning and education are a curse? Better is it that the child remain untaught in human learning, and be left to the influences and teachings of nature, than to be so engaged in the works and inventions and plans of man, that he rarely thinks of or regards the great purpose for which he was born, and received a living soul.

We are so bigoted and sectarian, that religious instruction is excluded from our common schools, for fear some sect should get the advantage of the others. We know it is allowed to teach the great principles of morality and religion, the existence of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments; but these a child gets any where in a Christian land; he drinks them in with his mother's milk. But what folly it is to suppose that the teacher can help giving the bias of his own mind to the children, in teaching even the general principles of religion! He is aware himself that he cannot, and so he abstains from the subject altogether, or alludes to it in such a manner that it would be better let alone. At the present time no wonder there is no reverence in the young. The name and laws of God are not taught as the first and most important lessons in our common schools.

When Walter Scott was asked how he educated his sons, he said, 'he taught them to ride and to speak the truth;' showing the high value he placed upon moral and physical training, and not even noticing their intellectual pursuits. For he undoubtedly meant to convey the idea that so good principles are established in the hearts of the young, and their physical health properly cared for, there is but little fear that they will be deficient in those elevated studies whose tendency is so kindred with virtue, and whose essence is the great immutable truths of creation. Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and every thing shall be added unto you; even knowledge and power.

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CHAPTER NINTH.

T H E S T O R E .

"This is the latest fashion, m'em," said the young clerk, with obsequious politeness, to a raw country girl, as he spread out before her some damaged calicoes.

'STORIES FOR THE PEOPLE.'

THERE was no subject which Rufus had more at heart, than to connect with the farm a place of trade for his company and such of the neighboring farmers as chose to benefit by it. Brought up in a country store himself, he felt a thorough disgust for the extortions, tricks, and lures of the class calling themselves country merchants. He knew well that the largest profits are almost invariably put upon the most useless articles; that every inducement is held out to the vain and weak to buy; the temptation of credit, the fanciful adjustment of flimsy fabrics to catch the eye and bewilder the fancy of ignorant servant maids; that what an article will fetch is the price



of it, and not what it is really worth. If any one doubts these statements, let him inquire, and he will find that flour pays hardly any profit at all; that sugars, teas, and most of the heavy articles, are sold in the country store at barely enough to pay the cost of transportation, clerk-hire, and store-rent. How then does the merchant amass his gains? By the sale of wines and liquors, which he manufactures himself from alcohol; by selling at exorbitant profits things which cost him scarcely any thing; by obtaining mortgages on the farms for his store accounts, and ultimately getting the land into his possession for half its value.

To obviate these evils, and to secure a fair price for the products of the farm, and to be able to buy at a reasonable profit; to secure the young and giddy against temptation; he drew up a plan which he submitted to a number of the farmers in his neighborhood, who began to show themselves favorably disposed toward him. The main features of the plan were these: A capital of ten thousand dollars was divided into shares of one hundred dollars, and these shares were to be taken up by individuals; no person being allowed to hold more than four shares. Each share was to have one vote in the affairs of the concern.

When all the shares should be taken up, the company were to hire a person who, under a board of directors, was to manage the store. He was to buy and sell goods at such prices as the board should allow; exchange goods for produce, and carry on the general business of a country store as usual, only that the interest so many had in the store should secure them against exorbitant prices and unjust profits. Every holder of a share became so far the merchant; and if he paid a profit upon the goods which he bought, a part of the profit belonged to him. So in selling produce at the store; if he demanded an unjust price, he was robbing himself as well as others; and thus honest prices and profits were made his interest as well as duty.

The plan met with instant approval, and was put into immediate operation. Meadow-Farm began to assume the appearance of a village. Saving a tavern-stand, it had all the appurtenances of one. Work-shops were erected, mills set a-going, and neat cottages peeped from among luxuriant shrubbery in this amphitheatre of hills. The sounds of industry were heard where a few years before all was the unbroken silence of nature; and songs of joy and thanksgiving gushed from many hearts whose youth had been laden with sighs and tears.

Successful beyond his hopes, Rufus looked over the whole, and his conscience told him, 'This is my work; under the blessing of heaven my design is answered; truly may we cast our bread upon the waters, and find it after many days.' He felt at the moment that he had paid back to society all that his father had taken from it, and his heart was at peace.

But what were his own domestic relations, it may be asked, in this kind of common life? Did not his heart pine for a home of his own? Did he not long for the seclusion, the freedom of a hearth

he could call exclusively his own? Did not this constant watchfulness over so many, distract his attention from his wife and children? By no means. The domestic arrangements of the house were such that he could retire and be as solitary as a hermit. No member of the band lost his individuality any more than men do by living in cities and villages. The association and its laws did not merge the domestic relations or destroy the family bond. On the contrary, the father had more time to give to his wife and the education of his children than is usual, because both himself and wife were freed from much of that domestic drudgery which so much occupies the time of the middle ranks of men. Three women, by a judicious distribution of labor, can cook and keep house for thirty persons with more ease and much greater economy than one woman can do all the work for five persons, the average number of households. And if the outlay in conveniences and labor-saving machinery which a large establishment authorizes, be taken into account, this truth becomes still more apparent.

Ruth heartily from the first coöperated with her husband, and took her full share of all the hard work; and by her example and readiness at the outset, procured for herself all the leisure she desired in the end. Here the women were not the mere lookers-on at the operations of their husbands. They had an interest in the profits of the concern, and voted upon all questions which involved the general conduct of affairs. Being responsible for their opinions, in one sense, they took care to inform themselves upon subjects which unhappily are too often considered out of the reach and beyond the capacity of the female mind. Woman at Meadow-Farm was not the mere cook of her husband's food, his house-keeper, his plaything, or his drudge; the nurse and convenience of the lord, one or the other of which offices most women fill in society. Her time was considered equally valuable with that of the males; and her heart and ambition were not crushed by receiving for her best exertions the paltry pittance, about one third the wages of males, which the highest civilization awards to her.

At the end of five years John Stewart was worth *the* thousand dollars, and the union with Clara Welton was consummated, amid much rejoicing and real happiness of all parties concerned.

Philip Welton still continues to this day to be the school-master, preacher, playmate and friend of all persons who need such offices at the farm. The writer has made several visits to his chance friends since the time when he first became acquainted with them; and now, in conclusion, and by way of apology, would say to the reader that he has been led to undertake this simple and unadorned narration of the *origin of one of the finest villages in the country*, because he thought it remarkable that a scheme of association should have been carried out and accomplished, without making any noise in the world, just prior to the time of a great movement among some leading and philosophic minds upon the same subject.

The village now looks much like other villages; but if you examine into the character of the people there, you will find great union

of heart and hand in all philanthropic effort. It is a remarkable place. Rufus Gilbert still lives, and his gentle wife is the happy mother of a numerous offspring. May they long live to bless and adorn the world; but not for ever; for we feel sure that for such hearts and characters there is prepared, in that other world, a blissful reward for their exertions in this, and free from its trials and perplexities; where there is no more sorrow and sighing, and all tears are wiped away for ever.

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THE MAIDEN'S BURIAL.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

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I.

VEIL tenderly the pale and placid brow,  
Round which the floating hair  
Gleams like a sunbeam, moving lightly now  
In the soft summer air!

II.

Around her pillow ye have strown fresh flowers,  
And her small pulseless hand  
Claspeth white rose-buds, as in childhood's hours,  
With her own bright-eyed band!

III.

Upon her pallid lip a smile is set,  
The spirit's parting boon!  
Why mourn that flow'rs with heaven's own dew-drops wet  
Perish before their noon?

IV.

The soft, dark lashes rest upon her cheek,  
Like shadows on the snow;  
Hiding the full blue orbs whose light we seek—  
But shall we find?—ah, no!

V.

There is less beauty in the glowing skies,  
Less music in the vale;  
The streams flow onward in a sadder guise,  
The springs of pleasure fail.

VI.

Give back the precious dust, so still and fair,  
Unto the waiting earth!  
Hallow her couch with song and tearful prayer—  
Tributes to love and worth.

VII.

A flood of radiance from the spirit-land  
Dispels the gathered gloom;  
Near to her God the spotless soul shall stand,  
Forgetful of the tomb!

## A NIGHT ON LAKE ERIE.

BY PETER VON ORNST.

NIGHT upon the waters! The blue waves of Old Erie are black, and loud, and angry; and the good ship sits uneasily, as though they were trying by incessant, convulsive throbs to shake the encumbrance from their bosom. The Heavens above are as though a pall were settling down upon us; and the horizon on all sides is marked by a zone of lurid light, like the distant fires of a conflagration. The light-house, far behind us, glimmers like the rising evening star, and its ray flashes along the dim and swelling surface, revealing the wide and heaving waste that intervenes. The strained masts quiver, and the vessel bends like an over-matched, but unyielding gladiator, before the blast. It is a night to make the timid tremble, and the bold to shout out a wild 'Halloo!' to the winds as they sweep past.

Onward the barque drives; and I sit myself down on the bowsprit, over the water, and look down on the boiling surges beneath. Eternally, in quick succession, the white-capped waves come foaming in, and hurl themselves against the reeling bow. High are they flung back, in broken fragments, and madly, like grape-shot, is the spray dashed far out on either side. Now the ship rears up her head, as if affrighted and seeking to escape from the encounter, and in a moment she plunges desperately down into the foaming mass, which leaps up to receive her.

'On high the winds lift up their voices,' and howl, and shriek, and moan, and rage; and on high I lift up *my* voice too, but it sounds like the soft notes of a lute amid the smoke and thunder of artillery. Oh! ye spirits that ride on the wings of the wind! and ye spirits of the deep, that roll, and twist, and writhe, like serpents, on the water! who taught you to combat so furiously? The blue sky, that is wont to smile down on your repose, or on your peaceful sports, is veiled by the smoke of your battle; and under a dark canopy, as is most befitting strife, whether of spirits or of men, you wage fierce war. The petty distinctions of society; the vanity, the acquirements, the skill of man, are in your presence awed and abashed. But have their ambition and the evil passions which fill and degrade his heart taken possession of you also? I will not believe it; for Nature never conceived nor uttered an unholy thought. Or perhaps your rage is kindled against this fabric of human construction, which invades your ancient domain? Ah! well; howl and fight on; the cunning handiwork of him who calls himself your master defies your rebellious ravings!

What a stirring thing it is, to throw out a hearty defiance to the thunder and tempest! When a man flings his gauntlet into the

face of the storm, all the strength there is in him is strained up; he feels himself rigid, and braced to meet the impending shock. If I were disposed, I might pause here to show, that in the everyday moulding of mind and character, a kindred principle is perceivable; that it is gigantic opposition that makes the gigantic man; that every man who has done great things in the world *has* met such opposition; and that he was a great man, because his mind was taught to despise them, and to go forth, trusting in its own strength to meet them. I do not wonder that Ajax, when he defied the lightning, felt himself a god.

Undismayed, the stout ship struggles on, driving through the rolling sea, as if determined to force her way into, and loose herself in, the unmeasured and unexplored tract of darkness that lies before us. At length the night and the elements are beginning to assume something like their accustomed tranquillity; and now the wind, wearied with the contest, forgets its anger, and sweeps by only in short, irregular growls; while the sea continues to heave up its long, black, unbroken waves; as though the passion which penetrates and rages in a deep bosom, does not its work so quickly and lightly. The heavy clouds that seemed to embrace the lake gradually lift, and are borne swiftly and in fragments away toward the north. One by one, and for a moment at a time, the stars come out, and the rising crescent moon sends down her first trembling rays; trembling, indeed, but like the timid smile of the loved one, when it shines on the troubled sea of doubt and despair in our hearts, how brightening! The darkness is illumined by that gentle light, and we go on our way with new hopes and new courage.

The light which is thrown on the scene is like that of dawn, dim but steady, and sufficient to reveal, as far as it can be revealed, its magnificence. On the left, and at but a little distance, rise perpendicular bluffs, an hundred feet in height, and nearly as many miles in length, against which the swell is breaking, with hollow thunder, and spray dashed far up its jagged rocks. On the other side, far as the eye can reach, the waves come rolling in, grim and gray, seeming to proceed from where the edge of the horizon rests on the bosom of the waters. Occasionally, one which lifts its crest above the others, may be seen far off bursting into foam; in a single place, at first, and then the white streak winding along its summit mile after mile, till the eye is tired with following it.

There is grandeur in the unvarying sameness of these parallel ridges, which sway the ship up and down as though it were a cork, as well as in the deep monotone of their voice. This same voice, this same tone, has been given forth in storm and calm, in the darkness of night and in the light of day, for uncounted ages! When there was no created eye or heart to see and be moved, deep has here called unto deep, and storm has answered storm!

These cliffs have always felt the gentle wash, or the leaping weight of the waters. This lake felt no change when its surface was first broken by the keel of civilized man; its voice is as loud in wrath, and as soft in calm, and its pulsations are as deep, as

when it made music to solitude, and disported itself alone! And by this is taught the enquirer one useful lesson (and on what page of her great book, does not Nature speak such instruction?) in human life. When a man is great, he is elevated above the heads of his fellow men so far, that the objects and passions which are so vast to them seem to him, from the distance, very small. And one of the first things that he loses sight of, is love of the approbation of the world. If he ever manifests this love, it is a sign that he has descended; and it is not surprising that he should sometimes; for he cannot be expected to be so elevated, except periodically. But when he is doing a great work, he goes forward like these waves, in his own strength, and in the majesty of his own purposes; and the breath of the crowd, whether sent forth to applaud or condemn, is like the idle wind, which passes by and touches him not. The history of every poet, or philosopher, or politician, who has himself gone before, and hastened on the slow footsteps of his generation in the march of improvement, would illustrate this principle. They have, each one, forgotten the world, and toiled to discover and elaborate some new truth, for its own sake, or for the sake of others; and when the gem was duly set, luminous, to shed light on man's pathway, and beautiful, to elevate and refine his mind, purify and warm his heart, it has been cast down with a careless hand, for those who will, to pick up.

I might exhibit this position more familiarly, by appealing to the consciousness of every writer; the present writer, for instance; and assuring *him* if he ever wrote or thought any thing really good, when he was pondering all the while what other people would think or say concerning it? It is impossible: he paints a scene or landscape, or analyzes passion, because he loves to do so; and of course, does it best when he forgets for the moment that his picture or reasoning will come under the eye of any one else. Man can make music fit for the stars to hear, only when he makes it *to* the stars; and then when men hear it, they will call it the music of the spheres.

The night-lamps of the firmament are unveiled, and shine down as calmly as they did on the garden of Eden. I wonder that they are not tired, and do not grow dim with long watching; the more that their watch is over such a world as this. They look down steadily on scenes of crime, and folly, and suffering; and yet their pure eyes are never seen obscured with grief, or to grow brighter through anger. Perhaps, like some noble men, they see in the mass of unclean things with which man has filled his soul the spirit of Divinity, which was breathed into it at the first, not yet wholly corrupted or cast out; and keep hoping on, that he will before long purify himself, and that they shall again shine down on the garden of Eden. We love them for this, because they love us. Like God, they are present to every heart that looks up toward Heaven. Like the countenance of a friend, too, they speak to us; rejoicing with a dancing ray, when we rejoice; pouring down a warm, steady flood of light, when we are full of quiet and happi-

ness; and they have a cheering, reviving beam for the afflicted and despairing—a beam that speaks of constancy and hope.

But morning approaches; the wearied powers demand repose; and it is sweet to lie down like a cradled child, and sleep with the ceaseless wash of waters, for a lullaby, and rocked by their ceaseless roll!

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.

WITH A BRAND-NEW MORAL.

A LION once, by hunters pressed,  
He jumped out of his skin;  
A Donkey found it, passing by,  
And straightway he jumped in.

He stretched his legs, he switched his tail,  
He grinned in triumph vain,  
And snugly hid a foot of ears  
Among the shaggy mane.

At sight of him, on every side  
The beasts began to 'shin it';  
As frightened at the lion's hide  
As if himself were in it.

Nor sight alone contented him,  
But try his voice he would;  
And brayed as like a lion's roar  
As ever a jackass could.

Just then upon the road he saw  
His master, honest man;  
Quoth would-be lion to himself,  
'I'll scare him, if I can!'

An extra flourish then he flung,  
Too lustily no doubt,  
For, shaken from their hiding-place,  
Lo! his long ears stuck out!

His master took the timely hint,  
And ere the joke was done,  
He curried off the lion-skin,  
And laid the cow-skin on.

MORAL.

WITH empty heads in borrowed locks,  
Thus Dandies throng Broadway,  
And strut as if they were in truth  
The Lions of the day.

And why the cow-skin follows not,  
Would you the reason know?  
Dame Nature has encased them all  
In calf-skin long ago.

## THE MAIL ROBBER.

NUMBER THREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

Saratoga Springs, July 4, 1843.

SIR: Being now located at the Springs, amid all the gayety and elegance and aristocracy of the land, I found last evening, among the ladies in the drawing-room, the July number of your periodical. Again was I shocked and overwhelmed at the gross impudence with which you persist in the promulgation of my private affairs. That you should have published my second personal epistle to yourself, is a tremendous aggravation of your audacity. I shall take care to frame this in a style which will preclude all possibility of your printing it, and disclosing your own rascality.

I have heard moreover that well-known individuals in England have been highly disgusted at the cool, hyena-like, editorial ferocity with which you and your greedy subscribers feed upon this foul dish of scandal. Such heartless conduct cannot fail to confirm our neighbors across the 'great Atlantic privilege' in their uncompimentary opinion of American probity. *Repudiation* was a virtue compared with this infamous violation of the rights of man. Even here, amid all the soothing magnificence of the surroundings; in the solemn stillness of the woods, or by the stainless bosom of Saratoga Lake, or by that salubrious fount of which half a dozen tumblers are so invigorating to the spirits and beneficial to the bowels, I am sick at soul when I realize the wickedness and worldly-mindedness of Magazine Editors.

You have not hinted one syllable about *pecuniary compensation*; and how, under such a load of ingratitude, can you expect that you will be long permitted to pursue your fiendish career? A reasonable sum would satisfy me; but I forbear to urge it, for I doubt if you are a Christian. This is the last time I shall address you; nor should I now write, except to charge you immediately to return the remaining manuscripts, or to forward the customary fee for articles of equal value. You will not dare to publish this letter, I am sure, unless you are a fool as well as a fraudulent and evil-minded person.

Yours, by no means,

— — —.

At the risk of our reputation, we have ventured to publish the above severe remonstrance; and in reply, we take pleasure in soothing the lacerated nerves of our financial friend by the following statement:

Some days ago, about sherry-cobbler time, a middle-aged indi-



vidual, between five and six feet high, not very stout, although far from slim; of an open countenance; a nose Greco-Gothic, inclining to the Roman, and eyes neither light nor dark, called at our sanctum, and claimed to be the author of the poetical epistles in question. Before we had time to apologize for our part in this curious affair, the stranger, so far from producing a horse-whip, assured us, with a benignant smile, that he forgave the liberty we had assumed, and moreover, that he wished to extend his pardon to the gentleman whose late indiscretion had put us in possession of the papers. Far be it from himself, the stranger said, to remain behind the age; he supposed it was the custom of the country; and this apology, as in the aforementioned case of Repudiation, must content his friends in London. It was true, he added, that some offence had been taken abroad by this truly American proceeding; but on the whole, as he found the KNICKERBOCKER a conveyance considerably safer than the steamboat-mail, and as it was beside an immense saving in the matter of postage, he would permit us to continue the correspondence. As for those letters which we still retained in our keeping, he assured us that we were perfectly free to enlighten with them our 'Principes' or the public. Beside all this, he placed in our hands a fresh epistle, which he had intended to have sent by the next packet, but which, by his generous permission, we are happy to insert in the present number.

We trust that this will quiet the sensibilities of our Saratoga friend, and that he will return to the city with an invigorated conscience, a healthful moral sense, and a stomach improved by the waters.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

### LETTER THIRD.

TO EDWARD MOXON, PUBLISHER, LONDON.

THE fiery bark that brought your missives o'er,  
Brought the sad news that MURRAY was no more.  
From still Hoboken, where I chanced to stray,  
I marked the monster belching up the bay,  
And guessed (already have I learned to *guess*,)  
From her black look, she told of some distress.  
Tidings of gloom her sable streamer spoke,  
And the long train of her funereal smoke;  
And soon the bulletins revealed the grief:  
'JOHN MURRAY's dead! of book-sellers the chief!'

In all the strange events that Rumor sends,  
By flood and flame, to earth's remotest ends;  
War, famine, wreck, and all the varying fates  
Of rising cottons or of falling states;  
Revolts at home, and troubles o'er the seas,  
Among the Affghans, Chartists, and Chinese;  
In all the recent millions that have gone  
To the dark realm, and still are hastening on,  
That one small tradesman should have joined the throng  
Seems a mean theme to babble of in song.  
Yet such is Fame! and such the pow'r of books,  
To make small names as deathless as the Duke's: \*

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\* In England there is but one Duke who is universally and deservedly known as 'THE Duke.'

Yes, the same volume that recordeth you,  
 Ye mighty chiefs! embalms the printer's too;  
 And wheresoe'er the poet's fame hath flown,  
 There too the poet's publisher is known;  
 So shall our friend enjoy, to endless ages,  
 An immortality of title-pages.

Ev'n here, in Scythia, where the slighted Muse  
 Gets but cold greeting from the rude Yahoos;  
 Ev'n here is faintly heard a public sigh,  
 Ah, that Childe Harold's accoucheur should die!  
 That he who made such elegant editions  
 Should be past help from parsons or physicians;  
 Dead as the most defunct of all the verse  
 For which erewhile he tapped his liberal purse;  
 No more a bargainer for true sublime,  
 Himself a subject for a scrap of rhyme.

Methinks I see his melancholy ghost  
 Near his old threshold, at his ancient post;  
 Watching with eager and obsequious grin,  
 The pensive customers that enter in.  
 With curious eye selecting from the throng,  
 Each who has dabbled in the realm of song;  
 And offering, as of yore, for something nice  
 In way of Epitaph, the market price.  
 And now his bones the sculptured slab lie under,  
 What generous bard will give him one, I wonder?  
 For all the golden promises he made;  
 For all the golden guineas that he paid;  
 For all the fame his counter could afford  
 The rev'rend pamphleteer and author-lord;  
 For all the tricks he taught the friendless muse;  
 For all his purchased papers in Reviews;  
 For all the pleasant stories he retailed;  
 For all the turtle when the stories failed;  
 For all the praises, all the punch he spent,  
 What grateful hand will deck his monument?

CAMPBELL's too proud the compliment to grant:  
 SOUTHEY, for sundry weighty reasons, can't.  
 Should MOORE attempt it, he'd be sure to damn  
 John's many virtues in an epigram.  
 ROGERS' blank verse so very blank has grown,  
 'T would scarce be legible on Parian stone;  
 WORDSWORTH would mar it by inscribing on it  
 A little sermon — what he calls a sonnet.  
 Alas! for all the guineas that he paid,  
 For all the immortalities he made,  
 For all his venison, all his right old wine,  
 Will none contribute one sepulchral line?

In truth I'm sad, although I seem to laugh,  
 To think that John should need an epitaph.  
 The greatest blows bring not the truest tear,  
 These minor losses touch the heart more near;  
 As fewer drops gush over from the eyes  
 When heroes fall than when your valet dies;  
 They, of another, an immortal race,  
 Ne'er seemed on earth well suited with their place,  
 And though they yield their transitory breath,  
 We know their being but begins with death:  
 So winter ushers in the new-born year,  
 So the flowers perish ere the fruits appear.  
 When common men, when men like MURRAY, thus  
 Are snatched away, 't is taking one of us;

And more in his we feel our own decay  
 Than if a WELLINGTON were snatched away.  
 'Tis not lost genius we lament the most,  
 No; but the man, the old companion lost :  
 Who'd not give more to bring back GILBERT GURNEY,  
 Or SMITH or MATTHEWS from their nether journey,  
 Than all your MILTONS or your BACONS dead,  
 Or all the BONAPARTES that ever bled ?  
 So, were the blue rotundity of heaven  
 By some muck-running, outlawed comet riven,  
 Should any orb, say yonder blazing Mars,  
 Be blotted from the muster-roll of stars,  
 HERSCHEL might groan, or SOMERVILLE might sigh,  
 But what would London care ? — or you, or I ?  
 Far more we vulgar mortals might lament,  
 Should some starved earthquake gulp a slice of Kent.

Now let no pigmy poet, in his pride,  
 The humble mem'ry of our friend deride :  
 More than he dreams, his little species owe  
 Those good allies, the Patrons of the Row :  
 They, only they, of all the friends who praise,  
 All who forgive, and all who love your lays,  
 Of all that flatter, all that wish you well,  
 Sincerely care to have your volume sell.  
 How oft, when Quarterlies are most severe,  
 And every critic aims a ready sneer,  
 And young Ambition just begins to cool,  
 And Genius half suspects himself a fool,  
 The placid publisher, the more they rail,  
 Forebodes the triumph of a speedy sale,  
 And gently lays the soul-sustaining balm  
 Of twenty sovereigns in your trembling palm ;  
 While more than speech his manner seems to say,  
 As bland he whispers, ' Dine with me to-day.'

Or when some doubtful bantling of your brain,  
 Conceived in pleasure but achieved with pain,  
 A bit of satire, or a play perchance,  
 A fresh, warm epic, or new-laid romance,  
 Receives from all to whom your work you show  
 Civil endurance, or a faint ' so so ;'  
 When men of taste, men always made of ice,  
 Cool your gay fancies with a friend's advice,  
 And prudent fathers, yawning as you read,  
 Knit the sage lips, and wag the pregnant head,  
 And bid you stick to your molasses tierces,  
 And leave sweet ladies to concoct sweet verses :  
 How oft your MURRAY, with a keener eye,  
 Detects the gems that mid your rubbish lie ;  
 Instructs you where to alter, where to blot,  
 And how to darn and patch your faulty plot ;  
 Then bravely buys, and gives you to the town  
 In duodecimo, for half a crown.

And oh ! how oft when some dyspeptic swain  
 Pours forth his agonies in sickly strain,  
 Mistaking, in the pangs that through him dart,  
 A wretched liver for a breaking heart ;  
 And prates of passions that he never felt,  
 And sweats away in vain attempts to melt ;  
 Or takes to brandy, and converts his verse,  
 From sad to savage, nay, begins to curse,  
 And raves of Nemesis and hate and hell,  
 And smothered woes that in his bosom swell ;  
 When Newstead is the name his fancy gives  
 The snug dominion where he cheaply lives,

And aping still th' aristocratic bard,  
 With 'Crede Jenkins' graved upon his card,  
 When with his trash he hurries to the press,  
 Crying 'O print me! print me!' in distress,  
 Some bookseller, perhaps, most kindly cruel,  
 Uses the dainty manuscript for fuel.  
 Ah! Ned, hadst thou, when once with rhyme opprest,  
 Found such a friend, (pray pardon me the jest,)  
 Hadst thou but been as friendly to thyself,  
 Thy Poems never had adorned thy shelf.

But all is ended now! John's work is o'er;  
 He praises, pays, and publishes no more.  
 Henceforth no volume, save the Book of fate,  
 Shall bear for him an interest small or great:  
 And if in heaven his literary soul  
 Walk the pure pavement where the planets roll,  
 Few old acquaintances will greet him there,  
 Amid the radiant light and balmy air;  
 Since few of all who wrote or sang for him  
 Shall join the anthem of the seraphim.  
 Yet there might Fancy, in a mood profane,  
 Behold him listening each celestial strain,  
 Catching the cadences that sweetly fall,  
 Wond'ring if such would sell, below, at all,  
 And *calculating*, as they say on earth,  
 How much those heavenly hymns would there be worth.

Or if in Proserpine's more sultry sky  
 For his misdeeds the Publisher must sigh,  
 Though much good company about him stand,  
 And many an author take him by the hand,  
 And swarms of novelists around him press,  
 And many a bard return his warm caress,  
 Though there on all the sinners he shall gaze  
 Who ever wrote, or planned, or acted plays;  
 On all the wits, from Anna's time to ours,  
 Who strewed perdition's pleasant way with flowers;  
 On BURNS, consumed with more substantial fire  
 Than ever love or whisky could inspire;  
 On SHELLEY, seething in a lake of lead,  
 And BYRON stretched upon a lava bed;  
 Little shall be, or they, or any there,  
 Of magazines or morning journals care;  
 Little shall there be whispered or be thought,  
 About the last new book and what it brought;  
 Little of copyright and Yankee thieves,  
 Or any wrong that CHARLIE's bosom grieves;  
 But side by side reviewer and reviewed,  
 Critic and criticised must all be—stewed;  
 Alas! they groan—alas! compared with this,  
 Ev'n BLACKWOOD's drunken surgery was bliss.  
 How less than little were the direst blows  
 Dealt by brute GIFFORD on his baby foes!  
 How light, compared with hell's eternal pain,  
 The small damnation was of Drury Lane!

Down! down! thou impious, dark Imagination,  
 Forbear the foul, the blasphemous creation;  
 Whate'er John's doom, in whatsoever sphere,  
 Wretched or blest, 't is not for us to hear.  
 Not many such have dignified his trade,  
 So boldly bargained and so nobly paid.  
 Oh may his own Divine Paymaster prove  
 As kind and righteous in the realms above!

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

## CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

AT about eleven o'clock, on a fine day, a tall elderly man, habited in a long-skirted blue overcoat, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, his neck enveloped in the ample folds of a white cravat, the ends of which toyed pleasantly with the morning air; and having in his hand a cane, whose top was carved in a miniature likeness of a dog with a distressing countenance, slowly descended the precipitous flight of stone steps which form the rear mode of egress from the City Hall. Having safely landed himself, the elderly gentleman paused, rubbed one hand gently over the other, as if congratulating himself that one of the perils of the day was over, and then walked out into the Park, and deliberately set his watch by the town-clock. Being a cautious man, however, and a man of experience, and one who piqued himself on doing every thing better than any one else, and upon being always right when all the rest of the world was wrong, and on being in general in all respects somewhat — but not too much, merely a trifle — superior to the ordinary run of mankind; and being aware that the town-clock had four faces, which always differed in opinion as to the hour; and being too knowing to be taken in by any small trick of that kind, he winked to himself, and took the pains to make the circuit of the building, and successively to inspect each face of the aforesaid public time-keeper; and having ascertained that the majority was with the one which he had first consulted, he pulled his waistcoat very high up in front and dropped his watch into a small pocket in the waistband of his trowsers. After which, he buttoned his coat and set about his day's work with no little complacency and good humor.

The direction which he took led to one of the poorer parts of the town; and although he walked slowly, it was not long before he was in the thick of those narrow, ill-ventilated streets, hemmed in by decaying houses and reeking cellars, which proclaim, plainer than words, that vice and want, and a thousand other ills which canker the heart, and eat up all that is noble in human nature, are lurking in their dark recesses.

Mr. Chicken, for he it was, paused in front of one of the dim holes, where a dozen wretched beings, ill clad and ill fed, were herding together, and wondered why they *would* live in such places; and why they did not pay more attention to their dress; really, it was exceedingly shocking; some of them were half naked. 'It's

quite indelicate, quite!' said he, mentally: 'Mrs. Chicken would die if she saw it. I declare, I won't be positive—no, yes—no; yet I do think one of them is a woman; I really *do* think that rug is meant for a petticoat. It *must* be a woman,' said he, continuing his investigations in a cautious manner. 'It *is* a woman.' Ah! it's agin natur.'

There was no doubt of the truth of his suspicion; half of them were females. Squatting and crouching there, they raised their bleary eyes toward him in sullen indifference; too miserably wretched to heed or resent the look of disgust and surprise which met theirs, other than by a heartless laugh or a ribald jest; too callous to feel, and too broken down in body and soul to taunt. The deputy-sheriff shook his head, for although he had often been amid scenes where the strong heart was wrung; where the debtor, ground down by creditors with hearts of flint, and eyes greedy of gold, was struggling beneath the fangs of the law, and crying for indulgence and mercy: although he had seen the calm, pale look of despair; the silent but resolute face of the man who had parted with his all, and finally yielded his body for the gold which he could not pay; and the wife clasping his neck, and his children clinging to him; ay, actually showing marks of affection to a man who was penniless; yet he had rarely encountered a den like this. He had only witnessed suffering and despair in their first stages. Had he desired to see the human soul when hope had darkened into desperation; when friends had fallen off, or less painful than that, had died; when the body had been wasted, and the blood dried up, and yet had yielded no gold; when even that untiring thing, a creditor, had grown weary of his prey, and had flung his victim adrift, to find none to sympathize, no path open, no home left, and even hope dead; he should have lingered a little longer; and in common with the born thief, the hardened courtesan, the reeling drunkard, and the savage brawler, he would have found those whom the sun of prosperity had once warmed, and who once had little dreamed in what foul haunts they would linger out the remnant of life which was yet in store for them.

Mr. Chicken, however, having already expressed his opinion, merely shook his head disapprovingly, on concluding his investigation, and said nothing, but kept on, now turning into one narrow street to the right, then striking into another to the left; now stumbling along broken pavements, and dilapidated steps; at one time half stifled with exhalations which steamed up from reeking kennels and under-ground dwellings, until he finally emerged into a broader street; but still the dwellings were of a meaner cast. Stopping in front of one of these, he stealthily drew out his pocket-book, took from it a small slip of paper, looked at it, then at the house; coughed several times; cleared his throat emphatically and fixed his hat firmly on his head; buttoned his coat to the chin, placed his cane under his left arm, and grasping the small paper firmly in his right hand, like one preparing for a mortal struggle, precipitated himself headlong into a dark alley. Stumbling over a

broken pail, a log of wood, and a few minor articles of a domestic description, which usually beset benighted alleys and dim stairways, the sheriff's deputy finally caught sight of daylight in a small yard, with which the passage communicated, and found himself at the door of a dilapidated house, built in the rear of one fronting on the street.

It was a small faded building, two stories high, sinking and crumbling away, like a person weak in the side. Narrow windows, cracked and dust-covered, looked out into the dark yard. A broken flower-pot stood on a window-sill with a stunted bush in it, bearing a single yellow leaf; and in another, was a half-starved shrub endeavoring to keep the life in a drooping flower. On the roof, which abutted on other roofs, and was overlooked by tall buildings, a lean cat was dozing in the sun, as if endeavoring to forget hunger in sleep. Every thing bore the stamp of starvation. The windows too were patched with rags, or pieces of paper; the bricks from ruined chimneys had toppled down, and were lying in masses on the roof; there were great, gaping seams between the boards, showing the plaster within; the door had sagged away, and the shutters of more than one window hung by a single hinge. On the door-steps a child was sleeping, and from a narrow window a thin face peeped cautiously out, wondering what a stranger could want in that dreary quarter.

The sheriff's deputy, however, was familiar with the ground. He was in the habit of fishing in troubled waters; and it was not the first time that he had drawn from this very place food for the gaol.

Without asking a question, he quietly stepped over the sleeping child, and stooping as he entered, to prevent his hat coming in contact with the top of the low door-way, he ascended a crooked staircase, carefully picking his way; grumbling at its inconvenient formation, and indulging a few mental anathemas against old houses in general. At the head of the stairs a door was ajar; and without knocking, he pushed it open, entered, and shut it; standing ready to place his back against it, in case he should observe any indication of an attempt on the part of the occupant to escape. This precaution, however, was unnecessary; for the only person there was a man of about forty, with a stern, resolute face, a sharp, gray eye, and strongly built, who was writing at a table, which, with the exception of a bed in a corner, and two chairs, constituted the entire furniture of the room; who merely looked up as his visitor entered, and without removing his eyes from him, said:

'Methinks that common courtesy entitles a man to a knock at his door before his room is entered. Though perhaps,' he added, bitterly, 'the owner of such quarters as these is only entitled to courtesy according to his means.'

To neither of these remarks did Mr. Chicken make any reply; but gradually sidling up to the speaker, until he came within arm's length, he tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

'I arrest you, Sir. It's a very unpleasant duty; but it is a duty, and must be did. Here's the writ.'

The man eyed him for a moment; apparently meditating what course to pursue; while Mr. Chicken grasped the head of the dog on his cane, and assumed an air of desperate determination. At last the man took the paper from his hand, and read it through, without moving or speaking, although his face became somewhat flushed, as he read. Then he merely uttered the words, 'Michael Rust!'

'He's the plaintiff,' said Mr. Chicken, 'and you are the defendant, Enoch Grosket. It's onpleasant, Sir, quite onpleasant; but I'm a deputy-sheriff, Sir; and you're a defendant; and here's the writ; and duty must be did. That's the long and short of it.'

'So this is the end of the game,' said Grosket to himself; 'this is the reward of five years of servitude, the most vile and degraded that ever bound man to his fellow man. A noble harvest have I reaped, for seed that I have sown! — a glorious close to my labors! But it is what I might have looked for. Ah! Michael Rust! well have you carried out your schemes! — a pleasant part have you played in my family! You have sent child and wife both to their graves; the one dishonored, the other broken-hearted; and now, a prison for the father. Be it so, Michael Rust; but the game is not yours yet. If you win it, it must be at the cost of a struggle, which will rack all your sinews. I do not understand this claim,' said he, in a musing tone; 'three thousand dollars?' I owe *him* nothing. What can it be? 'Edward Kornicker, attorney.' Who's he?' he asked, raising his eyes from the paper to those of Mr. Chicken. 'I never heard of him.'

Mr. Chicken drew down the corners of his mouth, and smiled; at the same time saying, that Mr. Kornicker was a young man of some merit, but rather wild — a *little* wild.

Having said this, he took a seat in the vacant chair, and placed his hat on the table; at the same time telling Mr. Grosket that he did not wish to hurry him, but that if he had any bail to offer, he would go with him in search of it. If he had n't, he would be under the less pleasant necessity of escorting him to gaol; and in either case, that he, the said Mr. Chicken, being a public functionary, and much pressed by business, would take it as a personal favor if Mr. Grosket would hasten his movements as much as possible.

Grosket shook his head, despairingly.

'No,' said he; 'the sum is too large — six thousand dollars! I know of no one who will become bail for me in such an amount. Had it come but a day later, one single day later,' said he, clasping his hands tightly together, 'and *he*, not *I* would have been the victim!'

'Well, Sir,' said Mr. Chicken, 'there being no bail, in course there is no alternative. You must go to gaol; rooms small, but well ventilated. You'll find yourself very comfortable there arter a fortnight or so. There is folks that quite like the place.'

Grosket made no reply to this comforting remark; but stood with



his hand resting on the table, and his brows knit in deep thought. At last he said, as if coming to some sudden resolution :

'At least, it's worth the trial. I am working for *him*, and if I fail I shall be no worse off than I now am. Come,' said he; 'I know a man who I think will become bail for me. If he don't — if he don't,' said he in an under tone. 'Well, well, I'll try it.'

'Who is he?' inquired Mr. Chicken, cautiously.

'No matter,' replied Grosket; 'you'll see presently.'

Mr. Chicken felt far from satisfied with this reply. It had a tincture of evasion about it; and a vague apprehension of receiving no other bail than that cheap and convenient kind, generally known as 'Leg-bail,' flitted across his imagination, puzzling him not a little; for Grosket was a brawny fellow, whose thews and sinews were not to be trifled with. Mr. Chicken thought that he was in a crisis; and was beginning seriously to deliberate on the propriety of raising a hue-and-cry on the spot, without waiting for farther indication of a disposition to escape, when the prisoner, apparently observing his perplexity, cut it short, by adding :

'Don't be frightened, my old fellow; I'm acting in good faith. If I don't get bail, I'll go with you as quietly as you could wish.'

'And you are out-and-out in earnest? You mean to get it? No gammon, is there?'

'I'll get it if I can: If I can't, I'm your prisoner. I'll play you no tricks.'

'Good!' ejaculated the deputy-sheriff, quietly pocketing his writ, and placing his hat on his head. 'I'm your man now; which way do you want to go?'

Grosket named the direction; and in a few moments they were on their way to Jacob Rhoneland's.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

FOR a long time Enoch Grosket and the sheriff's deputy walked on without exchanging a word; but as they proceeded, Grosket's brow began to darken, his lips were firmly set together, and his pace quickened until his companion could scarcely keep up with him.

'Come on, Sir,' said Enoch, abruptly turning to him. 'Michael Rust is the devil, but he has driven to desperation one whom he has drilled in all his ways; and who has had a hand in all his dark doings for years. Let him look to himself. He may chain the body, but my tongue shall speak. Ah! Michael Rust! Michael Rust! you were never nearer destruction than when you thought me in your power!'

His speed soon increased to such a degree, that although Mr. Chicken had apparently been constituted with an especial eye to rapid locomotion, yet that gentleman's lower members were kept at their full stretch. Once or twice the deputy suggested to his companion that the day was warm for the season, and that he had been

more active twenty years ago; to both of which remarks Grosket assented, without in the least diminishing his speed; nor did he pause to draw breath until they had reached Rhoneland's house.

'This is the place,' said Grosket. 'If he's wise, he'll not refuse me.'

He knocked at the door, which was opened by Kate. She knew neither of them; and in reply to his question, informed him that her father was at home. Grosket paused for a moment as his eye rested on her bright face; and something like a tear rose in it, as he thought of his own lost child; but he checked the feeling which induced it, and turning, said:

'So you're his daughter?'

'His only child,' replied Kate, anxiously.

'Poor child!' muttered Grosket; 'God help her!'

He muttered this rather to himself than to her; and passed in; but neither his manner nor the words, low as was the tone in which they were spoken, escaped her; and with a heart sinking with apprehension, of she knew not what, for the appearance of any stranger at the house filled her with dread now, she admitted him into the room where her father was.

It was the same poorly-furnished apartment in which the old man was when first introduced to the reader. He occupied the same seat, and sat almost in the same attitude, with his hands clasped over his knees, his chin bowed down on his breast, his dark eyes peering from beneath his shaggy white brows, and apparently watching the crumbling embers in the fire-place. His face was wan and haggard, even beyond its wont; and he had a watchful, suspicious look, which was not natural to him. As the door opened, he started, glanced quickly at the strangers, then at his daughter, as if she and they were in some manner associated in his mind.

'Do n't go, Kate! do n't go! I want you here,' said he, in a quick, anxious tone, seeing that she was closing the door without entering; 'do n't go, my child. Our business is no secret.'

As he said this, he cast an inquiring look at the two, to ascertain that he was correct, and pointed with a hesitating finger to a chair.

Mr. Chicken bowed gratefully, took it immediately, removed his hat, placed his cane between his knees, ran his fingers through his hair, and looked up at the ceiling, after the manner of persons who are occasionally present at interviews in which they have no concern, and in which they have no intention of meddling.

Grosket, however, stood where he was, with his hat on, looking steadily in the agitated face of the old man. At last he said:

'So you do n't know me?'

Rhoneland eyed him for a long time; at last he shook his head.

'Yet you *ought* to,' said Grosket, in the same tone. 'Look at me again.'

Again the old man bent his eyes upon his face, and studied his features; and certainly they were not of a character to be easily forgotten; but again he was at fault; he did not know him.

'It's strange!' muttered the other; 'a friend is often forgotten, but an enemy rarely. My name is Grosket — Enoch Grosket.'

A bright flush passed over the old man's face, as he heard the name, and he half rose from his chair. 'Yes, yes,' said he, quickly; 'I know now; the friend of Michael Rust. Kate,' said he, suddenly turning to the girl, who was leaning over his chair; 'you can go — go, Kate; leave the room, my child. This is only a friend of Mr. Rust's.'

'It's scarcely worth while,' said Grosket, 'for what I have to say of Rust will soon be spoken in the open day; ay, in his teeth will I fling my charges; before the whole world will I make them; I will brand him with a mark that he will carry to his grave! No, no, Jacob Rhoneland. I'm *not* a friend of Michael Rust, and he'll find it so. I've too many wrongs to settle with him, for that.'

'Not a friend of his!' ejaculated Rhoneland; 'then what brings you *here*? Do n't you know that I am his friend? — an old friend? He calls me his best friend.'

Grosket's lip curled, as he answered:

'That friendship has lasted too long for the good of one of you. I need not mention who that one is. I am come to end it. He was my friend once. God save me from another like him! God! how he loved me!' said he, setting his teeth; 'and in return,' added he, in a cold tone, 'do n't I love him now? Such a love! Give me but life and liberty, life and liberty,' said he, dropping his assumed tone, and breaking out in a burst of fierce vehemence, 'and by every hope that man can have, I swear to crush him; to grind him to the earth, body and soul; to blight him as he has blighted others; and as far as man can do so, to thwart every scheme, wither every hope, and to make him drag out his life, a vile, spurned, detested object, hated by man, driven from the pale of society, with every transgression stamped upon him, and beyond redemption in this world! What his prospects may be hereafter, none can tell but Him.' He raised his hat reverently as he spoke, and his tone from high excitement, calmed into deep solemnity.

'My errand here,' said he, turning to Rhoneland, is simple; my story a short one. I was Michael Rust's friend — his tool, if you will. Through his agency I am a beggar, and my wife and child are in their graves. This did not satisfy him. I am now arrested at his suit for a debt of three thousand dollars, of which I know nothing. I cannot pay it. I have not that sum in the world; but I cannot go to prison. It would frustrate all my views. I must be at large to work. Let me have but a month of freedom, and Michael Rust will be glad to exonerate me from all claims, and to beg me on his knees to stand his friend. I am come to ask you to be my bail. The sum is six thousand dollars.'

'Me! *me*!' exclaimed Rhoneland; 'ME your bail! and against Michael Rust! — my friend Rust! Oh, no; never, never!'

'It's more for your interest than mine,' replied Grosket, calmly. 'If you do not, you'll repent it.'

Rhoneland twisted his fingers one in the other, and looked irreso-

lutely at his daughter, and at the deputy, and then at Grosket, as if seeking counsel in their faces. At last he said, in a querulous tone:

'You're a stranger to me. I don't know you. Why do you speak in riddles? Why do you come here to harass a broken-down old man? What do you mean?'

'I mean *this*,' replied Grosket: 'Michael Rust is your friend because you *dare* not be his enemy. You *love* him because you dare not *hate* him. You pray night and day to be rid of him. You would think it the brightest day in your life when, all connection between you dissolved, he left your door to darken it no more. He has a hold on your fears, with which he sways you to his will, and which he will make the means of ruin to you, and of wretchedness to those dearer to you than yourself. I speak of *her*,' said he, seeing the old man looking timidly up in the face of Kate, who still hung over his chair, pale as death, but listening to every word. 'I know his secrets, his crimes, the tools with which he works; the very falsehood which he has fabricated against you, which you cannot disprove, but which *I* can.'

'Falsehoods!' ejaculated Rhoneland.

'Yes, falsehoods. The time is come when, even with you, he must stand revealed in his true character.'

He stepped close to Rhoneland and whispered a few words in his ear. The old man sank back in his chair, as if seized with sudden faintness; his jaw relaxed, and his eyes half started from his head. His prostration lasted but for a moment. The next instant he started up, made a step toward Grosket, and grasped his hand in both of his. 'Can you save me? can you save me?' gasped he; 'Oh! do — *do*, for God's sake!'

'I can,' replied Grosket.

'And *her*? my own child?' exclaimed he, pointing to his daughter.

'So help me God, I think I can!' said Grosket, earnestly; but to do so, I must be free; free only for one month. At the end of that time, if I fail, the gaol may have its prey. Get me that delay, and I have no fears for the rest.'

'Here's the document,' said Mr. Chicken, emerging from a profound revery, at the very moment that it was most requisite that his wits should be present, and producing a paper. 'I'll fill it up; you can sign it to once-t, and acknowledge it arterward.'

Rhoneland had reached out his hand to take the paper, but suddenly he hesitated and drew it back.

'Must *he* know this?' inquired he. 'Is there no way in which it can be kept from *him*?'

Grosket looked at the deputy, who looked at the wall, and said that he 'did n't know as it could be perwented, convenient.'

'Then you must choose between us,' said Grosket, coldly; 'I have said enough to satisfy you that I have the same power over you that Rust has, did I but choose to exert it. In suffering me to go to prison you are permitting him to fetter the only person who

can defeat his schemes, who can free you from his control, and prevent your child from being — Mrs. Rust.'

'I'd die first! I'd die first!' exclaimed the old man, frantically. 'Me he might do with as he pleased, but he shall not harm *you*, Kate. I'll do it, I'll do it, for *your* sake, my child!' said he, turning to her, and clasping her convulsively to him. 'Come what may, I'll do it. Come, Sir; I'm ready,' said he. 'I'll go at once. Lose no time, not a minute. Why do you wait?' said he, impatiently.

Without heeding him, Grosket went up to Kate, and took her hand respectfully: 'Trust me, no harm will come of this to him. At all events, none compared with what would have befallen both of you, had Michael Rust succeeded in his plans. If ever there was a man in this world in whom the devil seems to live and move, it is Michael Rust. His sagacity and shrewdness have hitherto given him success; and hitherto he has laughed at law, and baffled detection; but his race is nearly run. He or I must fall; and of this one thing I am certain, I shall not. Now, Sir,' said he, turning to Rhoneland, 'we'll go. But I'm puzzled where to look for another bail.'

'I shan't be perticklar about that,' said Mr. Chicken, quietly; 'I know something about Jacob Rhoneland, and he's good enough for me. We'll get this acknowledged, and then you may go.'

Rhoneland went to the door, and opening it, led the way into the street.

Many important events in life balance upon the doings of a moment; and had Rhoneland lingered but five minutes longer he would never have linked himself to Grosket; for not that time had elapsed after their departure, when the door of the room where Kate was still sitting alone was thrown open, and Michael Rust entered. His look was eager, and his usually slow, shuffling step was rapid.

'Where's Jacob?' said he, looking round.

'He's gone out,' replied Kate, coldly.

'Gone out!' repeated he; and then suddenly changing his manner, he said: 'Well, I wanted him; but he has left you in his place. It was kind in him. He knew that I was coming, Kate; that I doted on you; that there was nothing I loved like a little chat with you, and he could n't have the heart to disappoint me; so he let you remain. Ah! Kate! troubles are thickening upon me. Don't you sympathize with me, Kate? I *know* you do. I'm *sure* you do. You're a noble girl!'

As he spoke, he advanced and took her hand. Kate drew it from him with an air of marked coldness; but not at all discouraged, he said:

'The sweetest hour of my life is when I steal away to sit by your side, Kate; to gaze in your face, and watch your eye as it peeps from under its long lashes, and the smile of your pouting, cherry lip. Ah! Kate!'

'Mr. Rust, this is really very unpleasant,' said Kate, with some

anger in her manner. 'As my father's friend, you are welcome to this house. As his friend, also, you should not forget what is due to his daughter, and should refrain from a style of conversation which cannot but be offensive.'

'How sweetly she speaks!' continued Rust, in his old strain; 'how charmingly she looks when excited! Ah! Kate, you're a little devil; you've made sad havoc here!' said he, placing his hand on his heart — 'sad havoc!'

'Mr. Rust,' returned Kate, angrily, 'unless you end this conversation, either you or I must leave the room.'

'Well, well, I do n't believe you're in earnest, Kate; on my soul I do n't; but I will drop it; but one favor — grant me only one favor. It's not a great one. I know you'll grant it, you're such an angel.'

Kate looked at him without speaking, and he went on:

'One kiss, Kate; one single, sweet kiss from my own dear darling, to comfort me amid my misfortunes!'

Kate Rhoneland started up, her eyes flashing fire. 'Leave this house, Sir!'

'Ho! ho! how sweetly she orders!' exclaimed Rust, advancing toward her; 'how bright her eyes are! how the rich color plays along her cheek! how beautiful my own Kate is! 'Leave this house,' indeed! The thing's impossible, with such a charmer within it. Come, Kate; one kiss — *only* one; I'll tell no one, not even Ned. Upon my soul, I won't tell Ned.'

Kate made an attempt to spring past him, but he caught her by her dress, drew her to him, threw his arms about her waist, and pressed his lips to hers.

It was a dear kiss to him; for while she was struggling in his grasp, the door opened, a heavy blow lighted on his head, and he fell like a stone on the floor.

'If he's dead, be it so!' said a stern voice. But it was not so.

For a moment he lay like one who had seen his last sun; then he staggered up, pressed his hands to his temples, looked about him with a bewildered air, until his eyes encountered those of Jacob Rhoneland, bright with passion, and his whole frame quivering with rage. Gradually Rust's faculties began to rally, until he and Rhoneland stood gazing face to face.

'So it was *you*, was it, good Jacob?' said he, moving to the door. 'Thank you, my kind friend; I'll not forget you! Farewell, good Jacob. To your dying day you shall have cause to remember that you struck Michael Rust.' He bowed profoundly to them, shut the door, and went out.

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EPIGRAM: FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.

THOU gazest on the stars, my Star,  
And would I were the sky,  
To view thy lovely face afar  
With many a burning eye!

W. H. H.

## THE PRINTER.

'The printer, in his folio, heraldeth the world. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea-fights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating-tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another prisoned, one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth. Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news.'

OLD SCOTCH.

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,  
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;  
All silent within, save the ticking type,  
All without, save the night-watch turning;  
And heavily echoed the solemn sound,  
As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone,  
With the joy of festivity gleaming,  
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,  
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;  
Yet the PRINTER still worked at his lonely post,  
As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,  
And building bright hopes for the morrow,  
Nor dreamed he that Fate was then waving a wand  
That would bring to him fear and sorrow;  
Yet the PRINTER was there in his shadowy room,  
And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom!

The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had bound  
The ties that death only can sever;  
And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile,  
For she thought they were parted for ever!  
But the PRINTER was clicking the types that would tell  
On the morrow *the truth* of that midnight spell!

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow  
And restless, the pillow was pressing,  
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his dream  
His loftiest hopes now possessing;  
Yet the PRINTER worked on, mid silence and gloom,  
And dug for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up  
His budget of grief and of gladness;  
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,  
For the happy, a full cup of sadness;  
Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear,  
And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall bear  
To palace and cot on the morrow;  
Oh welcome, thrice welcome, to many a heart!  
To many a bearer of sorrow;  
It shall go like the wild and wandering air,  
For life and its changes are impressed there.

## C À E T L À .

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

WHAT was Mr. Liner's plan? We will give it shortly, and hurry to a conclusion. He packed up his daughter and despatched her to Boston by Harnden's Express, in the month of September, carefully directed to a maternal uncle who resided there. With her went a letter explaining his peculiar situation. How Mrs. Liner and himself were afraid that their daughter, although now a '*dame charmante de vingt six ans moins un mois,*' might become a middle-aged, ay, a very middle-aged single lady; how all her friends had married about her, even to Frederica Frizzle, who, like the Colossus of Rhodes, was very tall and very brazen; how Shuffleshanks had loved and died, leaving no sign; how the young man from Tobolsk had offered himself and been refused, and how the *sparks* no longer *flew up* when she appeared. That, in short, he despaired of settling her at home, although she was rich; as the New-Yorkers have an invincible aversion to any thing that has been long on hand; and Catharine, though certainly not *passée* was as certainly *passante*. He therefore requested the uncle to introduce her in Boston as a widow; the relict of a rich planter who died in New-Orleans of the yellow fever, leaving his wife the fee simple of all his slaves and half-breeds. To which the uncle willingly consented, as he was promised a handsome percentage if he succeeded; and Catharine herself was nothing loth, for she yearned to get married; and deceit, as we will prove one of these days, is the ground-work of the female character.

So Miss Liner was shipped; as old fashioned goods often are, in newer boxes. The bill of lading was marked thus:



Mr. Liner was confident that she would arrive safe, as her case was the very antipodes of the vinous accident alluded to in scripture.

Here ends the authentic history of Miss Liner. All else is either fabulous or deeply tinged with mythology. But it is at least certain that her widowhood allowed her to be so much more lively and fascinating, and explained so satisfactorily why she was single at her age; and her fortune came in so strongly and opportunely to urge on admirers, that in less than a month she was engaged, and



in less than two, married. Our uncle pocketed his commission and kept his secret.

After Catharine Julia had left New-York on her marital journey, a small closely-written sheet of paper was found in her room, which was evidently intended for publication. She said in a short preface that she took the idea from Shufflesnanks, and that after his death, in her pensive moments, when

. . . 'oft at even as she sat  
In a little summer-house in the garden without a hat,'

her experience of society shaped itself into the following rules, which she resolved to leave as a legacy to the beau sexe of the beau monde, among whom she had so long been conspicuous:

#### 'RULES FOR BECOMING A PERFECT ZAZA.

'The accomplished belle, flowered, flounced, fanning, figuring, flirting, flinging herself in all directions with the timidity of the gazelle, and its endurance, approaches to the grand ideal of belles; the peerless Zaza.

'Zazas are like Pachas of one, two, or three tails; (no double entendre meant.) A Zaza of one tail has one or two regular beaux; one of two tails has five or six; one of three tails has as many as she pleases. This is the summit of *Zazaism*. A demoiselle with no beaux is a nobody; (*nobeaudy*;) a poor creature; something quite despicable.

'RULE I. When about to seat yourself, pull your dress strongly on both sides to prevent its wrinkling; then subside. Consequently, upon rising, the dress must be raised again with the left hand, and three or four slaps given on each side, to complete the circle. The gesture of smoothing the front hair with the flat of the hand may be tolerated — in the darkest closet of a house with stone walls, or in the centre of the great desert of Sahara when no caravan is in sight.

'RULE II. You should always endeavor to be sportive. The lambkin and the very young cat style take well, and are quite Zaza. A frisk just tinged with the *souffçon* of a tremble is a very beautiful display.

'RULE III. If you perceive a friend arriving, and go to meet her across a large room, always proceed with three skips on the points of your toes, then two quick steps, then three more skips, and so on alternately. Take care that your face does not express more anxiety for the success of your *pas seul* than joy at greeting your friend. When you attain your *très cherè*, groan Zaza, seize her hand and kiss her twice. This is a simple and effective meeting. The *coup d'œil* is excellent when both young ladies are of the Zaza school. The three-skip gait is admirably adapted to entering a room unexpectedly; where there is a gentleman, or in leaving one at home tolerably full of company, when called out by a servant. It is invaluable at pic-nics.

'RULE IV. Walk into a drawing-room behind your mamma. You appear timid and retiring, and she acts as a standard-bearer, announces your arrival, and people are better prepared to stare.

'RULE V. Encourage only beaux who can add to your power by making you a great *Zaza*; such as great waltzers, singers; men who are rich, and who seem to be attentive '*pour le bon motif*,' must of course be fed upon faint hopes.

'RULE VI. When sitting in a drawing-room, always cross your arms about your waist; each hand covering the small ribs on the opposite side, as if, like the gallant old soldier in Pelham, you wanted your hands to guard your heart. It is no objection to this style that it is always adopted by awkward *cantatrices* on the stage — and off.

'RULE VII. It is well for a *Zaza*, if she lives in a fashionable street, to read or embroider in a conspicuous window, which she may call her *beau-window*.

'RULE VIII. In talking, do not make your lips and head go faster than your tongue. The *Zaza* is languid and shakes her head slowly, looking all the while intently and impressively at the person whom she is entertaining with ——— if he be a foreigner, a fortune, or a Coryphæus.

'RULE IX. In drinking tea, coffee, or lemonade, hold the cup with the thumb and the fore and middle fingers, and allow the others to point rigidly into the air, at as great a distance as possible from the three first enumerated.

'RULE X. In playing or singing, timidity and tremors are quite out of date. The *Zaza* glides up to the instrument as if she had graduated at the Conservatoire, and sung three years at the Académie Royale. The only expression of face allowable is the smile of conscious power; such a smile as Jupiter's phiz might wear when contemplating the feeble struggles of sublunarians. On earth this smile may be often seen in female rope-dancers.

'RULE XI. If a person asks to be presented, the *Zaza* 'really don't know;' she 'has so many acquaintances;' *languidissimo*.

'RULE XII. If a *Zaza* of three tails, always dance at the head of a cotillon and lead off the waltz.

'RULE XIII. When a bad or an uncertain waltzer requests the honor, the *Zaza* is always engaged; but she may hint to a Shuffle-shanks to beg for a turn, or even ask him outright. This has often been successfully practised by *Zazas* of two tails.

'RULE XIV. If you have received a bouquet from an anonymous admirer, or from your father, thank the most fashionable man, or the *Great Catch*, or both; and loud enough to be overheard. You believe not one word of their protestations, of course, and set it down to modesty.

'RULE XV. When two *Zazas*, accompanied by their respective cavaliers, meet in the ball-room, they should always stop for a

moment, interchange a few dulcet words, tell each other 'how sweetly pretty you look to-night,' and present for a moment a lovely picture of child-like simplicity and utter guilelessness—to the respective cavaliers and observers in general.'

HERE the ms. ends abruptly.

# THE DYING STUDENT.

## I.

LET him look out upon Earth's fair domain,  
And feast his spirit mid its time-worn hills,  
Feeling the fresh blood flow through every vein  
As the new sight his weary bosom thrills:  
Oh! let him gaze beyond that shoreless sea,  
Whither his spirit fain would take its flight,  
To wander in those far-off depths, and be  
Where the pure sky hath hung her robe of light.

## II.

Oh! let him gaze upon Earth's jewelled sky,  
And breathe Spring's earliest, sweetest breath again;  
And once more follow with a ravished eye  
Faces and forms of loved ones, loved in vain!  
To catch the inspiring sound of Music's voice,  
To hear the solemn chant of Ocean's roar;  
To linger at the threshold of his joys,  
And feel Earth's sunshine on his head once more.

## III.

Life's solemn lights are dimly burning now,  
And feeble shadows o'er his vision fall;  
Still, one brief hour is his, and in its flow  
Moments are years, and in those years his all!  
Rouse him from death, without one brief delay,  
And call his spirit back from Time's dark tide;  
He lingers yet, as on the verge of day,  
And Hope and Heaven his heart's pure home divide.

## IV.

His spirit freshens at the glorious sight,  
And far away his eager eyes are turning,  
To those bright paths in yonder sky of light,  
Where Heaven's imperial stars are brightly burning.  
Back flows the life-blood to his swelling heart,  
And thence again with impulse free and strong;  
Old memories gather round him and depart,  
Phalanx to phalanx joined, and throng to throng!

## V.

Dim grow the visions that o'erreach his brain,  
And shadowy forms seem floating in his eye;  
Tears fall around him, as the soul's bright rain,  
Poured from the heart for one too young to die.  
Stars are now hovering o'er the brink of day,  
And sun-light lingers on each tower and hill;  
But prayer hath passed from silent lips away.  
The heart hath shed its sorrow—and is still!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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**DONNA FLORIDA: A TALE.** By the Author of 'Atlantis,' 'Southern Passages and Pictures,' etc.  
 Charleston: BURGESS AND JAMES.

'THE poem,' says the author of this miniature pamphlet-volume, 'of which the four first cantos (he means the *first four*, no doubt) are here submitted to the reader, was chiefly the work of the writer's youth.' He does not claim, however, that this fact forms any sufficient excuse for giving it to the public at this late day; but offers rather the natural tenacity 'with which the mind treasures up, and seeks to preserve, the performances which revive its early associations.' We have run through these cantos with some attention. The story does not strike us as possessing either great originality or interest. The verse itself is after the model of 'Don Juan,' then recently published, and rife in the literary world; but like the thousand-and-one imitations which we have encountered of that most facile and felicitous composition, its 'laborious ease' cannot be concealed. With BYRON, the play of fancy and of words was equally unconstrained, in this species of versification; but all his imitators have evidently been stretched upon Procrustean beds; and with all the seeming *abandon* of their manner, and the smirk of their 'varnished faces,' it has yet been but too evident that their situation was any thing but comfortable. In 'Donna Florida' however there is a good degree of cleverness. There are many thoughts interspersed throughout its cantos which the reader will encounter with surprise and remember with pleasure. Nevertheless we are compelled to say, that where the stanzas are most original, they are the least to our liking. We enter our protest against the writer's frequent habit of saying a plain thing in an involved, roundabout way, as well as against numerous words and similes which he employs. 'You can call a hat,' says Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, a 'glossy four-and-nine' or a 'swart sombrero;' but in the long run praps it's as well to call it *a hat*. It is a hat; and where's the use o' mystifying?' Would it not, for example, be 'as well' also, and quite as natural, to write 'half of the rest,' as 'the subdivision of the remaining moiety?' Or in saying that old jokes were laughed at, to express it in less magniloquent phrase than

'Old jokes found revived expansion?'

Where does Mr. SIMMS find authority for such a word as '*voicing*?'—'the voicings of a bird?' In any dictionary of the English language? Guess not! As little do we admire the simile which makes a lady's eye the 'polar light in love's astrology,' or which represents it as

— 'peering beneath her forehead like a star,  
 Bestowing a sweet glory on the sky.'

All these are 'affectations, look you;' and are in our judgment even worse sins against

taste (to say nothing of truth) than the occasional instances of an opposite tendency which might be pointed out; such as 'the beast enjoying his *grunt and stys*;' or the coy damsel, of whom the writer says:

'One moment grows she most abruptly willing,  
The next, she *slaps the chaps that think of billing!*'

We should not have felt ourselves justified in passing unnoticed the defects which we have indicated; the more that the following stanzas evince the ability of the writer, when he gives to natural thoughts their natural expression, to avoid these and kindred errors:

'GLANCING my vision o'er the world's affairs,  
Surveying this and that, of strange and common,  
Its double singles and divided pairs,  
Its human brutes and brutes that might be human,  
All vexing life with sad and fruitless cares,  
Yet all made agents of that creature, woman;  
I've come to this conclusion: that 't were better  
If we poor bachelors had never met her.

'Better we had not seen and could not fancy  
So sad and strange conception; could not want  
Her presence, nor beneath her necromancy  
Feel the torn bosom and vex'd pulses pant,  
With dreams and hopes that not a step advance ye  
To health or happiness, but rather daunt,  
At each impression'd move, the weary spirit,  
That sees the joy receding as we near it.

'Better in single blessedness had Adam,  
Stout father-farmer, in his garden trod;  
Unvexed by daily strife with maid or madam,  
And free to eat his fruit and meet his God:  
I'm sure his fate had not been half so sad — am  
Certain he had not then been thrust abroad  
With breeches made of fig-leaves, quickly rended,  
More quickly than his wife could get them mended.

'Have you not seen her in the public way,  
Snare-setting? In the ball-room marked her eyes,  
Pursuing, like a very snake's, her prey?  
And vainly would he dodge them, and be wise!  
In flight alone is safety. Do you stray  
Beside her, when the moon is in the skies?  
Or by the brooklet, or along the sea,  
Or in the garden, parlor, buttery?'

'Do you stray beside her in the — *buttery*.' Does not this word 'buttery' seem *impressed* for the sake of oddity and the rhyme? To our apprehension and ear it is objectionable, alike in truth and in sound; scarcely less so, indeed, than the close of the annexed lines, which require no comment. DON PONCE, a Spanish knight,

'Had passed his days in *stupor most sublime*,  
His nights in deep allegiance to his pillow;  
Untroubled by the crown, the church-bell's chime,  
Sleep, garlic, wine, and oil, a *constant fill o'!*'

In prose as well as in verse Mr. SIMMS, by common consent of his critics, fails in the humorous. It is not his rôle. How much more creditable, even than the foregoing, are the subjoined stanzas, illustrating the fact that it is mental and not physical suffering which constitutes the pain of death; the 'parting from those who loved and love us:'

'THIS is the mental death — the agony  
Beyond all pain of limb, all fever smart,  
All racking of the joints: this is to die;  
Sad burial of the hope that lit the heart;  
Love mourning, doomed affections lingering by,  
Muttering the words of death: 'We part, we part!'  
Ah! what the trial, where the pangs, the fears,  
To equal this sad source of thousand tears?

'And when the lamp of life upon a verge  
 Unscathed as a vision, sinks at last;  
 And when the spirit launches on the surge  
 Of that dark, drear, unfathomable vast  
 We call eternity, its latest dirge  
 Bemoans not pangs, still pressing, not o'erpast,  
 But that all natural things, forms, stars, and skies,  
 And the more loved than all, are fading from its eyes.

'Thus still beloved, though all relentless fair,  
 I part from thee and perish. Never more  
 Shall I win sweetness from the desolate air,  
 Or find a fragrant freshness in the shore;  
 The sea that images my deep despair  
 Hath still a kindred language in its roar,  
 And in the clouds that gather on our lee  
 A mournful likeness to my soul I see.

'The sense of life grows dim; the glories pass,  
 Like those of melting rainbows from my sight;  
 Dark aspects rise as in the wizard's glass,  
 Reflect my inner soul, and tell of night;  
 Glooms gather on my vision, in a mass,  
 And all my thoughts, beheld in their dread light,  
 Rise like unbidden spectres; rise to rave  
 Above the heart, which soon may be their grave.'

The purpose of the author to preserve this youthful effort of his muse from oblivion, by giving it in a printed form to the public, will not, we may believe, be subverted; for although portions of it are undeniably clever, yet as a whole it lacks the elements of life; a fact, indeed, of which the writer himself seems sufficiently aware, if we interpret aright the long introduction with which he has deemed it necessary to preface a short poem. The little volume, which is very neatly executed, is dedicated to one who is himself well qualified to appreciate, and on occasion to produce, good poetry — JAMES LAWSON, Esq., of this city.

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CHANGE FOR THE AMERICAN NOTES: in Letters from London to New-York. By an American Lady. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

'Who jeers the Tartar, must beware of his dirk!' is a lesson which this well-tempered book will teach certain of our neighbors on the other side of the great water; for it contains stabs at national abuses and local follies, which 'pierce to the hilt;' and we are not sorry that at this moment, throughout the Union, this exposition of them as well as of the time-honored game of '*tut-for-tut*,' has been as widely perused as the work which prompted it — the '*American Notes*' of Mr. DICKENS. This fact, we need not add, will prevent us from entering upon a detailed review of a work already so current, at the low price of one shilling. We shall only ask such of our readers as are at all sensitive in relation to the slurs upon our country and its institutions which may from time to time reach us from abroad, to bear in mind the ignorance in which they have their origin. 'One ought to have,' says our countrywoman, 'a temper as imperturbable as FRANKLIN's, to bear patiently the absurd remarks made in England upon the United States. Here are hundreds of thousands, with ample means and leisure, whose reading is confined to certain portions of certain newspapers; yet one of this class will deliver his judgment upon America in a manner which shows his belief that what he says is decisive. There is, there should be, no appeal. He has spoken. Englishmen have a vague notion about America, and Indians, and General WASHINGTON, and there being neither king nor lords, and the storming of Quebec, and the burning of the Caroline, and the loss of the President! But as to the vast resources of our country; the nature of her laws and institutions; of her cities rising amid primeval forests; of the capabilities of her rivers and bays; of the love of freedom in her children, which love, men say, is the parent of all the best virtues that can adorn a state; of these things they know

nothing. Talk to one of these persons about the cotton grown in the Southern States, and he will immediately speak of Manchester, where he has a cousin, a manufacturer, worth a hundred thousand pounds; mention one of those matchless prairies in the Far West (a noble sight, though Boz *was* disappointed,) and my gentleman, as soon as he is made to understand what a prairie is, turns the conversation to Salisbury Plain, or the moors of Scotland! These gentry generally are, or have been, connected with commercial pursuits, and plume themselves upon being, not reading, but *practical* men. I admit they are impartial in their ignorance, knowing as little of the past history of their own country as of the present state of ours.' . . . 'The English view America in such a *petty* spirit! They judge of it in the spirit that prompts their judgment in their own small matters; their clubs, or parishes, or corporations. They cannot conceive a nation without a titled and privileged aristocracy. What is not subserviency they consider anarchy; and then a country without a regular standing army! How can justice be administered by wigless judges? What but barbarism can exist, where poor men object to wear liveries! Then comes a summing up of American enormities: they sit in a manner the English do not; consequently the American way must be wrong. Vast distance, different customs and institutions, have caused a diversity of language, therefore the American language must be low; the Americans grow and use tobacco, and the necessary consequences are attributed to them as a national dishonor! How comes it that the French and other travellers do not dwell upon these things, but pass them over as matters of little moment? Is it jealousy, or ignorance, or littleness, on the part of the British?' It is all three; but America will be looked upon with far different eyes by and by; and in the meantime she is living down the slurs, slanders, and satires of her traducers, (which this little volume will teach us still more to disregard) every day. We have but one fault to find with the 'Change for the American Notes.' There is too much *foreign coin* in it. One who can write so well as our author, does not need to force French and Italian into English sentences, to show that she *can* do it, nor to eke out her pages with scraps of verse. Think of a hundred and fifteen little bits of poetry, from a single line upward, in a prose volume of eighty-eight pages!' 'T is 'too much poetry for a shilling!'

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HARP OF THE VALE: A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY PAYNE KENTON KILBOURNE. Hartford: CASE, TIFFANY AND BURNHAM.

THIS little volume comes to us recommended by the same neatness of mechanical execution which was displayed in the last edition of the poetical remains of the lamented BRAINARD, published in the same city. We are glad to see in it indications that the native State of that fine genius can still inspire poetic aspirations, and produce poetic minds. The young author of these fugitive pages deserves consideration; in a degree for what he has done, more for what his gifts promise. There are many passages and several entire poems of very considerable merit in the volume. 'The Skeptic,' with which it commences, being of the greatest length and importance, is perhaps also the best. None of the thoughts, however, can claim to be very original; yet they are evidently natural to the writer, and are set forth in flowing and well-measured verse. The opening lines are vigorous, and afford a good indication of the merit of the piece:

'No God!' O impious sophist! then are we  
 Cast pilotless upon an unknown sea;  
 Gazing all wildly on the void profound,  
 Unknowing whence we came or whither bound:  
 The forms around us are not what they seem,  
 Men are but shadows, life is but a dream;  
 And the bright worlds that run their glorious race  
 Mere bubbles floating in the realms of space;  
 Self-poised they roll, and self-illumed they shine,  
 Rise without cause, and sink without design!

Launched on the flood, we trim our fated bark,  
 Beneath a sky low, desolate, and dark ;  
 No north-star hangs with fixed and steady ray,  
 To light the lonely voyager on his way ;  
 Homeless and friendless on the billowy tides,  
 Tossed by the hurricanes which no one guides,  
 Now fired with Hope, now grappling with Despair,  
 He sees afar some beacon's transient glare ;  
 Pursues it till it fades, then turns in gloom  
 To meet his last irrevocable doom.  
 What though the solace of his lot may be  
 The meteor-dream of Immortality ?  
 That spark expired with the expiring breath —  
 No morn shall break the iron sleep of DEATH !

'The Maniac Maid' has some effective stanzas. One especially is picturesque and beautiful. The poor girl is represented as lingering around the sea-shore, watching for her lost sailor-lover :

'At eve, when nought is heard  
 But the roar of the dashing wave,  
 And the voice of the lone sea-bird  
 That sings from her coral cave,  
 She wanders forth all lonely  
 The rocks and sedge among,  
 And to the cold sea only  
 Pours forth her plaintive song.'

'The Seminoles' is a very creditable production. Some fine lines also touching our native country and that ancient race, are found in 'Thoughts of Home :

'STERN region, I love thee ! Thy woodlands and waters  
 Are linked with old legends of battle and love :  
 There the wild warriors fought, and the forest's dark daughters  
 Told their vows and adored the Great Spirit above.

'Frail wrecks of mortality ! where are they now ?  
 Their glory departed long ages ago ;  
 And woman's smooth cheek and the warrior's stern brow  
 Lie unmarked from the dust of the quiver and bow.

'Ay, I love thee, proud land ! Thou hast eyes that are brighter,  
 Made radiant with smiles, by no sorrows o'ercast ;  
 Thou hast forms that are fairer and hearts that are lighter,  
 Than Romance e'er saw in her dreams of the past.

'Bright home of my dreams ! may I greet thee again !  
 In city and country I've mingled with men,  
 But they part and they meet with as little emotion  
 As the icebergs that float on the desolate ocean.'

The last couplet here is very original and striking. 'Dying Well,' 'The Lost that Come not Back,' and others which arrested our attention, will be read with pleasure ; especially 'Beauty and Fame,' which we regret we have not space to present entire. It will be seen, however, by what we have quoted, that Mr. KILBOURNE has a good share of poetic feeling and capability of expression. He has not lived in the world in vain ; but with an eye, and an ear, and most of all, a heart. Yet several things are wanting, before our young bard can become an effective poet, which doubtless he must needs desire to be. He has more sensibility than taste ; the consequence of which is, that the best passages in his best pieces are marred by the proximity of such as are weak and infelicitous. Then again there is a want throughout the volume of condensation and energy. Mr. KILBOURNE must gird himself to greater terseness and strength : he must chisel and refine with a severer taste and more assiduity, before he can reach the place where doubtless bright anticipations have at times placed him. We beg him, in all due kindness, to remember, that it is easier to jump in thought to such a conclusion than actually to attain it. We conclude with the expression of our hope and trust that his day-dreams in this regard, in common with those of other gifted and rising spirits among us, may not have been altogether idle.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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JEFFREY AND GIFFORD *versus* SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.—An acute and comprehensive mind, an intelligence superior to prejudice, and an undeviating conscientious spirit of rectitude, are among the necessary endowments of true criticism. But how rare has been this combination, even in the examples of those who have been admitted to be the most distinguished critics of their time! Let the whole history of literature furnish the answer; while we direct the reader to an amusing commentary upon this general theme, which we find in the last number of FRAZER'S Magazine, under the title of 'JEFFREY and GIFFORD *versus* SHAKSPEARE and MILTON.' 'We have often amused ourselves,' says the writer, 'by imagining how SHAKSPEARE and MILTON would have fared at the hands of these illustrious reviewers had the paramount pair of immortals and the two clever party writers been contemporaries. Let us follow out this curious speculation. To make our suppositions quite plain, we will imagine that the Edinburgh Review existed at the time of SHAKSPEARE; that the disgust which is expressed for the tribunes, or the opposition, and the ministerial contempt of the people, shown forth in 'Coriolanus,' were disagreeable to the Whig party of that day; that SHAKSPEARE'S high Tory principles; the admiration which he appears to have felt for kings and princes, and the favor in which he may be fairly supposed to have stood at court; were unpalatable to the Liberals of the day. In such case we may be pretty sure he would have been given over for critical dissection to Mr. JEFFREY, who would probably have chosen the 'Tempest' as the subject of his subacid jocularities. Let us now suppose that the Quarterly Review was established at the Restoration; that MILTON'S 'Paradise Lost' had just been published by any bookseller but the MURRAY of those days; that MILTON had been placed, a short time previous (as in fact he was) in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms; that his pamphlets for the liberty of the press, and against the prelates, had enraged the opponents of liberal principles and lovers of high-church politics; and it is easy to conclude that these persons would have infallibly consigned him to the secular arm of Mr. GIFFORD. Both of the worthy gentlemen we have named would, no doubt, have performed their functions to the entire satisfaction of their respective parties; Mr. JEFFREY with the lightness and liveliness which distinguish all he writes; Mr. GIFFORD with his usual strength and acuteness, mingled with his customary allusions to the personal history of the author whom he is reviewing. But the malice prepense—the intention to murder—would be equally apparent in both cases, though each would have his peculiar method of destroying.' The former editor of the Quarterly would be, like 'Tristan l'Hermite,' flinging his coarse and scurrilous jests upon the unfortunate person about whose neck he was fastening the rope, while his northern rival would rather resemble those eastern mutes who despatch you, with every appearance of respect for your person, with a silken cord.

With this preamble, Mr. JEFFREY is introduced to the reader, in a critique upon 'The Tempest, by WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE: 4to. London: 1612.' After the dissertation upon 'matters and things in general' with which it is customary to open the labored papers of quarterly journals, the reviewer reaches at length the work which he is to criticise, and upon which he pounces 'in manner following, to wit:'

'THE present play forms a sort of connecting link between the ancient mysteries and the modern drama, and, disregarding equally with these venerable monstrosities all rules of probability and taste, merely changes the abstractions into persons as shadowy, and their miracles into marvels altogether as amazing and edifying. In other respects, we are rather inclined to think that Mr. SHAKSPEARE has outdone the native absurdity of the originals.

'The play opens with a conversation among some sailors in a ship sinking at sea, which is quite in the taste of these refined persons; others come in *voit*, which is at least as new on the stage as a ship foundering; then a confused noise is heard within:

'We split! we split! farewell! my wife and children!  
Brother, farewell! we split! we split! we split!'

'The author has here most happily expressed confusion, by not indicating to whom these separate speeches are to be given.

'The next scene is on an enchanted island, where a young lady called Miranda is entreating her father, Prospero, to allay the storm, of which she gives this splendid description:

'The sky, it seems, would pour down stinkins pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out.'

Prospero replies:

'Be collected;  
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.'

'To this consolatory piece of intelligence Miranda most singularly answers, 'O wo the day!!' and Prospero rejoins, 'No harm; wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.' From all which it would appear that Miranda was crying because nobody had been drowned. Prospero then bids her 'obey, and be attentive.' He relates that, just twelve years before, he was the Duke of Milan, but that his brother had usurped his dignity; and that himself and his daughter, having been put into a 'rotten carcass of a boat,' arrived safely at the island. But this interesting story is by no means so briefly told in the play, and is, moreover, perpetually interrupted in its course, after this fashion:

'PROSPERO. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio;  
I pray thee mark me—thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?  
MIRANDA. Sir, most heedfully.  
PROSPERO. Thou attend'st not.  
MIR. Good Sir, I do.  
PROSPERO. I pray thee mark me, then. Hence, his ambition growing—  
Dost thou hear, child?' etc., etc.

But, all this having nothing to do with the storm, Miranda very properly puts the question:

'And now I pray you, Sir,  
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason  
For raising this sea-storm.'

To which Prospero returns the following very clear and intelligible answer:

'Know thus far forth,  
By accident most strange, bounteous fortune,  
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
I know my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence,  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.'

He seems well convinced, however, of the natural effect of this kind of poetry, for he adds:

'Here cease more questions.  
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good heaviness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.'

In which opinion all Mr. SHAKSPEARE's readers will readily concur.

We could wish that we had space for the equally interesting and refreshing satire upon 'a spirit called ARIEL,' the dialogue between whom and PROSPERO is turned into ridicule. We must pass on, however, to the assassination of the character of CALIBAN, that wonderful creation of the great bard. Does the reader remember any thing more

thoroughly 'tortured from its sense' by any ancient or modern AMISTARCHUS, than the scene in question here :

'We are now introduced to a new personage called Caliban, the son of a certain witch, whose services Prospero thus recounteth :

'We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. What, ha! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak!'

'It would seem, however, that *fetching in wood* was his principal occupation, for, without asking what his master wanted, he replies :

'There 's wood enough within.  
Pros. Come forth, I say : there 's other business for thee.'

'Yet it turns out that it is none other than this very business on which he was to be employed :

'Pros. Haq-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, (thou wert best, etc.)

'Ferdinand, the son of the king of Naples, who had been just 'cooling the air with sighs' for his father, whom he supposed to be drowned, now enters, accompanied by Ariel, *invisible*, who sings a charming song of his own composition, of which we can only afford to give the conclusion :

'Hark! hark! Bow-wow; the watch-dogs bark.  
Bow-wow,  
Hark! hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticler  
Cry cock-a-doodle-doo!'

'Ferdinand calls this a 'sweet air!' . . . 'The second act introduces us to the king of Naples and his lords, who have escaped from drowning; but his majesty, happening to miss his son, is very naturally made to express a strong curiosity to know what kind of fish had eaten him :

'O thou, mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal of thee?'

'After some farther conversation, Mr. S., not knowing what to do with the personages he has brought on the stage, devises the notable expedient of making them all fall suddenly asleep :

'Gonz. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy!  
Alon. What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find  
They are inclined to do so.  
Sea. Please you, Sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it, etc.  
Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.  
Sea. What a strange drowsiness or presses them!  
Ant. It is the quality of the climate.'

'The invention of that author who bethought him of sending his characters off *knocking* was great, but it was nothing to this. It is evidently a favorite contrivance of the author for terminating a scene, and is here employed in order to introduce Caliban at his everlasting work of *fetching in wood*.

'Enter Caliban with a bundle of wood. He sees a sailor :

'CAL. Here comes a spirit of his now to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly.'

'Supposing every body to be as fond of wood as Prospero, he adds :

'I'll show thee the best springs, I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.'

'The act ends with this seducing person getting drunk and singing this delicious lay :

'No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch firs at requiring,  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.  
Ban, ban, Ca—Caliban,  
Has a new master. Got a new man.'

'The third act represents Ferdinand at the eternal employment of *fetching in wood*. Then follows a love-scene, which we omit.'

How many petty enemies had the 'myriad-minded SHAKESPEARE,' who would have chuckled over this criticism, had it actually appeared in his day! What nuts it would have been for that feeble reviler and feebler rival of his, 'one HILL!' The summing up of the reviewer is quite in keeping with the fine fancy and striking acumen displayed

in the detail of his criticism. 'The Tempest,' he says, 'shows us how ridiculous are those rules, to which writers have hitherto subjected themselves, for the purpose, as they fondly imagined, of giving interest to their dramas. It is to be hoped that Mr. SHAKESPEARE's example will release them, in future, from all obligation to pay any regard to probability in their incidents, or to nature in their characters. It is evidently much more easy to invent a jargon for witches, demons, and spirits, than to deal with human passions and human affections; and it is clearly quite unnecessary to diversify a play with pathetic incidents, when the sleep which has hitherto been confined to the spectators is here transferred to the persons of the drama. Writers need no longer search for lofty subjects, which have been so absurdly deemed requisite to tragedy, when every one can readily find a storm either at sea or on shore. Many improvements will no doubt be made upon the new system, and we may shortly expect to see tragedies upon a fall of snow or a heavy shower of rain. 'The Tempest' fairly entitles Mr. SHAKESPEARE to the honors due to a reformer of our poetry, and if it produces as much profit as some of those plays in which he has praised princes and traduced the people, we shall be convinced that there are other persons beside Lapland conjurors who can make a comfortable living upon contrary winds and wrecked vessels.'

Turn we now to GIFFORD's review of MILTON's 'Paradise Lost,' in which the cut-and-slash style of that great critic, which was 'nothing if not personal,' is very faithfully portrayed. It opens as follows:

'A CONSIDERABLE part of this poem, we understand, was written in gnomes; and, though the knowledge of such a fact is by no means likely to prejudice us in favor of the author or his work, we can assure our readers that we have come to the examination of *Paradise Lost* without any personal feelings toward Mr. MILTON, though we believe he is the same person who, after canting about liberty, sold his flattery to a tyrant and usurper; that he is the author of various seditious pamphlets, of which we have never read a line, and of a book on divorce, so infamous as to have been deemed by the bench of bishops worthy of being burned by the common hangman. A poem founded on a fact recorded in Scripture by a person notorious for his hatred to the church was of itself sufficiently curious to justify us in taking an early notice of it; but we found it at once so extravagant and so unreadable, that we should not have troubled the public with any account of its demerits, had not the author, in a most affected preface, announced certain new notions about rhyme, and laid claim to the merit of setting an admirable example to the writers of all future epics. 'The subject of Mr. M.'s poem would appear from the title to be the Fall of Adam; but what will our readers think when we assure them that almost the whole of the poem is made up of the disputes, adventures, battles, and defeats of devils, who make war upon their Creator; a monstrous fiction, founded upon the apocryphal book of Enoch? There is only one book out of the twelve (the ninth) in which there is any thing about the loss of Paradise. Throughout the whole poem the author seems always glad to quit our first parents to get back to the devil, who is by far the most brilliant and interesting character of his pages, and on whose feats, indeed, he reposes with a delight not unworthy of a Manichee. All the lofty enterprises of this amiable personage are related with a feeling of partiality for their hero, which would be amusing were they not told in a singularly involved, obscure, and affected diction. Mr. MILTON's idiom is generally Hebrew or Greek; but, when he condescends to be familiar, the structure of his sentences is modelled upon the Latin. He never condescends to use a plain term when there is a scientific one, an English word when he can find a foreign one, nor an old word when he can coin a new one. *Dry* with him is *adust*; a *close vest* is a *habit succinct*; *starry* is *stellar*; *flag* is *gonfalon*; *four* is *quaternion*; *powerful* is *pleni-potent*; and *mingled* is *interfused*. To tell us that war is at hand, he says that it is *in precinct*; and, to tell us something else, he makes God address this line to the angels, counting, no doubt, upon their power of divining what is quite unintelligible to mere mortals:

'Meanwhile, inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven!'

'A learned angel, who gives Adam the history of the creation, illustrates his meaning by such terms as *quadrate*, *cycle*, and *epicycle*, *centric* and *eccentric*, *nocturnal* and *diurnal rhomb*, etc.; and the same personage is so unacquainted with the language of this earth as to form such nouns and adjectives as *hosting*, *battalions*, *aspect*, *solstitial*, *vacuous*, *opacous*, etc.

'We have a proper sense of the obligation our language has to Mr. MILTON for these splendid additions; our only fear is that it will sink under them. Mr. MILTON was some time at the University, and there, perhaps, became so enamored of the ancients. Had his college residence not been so abruptly terminated, perhaps he might have learned that the language of poetry, in order to be delightful, should be intelligible, and that HOMER and VIRGIL never attempted to engraft foreign words upon the languages which were spoken and understood in the age and country in which their immortal poems were written.'

After a querulous consideration of his preface, and an examination of what MILTON calls 'English heroic verse without rhyme,' GIFFORD enters upon the work:

The first book opens with a description of hell, of which the flames give 'no light, but darkness

visible;' and then follows a dialogue between Satan and Beelzebub, on their fall from heaven, in the course of which Satan thus speaks :

' Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering : but of this be sure, to do aught good will never be our task, but ever to do ill our sole delight, as being the contrary to His high will whom we resist. If then His Providence out of our evil seek to bring forth good, our labor must be to prevent that end, and out of good still to find means of evil, which ofttimes may succeed, so as, perhaps, shall grieve him.'

' This speech, though printed in the poem as verse, we have reduced to its proper state of prose for the purpose of exemplifying Mr. MILTON's notions of musical delight,' his 'apt numbers,' and 'the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another.'

' We have next a biographical catalogue of devils, imitated from HOMER's catalogue of ships. How much finer the imitation is than the original may be seen from the following specimen :

' Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
From Arner to Nebo, and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon  
And Horonaim, Sen's realm, beyond  
The firr vale of Sibma, clad with vines,  
And Eleale to the Asphaltic pool,  
Peor his other name, when he enticed  
Israel in Sittim,' etc.

' Satan now tries to address a speech to his followers, but is seized with a fit of crying, which hinders him from proceeding. At last, he succeeds in delivering his harangue, in which he proposes to call an infernal council, and has a palace built for the speakers, though he had just finished addressing his followers to as much purpose in the open space. Mr. MILTON minutely describes the whole operation of 'acumming the bullion dross' to adorn the edifice, and kindly informs us that the pillars were of the Doric order. The higher orders of devils get into the hall 'in their own dimensions like themselves,' but the poor devils are obliged to reduce themselves 'to smaller shapes,' in order to find room. With this clumsy contrivance the first book closes : and the second contains a report of the debate.

' War is declared, and the council breaks up. Some of the devils amuse themselves with horse-races, others sing songs, with a harp accompaniment.

' Satan then goes to find out this world, and, after passing 'many a fiery Alp,' arrives at the gates of hell, where he encounters Sin and Death, about whom there is a most disgusting allegory.

The third book shows us Satan flying between earth and heaven, and God the Father is represented as pointing him out to His Son. A long dialogue, in the taste of the dullest Puritanical eloquence, ensues on the causes and consequences of the fall of man ; towards the end of which Satan, having safely arrived at the sun, in the disguise of an inferior angel, requests the Archangel Uriel to direct him to the new-created world. The archangel, with the utmost politeness, shows him the way to the earth, just as any mortal might direct another to a new street, which Satan very properly acknowledges with a low bow. Then we have a history of Adam and Eve, and their embraces, which we dare not quote. The happiest circumstance, however, in the situation of our first parents, appears, in the opinion of Mr. MILTON, to have been their nakedness ; for they

' Ensed the puttings off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,' etc.

' In the mean time, Uriel, 'the sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven,' is convinced that Satan has deceived him ; he accordingly warns Gabriel, 'chief of the angelic guards,' who immediately orders half a company to 'draw off,' and search for the intruder. They find him in the captivating disguise of a toad at the ear of Eve ; but he springs up at their approach, 'as when the smutty grain, with sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;' which means, being interpreted, like a spark of gunpowder. He is then brought before Gabriel, who calls him a spy, a liar, a hypocrite, and various other polite names. Satan only replies by a lofty defiance ; but the Deity hangs out a pair of scales :

' In these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight ;  
The latter quick up-flew, and kicked the beam.'

' And Satan, knowing 'his mounted scale aloft,' flies from Paradise.

' In the fifth book, Raphael is sent down from heaven to warn Adam of Satan's devices ; he 'with quick fan winnows the buxom air,' and alights in Eden just at the hour of dinner :

' And Eve within, due at her hour, prepared  
For dinner.'

' Adam goes to meet the angel, and

' Awhile discourse they held,  
No fear lest dinner cool.'

' Adam having expressed some fears lest his repast should be 'unsavory food to spiritual natures,' the angel assures him that spirits require food as well as man ; that even the sun receives

' From all his alimental recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Supes with the ocean.'

' Therefore,' saith he, 'think not I shall be nice. So down they sat, and to their viands fell.'

' After dinner, Adam requests Raphael to relate the history of the rebellion in heaven, which he does at no small length, for the sixth book finds him only at the beginning of the first battle. He

describes the arming of angels on foot, and angels on horseback, and gives them *swords* to fight with, though they could not be wounded. We are told, indeed, that Michael's sword met Satan's, and that some of his followers, 'though huge, and in a rock of diamond armed,' were 'down cloven to the waist;' but then 'the ethereal substance closed, not long divisible,' and these worthy personages recover all their infernal powers. At last the evil spirits invent cannon and gunpowder, for which they find materials in *heaven*.

The battle, though waged against the *Almighty*, is represented as being doubtful for some time; but at last the Son of God drives the rebels from heaven, and we are told, in mellifluous verse,

'Eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.'

The angel here concludes his account of the celestial rebellion: but Adam's curiosity is not yet satisfied, and he entreats to be told about the creation of the world. The angel kindly complies in the seventh book, which is merely an amplification of the first chapter of Genesis.

In the tenth book we find Death 'drawing a scent of carnage,' and 'tasting the savor of death,' though mortality was as yet unknown; and he and Sin set about building a *chain-bridge* from hell to this world, which they at last happily accomplish:

'By wondrous art  
Pontifical, with pins of adamant,  
And chains, they made all fast,' etc.

'In the meantime the CREATOR

'Bid his angels turn askance  
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axle: they with labor pushed  
Oblique the central globe,' etc.

'an operation which, we think, must have a little deranged the plan of the bridge which had just been built. Adam and Eve feel the change of climate, and the scolding dialogue which was begun in the ninth book is continued here. In the eleventh book the archangel Michael is sent down to banish Adam and Eve from Eden, and arrives there clothed 'in a purple vest, as man clad to meet man,' though man was not yet clad. Adam, at his approach, 'heart-struck with chilling *gripe* of sorrows stood,' but the angel, after a few words, carries him up to a mountain, from which Mr. MILTON says he might have seen all the kingdoms of the earth but for one trifling reason, viz. that they did not yet exist:

'Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
To Paquin of Sinean kings, and thence  
To Agra and Labor of Great Mogul,' etc.

'Astolf sees many kingdoms as he is hurried through the air; and this is the fiction of Ariosto, which Mr. MILTON here has borrowed only to spoil. The angel first shows Adam *as hospital*, the diseases of whose inmates are described in a page taken from the *Nosology*:

'All feverous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholick pangs,  
Demonic frenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
Dropsies and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.'

'After this brilliant and agreeable spectacle, the angel displays to Adam a kind of panoramic sketch of universal history, from Cain to the Apostles, to whom Mr. MILTON only alludes for the sake of showing his malignity to the church in a passage too long for quotation. The vision which we have noticed thus briefly extends through the eleventh and twelfth books. At its close the angel hurries our first parents out of Paradise, and then leaves them:

'They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

'Such is the termination of this 'example of heroic poem,' which is completely destitute of human interest from the nature of the subject, and derives none from the comparisons and illustration which are so profusely introduced. Classical names and fables are strewn about with prodigality; but they are always produced not to show how like, but how *unlike* they are to the personages and actions described in the poem.' . . . 'In order to make out his 'apt number and fit quantity of syllables,' Mr. M. frequently employs the Procrustean method of lengthening the short and shortening the long. *Hermit is eremite, mortal is unimmortal, survive is over-live, marsh is marish*, etc. In like manner, *malignant, ungrateful, magnificent, interrupted*, are docked into *malign, ingrate, magnific, interrupt*; and we have '*dark* with excessive *bright*' for *brightness*. Yet, in spite of the ample use of this liberty, the verse often halts for want of feet.

A capital specimen of verbal criticism, involving comments upon the 'jingling sounds,' and 'perpetual bulls' of the author, closes the critique and the article. Although these *pseudo* reviews are intended merely to form a light, amusing paper, they have yet to our conception a deeper meaning; and as valuable lessons in literature, are well worthy of perusal and preservation.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN ENGLAND: THE MYSTERY OF STYLE.—We scarcely know why it was, that a perusal of the remarkable adventure which ensues should so forcibly have struck the electric chain of memory, and carried us back to early childhood, and the book which was its especial delight, the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of BUNYAN. If the reader will turn with us, however, to the scene in that most felicitous of narratives, where CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL find their way into the dungeons of 'Doubting Castle,' they will be able perhaps to discover the secret of the association. Let us condense therefore a passage of that scene, in illustration of these remarks. 'Now I saw in my dream,' says BUNYAN, 'that the pilgrims went on their way to a pleasant river, and their path lay just upon the bank; and here CHRISTIAN and his companion walked with great delight. On either side of the river was a beautiful meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. Now I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, when the river and the way for a time parted; at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels: so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence; so they went over the stile; and when they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, looking before them, they espied a man walking as they did, whose name was VAIN CONFIDENCE. So they followed; and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost the sight of him that went before; who, not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. Now CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL heard him fall; so they called to know the matter; but there was none to answer; only they heard a groaning. And now it began to rain, and thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner; and the waters rose amain! Then said CHRISTIAN, 'Who would have thought that this path should have led us astray? Oh, that we had kept on our way!' But now, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying: 'Let thine heart be toward the highway; even the way that thou wentest, turn again!' But by this time the waters were greatly risen; by reason of which the way of going back was very dangerous. Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times. Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night; wherefore, at last lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day-break; but being weary, they fell asleep.' Here it was, it will be remembered, that GIANT DESPAIR found them sleeping in his grounds, and with his 'grievous crab-tree cudgel' drove them before him into 'a very dark dungeon' of Doubting-Castle.

But let us come to the adventure to which we have alluded. Perhaps some of our readers will remember a work published in England a half century or more ago, entitled 'The Adventures of HUGH TREVOR,' written by THOMAS HOLCRAFT. At the recommendation of a friend, on whose literary opinion we place the firmest reliance, we obtained the volumes; and not without difficulty, there not being a copy of the work to be found in any of the metropolitan libraries, nor indeed any where short of that unequalled *omnium gatherum*, 'BURNHAM'S,' of the modern Athens. From this work, of which we may have more to say hereafter, we condense the following striking scene. It should be premised that TREVOR and his companion, a man named CLARKE, after a variety of reverses of fortune, are on their way on foot from a town in one of the retired shires of England to the great metropolis. At nightfall they find themselves on the borders of a forest. As they proceed, they meet with a countryman, who learning their destination, informs them that by striking a little out of the road they may save them-

selves much travel ; that he is going part of the way himself, and that the remainder is too plain to be mistaken. Accordingly they place themselves under his guidance. But suppose we now permit the narrator to tell the story in his own words :

'THE sun had been down by this time nearly an hour and a half. The moon gave some light ; but the wind was rising, she was continually obscured by thick, swift-flying clouds, and our conductor advised us to push on, for it was likely to be a very bad night. In less than a quarter of an hour his prophecy began to be fulfilled. The rain fell, and at intervals the opposing clouds and currents of air, aided by the impediments of hills and trees, gave us a full variety of that whistling, roaring, and howling, which is heard in high winds. The darkness thickened upon us, and I was about to request the countryman to lead us to some village, or even barn, for shelter, when he suddenly struck into another path ; and bidding us good night, again told us 'we could not miss our road.' We could not see where he was gone to ; and though we repeatedly called, we called in vain ; he was too anxious to get shelter himself to heed our anxiety, and was soon out of hearing.

'So long as we could discern, the path we were in appeared to be tolerably beaten ; but we now could no longer trace any path ; for it was too dark for the ground to have any distinct color. We had skirted the forest, and our only remaining guide was a hedge on our left. In this hedge we placed our hopes. We followed its direction, I know not how long, till it suddenly turned off at an angle ; and we found ourselves, as far as we could conjecture, from the intervening lights and the strenuous efforts we made to discover the objects around us, on the edge of some wild place, probably a heath, with hills, and consequently deep valleys, perhaps streams of water, and precipices. We paused ; we knelt down, examined with our eyes, and felt about with our hands, to discover whether we yet were in a path ; but could find none. We continued our consultation, till we had begun to think it advisable to return, once more guided by the hedge. Yet this was not only very uncertain, but the idea of a retrograde motion was by no means pleasant.

'While we were in this irresolute dilemma, we thought we saw a light, that glimmered for a moment, and as suddenly disappeared. We watched, I know not how long, and again saw it twinkle, though, as we thought, in something of a different direction. Clarke said it was a will-o'-the-wisp. I replied it might be one, but as it seemed the only chance we had, my advice was to continue our walk in that direction ; in hopes that if it were a light proceeding from any house or village, it would become more visible as we approached. We walked on, I know not how far, and then paused ; but discovered no more of the light. We walked on again ; again stood still, and looked on every side of us, either for the light or any other object ; but we could see nothing distinctly. The obscure forms around us had varied their appearance ; and whether they were hills, or clouds, or what they were, we could not possibly discover ; though the first we still thought was the most probable. By this time we had no certain recollection of which way we had come, or to what point we were directing our course. We were continually in doubt ; now pausing, now conjecturing, now proceeding. We continued to wander, we knew not whither. Sometimes it appeared we went up hill, and sometimes down. We had stepped very cautiously, and therefore very slowly ; had warned each other continually to be careful ; and had not dared to take twenty steps at a time, without mutually enquiring to know if all were safe. We continued, environed as it were by the objects which most powerfully inspire fear ; by the darkness of night, the tumult of the elements, the utter ignorance of where we were or by what objects surrounded, and the dejectedness which our situation inspired. Thieves and assassins might be at our back, and we could not hear them ; gulfs, rocks, or rivers, in our front, or on either side, and we could not see them. The next step might plunge us, headlong, we knew not whither.

'These fears were not all imaginary. Finding the ground very uneven on a sudden, and stumbling dangerously myself, I stood still. I did not hear my companion ! I called — I received no answer ! I repeated, in a louder tone, 'CLARKE ! where are you ?' Still no answer ! I then shouted, with all the fear that I felt, and heard a faint response, that seemed to be beneath me, and at a prodigious distance. It terrified, yet it relieved. We had spoken not three minutes before. I stood silent, in hopes he would speak again ; but my fears were too violent to remain so long. I once more called ; and he replied, with rather a louder voice, which lessened the apparent distance, 'Take care ! You'll dash yourself to pieces !'

Reader, is n't this very graphic description ? Yet what could be more straight-forward and simple ? But to proceed : TREVOR ascertains from his companion that he is not seriously injured, and avows his own determination at once to get to him ; but the other exclaims : 'For God in heaven's sake do n't ! I suppose I am in a chalk-pit, or at the bottom of a steep crag.' TREVOR however proceeds to crawl on his hands and knees in the direction of his voice, determined if possible to reach him :

'I FOUND the rough impediments around me increase ; till presently I came to one that was ruder than the rest. I crawled upon it, sustained by my knees and right hand, and stretching forward with my left. I groped, but felt nothing. I cautiously laid my belly to the ground and stretched out my other arm. Still it was vacancy. I stretched a little more violently ; feeling forward and on each side ; and I seemed to be projected upon a point, my head and shoulders inclining over a dark abyss, which the imagination left unfathomable. I own I felt terror ; and the sensation certainly was not lessened, when, making an attempt to recover my position and go back, my support began to give way. My effort to retreat was as violent as my terror ; but it was too late. The ground shook, loosened, and, with the struggle I made carrying me with it, toppled headlong down. What the height that I fell was, I have no means of ascertaining ; for the heath on which we were wandering abounds with quarries and precipices ; but either it was in fact, or my fears made it, prodigious.'



Recovering from the violent shock of his fall, he replies to the vehement questions of his companion, who had heard his perilous descent. After mutual inquiries, it is found that both are on their legs, and that although violently wrenched, no bones are broken. But where *were* they? and how were they to discover their whereabouts? Perhaps in a stone-quarry, or lime-pit; perhaps at the edge of waters. It might be, too, that they had fallen down only on the first bank or ridge of a quarry, and had a precipice ten-fold more dreadful before them:

'WHILE we were conjecturing, the stroke of a large clock, brought whizzing in the wind, struck full upon our ear. We listened with the most anxious ardor. The next stroke was very, very faint; a different current had carried it a different way; and with all our eager attention, we could not be certain that we heard any more. Yet, though we had lost much time, and our progress had been excessively tedious, it could not be two o'clock in the morning. It might indeed very probably be twelve. The first stroke of the clock made us conjecture it came from some steeple, or hall tower, at no very great distance. The second carried our imaginations we knew not whither. We had not yet recovered courage enough to take more steps than were necessary to come to each other; and while we were considering, during an intermitting pause of the roaring of the wind, we distinctly heard a cur yelp. Encouraged by this, we immediately hallooed with all our might. The wind again began to chafe, and swell, and seemed to mock at our distress. Still we repeated our efforts, whenever the wind paused; but, instead of voices intending to answer our calls, we heard shrill whistlings, which certainly were produced by men. Could it be by good men? By any but night marauders; intent on mischief, but disturbed and alarmed? They were signals indubitably: for we shouted again, they were again given, and were then repeated from another quarter; at least if they were not, they were miraculously imitated, by the dying away of the wind. In a little while we again heard the cur yelp; and immediately afterward a howling, which was so mingled with the blast that we could not tell whether it were the wind itself, the yelling of a dog, or the agonizing cries of a human voice; but it was a dreadfully dismal sound. We listened with perturbed and deep attention; and it was several times repeated, with increasing uncertainty, confusion, and terror.

'What was to be done? My patience was exhausted. Danger itself could no longer detain me; and I told CLARKE I was determined to make toward the village, or whatever the place was, from whence, dangerous and doubtful as they were, these various sounds proceeded. Finding me resolute, he was very earnest to have led the way; and when I would not permit him, he grasped me by the hand, and told me that if there were pitfalls and gulfs, and if I did go down, unless he should have strength enough to save me, we would go down together.'

Cautiously and slowly, step by step, they pursue their way, alternately catching and losing a dancing light in the distance, which they imagine to proceed from some mansion, apparently a large one, which they at length reach, only to find it dark, still, and closed. Searching on the outside, however, they come to a large open gate, which they enter, and after feeling their way for a short distance, arrive at a door that evidently belongs to an out-house or detached building. It is shut, but the key has been inadvertently left in the lock. Fatigued, shelterless, and bruised, they have little hesitation in profiting by the accident. A noisome effluvia assails them on entering, which at first almost drives them back; but growing less the longer they continue, they accept the shelter, and grope their way behind some barrels and lumber, where they find straw, upon which they rest their drenched and weary limbs. They are scarcely nestled together, before they again hear the yelping of a cur, and the same dismal howls and shrill whistling signals, by which their imaginations had previously been wrought up; together with the voices of men, in coarse, rude and savage words, denoting anger and anxiety for the perpetration of some dark purpose, in keeping with the fierce and threatening sounds: 'They approached. One of them had a lantern. He came up to the door; and finding it open, boisterously shut it; with a broad and bitter curse against the carelessness of some man, whose name he pronounced, for leaving it open; and eternally damning others for being so long in doing their business. We were now locked in; and we soon heard no more of the voices.' In spite of these alarms, however, fear at length gives place to fatigue; but their rest is of short duration. TREVOR's brief slumber is disturbed by his companion, whom he finds 'shaking in the most violent agitation he ever beheld in any human being,' and who only replies with a groan to his question of 'What is the matter?' Awakened from his own wild slumbers, and strongly partaking of his companion's sensations, TREVOR yet endeavors to rouse him to speech and recollection, by asking again: 'What have you heard? — what ails you?' 'It was some

time before he could utter an articulate sound. At last, shaking more violently as he spoke, and with inexpressible horror in his voice, he gasping said : 'A dead hand!' 'Where?' 'I felt it—I had hold of it—it is now at my neck!' TREVOR, trembling in sympathy with his companion, hardly dares to stretch out his arm to examine. At length he ventures : 'Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced, when to my full conviction I actually felt a cold, dead hand between my fingers! I was suffocated with horror! I struggled to overcome it, but it again seized me, and I sank half entranced!' At this instant the shrill sound of the whistle rings piercing through the dismal place in which they are confined. It is answered; and the same hoarse voices are once more heard. The prisoners lie silent, not daring to breathe, when they hear the door unlock; and with a dialogue of mingled oaths and reproaches, at the want of care in leaving the door unlocked, and the prospect of being 'smoked' and 'blown,' two men enter with a lantern, bearing a sack, one of whom exclaims : 'Lift the sack on end! Why the h—ll do n't you lend a hand and keep it steady, while I untie it? Do you think a dead man can stand on his legs?' After much colloquy of this sort, the men quit the place, leaving the two travellers not only with the dead body, but with bones and human skeletons, revealed by the light of the lantern, on every side! The dancing lights they had seen, the shrill signals, and the dreadful howls they had heard, are no longer mysterious. It was no *ignis fatuus*, but the lantern of those assassins; no dog or wolf baying the moon, but the agonizing yells of murder! After the departure of the desperadoes, they hear various noises in the adjoining house; among others, the occasional ringing of a chamber-bell. Soon other sounds approach more nearly; and presently the inner door once more opens, and a livery servant, bearing two lighted candles, comes in, followed by a man with an apron tied round him, having a kind of bib up to his chin, and linen sleeves drawn over his coat. The master (for such he evidently is) has a meagre, wan countenance; and the servant seems in great trepidation; to whom the gentleman observes : 'Do n't be afraid, MATTHEW; you will soon be accustomed to it, and you will then laugh at your present timidity. Unless you conquer your fears, you will not be able to obey my directions in assisting me; consequently, you will not be fit for your place; and you know you cannot get so good wages in any other.' To all this the prisoners are not inattentive listeners; and as the servant turns round, he beholds TREVOR standing with his eyes fixed, watchful for the interpretation of these enigmas. The man stares, gasps, turns pale, and at last drops down, overcome with terror; while the master, whose attention is thus directed to the apparition of TREVOR, stands motionless, his face assuming a death-like hue, and the power of utterance apparently lost. This incident hastens the *éclaircissement*. In their benighted wanderings, they had at last found a refuge in the *dissecting-room of an anatomist*, who had risen before day to operate upon the subject which had been secured for him in the course of the night by the desperadoes before mentioned.

The picture, it will be perceived, was reflected through the medium of consternation and terror. The imaginations of the travellers had been strongly preyed upon by their distress, by the accident of falling, and by the mingled noises they had heard; proceeding from the church-yard robbers, the village dogs disturbed by them, and the whistling, roaring, and howling so common to high gusts of wind; all which was sufficient to distract minds already in a state of visionary deception and alarm. Being engaged in a desperate deed, for selfish purposes, the 'body-snatchers' had the *manners* of murderers, which the more effectually deceived the terrified travellers. Add to this the spectacle of a dissecting-room; here preparations of arms, pendent in rows, with the vessels injected; and there legs, feet, and other limbs; and a satisfactory *catalogue raisonné* will have been established. For the rest, the anatomist subsequently explains to his unexpected auditors, that finding his health such as to compel him to forego the winter lectures of able surgeons in London, he had continued his practical studies in the country, by the means which they had discovered, and the necessity of procuring which he defended, on

the ground that a surgeon *must* be acquainted with the direction, site, and properties of the muscles, arteries, ligaments, nerves, and other parts, before he can cut the living body with the least possible injury; and that a dead body, being no longer subject to pain, could no more be disgraced by the knife of a surgeon than by the gnawing of the worm. Rather specious reasoning, it strikes us; at least an argument not likely to be particularly convincing to surviving relatives and friends. Hood's soliloquy of an exhumed 'subject' comes also in aid of the other side of the question:

'I thought the last of all my cares  
Would end with my last minute;  
But though I went to my long home,  
I did n't stay long in it.

'The body-snatchers they have come,  
And made a snatch at me;  
It's very hard them kind of men  
Wo n't let a body be!'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We must beg leave to say, once for all, and to all, that we cannot permit this Magazine to be made the medium of theological controversy. Several pamphlets, letters, tracts, etc., have been sent us for examination, connected with '*Puseyism and Anti-Puseyism*;' themes also which give the title to a long communication before us, from some one who seems, in 'cramming' for his article, to have gone through a course of the fathers; poured over the canonists, and searched all the schoolmen; for he brings forward a very formidable array of authorities to prove something or other, yet *what*, we cannot justly make out. But if the case be not quite clear, then have TERTULLIAN, CHRYSOSTOM, AUSTIN, JEROME, and the rest, been summoned in vain; in vain the citations from famous high churchmen; archbishops, bishops, deans, and doctors; from WHITGIFT to WATERLAND, from ROGERS to RUTHERFORTH, 'marshalled in dread array, a host invincible.' Then again we have '*A Dialogue between a Puseyite and an Anti-Puseyite*,' which we came near sending to an esteemed friend and correspondent, as an illustration of a recent comment of his upon this species of antagonism; a dialogue in which one speaker does all the talking; here ingeniously sinking a truth, and there raising a swelling fiction, and all with such an air of fairness, and 'triumph through the right!' 'Have you not been amused sometimes,' says our friend, 'to see a reverend disputant set up a little man of straw on the opposite side, and making him support positions he would never take, by arguments he would never use, trip him up with an adroit catch, or knock him down with an annihilating blow; and continue this diverting process of setting up and knocking down, till all sensible people were convinced that he was a mighty cudgeller as well as a sound believer, and his opponent a fool as well as a heretic?' But, 'something too much of this.' We took up our pen merely to say, that while we reverence that true religion which is 'first *pure*, then *peaceable*,' we hold in no respect sectarian quarrels, and especially the 'family cat-fights' in which the *Puseyites* and their opponents are at present so vindictively engaged. Of all employments, quarrelling about religion is the worst; and he that *does* quarrel about it, can have none worth quarrelling about, in our humble opinion. 'The man who committed the fatal presumption of first saying to his fellow man, 'You shall think as I do,' is responsible for by far the greater part of all the wretchedness and injustice of this world.' . . . We shall not invite the reader's attention to '*The Innocence of a Galley-Slave*,' the first of two parts of which will be found in preceding pages, simply because it requires no such incentive to perusal. But we cannot forego the satisfaction of assuring the translator that so long as we have been connected with this Magazine, we have never read *any thing* that impressed itself so forcibly upon our imagination. The faithful yet most dramatic portraiture of character; the deep interest excited by the incidents of the story, which proceed by a natural convergence to the *dénouement*; the felicitous management of the dialogue, and the grouping of the scenes and *dramatis personæ*, have never been equalled, to our conception, by any previous writer in the KNICKERBOCKER. Being what is termed 'an old stager,' in a literary sense, we are not wont to be deeply affected by narratives of this sort; but we are bound to state, that after reading '*The Galley-Slave*' at night, we retired to rest, but not to sleep. Its scenes, its characters, were before us during the night-watches, and until the morning dawned; with such variations only as

were produced by the vagaries of half-waking dreams. If there be a reader of the *KNICKER-BOCKER* who shall disagree with us in opinion, after the perusal of the conclusion of the story in our October number, why we should like to see him — 'some day when he is passing.' . . . *THE* following was found upon the body of a suicide, taken from the Thames in London. It was well pronounced 'an act of attainder against the whole community, in the infamy of which each man of means had his share. It is irresistible in its truth and pathos :

'This body, if ever this body should be found, was once a thing which moved about the earth, despised and unnoticed, and died indigent and unlamented. It could hear, see, feel, smell, and taste, with as much quickness, delicacy, and force as other bodies. It had desires and passions like other bodies, but was denied the use of them by such as had the power and the will to engross the good things of this world to themselves. The doors of the great were shut upon it; not because it was infected with disease or contaminated with infamy, but on account of the fashion of the garments with which it was clothed, and the name it derived from its forefathers; and because it had not the habit of bending its knee where its heart owed no respect, nor the power of moving its tongue to gloze the crimes or flatter the follies of men. It was excluded the fellowship of such as heap up gold and silver; not because it did, but for fear it might, ask a small portion of their beloved wealth. It shrunk with pain and pity from the haunts of ignorance which the knowledge it possessed could not enlighten, and guilt that its sensations were obliged to abhor. There was but one class of men with whom it was permitted to associate, and those were such as had feelings and misfortunes like its own; among whom it was its hard fate frequently to suffer imposition, from assumed worth and fictitious distress. Beings of supposed benevolence, capable of perceiving, loving, and promoting merit and virtue, have now and then seemed to flit and glide before it. But the visions were deceitful. Ere they were distinctly seen, the phantoms vanished. Or, if such beings do exist, it has experienced the peculiar hardship of never having met with any, in whom both the purpose and the power were fully united. Therefore, with hands wearied with labor, eyes dim with watchfulness, veins but half nourished, and a mind at length subdued by intense study and a reiteration of unaccomplished hopes, it was driven by irresistible impulse to end at once such a complication of evils.'

'*A Temperance Story*' relies mainly for its 'fun, which the Editor seems to enjoy,' upon an ancient *JOSEPHUS MILLERIUS*. The collateral anecdote, however, toward its close, is not so much amiss. Two young men, 'with a humming in their heads,' retire late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking, as they supposed, a bed apiece, get back-to-back into *one* bed, which begins to sink under them, and come around at intervals, in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explication. Presently one observes to the other: 'I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed.' 'Is there?' says the other; 'so there is in mine, d—n him! Let's kick 'em out!' The next remark was: 'Tom, I've kicked my man overboard.' 'Good!' says his fellow-toper; 'better luck than I; my man has kicked me out—d—d if he has n't—right on the floor!' Their 'relative positions' were not apparent until the next morning. . . . *WHAT* a personal presence was that of the *FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY*! All accounts agree in this. We heard an old gentleman say, not long ago, that when a clerk in Philadelphia, he used to walk two or three squares every morning, to meet *WASHINGTON* as he came down Market-street to his quarters. 'The dignity,' said he, 'of his movements, the grace of his salutation, and the calm sweetness of his smile, were beyond description or comparison.' Sitting the other day on a log, scarcely a stone's throw from where *ANDRE* was captured, and not far from the little Sleepy-Hollow church, we conversed for an hour with a revolutionary patriot, tremulous with the palsy of age, who pointed out to us the spot, over the Tappan Sea which lay before us, where *ANDRE* was hung, and where on that day the troops 'spread out thick and black a long way from the gallows.' He lived at *VERPLANCK'S* Point, close by, when *ARNOLD* came down in his barge, and went on board the *Vulture*, all which he himself saw. 'They fired two cannon at the barge,' said he, from this side: having got news of the treason by express; but the gun burst at the second discharge, and took off the legs, to the thighs, of one poor fellow, who was brought to our house, but he died in two hours. The army then lay at Bedford, continued the old veteran; 'and I saw General *WASHINGTON* almost every day. He was a noble-looking man; his countenance was terribly pleasant. He did not talk much; but even the little children fairly loved him; and they used to gather about the door of his marquise every morning, to see him; and he used to pat their heads and smile on them: it was beautiful to see.' How uniform and universal is this 'testimony of the eye' in the recollections of *WASHINGTON*! . . . We know not *why* it is, but the fact is *so*, that many affected persons are prone to interpolate superfluous letters into a certain class of words, apparently to make them more high-sounding than they would otherwise be. 'Ordure! ordure! gentlemen!' exclaimed a court-crier to a noisy audience the other day, in our hearing. 'That is a fine burst!—what a calm, beautiful forward!' said a lisping young lady, one evening at the National Academy, as she called the attention of her cavalier to *LAUNTITZ'S* lovely 'Rose of the Alhambra,' in breathing

marble. These are vulgarisms of the baser sort, and require the lash. . . . RIGHT glad are we that 'our contemporary' the KNICKERBOCKER steamer, that *Palace of the Hudson*, sustains so well the honor of her name. The metropolitan journals are full of her praises; pronouncing her, in speed, in richness and splendor of decoration, in symmetry of form, and in sumptuousness of convenience and luxury, unequalled by any boat that floats on our waters. It is even so; and what is especially pleasant to observe, is the fact, that there is so much resemblance between the ornamental externals of the 'OLD KNICK,' with whom she shares her name, and the 'palace' in question. Our vignettes and title are enlarged in colors upon her sides, and multiplied in exquisite stained glass and other transparencies, in divers quarters; indeed MAGA triumphs in all her borders. And among all the superb state-rooms, there is not one more gorgeously furnished and decorated than that which bears the silver-plate of 'KNICKERBOCKER;' and which, thanks to the admiral! is subject to our order, 'when we sail.' SHAKESPEARE was right; it is a good thing to have a good name. May the KNICKERBOCKER steamer be as cordially cherished as her namesake; and may she labor as unceasingly, and as successfully, to unite the suffrages of the 'universal public.' That she *will* do so, few who know her own qualities, or those of her justly popular commander, Captain ST. JOHN, can for a moment doubt. . . . OUR Heavenly FATHER 'does not willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men;' yet sometimes we encounter examples of the chastenings of His rod, which 'give us pause,' and almost lead us to ask, in the spirit of sympathy with suffering, 'Why hath the ALMIGHTY done this?' Such for a moment were our thoughts the other day, in returning from an excursion by water to the charming retreat of Flushing. Among the passengers who were drinking in the bland airs of the day, and regarding with delight the verdant villa-sprinkled shores, was a man of imposing presence, with a fine intellectual head and face, and with one exception, 'a man altogether pleasant to behold.' He was constantly engaged, however, in that involuntary exercise known as '*St. Vitus's Dance*.' It was very painful to look upon, nor did we permit the afflicted man to know that we were regarding his contortions; but so inexpressibly ludicrous were some of his movements, that a strong sense of the ridiculous was mingled with pity, and it was impossible to conjecture which had the ascendancy. Motions there were in plenty, that no skill of the RAVELS could imitate. In legs and feet, arms, hands, and fingers, there was not a muscle that was not 'unexpectedly called upon' to illustrate the composite style of the saltatory saint. In one instance, the breeze slightly lifted the gentleman's hat; and in raising his hand, quite miscellaneously, to secure it, his fingers were arrested opposite his nose, and forced into a species of gyrotory motion, not unfrequently adopted to give force to the phrase, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' Oh! it would have made a Quaker laugh in meeting, to have seen that movement! The poor gentleman now sat down, but not to rest; his feet still kept up an alternate single and double shuffle; his arms dangled down behind him, where one twitched up and down, as if working a fancy-pestle in an imaginary mortar; while his head seemed struggling to look over first one shoulder and then the other, to see what they were doing. But with all this physical affliction, there was peace in that man's bosom. He was a Christian, a minister of the cross of CHRIST. That 'thorn in the flesh had been given him to buffet him,' and no doubt often pierced him sorely; 'yet,' said a friend at our side, 'he can even 'glory in his infirmity;' for looking beyond the fleeting present, he awaits with patience the time when he may 'finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he has received of the LORD JESUS, to testify the gospel of the grace of God;' and leaving behind him the shattered tenement in which for a little while he lived — perhaps at times complainingly, yet as in a home — be 'clothed upon with immortality,' and walk in white with the shining ones around the eternal throne! . . . '*Evening in the City*' is inadmissible. We coincide entirely with the writer in a humble opinion of his literary acquisitions. It is quite true, nevertheless, that there *are* not a few bards who job occasionally in the Balaam line for the inferior magazines, who are no whit superior to our correspondent. Let us not however condemn him without a hearing. Listen:

'Awoe the poor mechanic comes staggering by;  
Hearing aloft upon his shoulders a huge pile of wood,  
Which, mindful of his good spouse wants, throughout the day  
He has with care and patience culled from out  
The refuse wood which has been thrown aside as useless:  
With weary and unsteady pait he creeps along,  
Anxious to be sure upon his wife, and rest his weary limbs.  
By high command, by the sweat of his brow  
Has he won his bread; and if perfect else, has done his duty.  
And acted the good part, as well as he  
Who bears upon his shoulders the weight of empires;  
And levitates for his fellow man; alas! too often  
Ignorant of his wants, too often careless and uncaring.

Then come the various men of business, exhibiting at once  
The lowly, the wretched, the rich man, the proud and haughty.

And all the different degrees of life that mark the creature man.  
 All hastening, each intent upon his calling,  
 Some to follow Pleasure's giddy path, and to tread  
 The ways of folly, reckless, and unminifal of the duty  
 Which they owe unto their MAKER, and their fellow man.\*

Now the *feeling*, the moral, of this, is quite creditable to the writer's heart; but the *poetry*! 'beg you would n't mention it!' . . . THANKS to Hon. Chief Justice GIBSON of Pennsylvania, and his brother of the bench, Mr. Justice ROGERS, for the honor they have done to the memory of that glorious comedian, 'OLD JEFFERSON!' We cannot quote the inscription upon his new monument, without rendering our own feeble tribute to his genius. The best idea that we have ever seen given of his style is by a writer in the '*Spirit of the Times*,' who remarks that 'he was in broad English comedy what POWER was in his Irish parts.' This is exactly the comparison. Who that has once seen JEFFERSON'S *Dogberry*, can ever forget it? What a look he had for the 'mal-effects,' when he left 'the bench' to 'examination those plaintiffs' more nearly! — with his white hair, his long nose, and that incomparable eye-brow of his, retreating up his forehead! Why, we are guffawing this moment at the very recollection of the picture! He used to have a part also in a play called '*Who's the Dupe*?' if we remember rightly, which was irresistibly comic. A learned student, in love with his daughter, is pitted against a dashing but uneducated young blood, in a recitation in different languages; in which the composite lingo of the latter, in the eyes of the old gentleman, bears away the palm altogether. The old ignoramus's enthusiasm, as the 'words of learned length and thundering sound' come pouring forth, was only eclipsed in humor by the gratification of his antiquarian propensities, in the possession of an old rusty hand-saw, a pair of skeleton tongs, and a rickety gridiron, which he bears triumphantly upon the stage, all having their 'precious past,' and the latter especially venerable for having been employed as a model of the Escorial, by the architect of that edifice! Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING once remarked to us, in reply to an inquiry whether he had ever seen 'Old JEFFERSON,' that he had seen him often; and that he had scarcely ever seen his equal, for naturalness of manner and quiet humor, and never his superior in the perfect manner in which he *dressed* his characters. But we are keeping the reader from the inscription upon his tomb in the Episcopal cemetery at Harrisburg, on the banks of the Susquehannah; 'as beautiful a spot as the god of day ever shone upon:' 'Beneath this marble are deposited the ashes of JOSEPH JEFFERSON; an actor whose unrivalled powers took in the whole extent of comic character, from Pathos to heart-shaking Mirth. His coloring was that of Nature; warm, fresh, and enriched with the finest conceptions of genius. He was a member of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in its high and palmy days; and the compeer of COOPER, WOOD, WARREN, FRANCIS, and a host of worthies, who like himself are remembered with admiration and praise. He died at Harrisburg, on the fourth of August, 1832, in the sixty-second year of his age.

\* I knew him well. HORATIO:  
 A fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy.\*

WE had the wish strong at our heart to oblige our young correspondent at Macon, Georgia. His poetry is 'tolerable,' certainly; but did he ever eat a 'tolerable egg?' There is some analogy in the 'articles.' . . . THE stanzas entitled '*The Printer*,' in preceding pages, have recalled to mind a few remarks of OLLAPOD upon '*Newspapers*,' which we shall venture to quote in this connection: 'COMMEND me to a newspaper. COWPER had never seen one of our big sheets, when he called such four-paged folios '*maps* of busy life.' They are more; they are life itself. Its ever sounding and resistless *coz populi* thunders through their columns, to cheer or to subdue, to elevate or to destroy. Let a man do a dirty action, and get his name and deed into the papers, and then go into the street, Broadway for example, and you will see his reception. Why is he shunned as if a noisome pestilence breathed around him? Why does each passer-by curl his lip, and regard him with scorn? Because *they have seen the newspaper*, and they know him. So, in a contrary degree, is it with honorable and gifted men. The news-prints keep their works and worth before the public eye, and when themselves appear, they are the observed of all observers. Hats are lifted at their approach, and strangers to whom they are pointed out gaze after them with reverence. Success to newspapers! They are liable, it is true, to abuse — as what blessing is not? — but they are noble benefits nevertheless. I have a strong attachment to them, because I deem them a kind of moral *batteaux de plaisance*, or rail-cars mayhap, wherein you can embark before breakfast, or after dinner, and survey the world and the kingdoms thereof. It is a cheap and right wholesome way of journeying.' . . . WHAT curious things are the fictions of law! Did JOHN DOE or RICHARD ROE ever make their personal appearance in any court? Were they ever once met in any house, street, or field, public or private? Nay, had they ever the good luck to be born?

Who ever encountered STILES or JACKSON, those litigious rascals, who have been playing plaintiff and defendant for so many years, in processes of ejectment? Look too at the gross fibs in all indictments for assault and battery, to say nothing of their tautology. 'Do us the favor to observe:'

'For that the said defendant, on the first day of September, in the year of our Lord 1843, assaulted the said plaintiff, to wit, at New-York, in the county and state of New-York, and then and there spit in the face of the said plaintiff, and with great force and violence seized and laid hold of the said plaintiff by his nose, and greatly squeezed and pulled the same; and then and there plucked, pulled, and tore divers large quantities of hair from and off the head of the said plaintiff; and then and there, with a certain stick and with his fists gave and struck the said plaintiff a great many violent blows and strokes on and about divers parts of his body; and also then and there, with great force and violence, shook and pulled about the said plaintiff, and cast and threw the said plaintiff down to and upon the ground, and then and there violently kicked the said plaintiff, and gave and struck him a great many other blows and strokes; and also then and there, with great force and violence, rent, tore, and damaged the clothes and wearing apparel, to wit, one coat, one waistcoat, one pair of breeches, one cravat, one shirt, one pair of stockings, and one hat, of the said plaintiff, of great value, to wit, of the value of one hundred dollars, which the said plaintiff then and there wore, and was clothed with. By means of which said several premises, the said plaintiff was then and there greatly hurt, bruised, and wounded, and became and was sick, sore, lame, and disordered, and so remained and continued for a long space of time, to wit, for the space of three weeks, then next following; during all which time the said plaintiff thereby suffered and underwent great pain, and was hindered and prevented from performing and transacting his necessary affairs and business, by him during that time to be performed and transacted, and also thereby the said plaintiff was forced and obliged to, and did necessarily pay, lay out, and expend a large sum of money, to wit, the sum of fifty dollars, lawful money of the United States of America, in and about endeavoring to be cured of the bruises, wounds, sickness, soreness, lameness, and disorder aforesaid, occasioned as aforesaid.'

QUAKE? would the 'waistcoats,' 'breeches,' etc., be numbered, in the case of an old-fashioned Dutchman, wearing eight or ten of each? How are 'precedents' and the 'old English law' on this point? . . . THE *Meadow-Farm Papers* are brought to a conclusion in the present number. The reader will have been struck with the excellent inculcations of the writer, the evident honesty of his purpose, and the simple energy of his style. We thought of him, and the 'Association' he has described, while looking recently at an effective painting of the '*Sylvania Association*' in Pike county, Pennsylvania. Whatever the reality may be, the sketch itself of the divided labors of the associated, in the picturesque region they have secured, is beautiful exceedingly. For a moment it rolled back the tide of time, and brought up anew those scenes of nature, the love of which was implanted in us in our youth. Oh! it is an incalculable, sacred blessing, to have lived in the country in boyhood; if for nothing else, that in after years glimpses of its soft green meadows, its breezy hills and leafy woods, may visit the eyes of the imagination, amidst the smoke and dust and din of the city! . . . *'High and Low Coachmen'* has a good deal of humor, but we are sorry to say, a good deal also of irreverence for sacred things. We do not wish to speak with lightness of religion, although it would perhaps be 'doing evil that good might come,' in a clever satire like this upon sectarian controversy. It would seem, that at a meeting for granting licenses to several drivers, two old coachmen rise and protest against the admission of two candidates into the ranks of the 'Moral United Hackmen,' on the ground that they hold opinions in relation to coaches, and the driving of the same, which are entirely heretical, and contrary to the canons of the hackney fathers, 'from JERU and the artist who drove the chariot and horses of ELISHA, down to the most eminent coachmen of the present day.' For this charge, the 'Low Coachmen' 'fault' their opponents, (to use the pellucid grammar of modern controversialists,) but they won't be 'faulted' in that manner; and the whole 'establishment' is thus thrown into 'most admired disorder.' . . . A good deal of criticism has lately been expended upon the form and aspect of several of our public and private fountains; and especially upon that bit of 'chaste practice,' the big stone-heap in the Bowling-Green. CHANTREY, in a letter to Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, has one or two thoughts, from which our Croton engineers, and those whose money employs them, may perhaps derive some hints worthy of consideration: 'I am not aware of any subject on which art has been employed that has given rise to so much costly nonsense and bad taste as fountains. Your idea of water spouting from holes and crevices in the rock-work is pleasing enough; but then rock-work is not fit for a pedestal; and I warn you against adopting the vulgar and disgusting notion of making animals spew water, or the more natural one of the little fountain at Brussels and Carrara. Avoid all these beastly things, whether natural or unnatural, and adopt the more classic and pleasing notion of the ancient river-god with his overflowing urn, the best emblem of abundance.' . . . WELL-APPLIED ridicule of that which is in itself ridiculous, and which 'will not, cannot come to good,' is we think justifiable; the end to be obtained sanctifies the means; and it was to such an end, no doubt, that the following rhapsody of strange but

impressive vulgar eloquence was noted down by an auditor of a Methodist divine from Shropshire, preaching near Oxford, England, 'to an assembly of the profane.' In the midst of an illustration of 'mysteries suddenly unfolded, descending like lightning by the inspiration of the spirit, and illuminating the darkened soul; moaning old women, watchful with sobs and groans at every divine ejaculation to aid the heaving motions of the spirit, and take heaven by storm;' the minister bursts out into the following sentences: 'I am not one of your fashionable, fine-spoken, mealy-mouthed preachers; I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, guzzling and guttling! Can you be saved by dice? No! Will the four knaves give you a passport to heaven? No! Can you fiddle yourselves into a good birth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your tongues hereafter! Will the prophets say, 'Come here, gamester, and teach us the long odds?' 'Tis odds if they do! Will the martyrs rant and swear, and shuffle and cut with you? No! the martyrs are no shufflers. You will be cut in a way you little expect. LUCIFER will come with his reapers and his sickles and forks, and you will be cut down and bound and pitched and carted and housed in hell! I will not oil my lips with lies to please you. I tell you the plain truth. AMMON and MAMMON and MOLOCH are making Bethoron hot for you! Profane wretches! I have heard you wrangle and brawl, and tell one another before me, 'I'll see you d—d first!' But I tell you the day will come, when you will pray to BEELZEBUB to let you escape his clutches. And what will be his answer? 'I'll see you d—d first!' . . . THE 'Evening Reveries of a Book-worm' we desired to publish, for the *thoughts* which the paper contains; but the style is *too* 'rambling and desultory;' it is confused. Take the last two pages, for example; the reflections upon 'those who have thought, written, printed, and died,' and see how inferior they are to the reflections contained in SOUTHERN's lines 'To my Library,' in an early number of the KNICKERBOCKER:

'My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long past years.  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with a humble mind.

'My hopes are with the dead: anon  
My place with them will be.  
And I with them shall travel on,  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.'

WE have already solved several weighty mathematical problems in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER; and are glad of an opportunity farther to enlighten our readers with a passage from a 'Lecture on Mechanics' in a late number of the 'London Charivari: 'If certain weighty things are put upon a body, they will turn the scale, and elevate another body. Thus, if several thousand pounds be added to the weight of an electioneering agent, it will elevate the candidate; though this experiment sometimes fails; which shows us that these grand results are not brought about by any fixed principles!' Under the head of 'Forces applied to a Point,' we have this luminous illustration: 'It sometimes happens that force is applied to produce a point; but all the straining in the world will not obtain the point that is desired. Thus, if you take an ordinary hammer and hammer away at a joke, the result of the experiment will illustrate the position!!' . . . WHXW! ninety-eight mortal pages, received in the dog-days, containing a '*nouvelette*' for the KNICKERBOCKER! 'Somebody take this man away!' The story is in very fine hand-writing, too! 'All things must have an end; even so contemptible a thing as a sausage has two,' says '*The Bedlamite*;' yet we have been unable to find but *one* end to this tale, and that was not the last one. 'Print it!' Could n't, really! 'C.' holds it for the author, and says he shall charge storage. *Apropos*: it should be observed, that '*nouvelettes*' are generally boreish in their character. Long-winded pen-and-ink writers inflict them upon the public usually, we have remarked. They are a cross between the novel proper and a newspaper tale, requiring little invention, and no talent, to speak of; and are the result of the decadence into which two-volume romances have fallen. Avoid a '*nouvelette*!' . . . WX cannot better reply to 'G.' who complains of '*an excuse*' for rejecting a communication of his, than by quoting the words of a time-honored novelist and rare critic: 'There is one best and clearest way of stating a proposition, and that alone ought to be chosen; yet how often do we find the same argument repeated and repeated and repeated, with no variety except in the phraseology? In developing any thought, we ought not to encumber it by trivial circumstances; we ought to say all that is necessary, and not a word more. We ought likewise to say one thing at once; and that concluded, to begin another. We certainly write to be understood, and should therefore never write in a language that is unknown to a majority of our readers. The rule will apply as well to the living languages as to the dead, and its infringement is but in general a display of the author's vanity. Epithets, unless they increase



the strength of thought or elucidate the argument, ought not to be admitted. Of similes, metaphors, and figures of every kind, the same may be affirmed; whatever does not enlighten confuses. The difficulties of composition resemble those of geometry; they are the recollection of things so simple and convincing that we imagine we never can forget them; yet they are frequently forgotten at every step and in every sentence.' If these remarks do not confirm the validity of our 'excuse,' we are no judge. . . . HERE is a sharp thrust at '*Fashionable Boarding-Schools*,' which is all that we can appropriate of the letter of our Cincinnati friend: 'A modern boarding-school is a place where every thing is taught, and nothing understood; where airs, graces, mouth-primming, shoulder-setting, and elbow-holding are studied, and affectation, formality, hypocrisy, and pride are acquired; and where children the most promising are presently transformed into vain, pert misses, who imagine that to jerk up their heads, turn out their toes, and dance and waltz well, is the summit of human perfection.' What a satirical wretch it is! . . . ALISON, in his fine description of the French army on the morning before the battle of Waterloo, alludes to the effect of the martial airs upon the soldiers; the 'Marsellois,' the 'Chant du Depart,' etc. This latter we have recently encountered for the first time, in a superbly-illustrated work, entitled '*Chants and Chansons of France*.' It is a very stirring effusion; as a few of its opening lines will sufficiently evince:

'La victoire en chantant vous ouvre la barriere,  
La liberte guide nos pas,  
Et du nord au midi la trompette guerriere  
A sonne l'heure des combats.

'Tremblez, ennemis de la France,  
Rois livrés de sang et d'orgueil!  
Le peuple souverain s'avance,  
Tyraus descendez au cercueil,' etc.

THE comparison between '*New-England Men and Scotchmen*' is in many respects a correct one, but not in all. 'We are not a nation of gentlemen, thank God!' says a plain-speaking Scottish writer, 'but the greater part of our population is vulgar, intelligent, high-cheeked, raw-boned, and religious.' The article, however, will appear so soon as we can find space for it. . . . WE are bound to accept the apology of 'M.,' whose 'curt notelet' we adverted to in our last. He trusts that after his explanation we shall 'not think hard of him.' We do not; on the contrary, we think very *soft* of him. Don't do so again—that's all. . . . THE lamented OLLAFOD, in one of his admirable salmagundias in these pages, once endeavored to represent the sound of a *kiss*; and it was conceded, we remember, that he was successful in the attempt. Next to that effort, we have seen nothing better than the following transcript of fire-works, by a London wag: 'First of all, the rockets go up. Then something is lighted, and turns slowly round with a *whisk!-ish-ish-ish*; this increases its time, and changes to *oosh-sh-sh*; gives a *bang*, and goes round another way, with an *ash-sh-sh* till squibs open all round it in a prolonged *phiz-iz-iz-iz*! and then it concludes with a *phit! crack! bang-bang! bang!* and the incandescent centre of the wheel is all that remains, revolving in a dull circle of light upon its axis.' If this be not 'speaking description,' we know not what is. . . . READER, when in the providence of God it shall be your fate to stand by the cold form of one whom you have loved; to gaze upon lips, oh! how pale and motionless; upon hands thin and wasted, crossed upon the silent breast; upon eye-lids dropped upon cheeks of clay, never to be lifted again; then haply you may think of these beautiful lines of the good WYSLKY. Amidst remembered hopes that vanished and fears that distracted, weeping in unknown tumults, 'like soft streamings of celestial music' comes to your aching heart this serene Evangel!

How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burthen his mind!  
How easy the soul that has left  
This wearisome body behind!  
Of evil incapable thou.  
Whose relics with envy I see;  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner, like me.

This dust is affected no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again:  
No anger henceforward, or shame,  
Shall redden his innocent clay;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanished away.

The languishing head is at rest.  
Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
The quiet, immovable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more.  
The heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble or torturing pain;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never will flutter again!

The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Sealed up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep.  
The fountain can yield no suppers,  
The hollows from water are free,  
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

THESE lives a man in this metropolis of Gotham, who is esteemed by his fellow-citizens, among whom he has honestly acquired an ample fortune, for the strict integrity which characterizes his

dealings in trade, and his unexceptionable private life. On one occasion he was asked at his barber's, on which side of two political parties he was going to vote, at an election to be holden that day. He replied, with something of a flush on his countenance, that he believed he should avoid voting on either side; such had hitherto been his practice. 'Yes, I guess it *has*!' whispered a man in the chair, as he arrested the barber's hand, and wiped the soap-foam from his lips; 'fact is, he *can't* vote. He was three years in the state-prison!' Now this *was* the fact. He had been three years immured in the penitentiary of a neighboring State, for a crime committed in the heat of passion, and he has to many friends given an account of the mental agony which he endured on first entering the institution. It was not so much the physical suffering; the tedious, sleepless nights in his narrow cell; the sorrowful silence in which he plied his incessant and thankless labor; his coarse and scanty food; not so much these, as the companionship of the hardened wretches around him, whose crimes he could only imagine from the character of their faces, as he caught glimpses of their features in the turning of a gang in marching, or in the chapel on the Sabbath. The *degradation of spirit* it was that almost broke his heart. 'It mattered little,' he thought, 'how much he might be abused, what insolence of office he might suffer, or how deeply the iron in the dungeon might enter into his soul. Who would care for the unhappy convict? If he should repent and become a reformed man, no one would believe him, no one would employ him; and he would be compelled to give proof of his moral improvement by suffering starvation unto death.' For the first two or three weeks, he was almost *mad* with the intensity of his mental suffering; and he remained in this state until one Sabbath morning, when the keeper, who was a Churchman by persuasion, permitted the Episcopal service to be read to the prisoners, at the request of a young relation, who was a student at a neighboring theological seminary. 'Never,' has our informant often heard the ci-devant state-prisoner say, 'never shall I forget the effect of one of those blessed prayers upon my mind. It taught me that I was not utterly forgotten and cast away, in my desolate abode.' The prayer runs as follows: 'O God, who sparest when we deserve punishment, and in thy wrath rememberest mercy, we humbly beseech thee of thy goodness to comfort and succor all those who are under reproach and misery in the house of bondage: correct them not in thine anger, neither chasten them in thy sore displeasure. Give them a right understanding of themselves, and of thy threats and promises; that they may neither cast away their confidence in thee, nor place it any where but in Thee. Relieve the distressed, protect the innocent, and awaken the guilty; and forasmuch as thou alone bringest light out of darkness and good out of evil, grant that the pains and punishments which these thy servants endure, through their bodily confinement, may tend to setting free their souls from the chains of sin; through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.' . . . THE '*Pinch for Snuffers*' was long ago anticipated by the lamented OLLAPOD, in an article on '*American Pyralism*.' There are 'statistics' in the present paper, however, which we do not remember to have encountered before; for example: 'If the practice of moderate snuff-taking be persisted in for forty years, it has been correctly ascertained that two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it! If time is money, therefore, is n't snuff-taking a habit which costs more than it comes to?' Perhaps so; but for all that, we say, let the devotees of the dust enjoy their 'sneezin', as it is termed in Scotland; for to them its titillations are most delici-ishi-ishi-ishious! . . . We are sorry to be compelled to decline the elaborate article of our Charleston correspondent, who desires an allusion to his paper in this department of our Magazine. It has been well said, by one whom we are sure our contributor would consider authority, that the wisdom as well as the common feelings that belong to such subjects, lie upon the surface in a few plain and broad lines. There is a want of genius in being very ingenious about them; and it belongs to talents of the second order to proceed with a great apparatus of reasoning. We may be wrong; but it has occurred to us, that the great defect in the written efforts of many clever newspaper and magazine essayists of the South, consists in their being 'elaborated to tenuity, or argued to confusion.' . . . AMONG the publications received too late for notice in the present number, are 'Geological Cosmogony; or an examination of the geological theory of the origin and antiquity of the earth, and of the causes and object of the changes it has undergone; by a Layman: Mr. ROBERT CARTER, at 58 Canal-street, publisher; the 'Spanish Guide for Conversation and Commerce, in two parts; being a Sequel to the author's Spanish Grammar and Translator: by JULIO SOLER, one of our most successful and popular Spanish teachers; a prospectus of a work entitled 'Annals and Occurrences of New-York City and State in the Olden Time;' being a collection of memoirs, anecdotes, and incidents, concerning the city, country, and inhabitants, from the days of the founders; intended to exhibit society in its changes of manners and customs, and the city and country in their local changes and improvements; with pictorial illustrations; Mrs. CHILD's 'Letters from New-York;'

and Dr. PEREIRA's new work on food and diet, with observations on the dietetical regimen, suited for disordered states of the digestive organs; and an account of the dietaries of some of the principal metropolitan and other establishments for paupers, lunatics, children, the sick, etc., etc. We have heard this work highly commended by competent judges; but to our humble conception, there is something very auldwifeish in publishing a book to tell people how to devour their food. There is no mystery in the matter. Hunger and thirst are simple, strait-forward instincts, not likely to be much improved by artificial erudition. We have late numbers of the *Rivista Ligure*, of Genoa, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of our consul at that capital. Brief notices of the following works are in type: 'Usury;' THOMSON's 'Day's Algebra,' 'The New Purchase,' 'The Karen Apostle,' etc. . . . OUR readers have lately had an opportunity of enjoying several of the early prose-papers of the gifted SANDS. Here are a few pleasant poetical extracts from a New Year's Address, written seventeen years ago, touching among other things upon ADAMS's election, the great Erie Canal celebration, KEAN's reception at Boston, hard times, broken banks, etc.:

The next thing that deserves reflection  
Is Mr. ADAMS's election;  
With which we all must be content,  
And say 'God bless the President.'  
How far his talents may be great  
The of result I do not state;  
All that he knows, of law and ethics,  
Is that he interchanges civilities  
With him on a morning at the Hall,  
When he shakes hands with great and small;  
And also at some punch and vivas  
The Corporation gave to divers.

You all do know that the last stitch  
Of work is done on the Eve of Litch;  
And saw, no doubt the grand procession  
That was set upon the occasion;  
When soldiers, sailors, grinders, farriers,  
Free-masons, soap-billers, and carriers,  
Clergymen, college boys, and bakers,  
Butchers, and saddlers and harness makers,  
Boat builders, cooper-smiths, and tanners,  
Walked forth with halberds and with lanners,  
And every other craft and mystery,  
(A show unparalleled in history.)  
The Poet had no place assigned  
In the parade with his own kind;  
He stood apart and the equiters.  
The carrier trusted none to the printers,  
Distributing from time to time  
Small odds that were pronounced sublime.  
The Poet also was worse situated,  
Not being to the Hook invited;  
Of course he has no just conception  
Of the Lake's magnificence and Neptune,  
Or of the sailor's folk complexion;  
With the fresh lake to make a distinction;  
Or whether Neptune took the name  
Of Doctor Mirepoix's eloquence;  
But all who witnessed the solemnity,  
Returned from sea with full indignity,  
Pleased with the punch, the salt and speecing,  
Returning thanks they had no reaching,  
Or collapsed dues to spoil the pleasure,  
Although they steamed beyond all measure.

The child that is unborn may rue,  
He did not live that day to view.

To mention now we can't refrain  
How naughty KEAN came back again,  
Despite of many a stern piping,  
Contrived his ancient debt to keep in,  
And (such the merits of the age)  
Once more to re-assure the stage;  
Acquiescing bravely, praise and puff,  
And Richard is as on himself.  
But when to Boston hold he went,  
The "winter of their discontent"  
Fought to blow with a much force,  
He gave his "kindness for a horse,"  
And galloped off at such a pace,  
As if "six Richmonds" were in chase.

But hark! a voice! a voice of qualling;  
Cotton is falling—falling—falling!  
Credit grows low, and faith is shaking;  
Punks won't discount, and firms are breaking;  
Dead lies the Eagle of New-Haven,  
And many honest folks are shaven;  
Shipped are the Lombard and the Derby,  
And many people suffering thereby;  
Cash has grown scarce, and none can know it  
Better than him the carrier's poet,  
Who having in the fun is no money  
Looks on the matter as rather funny.  
He tells you how war never was  
Little regards the daily embargo;  
But what of this? the radiant sun  
Will shine as he has always done,  
And rained, and round him as of old.  
The earth her annual course will hold;  
Fires will be bright, and hearts be gay,  
At all, at opera, and play;  
As sweetly to the brilliant ring,  
The symphony of the state will sing;  
And the full burst of melody  
Will soar, as strong, as clear, as high,  
Though hearts are broke, and hopes have fled,  
And you have failed, and I do grieve;  
And suns will set, and moons will vary,  
And men die, as is ordinary.

'The Clubs of New-York' we recognize to be from the pen of a lady. She writes, however, of clubs as they exist in London, not in this metropolis, where they are few, and far less exacting of the time and affections of their members. We quite agree with our fair correspondent in her animadversions upon the devotion which they attract from the heads of families. Mrs. MALAPROP argues that married men ought to give up their clubs, 'because HERCULES gave up his when he got spliced!' . . . A word to our friend 'H.' at 'H—', on the Hudson: 'We have long cherished the intention to avail ourselves of your kind offer; but we shall lay down no more pieces of stone in the infernal pavement. Cordial thanks, however, in any event. . . . 'LUCY' is a very good versificatrix, but she greatly lacks condensation. Try again; and 'take your time, Miss LUCY.' . . . 'NEANIAS,' of Danville, Kentucky, is again unsuccessful. 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.' Let him not be discouraged, however. . . . PERHAPS our musical readers will relish a little intelligence 'from the other side,' touching their favorite science. We learn from that mad wag, PUNCH, that the society of Musical Antiquaries have traced the origin of Scottish Minstrelsy to Norway; so that it is possible the lays of BURNS are remotely connected with the Scandinavian SCALDS. We hear also of a remarkable concert given by an artist to whom a distinguished *maestro* had bequeathed his sheet-iron fiddle. 'He has all the rapidity and tone

of his master, and equals every other great solo-player of the day, in never knowing when to 'leave off!' . . . 'The beautiful sentence quoted in your last 'Gossip,' writes a correspondent, "That charity which Plenty gives to Poverty is human and earthly, but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want," has recalled to my mind an old song, which I should be glad to see in your pages:'

I.  
Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,  
Gaffer-Gray!  
And why doth thy nose look so blue?  
'Tis the weather that's cold;  
'Tis I'm grown very old,  
And my doublet is not very new,  
Well-a-day!

II.  
Then line thy worn doublet with ale,  
Gaffer-Gray;  
And warm thy old heart with a glass:  
'Nay, but credit I've none;  
And my money's all gone;  
Then say how may that come to pass?  
Well-a-day!

III.  
His away to the house on the brow,  
Gaffer-Gray;  
And knock at the jolly priest's door.  
'The priest often preaches  
Against worldly riches:  
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,  
Well-a-day!

IV.  
The lawyer lives under the hill,  
Gaffer-Gray;  
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.  
'He will fasten his locks,  
And will threaten the stocks,  
Should he ever more find me in want,  
Well-a-day!

V.  
The squire has fat bees and brown ale,  
Gaffer-Gray;  
And the season will welcome you there.  
'His fat bees and his beer,  
And his merry new-year  
Are all for the flush and the fair,  
Well-a-day!

VI.  
My keg is but low I confess,  
Gaffer-Gray;  
What then! While it lasts man, we'll live.  
'The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will give,  
Well-a-day!

In the course of an article, some passages of which appear in preceding pages, an imaginary GIFFORD lashes MILTON for his careless and ungrammatical style, his awkward ellipses, etc.; but even these are turned to beauties in his hands. What could be more forcible and striking than the last of the three following lines?—and yet who but MILTON could brave such an indefensible ellipsis? It is not unlike that sublime grammatical error, 'Angels and God is here!' which few would venture to correct:

'Should God create another Eve,  
And I another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart.'

THE following papers are either filed for insertion or under consideration: the second and concluding part of the '*Innocent Galley-Slave*;' 'Fiorello's Fiddlestick;' 'Thoughts on Immortality;' 'Letter from Boston;' 'Lines to Fanny;' 'The Doomed Ship;' 'On the Death of a Class-mate;' 'A Fourth of July Excursion;' 'Chronicles of the Past;' Lines by 'B. F. R.' 'Exercises of the Alumnae of the Albany Female Academy;' etc. 'The Floral Resurrection' shall take place when 'the Spring-time o' the year is coming.' By a careless oversight, the beautiful lines of our favorite LONG, although in type, were excluded from the present number.

GILES'S ORATION BEFORE THE NATCHEZ FENCIBLES.—A thin, brief pamphlet lies before us, containing an oration delivered at Natchez, (Miss.) on the fourth of July last, before the corps of the 'Natchez Invincibles' and other citizens, by WILLIAM MASON GILES, Esq. We regard it with favor and with dislike. Its *spirit* is truly *American*, patriotic, in all respects unexceptionable, and most honorable to the writer. Its *style*, however, is not creditable to the writer's taste: it is in many parts of the oration stilted and inflated. There is a lack of care and revision also; but this may be attributed to the great haste and bodily disability which we are informed attended its production, and which indeed we cannot doubt; since in the brief letter which announces the yielding of the orator to the solicitations of his friends, of a copy for publication, there are at least two errors which would favor a verdict of damages in an action for assault and battery upon old PRISCIAN. We allude to the substitution of 'will' for 'shall,' and *vice versa*. Speaking of days sacred to Liberty, the Sabbath-days of Freedom, the orator remarks: 'All nations, where freedom and knowledge have found an asylum, have had such anniversaries; days when the strife and bustle of business have ceased; when all cares being laid aside, and every energy *concentered* and *tuned in unison to the jubilant strain* which should arise from hearts grateful to the past for its valor and virtue, and, nerved for the future, prepared to transmit to posterity the precious *casket* of freedom unsullied by any *cloud* of dishonor, and unsailed by any *lovel* whether from domestic or foreign hands.' A style like this '*permeates* the inmost recesses' of the realms of taste, Mr. GILES,

'allow us to say.' A common error is here forcibly alluded to by the orator: 'We are apt to talk of our release from Great Britain on the fourth of July, 1776, as a 'liberation from slavery.' We never were in slavery. As men, as Anglo-Saxons, as subjects of the British empire, we, in this country, were always freemen, and never yielded our birth-right; it was the attempt to curtail our rights, to interfere with our domestic polity, and to check our career of greatness, that led to the Declaration of Independence; but the eternal and immutable truths of that sacred instrument were written upon our hearts, were embodied in the colonial charters and institutions, were the household words of the nation for generations before they were penned by a committee of Congress. Every where, for a century and more previous to the date of our Independence, in the primary assemblies of the people, in the legislative halls, in judicial tribunals, from the press, and by word of mouth, the colonists knew and proclaimed their rights; and thus Great Britain came to believe that we were determined on severing every tie which bound us to the land from whence we came. Does this look like slavery?' We commend this oration warmly to our readers, for its truly American tendency and spirit.

'**LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY.**'—Two *superb* volumes thus entitled, executed in a style of typographical neatness which would be remarkable in any other press save that of the printer, DICKINSON of Boston, have just been issued by Messrs. ROBERT P. BIXBY AND COMPANY of this city. They reach us at a late hour; leaving us only time and space to state, that here, in addition to a copious biography, are gathered together a far larger and better collection of Mr. CLAY's public performances than has heretofore been given to the public. The speeches, addresses, etc., amount to eighty in number; and cover all the ground, and embrace all the prominent events, of his public life. 'No labor,' says the compiler, in an inflated and carelessly written preface, 'has been spared in seeking for them; and it is believed that few if any which have been reported will be found wanting in the collection.' A brief but comprehensive memoir is prefixed to each, illustrative of the subject and occasion on which it was delivered, and the fate of the question. Mr. CLAY's eloquence, however, is said to be of that order, that no written or verbal report of his words can do any justice to it. The ease of his delivery, the music of his unsurpassed voice, and the 'grace beyond the reach of art' which characterizes his carriage and gesture, are described as calculated to win the applause of all who have ever had the good fortune to hear him in public debate. We must not neglect to notice the pictorial attractions of these volumes. They contain a full-length portrait of Mr. CLAY; a view of his birth-place in Virginia; of his present seat at Ashland, Kentucky; and of the fine monument erected in his honor, near Wheeling, Virginia; the whole transferred to steel from original paintings, by our excellent engraver, Mr. DICK. The volumes are destined to a wide sale.

'**THE BLAND PAPERS.**'—We have received from the hands of Mr. H. BARNUM, of Virginia, a copy of a handsome book, of some two hundred and ninety pages, printed at Petersburg, Virginia, bearing the title of 'The Bland Papers; being a selection from the manuscripts of THEODORE BLAND, Jr., of Prince George county, Virginia. To which are prefixed an Introduction, and a Memoir of Colonel BLAND. Edited by CHARLES CAMPBELL.' The volumes before us contain a great number of important manuscripts and letters connected with our revolutionary struggle, written by persons of the highest distinction, from General WASHINGTON downward, whose confidence and friendship, we may add, Colonel BLAND had the happiness to enjoy, without abatement or interruption, during his whole life. We anticipate no small degree of pleasure from the perusal of these rare and accidentally-discovered documents. The work is divided into three parts, with an appendix. The three parts consist wholly of letters; the appendix comprises not only letters but other miscellaneous writings, such as military orders, congressional papers, etc. The first part is composed of correspondence held prior to the revolutionary war; the second part of correspondence held during the war; and the third part of correspondence held subsequently. The 'BLAND Papers' are on sale in this city at Messrs. BARTLETT AND WELFORD'S, Number seven, Astor-House.

**NEW POEM, BY ROBERT TYLER, Esq.**—The Brothers HARPER have published, quite in a model style of drawing-paper and typography, a poem by ROBERT TYLER, Esq., entitled '*Death, or Medorus' Dream.*' We receive the volume at the moment of closing our pages, and have not as yet found time to examine it with a leisurely eye. If we may judge of its character, however, from the extract entitled 'Death,' which appeared originally in these pages, and which was widely copied and commended, we may safely predict that the poem will find favor with the public, and add to the author's reputation. We shall recur to the volume on another and more convenient occasion.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1843.

No. 4.

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## CHRONICLES OF THE PAST.

—  
BY AN AMERICAN ANTIQUARY.  
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THE old town of Ipswich, in the Bay State, exhibits many rare relics of antiquity. Purchased under the title of Agawam, in the early settlement of the colony, and granted in the year 1632 to twelve freeholders who made oath of their 'intention of settlement,' it dates back its origin among the very first townships of New-England. At that time, and for many years afterward, it was the northern frontier of Massachusetts, and was constantly exposed to the attacks of the tribes of Indians in its neighborhood. Though its population was composed mostly of tillers of the soil, the buildings, unlike all other farming towns of the commonwealth, were erected for common safety upon a single street; and even to this day its sturdy yeomanry live in town, though the farms they cultivate are many of them miles distant in the country.

The old street is still in existence, and we venture to say that it has not its parallel in all New-England. Antique domicils, exhibiting the English architectural style of the seventeenth century; sturdy block-houses, erected to defend the early settlers from the hostile incursions of the crafty foe; barns, shops, and crazy wood-sheds, leaning and trembling in extreme decrepitude; and chairs, tables, bureaus, bedsteads, and pictures, all relics of a former age, each one of which would be a gem in the cabinet of an antiquary, daily exposed for sale in the windows of the trucksters or on the counter of the auctioneer; are found in rich profusion through this old street of the Pilgrims. But better than all else is the churchyard, the original burial-place, with its green graves and gray head-stones; its turf-sward running far up the hill to the tall elms and luxuriant evergreens that crown the summit; and its nameless hillocks, catching the evening sunlight as it falls in long lines athwart the green-slope, and reflecting it back upon the passer-by with peculiar brightness! I love those old grave-stones, half sunk in the



church-yard mould; and the rudely-carved cherubims with their swollen cheeks and distended wings, or the more frequent emblems of skull and cross-bones, are to my eye far more grateful and appropriate than the modern blazonry upon heavy shafts, on tall, slim marbles.

It is well worth the visit of many a long mile, to walk in that ancient cemetery, and read the rustic epitaphs that would teach us to live and die. There side by side,

‘Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,’

lie the old puritans, the rude forefathers of the hamlet, who fled from the father-land in search of freedom to worship God; and though they may have possessed grievous faults, yet who does not venerate their unyielding firmness and holy piety? There too sleep the early pastors of the American churches; the men of rare endowments and ripest learning, who turned their backs upon the livings of the old country, that they might plant the standard of the cross in this distant wilderness. And there too rest the loved and venerated of our own day, for whom, even now that so many long years have fled, one feels as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep, so seldom to remember! One there was, whose voice was sweet to my ear in childhood; whose eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, never restrained the gleë that sparkled in the orbs of those about her; her, who had so long heard the voice that called her, whispering in her ear, that she could smile at its accents, and feel those silent words to be cheerful as angel’s tones.

In one corner of the cemetery, where a low sunken fence separates it from a neighboring court-yard, is the grave of Richard Shatswell, the first deacon of Ipswich church. In his first and only place of residence until he emigrated, the city of Ipswich, England, he was a man of considerable importance, having for several successive years borne the honor of mayor of that town. But the unjust laws against the dissenters hampered him: he could not take the oaths of office; he would not make the sacrifice of principle to personal honor or private emolument: and popular dissensions bearing hard upon his refusal to recant his sentiments, he fled his country, and became one of the first freeholders of Agawam. It is remarkable, that on the very spot where the good man pitched his tent and cleared his land; on the very farm where he sowed his grain and raised his crops; lives and labors the only descendant in the sixth generation who bears the name of Shatswell. He is now an old man, and retains in his face and character strong impress of his puritanical descent, as indeed does every thing about him the mark of family antiquity. The house is one of those substantial old mansions which our ancestors delighted to rear; and though now far advanced in its second century, its stanch oak timbers, and heavy mouldings, and massive ballustrades, bid fair to last for many generations. Every article of furniture which the house contains carries you far back into olden time. The andirons in the broad fire-place, bearing the mark of 1596; the high-backed, spinster-

looking chairs; the fantastic legs of the upright bureau; the ponderous bellows and painted china; all are but epistles of the habits of our sires. Better than all, however, are the family pictures ranged along the walls, where our grandmothers vie in broad hoops and stiff stomachers, with the more unassuming costume of their daughters.

I found there were connected, as usual, with these old paintings many anecdotes of the past. At the time of the war of the revolution, the lady of the manor was a descendant of Simon Bradstreet, one of the early governors of the province, whom Mather calls the 'Nestor of New-England.' Her husband was a stanch whig, a leader of one of the classes into which the town was divided; and though the good lady coincided fully in his political sentiments, she did not much like the infringement upon domestic luxuries which many of the patriotic resolutions of the meetings contemplated. In short, Madame Shatswell loved her cup of tea, and as a large store had been provided for family use before the tax, she saw no harm in using it as usual upon the table. There were in those days, as there are now, certain busy-bodies who kindly take upon themselves the oversight of their neighbors' affairs, and through them the news of the treason spread over the town. A committee from the people immediately called at the house to protest against the drinking of tea. The good lady received their visit kindly, informed them of the circumstances of the case, and dismissed them perfectly satisfied. Some months passed away, and one Sabbath Madame Shatswell's daughter, a bright-eyed, coquettish damsel, appeared at church in a new bonnet. This was a new cause of excitement, and the committee came again to administer reproof. The lady satisfied them again, however; and they, finding that the hat contained no treason to the people's cause, again departed. Two years of the war had now passed away, and mean while the daughter, Jeanette, had found a lover. It was the beginning of winter; the army had just gone into winter quarters; and the young suitor was daily expected home. Wishing to appear well in his eyes, the maiden had spun and woven with her own hands a new linen dress, from flax raised upon the homestead; and some old ribands, long laid aside, having been washed and ironed to trim it withal, the damsel appeared in it at church on the Sunday after her lover's arrival. Here was fresh cause of alarm, and forthwith on Monday morning came the officious committee, to remonstrate against the extravagance. The old lady's spirit was now aroused, and she could contain herself no longer. 'Do you come here,' was her well-remembered reply, 'do you come here to take me to task, because my daughter wore a gown she spun and wove with her own hands? Three times have you interfered with my family affairs. Three times have you come to tell me that my husband would be turned out of his office. Now mark me! There is the door! As you came in, so you may go out! But if you ever cross my threshold again, you shall find that calling Hannah Bradstreet a *tory* will not make her a *coward*!' It is needless to add that Madame Shatswell's family affairs were thereafter left to her own guidance.

But they are all gone, mother and daughter, sire and son; and the five generations of the old family sleep side by side in the church-yard.

A little farther up the hill, just under the shade of that stunted sycamore, rises the humbler grave-stone of 'Joseph Smith, a patriot in the revolution,' who is more familiarly remembered in town, however, as 'Serjeant Joe.' Mr. Smith was one of those persons whose characters are formed by the times in which they live; and as he lived in the war of the revolution, and then mostly by stealing provisions for his mess, the times may be said to have made him a thief. And yet how hard a name to give to Serjeant Joe, for a kinder heart than his never beat in any man's bosom. Indeed, his very pilfering propensities may be said to have arisen from an excess of sympathy for human wretchedness. For his own advantage he would have scorned to wrong a man of a single farthing; but for the poor or the suffering, his morals were not stern enough to resist the temptation. Indeed, he often said that he 'could n't help it, when he know'd poor folks was suffering; and that they should n't suffer as long as he had any hands to provide for them!' And so it was. If the long winter had almost consumed the widow's fuel, the serjeant's hand-sled, piled with wood, helped marvellously to eke it out. If a sick child pined for a roasted apple, the serjeant's capacious pockets unloaded golden stores of russets and gilliflowers. Indeed, if poverty of any kind pinched neighbor or friend, the kind old serjeant was ever ready with relief; so that at last he began to be considered by both thrifty and needy as the almoner of the town's bounty, and his peccadilloes were regarded as the eccentricities only of a benevolent heart.

The serjeant's continuance in the army was for the whole duration of the war. At the very first exhibition of American courage which proved so fatal to the British troops in their excursion to Lexington and Concord, Serjeant Smith showed himself a skilful marksman. Learning from the rumor, which seemed to have spread that night with a speed almost miraculous, the destination of the detachment, he arose from his bed, equipped himself with cartridges and a famous rifle he had used at Lovell's fight at Fryeburgh, saddled his horse, and started for Lexington meeting-house. Meeting with a variety of hindrances, and twice escaping narrowly from some straggling parties of the red-coats, it was late when he arrived on the ground, and the troops were already on their rapid retreat toward Boston. Learning that the people were all abroad, lining the fences and woods to keep up the fire upon the enemy, he started in pursuit, and in the course of a few miles, on riding up a hill, he found the detachment just before him. Throwing the reins upon his horse and starting him to full speed, he rode within a close rifle shot, and fired at one of the leading officers. The officer fell; and the serjeant, retreating to a safe distance, loaded his rifle again, and again rode up and fired, with equal success. He pursued the same course a third time, when the leader of the retreating body ordered a platoon to fire upon him. It was unavailing, however; and a

fourth, fifth, and sixth time, the old rifle had picked off its man, while its owner retreated in safety. 'D—n the man!' exclaimed the officer, 'give me a musket, and I'll see if he bears a charmed life, if he comes in sight again!' It was but a moment, and again the old white horse came over the brow of a hill. The officer fired, but in vain; and before the smoke of his charge had cleared away, he too had fallen before the unerring marksman, and was left behind by his flying troops. When the day had closed, the wounded were collected by the neighbors upon the road, and every kindness rendered to them. The officer was not dead, and on being laid upon a bed where his wounds could be examined, his first question, even under the apprehension of immediate death, was, '*Who was that old fellow on the white horse?*'

By his side sleeps his brother soldier, Ensign Edward Ross, whose stories of 'flood and field' beguiled many a winter evening at the farmer's fireside. How well I remember those tales of 'Saratogue' with which the veteran used to surprise us, and my boyish wonder

'Stood a-tiptoe when the day was waned,'

to hear the marvellous exploits he had himself performed at the 'taking of Burg'ine.' If you would believe him, the part he had acted brought distinguished honor to the American standard, wherever he chanced to have been, through the whole war; and I doubt if an engagement or skirmish could have been named in which he had not manfully battled for our freedom. He was none of your timorous story-tellers, ever distrusting your faith and doubting how far he should go; but a bold, hearty liar, plunging at once into the very depths of your credulity. Let the turf be piled high on the fire, the hearth be swept, the women-folks be seated on one side of the capacious fire-place, and the host with mug in hand turn round and say, 'Come, uncle Edward, it's dry work talking; take a drink of our old October, and let's have a story about the revolution;' and the old man would reel off such yarns as a veteran from Cape Cod might have envied. Methinks I see him now, his staff standing in the jam, and his gray eye lighting up with the fire of youthful days, as he recounted the feats of arms, in language as clear and copious as one of his own mountain streams. Light lie the turf upon thy ashes, old soldier, and green grow the grass over thy resting-place!

But passing over these, let us come to an enclosure that contains the grave of a father and his twin daughters, sleeping side by side in the church-yard. How quiet is the spot! How beautiful the resting-place of the last of their race! The daisies grow sweetly under the scented thorns that bend over the mounds, and the moss-rose buds, jewelled with dew-drops on summer mornings, are faint emblems of the loveliness of the maidens who rest beneath.

The father, a man high in his country's estimation, and whose name is associated with more than one of her victories upon the ocean, suffering from the effects of a wound received in the engagement of the *Hornet*, had retired from the navy after the declaration

of peace, to reside on his paternal homestead, and superintend in person the education of his daughters. He had known sorrow; for the wife and mother had died and been buried among strangers in a distant land while he was absent upon service; and the children, the only descendants of his own or the maternal race, became more than ever the objects of his fondest idolatry. They had been carefully instructed during his absence; had grown in beauty of person and mind to the maturity of womanhood; and were in every way fitted to increase and bless the affection of the father. Though years have passed away, there are many who still remember the strong love that bound together the inmates of that retired mansion, and the elegance which seemed to attach itself to every thing about them.

To a finished education and a thorough knowledge of the world, Captain A—— added a strong mind, which threw an influence over every one with whom he associated. Upon his daughters, both partaking more of the yielding disposition of the mother than of the father's firmness, it was most manifest; and never in disposition, or mind, or daily duty, were children more moulded to a parent's will. With a love of nature, and a quick perception of the beautiful in all her varieties, they would wander through the wood-lands and pastures, collecting minerals and flowers to arrange and classify and study under his direction. Guided too by him, they would scour the hills for miles around, to trace out the ruined fortifications of the early settlers, or to discover relics of the aboriginal inhabitants; and then, seated on the grass beside him, listen to his teachings. It was a beautiful group, that father and daughters; and whenever you found them, at morning or evening, by hill or brook or sea-shore, they impressed you with a loveliness that seemed too fair for earth.

Thus passed away the winter and summer of a single year. Autumn came again, with its golden hues and soft sunlight days, bringing joy and contentment to the dwellers of Oak-grove. Winter approached, but with it came the symptoms of premature decay. What meant that hectic flush on the cheek of the taller maiden, and why the suppressed cough, and the shrinking and saddened spirit? The father, keenly alive to all that affected the only objects of his life, sought the skill of the ablest physicians, and by their advice determined to try the benefit of a warmer climate. Preparations were instantly made for the voyage; and scarcely a week had elapsed before they were embarked and far away toward the sunny South. There every thing was done which skill and the affection of loving hearts could do, to drive away the approach of the insidious malady. Rides, walks, parties of pleasure, games at home and amusements abroad, every device to exhilarate the mind and fortify the courage of the fair invalid, were tried, repeated, and failed; and on the opening of another summer, the father, broken-hearted and in despair, returned home to lay his loved one in the grave.

That long summer! who of that family can ever forget it? The assiduous attention of sister and parent to the dying one; the slow

ride each morning to accustomed resort of brook or tree or hill-side ; the room filled with melody or fragrant with flowers ; the declining strength, cutting off one by one the enjoyments of the still beautiful sufferer ; the hopes, alternately encouraged or depressed, even to the last ; and sweeter, better than all, the soft tones of the sister or the manly voice of the father, subdued and often broken, reading page after page of God's Holy Word to the gentle listener, and in the firmness of christian grace bidding her

‘ Look to Him who trod before  
The desolate paths of life ;  
And bear in meekness, as He gently bore,  
Sorrow and pain and strife : ’

and then the death-scene, too sacred to be unfolded to the eyes of strangers, but beautiful as is ever the exit of the believer ; are all imprinted upon the hearts of those who witnessed them, never to be effaced.

The spirit of Captain A —, crushed by the heavy blow, clung more closely to the surviving daughter, and in her increased fondness seemed to find a support from utter wretchedness. Alas ! that support was also doomed to fail him ! The assiduous attention so long rendered to the deceased had proved too much ; the same disease had fastened upon her ; and ere a twelvemonth had elapsed, she too had sunk, quietly, gently, in the calmness of christian faith, into the same grave. Her parting words, ‘ I shall not leave you long behind, father ! ’ seemed prophetic of the end ; for a month had not gone when he too, borne on the arms of four of his fellow-officers, was laid beside his daughters.

That enclosure in the old burial-place is sacred to many hearts. I have seen the mother sitting beside it, and have heard her, holding the little hands of her child between her's, repeat the tale of sorrow, until it's blue eyes filled with tears at the sad recital. I have listened to the voice of the summer night-wind, as I hung over the rude paling ; have watched the stars looking down with their tremulous beams upon the green graves ; absorbed in the recollection of the beauty that was laid beneath ; and might have listened and watched until they paled in the morning twilight, but for the deep, solemn sound of the old church-clock, warning me of the hour of midnight.

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HOPE : FROM THE GERMAN .

HOPE on the cradled infant smiles,  
And plays round the frolicsome boy ;  
The youth with her magical enchantment beguiles,  
Nor can age her power destroy ;  
For when in death at last he lies,  
Hope sits on the grave and points to the skies.

Nor is this the fair dream, unsubstantial and vain,  
Of a head with wild fancies elate ;  
The heart from within echoes loudly again,  
‘ We are born for a happier state : ’  
And what that voice would bid us believe,  
The hoping soul will never deceive !

*Mr. Henry J. Alcock*

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCE.

\* An old revolutionary officer, now living in New-York at the advanced age of ninety-one, in every respect a gentleman of the old school, paid a visit, some eight years since, to a friend in Albany; and while there, was taken to the house and room in which, fifty years before, he had been married. In a letter to his granddaughter he gave an account of this visit, and his feelings on the occasion; and she, having a rhyming propensity, threw the dear old gentleman and his reminiscence into the accompanying lines.

An old man stood, in serious mood, within an ancient room,  
And o'er his features gathered fast a shade of deeper gloom,  
While to his eye, bedimmed with age, came up the gushing tears,  
As Memory from her hidden cells recalled long-buried years.

What were his thoughts that hour, which thus awakened many a sigh?  
What brought the shadow o'er his brow, the moisture to his eye?  
What in that old familiar place had power to touch his heart,  
To call that cloud of sorrow up, and bid that tear-drop start?

The past! the past! how rolled the tide of Time's swift river back,  
While the bright rays of youth and love shed lustre on its track!  
Full fifty summer suns had shone, since on that silent spot  
Had passed a scene, while life was left could never be forgot.

There had the holiest tie been formed, the marriage vow been given,  
And she who spoke it then with him was now a saint in heaven!  
But long, long intervening years seemed like an idle dream,  
As o'er his soul with glowing light came that bright vision-gleam.

He stood before the holy man, with her his youthful bride,  
And spoke again the plighting word that bound him to her side;  
Again he clasped the small fair hand that hour had made his own,  
The vision faded — and he stood all desolate and lone!

His youthful brow is silvered o'er with four-score winters' snows;  
The faltering step, the furrowed cheek, tell of life's certain close:  
The plighted bride, the faithful wife, beloved so long, so true,  
Now sleeps beneath the burial-sod where spring the wild-flowers blue.

There is no music in his home, no light around his hearth!  
The childish forms that frolicked there, have passed with all their mirth;  
Years have rolled by — the changing years — and now he stands *alone*,  
Musing upon 'the past! the past!' — hopes faded, loved ones gone!

Yet, aged pilgrim! dry the tear — suppress the rising sigh;  
Look upward, onward, to the scenes of immortality!  
Fleet be the moments, if they bear in their resistless flight  
The spirit on to that pure world of blessedness and light.

There are thy loved ones, gathered safe, in beauty side by side,  
And there the partner of thy life, thy manhood's gentle bride;  
Fair as she stood in that sweet hour, this day recalled to mind,  
A little season gone before, a better rest to find:  
And thou, when death shall close thine eye, in heaven that rest wilt share,  
And find the tie once broken here, indissoluble *there*.

## THE INNOCENCE OF A GALLEY-SLAVE.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

For more than six weeks doctor Mallet had two patients instead of one under his charge, in the house of Monsieur Gorsay. For some days the situation of Lucia seemed more precarious than that of the old man, to whom ungratified vengeance imparted an energy which triumphed over the weakness of age, as well as the severity of his wounds. While the outraged husband thus clung desperately to life, which he would not leave unavenged, the young wife, stricken by gloomy despair, seemed hastening to meet an untimely and longed-for dissolution.

On seeing her becoming day by day more feeble and more excited, the prey of a slow fever which after exhausting the body threatened to seize upon the brain, and extinguish reason, the physician regretted more than once the rude test to which he had resorted, with the view of rendering his remedies more efficacious by disclosing the source of the malady. By degrees, however, his persevering efforts triumphed over a disease whose hold the youth of Lucia rendered less tenacious. The fever abated before it had carried its ravages into the sanctuary of the mind; as a conflagration, after destroying many meaner buildings, has its progress stayed at the threshold of a stately temple. The young wife gradually recovered her strength, and preserved her mental powers. Sad triumph of art! With loss of reason she would perhaps have lost the sense of her misfortune.

Monsieur and Madame Gorsay had not seen each other since the day of the attempted assassination. Separated from each other, but united by one common thought, equally bitter to both, during the long hours of their sad vigils they had emptied to the dregs the contents of the empoisoned chalice of an ill-assorted union. Monsieur Gorsay was first in a condition to infringe the strict rules established by the physician. One evening, taking advantage of the momentary absence of his attendant, he left his apartment, and with difficulty ascended to that of Lucia. With a gesture of command he dismissed the nurse, who, terrified by his unexpected appearance, stood for some moments motionless at the door. Lucia was sitting, or rather reclining, upon a sofa near the fire-place. At sight of her husband she made no movement, spoke not a word, but remained motionless, with eyes riveted upon him with an expression of horror. Husband and wife gazed on each other for some time in silence, marking with gloomy avidity the ravages which disease and suffering had made upon both since their separation. The old man found the young wife whom he had left full of bloom and freshness, now wan and emaciated. Lucia per-



ceived many new furrows on the brow of her husband; but soon her whole attention was absorbed by the peculiar expression of his eyes, which glowed upon her with implacable passion.

'It seems then that I must pay you a visit, since you do not choose to descend,' said Monsieur Gorsay, seating himself at the other side of the fire-place.

'They might have told you that I was ill myself,' replied Lucia, in a feeble voice.

'And had you not been ill you would not have left me? Oh! I doubt it not!' said the old man, with a bitter smile. But yes; I see that you have been ill. You are so changed, that when I first entered I hardly knew you. To judge from your appearance, you must have suffered much.'

'Much!' said the young female, repressing a sigh.

'To suffer! and at your age! this seems very unjust, does it not?' continued Monsieur Gorsay with ironical compassion; '*for me* now, who have lived so long, and am only fit for the grave, suffering is very suitable. But for you, a child, a flower, to suffer! Yes indeed, I can imagine how so strange a destiny surprises you, and makes you murmur. It was *my* part to suffer all the pains, yours to enjoy all the pleasures. What are a few drops of useless blood in comparison with those bitter pearls, the traces of which I see in your eyes? I have been a great egotist, no doubt; I ought to have shed your tears as well as my own, so that the lustre of your beauty might not have been dimmed; and I would have had but a sorrow the more!'

The old man dropped his head upon his breast, and remained silent for some time.

'You do not answer me,' continued he, steadily regarding his wife.

'You have asked me nothing,' answered Lucia, with a mournful air.

'You are right; my head is so weak that I cannot remember what I have been saying the minute previous; or rather, I think I said what was not in my thoughts. What was it I wished to ask you? Ah! here it is!' continued he, after having appeared to tax his memory; 'do you think yourself strong enough to bear a short journey?'

'What journey?' said the wife, with secret disquietude.

'The journey to Bordeaux. You know it is but a short distance.'

'And what have we to do at Bordeaux?' replied she, in an altered tone.

'We must be there at the opening of the assizes,' answered Monsieur Gorsay, with affected sang froid. 'I received a summons a few days since, inclosing one for you. They are going to try this man, and it is necessary that we should give our testimony.'

Lucia arose, and fell at the knees of her husband, grasping convulsively both his hands.

'I am guilty!' exclaimed she, in an accent to which despair gave inexpressible poignancy; 'I have broken my vows; I have forgot-

ten my duties; I have deceived and betrayed you; I am a miserable wretch, unworthy of forgiveness! I expect neither favor, nor pity, nor mercy. Trample me under your feet; I will not utter a complaint! Kill me; I will make no resistance! I ask nothing for myself — I desire nothing.'

'For *whom* then do you ask any thing? and *what* do you desire?' replied the old man, sternly.

'What do I desire!' exclaimed she, with redoubled energy; 'I desire, I implore, that you will not cause another, much less guilty than myself, to bear the punishment of my crime. I desire you to retract a declaration more cruel than a murder — for the dagger only deprives of life, the scaffold bears away honor likewise. If you wish for blood, why not accuse *me*? There are women who kill their husbands; why might I not be one of these? Denounce me; I will avow every thing. You will be free from a crime which ought to fill you with horror; and an innocent man will not be made to suffer death.'

'All this is very heroic,' said Monsieur Gorsay, with imperturbable raillery; 'but I have too good an opinion of our friend to believe that *he* would be willing to save his life at the expense of yours. It is his duty, as a devoted lover, to suffer himself to be condemned to death without saying a word; and I am sure that he will do so.'

'He *will* do so, most assuredly,' repeated Lucia, gazing fiercely at her husband; 'but will you, so near your own death, commit murder? Do you believe in God?'

'Was it Monsieur d'Aubian who taught you to believe in him?' said the old man.

'You are right — you are right! Choose the most cruel words; pierce my heart and avenge yourself; but let it be upon me alone.'

'And where would be the justice of that? By what rule should the most guilty go unpunished? No! for you, tears! — for him, death!'

'Death!'

'Perhaps only the galleys; we must not always look on the darkest side of the picture.'

'But he is innocent.'

'Innocent!' repeated Monsieur Gorsay, rising, and dragging his wife from the suppliant attitude she had assumed. 'In your estimation it is only the murderer, who plunges a dagger in your bosom, who is criminal. But do you think that the soul has no blood as well as the body? It is the price of this blood of my soul that he must pay, for he has shed it even to the last drop! Ah, Lucia! you do not comprehend that I love you! — that upon this wide earth you are my last, my only treasure! And you wish that I should pardon *him*! Never! never!'

He repulsed with an inexorable gesture the young female, who remained standing a few paces from him in an attitude of the deepest sadness and dejection. At this moment Doctor Mallet entered the room.

'It is a good sign when the patient begins to disobey the orders

of his physician,' said he, with affected pleasantry; 'however, Monsieur Gorsay, let me tell you that there is some imprudence in leaving your chamber.'

'I must accustom myself to it, however,' replied the old man. 'In about a fortnight I shall be obliged to take a journey, for reasons which admit of no excuse.'

'Ah! yes,' said the doctor, glancing furtively at Lucia, 'the trial at Bordeaux. We shall take the journey together; for I have also received a citation, although there is little that I can tell. Will Madame Gorsay accompany us?'

'In her present situation,' replied Monsieur Gorsay, composedly, 'I fear it would be imprudent, and perhaps dangerous. You, who are her physician, will doubtless not refuse a certificate which I can produce before the president of the assizes.'

'We will see about it,' said Monsieur Mallet, with an evasive smile. 'Thank God! Madame Gorsay is now completely convalescent, and a little excursion, far from being attended with danger, would probably be of service to her. But we will decide this matter when the time arrives. In the meanwhile, my good patient, will you please descend to your own apartment? Here is my arm. Madame has been up too long to-day; she is fatigued, and must be left to repose herself a little.'

Offering no remark, Monsieur Gorsay accepted the proffered arm of the physician, and took leave of his wife with hypocritical tenderness. The two men left the room, to which, in about half an hour, Monsieur Mallet returned alone.

'Doctor, I will go to Bordeaux,' said Lucia, abruptly, who seemed to have expected his return.

'I have my doubts of it, but should like to be certain,' replied the physician, with a mournful smile.

'You will not give the certificate which is asked of you?' continued she, with an air at once of command and entreaty.

'I cannot give it conscientiously. You are in fact sufficiently strong to bear the fatigue of so short a journey; but it is not the journey that I dread; it is the sojourn there.'

Lucia briskly approached the doctor, and laid her hand upon his mouth. 'In the name of Heaven, not a word more!' said she; 'whatever you may have seen, heard, or suspected, (for during my fever I doubtless have spoken,) whatever you may now know, say nothing to me. Pity an unfortunate woman; serve me, but spare my feelings! May I rely upon you?'

'As on a father,' replied Monsieur Mallet, with tenderness; and he pressed to his lips the hand she had laid upon them.

THE attempt made upon the person of Monsieur Gorsay produced through all the department of the Gironde a sensation exceeding any thing that had been known for many years previously. The age and wealth of the victim; the respect in which he was generally held in the country; the strange contrast between the two indi-

viduals apprehended on suspicion; the one a man of the world, connected with the best families of Guienne, and already somewhat noted for the follies of a dissipated youth; the other a convict just released from the galleys, as was stated on the first examination; and lastly, the illness of Madame Gorsay, which was generally attributed to conjugal attachment, the more meritorious, considering the age of its object; all these circumstances, over which there still hovered a mysterious uncertainty, had excited public curiosity to the highest pitch. Every one was impatient to solve the bloody enigma. The two accused individuals especially became the daily subjects of a multitude of conjectures, of explanations, of discussions, of wagers even, which were sustained with equal obstinacy by each party. Some refused to give credence to the guilt of Arthur. Of this party were in the first place all the women; who could believe the possibility that a man worthy of their regard might commit a poetical crime, but not that he could be guilty of a petty offence.

'Shocking!' exclaimed the fashionable fair ones of Bordeaux: 'Monsieur d'Aubian, with whom we used to dance last winter, he assassinate an old man! A young man of such polished manners! so agreeable, so witty, and with such a true Spanish air! He attempt to kill an old man to steal his purse! Preposterous!'

Had Arthur been accused of stabbing Monsieur Gorsay with some romantic intent, to run away with his wife for instance, the thing, however dreadful, might have had an air of probability. Sentimental spirits would not have refused pity for a crime thus ennobled by passion; but to stick a knife in a man for the purpose of afterward emptying his pockets—this was the act of a galley-slave, and not that of a gentleman. Thus reasoned female good sense; which, as is generally the case, reasoned with tolerable correctness.

On the other side, Bonnemain did not lack officious defenders. And first, he had on his side the lower orders, naturally hostile to the aristocracy, and who, between two suspected individuals, naturally lean toward the one in the lowest station. Then came the friends of humanity, philanthropists by profession, emancipators of negroes, and all those individuals who busy themselves with the future prospects of nations, and the progress of society; a race abounding in compassionate souls, in whose estimation a man of the meanest nature, provided he is guiltless of actual crime, and especially if he has just been released from the galleys, becomes a prodigiously estimable character. These persons did not content themselves with treating as a frivolous, and even a barbarous prejudice, the opinion which sought to vindicate d'Aubian, by recalling the former suspicious circumstances of the life of his fellow-accused: they awaited more impatiently than the others the result of the trial, fully expecting to find in the acquittal of Bonnemain a new text for their sermons against the prejudices which dare to hold in legitimate suspicion those unfortunates whose moral education the galleys have just completed.

Between these two opinions a third sentiment prevailed: it was that of those impartial men, who, to reconcile all differences, maintained that both the accused were equally guilty, and anticipated the verdict of the jury, by proclaiming their confederation to be beyond a doubt. This third party, which it was whispered had good reasons for its existence, succeeded in making the difficulty more complicated instead of clearing it up.

While the crime and the approaching trial were thus the general topic of conversation, on both sides of the Garonne, for twenty leagues around, the investigation was pursued with the activity which the importance of the case and the near approach of the assizes demanded. The details of the inquiry seemed to add weight to the opinion of those who were for acquitting the galley-slave at the expense of the lover. To the reiterated questions put to them, the prisoners both persisted in the system of absolute denial behind which they had, in the first instance, entrenched themselves; but in proportion as the new facts brought to light during the procedure appeared favorable to Bonnemain, so much the more overwhelming did they seem for Arthur. Except this latter, who was unwilling to make any disclosures, no one at the time of the attempt had seen the galley-slave. Arrested at break of day on the road to Bordeaux, it was no difficult matter for him to explain the cause of his early peregrination. His story was, that suspecting his companions had discovered his real condition, he was fearful of being denounced by them to the officers of justice, and of being pursued for having broken his sentence of banishment. That he might not be arrested, he had resolved to quit the country, and had set out in the middle of the night that his departure might not be noticed. The pieces of gold found upon him were the fruits of economy, and the amount was not sufficient to render this assertion improbable. Beside, no traces of blood had been discovered upon his dress, either in consequence of his having changed his clothes between the commission of the crime and his arrest, or of his having, in the very perpetration of the deed, preserved sufficient coolness to avoid all tell-tale stains. In fact his hands, which were carefully examined, seemed clean, without the appearance of having been recently washed; for the adroit villain, to avoid giving a pretext for suspicions which might have been excited by a neatness seldom practised by country laborers, a race of men in general very guiltless of ablutions, had with ingenious refinement worn gloves when he committed the deed. As for the knife which was used, no one had ever seen it in the possession of the culprit; and were it not for the circumstance of his former condemnation, he would probably have at once been set at liberty for want of proofs.

But while the innocence of Bonnemain, at each new step in the investigation, appeared more evident, proofs more and more weighty accumulated around Arthur; proofs sufficient to have established his guilt, even without the damning declaration of Monsieur Gorsay. The knife, it is true, could not be proved as belonging to

him; but other evidence was brought forward, not less conclusive. The rope-ladder was identified by a rope-maker, who declared that he had sold it to Monsieur d'Aubian some months previously. It was evident from this fact that the entry of Arthur into the park was not accidental but premeditated; the instruments used for scaling walls being found in his possession. It was farther proved that during the summer Monsieur Gorsay had received at Bordeaux a payment of twenty thousand francs, which he had immediately converted into gold, and that d'Aubian, who was the fellow traveller of the old man on the occasion, had knowledge of these two facts. On an investigation of the previous life of the accused, it appeared that for several years past, he had lost at play large sums of money, and had contracted debts, for the discharge of which his patrimony seemed insufficient; and when the domiciliary visit was made to his house, very little money was found there. From all these circumstances, skilfully grouped, and made to throw light upon each other by their juxtaposition, the gentlemen of the law, practised in the subtle deductions of judicial logic, found little difficulty in arriving at a decisive conclusion. In their eyes, Arthur d'Aubian, ruined by play, and unable to borrow more money, had determined to commit a robbery, which chance had nearly converted into a murder. Indeed, it was only those who were most lenient in their judgment, who admitted this last supposition. The Dracos of the bar considered the premeditation of the murder, as well as of the lesser crime, fully established.

Such was the situation of affairs, and the state of public opinion, when the court at length opened at the principal city of the department. The prisoners had been removed a few days previously from the house of detention at Reole to the central prison of Bordeaux. The witnesses, among whom were Monsieur Gorsay and his wife, arrived at that city shortly afterward. At the approach of the last scene of a drama, with which all minds had been occupied for more than two months, public curiosity was raised to a pitch of extreme excitement. The disclosures of the inquest had thinned the ranks of the defenders of Arthur: the women alone generally remained true to him; and the stronger the presumptive proofs appeared against him, the more ardent they became in his defence.

'What signify all these quibbles of the law?' said the most zealous of his fair partizans; 'he has been known to lose money at cards; this only proves that he is not lucky at play. He has debts; how could it be otherwise, when a young man goes into society without a fortune? And above all, it seems he sometimes made use of a rope-ladder. This is the grand crime! Poor young man!'

The rope-ladder, indeed, had contributed to strengthen in the hearts of many of the defenders of Arthur the interest which he had at first excited. Even in the bosom of the court itself a party had declared in his favor.

'If you convict him I will never forgive you!' said the wife of the judge-advocate to her husband, who was charged with the support of the prosecution.

'I shall certainly convict him,' replied the magistrate, 'for I am as well convinced of his guilt as if I had seen him commit the crime.'

'And I would not believe it,' said Arthur's fair champion, 'even if I had seen it.'

'It is a fortunate thing for society that women cannot serve on juries,' replied the advocate-general, shrugging his shoulders; 'it would be out of the question for them to convict a criminal, provided he was five-and-twenty, well made, with bright eyes and curling hair.'

In accordance with that law of gradation which seems so natural that it is observed even in affairs of the greatest moment, the case of Gorsay had been reserved for the last of the session. The petty larcenies, misdemeanors, forgeries, murders without premeditation, and other ordinary crimes, punishable at most with the galleys, were first hurried over, exciting but little interest except in members of the bar, and the habitual attendants upon the assizes: but when the day came for the trial of the prisoners, whose names were in all mouths, the court room was not large enough to contain the crowds which early in the morning besieged its doors. Almost the whole space allotted to the public on ordinary occasions was now reserved for the more favored amateurs of justice. Many young men, who had been on terms of intimacy with Arthur, exhibited great curiosity to see how he would look when placed upon the culprit's stand. These excellent friends, introduced within the privileged inclosure, some by favor, others under the robes of members of the bar, settled themselves clamorously on the seats of the lawyers, behind the tribune, wherever in short they could find a seat or foot-hold. By a gallant attention on the part of the president of the assizes, the interior of the judgment-hall had been exclusively reserved for ladies of condition, who were there crowded together, bustling and buzzing like a swarm of bees in their hive. On the previous evening, the greater part of these butterflies of fashion had cast with dramatic effect their bouquets at the feet of Mademoiselle Taglioni, who was then performing at Bordeaux; and now, with the person half hid by a large veil, (at the court of assizes the veil is etiquette, as the bouquet is at the theatre,) with pockets well supplied with scent-bottles, and handkerchief in hand ready for the expected tear, they were awaiting, but not in silence, the dénouement of a drama more piquant than that of the theatre, and emotions more touching than the enchantments of the Sylphide.

The simultaneous entrance of the court and prisoners produced in this brilliant audience one of those sudden movements which resemble the phenomena of electricity. The whole assemblage rose with one movement; and soon it appeared that the women had the advantage over the men; for all of them, even the most timid, in the excitement of the moment, had sprung upon their chairs. The

plebeians in the hindmost ranks, protested with indignant outcries against this screen of hats and shawls, which at such an interesting moment hid from their gaze the spectacle so long and anxiously waited for. Some time elapsed before the constables could restore order and obtain silence: at length the female part of the audience consented to be seated, and the plumed bevy settled down, as the waves of the ocean subside when the tempest which excited them has passed away.

All eyes, however, remained intently fixed upon the two accused, who, in obedience to that principle of equality with which the law regards all its victims, were placed side by side, the gentleman and the galley-slave on the ignominious bench allotted to the prisoners. Two months of captivity, the termination of which might be the scaffold, had impressed upon the features of Arthur deep and visible traces. The elegant young man, who during the preceding winter had obtained in the most brilliant saloons of Bordeaux a success which was due at least as much to his good looks as to his wit, now presented himself to the companions of his happy days, pale, wan, emaciated, and bearing on his countenance the impress of a destiny, the horror of which, while he bowed before its sway, he seemed fully to comprehend. But if his brow appeared colorless, and his eye deprived of the fire which his fair admirers had not unfrequently remarked in them, his countenance had at least lost none of its firmness and noble aspect. Without deigning to cast a look upon the man with whom he found himself coupled, nor upon the audience which, with greedy eyes and ears, he heard murmuring around him, like a pack of hounds yelping over their prey, he exchanged a few words with his counsel, whose friendship and devotion had been of long standing, and seated himself with a composed air, and remained in a fixed attitude, apparently indifferent to what was going on around him.

'Pon honor! the handsome d'Aubian is just now badly named,' said a youngster with no small pretensions to good looks himself, to one of his companions.

'The poor fellow cannot feel very much at his ease,' replied the other, who had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with d'Aubian; 'guilty or not, I should be sorry to have him convicted. But what an idea, to assassinate this poor old man! There were a thousand other means to get money.'

'What means?'

'Why, not one of these women here would have refused to lend him some.'

'Bah! women give, but do not lend,' said a third speaker, in a sententious tone.

'And is not that the same thing?'

'Either plan is bad enough,' said the dandy, with a prudish air; 'for my part, I would as soon take to stealing.'

'Is Madame Chamesson here?' asked Arthur's friend, who by thus naming a rich and superannuated old woman, from whom the



young coxcomb was more than suspected of receiving supplies, effectually closed his mouth.

In order to make a favorable impression upon the jury, Bonnemain, who knew well the influence that the appearance of a prisoner often makes upon them, had employed all the little arts of the toilet which his person and situation would allow. Clad in a new suit, (thanks to the ten louis' of Monsieur Gorsay,) newly shaven, with modest and humble aspect, hands placed upon his knees, he held himself in an attitude so benign and reverential, that at the sight of this second Ambrose de Lamela, more than one spectator could not help whispering to his neighbor, 'Is it possible that this can be a liberated galley-slave? From his appearance, one would give him absolution without confession.'

The empanneling of the jury, the reading of the decree of reference and accusation, the interrogation of the accused, and the deposition of a number of witnesses, took up the whole of the first sitting; nor did the interest of the audience flag for a moment; but the mysterious and tragic character of the drama did not develop itself in all its deep import, until the second day, when from the witness chamber came forth an old man whose white hair, imposing features, and countenance calm in its severity, excited among all ranks of spectators a murmur of pity and respect. It was Monsieur Gorsay.

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DURING two months, the sanguinary resentment in which the last energies of a man on the verge of the tomb had been concentrated had suffered no abatement; but it had by degrees undergone those modifications which time and reflection always bring with them. To the furious rage, the insatiable thirst for revenge, the blind frenzy, which in the first instance had caused him to regard the slightest delay in his vengeance as a mark of base imbecility, had succeeded a determination cold, patient, implacable, and the more terrible, inasmuch as instead of finding vent, it was restrained within the recesses of his own bosom. By long boiling in the heart, that crucible of flesh hotter than a brazen furnace, the disordered passions came at length to cast off the *scorix* which changed the nature of their temper. The last stage in this refining process is hypocrisy, that wondrous power, which gains in depth what it hides upon the surface, and whose burst, when it breaks forth, is like the explosion of a volcano.

Monsieur Gorsay had thus comprehended the necessity of curbing his vengeance in order to render it more effective. When he entered the court-room, his countenance and deportment would have done credit to a consummate actor. Far from betraying the deadly hate which was gnawing at his heart, his eyes, as they rested for a moment upon Arthur, only expressed a mournful compassion, by which the audience were sensibly affected. At this look, in which he had expected to have found rage but not deceitful pity, d'Aubian felt that his doom was fixed; and replied by a bitter smile to the

magnanimous forgiveness with which the old man seemed to overwhelm him. The eyes of Monsieur Gorsay then glanced over the convict without resting on him; but in spite of the rapidity of the movement, the expression was so significant, that to hide the impression produced, Bonnemain turned away his head, and for some time kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground.

'What a fine old cock it is!' said he to himself; 'I was sure that he would not send me to the gallows. A great comfort it will be to him to have this tall fellow's neck stretched! Egad! had I been married to such a pretty wife, I would have acted just so myself. A bad fellow, that d'Aubian. When I think of the damage I was going to do this respectable old gentleman, I feel quite ashamed of myself. But what a devil of an idea to say to me, 'Bonnemain, rid me of this man and you shall have ten thousand francs,' and then to show me, at the same time, twenty thousand in that cursed secretary, which would n't be opened! Who could hesitate between ten thousand and twenty thousand?'

The most profound silence prevailed while Monsieur Gorsay replied to the questions of form which the presiding judge of the assizes put to him. This formality being finished, the old man sat down in front of the bench and turned toward the jury; then in a deep voice, the faltering tones of which seemed the effect of the regret which a generous mind feels at being compelled to turn accuser, he repeated word for word the declaration which he had made on the day of the attempted assassination. This recital stated in substance, that being asleep at the moment when he received the first blow, Monsieur Gorsay, before losing entirely his consciousness, had recognized the features of the murderer, who had lit a taper to enable him to force the secretary.

'Look at the accused,' said the president to the witness; 'are you quite sure that he whom you recognized was Arthur d'Aubian?'

The old man turned toward the prisoner, and cast upon the lover of Lucia a look in which triumph was admirably veiled by the semblance of pity. 'It was he indeed!' said he, with a sigh; 'in vain do I wish not to recognize him.'

A general and prolonged sensation throughout the crowded audience followed this declaration. Arthur alone remained apparently unmoved, and contented himself with a scornful smile.

'Monsieur President,' said one of the jurors, when silence was reestablished, 'I should like the witness to tell us whether prior to this attempt there was any subject of enmity between the accused and himself.'

This question excited a lively interest, particularly among the females, who though constrained to believe in the guilt of Arthur, could not admit that a robbery was the end in view. The prisoner himself slightly colored, and seemed to experience a secret disquietude. Monsieur Gorsay, however, was prepared for every interrogatory, and this one gave him neither surprise nor trouble.

'Monsieur d'Aubian and myself,' replied he, 'have been for a long time neighbors; and our intercourse has always been that of confi-

dence, of cordiality, and I may say of friendship; and on my part at least, spite of the blood that has been spilt, these sentiments are not yet annihilated. I feel this in the deep grief I have experienced these two months past; and I assure you that this unhappy event has caused me more anguish of mind than bodily suffering.'

The altered voice and sad expression of countenance of the old man excited in the audience a new murmur of pity.

'So then,' continued the president, 'you know of no cause to which the attempt, of which you have been the victim, may be attributed?'

'The cause,' replied Monsieur Gorsay, in a melancholy tone, 'is in my opinion that deplorable passion for play, which has already ruined so many young men worthy of a better fate. Monsieur d'Aubian played deeply and unsuccessfully: my advice could not withdraw him from this abyss, which every day became deeper. In a moment of despair he must have thought of the money which he had seen me receive some time before. Why did not the unfortunate man ask me for it, instead of seeking to gain possession of it in such a deplorable manner? If he had only placed confidence in me; if he had considered that the purse of an old friend was at his service; this fatal event could never have happened, and we should not have been both here; I in despair at being his accuser, and he ——'

The old man here paused, as if intense grief had cut short his words; and his outstretched arm, which he had raised to designate Arthur by a gesture of affection, dropped heavily to his side.

This touching discourse, this mock appearance of paternal grief, produced among the spectators, and even on the benches of the judges and jury, one of those thrilling emotions which honest hearts always feel at the sight of an heroic action. Monsieur Gorsay, pitying instead of heaping curses upon his assassin, appeared to the pious part of the audience a most virtuous observer of the precepts of the gospel; the men of letters compared him to Don Gusman bestowing forgiveness upon Zamora; the women even, seduced by a greatness of soul, set off by the long white hair, studied accent, eyes expressive in spite of age; in a word, by all the dramatic accessories which are so effective, suddenly transferred to the magnanimous old man the interest which most of them until then had preserved for the young accused.

'How handsome he must have been forty years ago!' cried one of them, in an artless transport.

'He is so still,' replied her neighbor, outdoing her in this admiration; 'moral beauty has no age. What generosity! What nobleness! I can now comprehend how Madame Gorsay should have fallen dangerously ill at the prospect of losing him.'

'It is King Lear!' observed a romantic Philaminta, devoted to the study of Shakspeare.

This epithet passed from mouth to mouth, and was sententiously pronounced by those who scarcely understood its meaning.

'Have you any remarks to make upon the deposition of the witness?' asked the president, addressing d'Aubian.

The accused arose, and seemed for a moment to be struggling with a violent temptation, which he succeeded in conquering.

'For the sake of my memory,' said he, 'for it is not my life which I would now defend, I must repeat that I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused. As for the declaration of Monsieur Gorsay, it is not for me to dispute it. Let your justice pronounce sentence; I shall know how to submit to it.'

This protestation seemed as cold as it was constrained, and was unfavorably received.

'Innocence does not express itself thus,' said to themselves the greater part of the spectators; 'one does not submit passively to an unjust sentence, but rather expresses indignation at it.'

A submission so extraordinary strengthened instead of destroying the proofs. 'This man is guilty,' was the general impression; 'it is written in his countenance.'

Monsieur Gorsay, having finished his testimony, took his seat among the witnesses, overwhelmed on his passage with unequivocal proofs of the deep interest he had excited.

For a few moments the audience were occupied in private converse; but suddenly this confused murmur was changed to a death-like silence, on the president's saying, in a voice which was heard throughout all the assemblage, 'Introduce Madame Gorsay.'

An officer left the hall, and almost immediately returned, preceding the young wife, who at once became the object of general curiosity. With head erect, countenance glowing with a hectic flush, and the inspired air of a Sybil, she advanced with firm step to the edge of the stand on which the witnesses are placed when they give testimony. There she stopped, apparently deaf to the words which the president addressed to her. Her gaze, in which gleamed forth wildness, ran over the crowded audience beneath her, with unnatural boldness. Quickly catching the prisoners' seat, she fixed her eyes upon d'Aubian with an unutterable look of eagerness, of love, and of despair; then, with a gesture frenzied but not involuntary, Lucia stretched out her arms toward her lover, and with a thrilling voice, 'Arthur!' exclaimed she, 'I am here!'

This cry of succor, fierce as the roar of a wounded lioness, sent an electric shudder through the thousand veins of that crowded multitude, greedy of emotions, and now supplied with them beyond their most sanguine hopes. In the midst of the general confusion two men arose, the husband and the lover; the one trembling with rage, the other with pity.

'This is a trait of madness!' exclaimed Monsieur Gorsay; 'the evidence of a mad woman cannot be received.'

'Mad!' said Lucia, casting a look of defiance toward her husband; then turning to the president of the court, 'Question me, Sir; you will see whether I am mad or not; whether I cannot comprehend your questions, and answer them in a rational manner. Mad! I may soon become so; but at this moment I have full possession

of my reason. I know perfectly well what I am doing, and what I am saying.'

'Compose yourself, Madame, I pray you; I am about to put some questions to you,' said the president, who thought he saw in the eyes of Lucia the threatening gleams of insanity, which contradiction might exasperate.

'Monsieur President, I object to this examination;' repeated Monsieur Gorsay, in a half-choked voice; 'I shall prove that for some time past the reason of my unhappy wife has been disturbed. Monsieur Mallet, her physician, and one of the witnesses here present, if he is willing to tell the truth, can testify to this fact.'

'Monsieur Mallet,' said the president, 'will you approach and judge for yourself whether Madame is in a fit condition to undergo an examination?'

Lucia smiled on the physician as he ascended the steps of the stand, and stretched out her hand to him when he drew near, with a gesture full of confidence. The possessor of a secret discovered by his penetration, the physician would have suffered Arthur to have been condemned, rather than have ruined a woman for whom he had long felt an attachment almost paternal; but he did not carry his chivalric refinement so far as to be willing to save her in spite of herself, by keeping his mouth closed. 'A man's life is at stake,' thought he; 'if she loves him well enough to sacrifice her happiness for him, what right have I to prevent her?'

He took the arm of the young woman, to feel her pulse; a superfluous formality, for it could teach him nothing which he knew not already. 'Madame has a high fever,' said he, in the midst of silence so profound that it seemed as if every breath was suspended; 'for two months this has been her habitual state. One of the features of this malady, which the efforts of art have not yet been able to subdue, is an irregular exacerbation, which the slightest emotion increases; but between this irritation of the nervous system and a disturbance of the mental faculties, there is, thank God! a wide difference. Madame Gorsay, as she herself has just affirmed, is in full possession of her reason; and I am convinced that she will understand perfectly well the questions that may be put to her, and also the import of her own answers.'

The audience received this declaration of the physician with a murmur of satisfaction; and in its frivolous cruelty prepared to devour the scandal, of which for a few moments it feared it would have been deprived. Transported with rage, Monsieur Gorsay would have clambered up the steps of the stand to drag down his wife, but the *gen d'armes* prevented his passing, and he fell back upon a bench, where he remained with face hid in his hands, apparently insensible. Arthur, upon whom Lucia kept her eyes ardently fixed, besought her by a look not to betray any farther a love, the avowal of which must cover her with disgrace. In reply to this mute prayer, he only obtained an impassioned gesture, which expressed her unshaken resolution to save him or perish with him.

Meanwhile, a lively discussion was going on among the judges,

whose sagacity had not foreseen this romantic incident. For the sake of public morals, the president wished to suppress the interrogation of Madame Gorsay, who could throw no light on the main fact of the assassination. He succeeded in bringing his colleagues over to this opinion; but the public prosecutor, whose consent was necessary, was not a man to give up, from motives of humanity, the prospect of a development of additional crime, which being ingrafted by him upon an accusation already capital, promised to make it one of the most interesting criminal trials which the court of Bordeaux had ever known. On being consulted by the president of the court, the red-gowned accuser therefore briefly declared that the testimony of the witness appeared to him to be indispensable.

During this discussion, Madame Gorsay remained upright and motionless, earnestly gazing upon Arthur. The proudness of her bearing at this moment might have seemed the effect of a masculine, or rather a super-human energy, were it not for a tremor, almost imperceptible, which forced her to lean her hand for support upon the chair which had been placed for her.

To the questions of form which were addressed her by the president, she replied in a clear and it might be said a composed manner; but when he requested her to tell the jury what she knew relating to the attempt made upon the person of her husband, she paused for a few moments; not that vulgar timidity caused the heroic determination of her heart to falter, but as if to collect at this decisive moment her physical energies, which seemed almost ready to abandon her.

'I have entered this place respected; I shall leave it disgraced!' said she at length, in an altered but thrilling voice. 'It matters little. Between *my* honor and *his* life I cannot hesitate. For ten months Arthur d'Aubian has been my lover; Arthur d'Aubian is my lover!' repeated she, with incredible energy, repressing with a commanding gesture the murmuring which these words produced; 'for ten months I have received his visits in my apartment, frequently at night. At the moment the crime was committed, I was awaiting him; if he was found in the park, it was because there was no other way to come to me. Arthur, I repeat, is my lover; who will dare say that he is an assassin?'

'I will!' exclaimed Monsieur Gorsay, rising in a transport of ungovernable fury.

'Then do you lie!' cried Lucia, whose look seemed to wither the old man. 'This man lies!' continued she, pointing with her finger to her husband. 'I have betrayed him; he knows it; and to revenge himself, he accuses Arthur of a crime. I have myself proposed to him to accuse me of the deed. I should not have denied it; but he would not. The blood of a woman would not suffice him; he must have that of Arthur; of Arthur whom I love, I do not say more than my life — that would be but little — but more than my honor!'

Lucia here interrupted herself, and cast her sparkling eyes toward that part of the hall occupied by the female part of the

audience, among whom a lively agitation was manifested, and whose whisperings clearly condemned an avowal so contrary to all received usages.

'You speak of immodesty,' said she to them, with a bitter smile. 'Spite of your want of pity, I would not wish any one of you to become so wretched as to learn that there is yet one thing more powerful than shame; and that is, despair. Think you, if the scaffold were not in view, I should thus hold up my disgrace for your contempt? They are about to kill him, I tell you; and must I let him die, that your blushes for me may be spared?'

As she pronounced these last words, Lucia reeled and closed her eyes, while a death-like paleness took the place of the burning hue with which fever had colored her cheeks. The supernatural energy which had thus far sustained her, suddenly gave way, as the flame of a torch is extinguished by a blast of wind. Doctor Mallet, who stood at the foot of the stand, watching with vigilant anxiety the slightest movement of the young woman, threw himself forward and received her in his arms the moment she fell. Others ran to his assistance, and Lucia was speedily carried into the witnesses' hall. She remained there for some time, apparently lifeless; but soon there followed this swoon a succession of convulsions more dreadful than any she had ever before experienced.

'The court is adjourned for half an hour,' said the president, despairing of obtaining immediate silence or attention.

These words completely let loose the storm; and the audience-chamber suddenly assumed the appearance of a tempestuous sea. A hundred conversations, equally lively, took place at once. The conduct of Madame Gorsay became the inexhaustible text for comments the most violent and contradictory. Some thought her crazy, others frightful, while a third class pronounced her sublime. In general, the old men were of the first opinion, the women of the second, and the young men of the third.

'How happy must this d'Aubian be!' exclaimed one of these latter, in an extatic tone.

'Happy! to be on the culprit's seat!' replied with a sneer a man of more mature years.

'And what matters that? Is there a humiliation which may not be effaced, or a grief which cannot be consoled, by the happiness of inspiring such a passion? Spite of its ignominy, even the culprit's seat becomes a throne for him who reigns over such a noble heart. Oh! to be loved thus — and die!'

The kindling eyes of the young enthusiast addressed this sentimental exclamation to a pretty blonde, whose coquetry had kept him for six months on the culprit's seat, while waiting for the throne of love.

'To be loved is no doubt vastly agreeable,' replied the matter-of-fact man; 'but to die! and upon the scaffold! Rather you than I, my fine fellow!'

On resuming the sittings, the president gave notice that the very critical situation of Madame Gorsay having rendered it necessary

that she should be removed home, both the accusation and the defence might have the benefit of her deposition, and that it would remain for the jury to decide upon its value. 'The list of witnesses is exhausted,' added he; 'Monsieur the Public Prosecutor has the floor.'

In legislative and judicial discussions, those incidents which sometimes turn up in a manner completely unexpected, are the rocks on which ordinary speakers, whose presence of mind is disturbed as soon as they are taken unawares, usually make shipwreck; but which master minds, practised in debate, have the power of adroitly turning to their own advantage. On the present occasion, the public prosecutor, a native of Bordeaux, although in other respects a superficial lawyer, possessed in common with many of his countrymen the faculty of improvisation, which seems, by one act of the mind, to combine thought and its expression. The reverse of the Abbe de Verlot, he would have recommenced the siege, and taken Malta, watch in hand, in ten different ways. Without the least appearance of embarrassment at an event which seemed to have changed the whole aspect of the proceedings, this able tactician gradually developed the plan of the accusation, as he had prepared it in the silence of his chamber. With the unwearied patience of the ant, adding little by little, grain of sand upon grain of sand, he heaped upon d'Aubian a mountain of proofs, under which the strength of Hercules would have given way; and then, when the mass seemed already sufficiently weighty, overwhelming, and unmovable, he suddenly added, as a terrible and unexpected crowning of the work, the deposition of Madame Gorsay.

'In an excess of despair,' exclaimed he, in a pathetic tone, 'a respectable old man, a husband cruelly outraged, tells you, 'This woman is deranged.' A noble and a mournful untruth, which I cannot blame, but which is still a falsehood! No, gentlemen; this woman is not deranged; her physician tells you she is not. She is not mad, unless you term madness the unbridled phrenzy of an adulterous passion, which, with bold front and audacious eye, unveils itself in the very sanctuary of justice, there to enact the deplorable scene with which all hearts seem yet filled. By trampling under foot all reserve, all modesty, Madame Gorsay thought that she could save him whom she dares to call her lover. Unhappy woman! Who did not see, that far from being a justification, her disclosure only adds another proof to the accusation; a proof perhaps the most overwhelming of all! What, in fact, does this unheard of declaration prove? It proves this; that before carrying murder into the house of Monsieur Gorsay, the accused had commenced by the dishonor of his wife; thus making one crime the prelude of another. And so it always happens: '*Nemo repente turpissimus.*' And what! is it pretended that this disgraceful stain which has just been brought to the glare of day, can cover over the shed blood? No, gentlemen; the blood still remains beneath the



mire, and nothing shall prevent our tracking it from the victim directly to the assassin !'

The public prosecutor continued a long time in this strain, adding weight to his words by impassioned gestures, and fervent declamation. Proceeding from inductions to oratorical displays, from arguments to appeals to the passions, he succeeded in making the guilt of the accused a sort of luminous and baleful star, the existence of which none but a blind man or an idiot could deny. At the close of the peroration, Arthur stood convicted of having attempted to assassinate Monsieur Gorsay, not only for the purpose of getting possession of his money, but also that he might espouse the unfaithful wife, who by her widowhood would become a desirable object for a ruined gambler.

This eloquent piece of pleading produced upon the assemblage an overwhelming and decided impression, which the advocate of d'Aubian in vain endeavored to counteract. In vain he urged in favor of his client the confession of Lucia, which explained so naturally the circumstances metamorphosed by his opponent into additional proofs of guilt. In vain he essayed to prove that the deposition of Monsieur Gorsay was but a calumny inspired by vengeance. In his rejoinder, more withering even than his first speech, the prosecutor prostrated irrevocably in the dust every position and argument of the defence.

The jury, who counted among their number but two unmarried men, finding in the accused the seducer of a married woman, were not on that account disposed to be more lenient. In their eyes the offence against conjugal rights, instead of a palliation seemed an increase of crime. After a long and serious deliberation, they declared, by a majority of nine out of twelve, that Arthur d'Aubian was guilty of a premeditated attempt to murder, followed by an attempt at robbery. Bonnemain, against whom the prosecutor had abandoned proceedings, was unanimously acquitted.

In spite of the lateness of the hour, almost all the audience had remained in their places, that they might be present at the dénouement of the drama. The two prisoners, who had been removed from the hall while the foreman of the jury read their verdict, were presently brought back, and listened with a sort of impassive silence to the reading of the verdict, the requisition of the public prosecutor for the pronouncing of sentence, and finally the double decree pronounced by the judge. The only sign of joy manifested by the galley-slave on being acquitted, was a guttural sound produced by the eagerness with which he once more resumed the free use of his respiration.

'I should like devilish well to have a cup of water, or even of wine,' said he to the gen d'arme at his right.

Arthur received the verdict of the jury with firmness ; but when the president pronounced the sentence of the court, which condemned him to twenty years hard labor in the galleys, his head sunk upon his breast, and he remained for some time apparently stupefied.

'Alphonse,' said he at length, in a low voice to his defender, who was sitting in front of him, 'you have done what you could for me, and I thank you; but the moment has come: remember your promise.'

'It is not a decree of death!' replied the young advocate, turning deadly pale.

'It is the decree of a thousand deaths!' replied the condemned, with energy; 'would you have me go to the galleys? Remember your oath; you could not save my life — at least preserve my honor.'

He bent forward toward his friend; their hands met and interchanged a long and mysterious embrace. On resuming his position, Arthur saw, rising from the midst of the dense crowd, a lean and sinister figure, whose devouring eyes were fastened upon him with an expression of ferocious triumph. He replied to the fury of this look with the calm and disdainful smile of a man who rises superior to his fate.

'Monsieur Gorsay,' said he, in a firm tone, 'look at me well, that you may not forget me at your hour of death!'

With these words, Arthur applied to his breast the point of the dagger which his friend had just given him, and with a firm hand buried it in his heart. He remained for a moment upright, his eyes wide open and fixed upon the old man, whom their terrible fascination filled with involuntary dread, and then suddenly fell like a tree severed by the axe.

A cry of horror arose on all sides. 'Dead!' exclaimed Doctor Mallet, who was among the first to hasten to him. 'She mad, and he dead! My God! may Thy judgment be more merciful for them than that of men!'

'Dead! very dead indeed!' said Bonnemain, in his turn leaning over the body of the young man stretched at his feet. 'To stick himself in that fashion because he was sentenced for twenty years! What a fool!'

THREE months after the trial, on a gloomy winter's evening, Doctor Mallet entered the house of Monsieur Gorsay, to which, since their return from Bordeaux, he had been a daily visitant. Without asking for the old man, he ascended immediately to the apartment of Lucia, whose alarming situation required the assiduous attentions which the physician bestowed upon her with untiring devotion. He gently opened the door of her chamber, and approached the bed of the young woman, who seemed lying in a lethargic slumber. Without awaking her, he placed his finger on her throbbing pulse, and then with anxious hand gently pressed her forehead, which he found to be burning like the alabaster of an ever-lighted lamp.

'The fever increases, and the brain is becoming more and more affected,' said he to himself, shaking his head with a care-worn aspect. He then stood for some time, contemplating with mournful compassion the sufferer whose life he still hoped to save, but of whose reason he despaired.

'I am sure that something has happened here since yesterday,' said he at length, in a low voice, to a female somewhat advanced in years, and of a masculine exterior, who stood before the fire-place awaiting the doctor's orders.

'I have taken care of many sick persons,' replied the nurse, with uplifted hands and eyes, 'but have never seen such things as are going on here. In the first place, last night Madame gets up fast asleep, as she often does, but this time she tried to throw herself out of the window. She had got herself half over the balcony before I could get her in again.'

'You have been asleep then?' said Monsieur Mallet, in a tone of anger.

'Why I might have had a little sand in my eyes; one is not made of iron. But it was lucky I had a strong arm; if it had n't been for that, this poor lady would not now have had any need of a doctor. But this is nothing to what took place here this morning.'

'Has Monsieur Gorsay been up here?' asked the doctor quickly.

'You have hit it. And Madame, as soon as she saw him, fell into convulsions which lasted more than two hours. It took four of us to hold her; and then we could hardly do it. When her strength was all gone she fell asleep from weakness; but I have an idea that this sleep bodes nothing good.'

The recital of the nurse was here interrupted by a slight noise which the door made as it was partly opened. The physician briskly turned his head, and saw Monsieur Gorsay, who had stopped at the threshold. Hastening toward him, he thrust him back into the other apartment.

'You must not enter here!' said he to him in a tone of command. 'This morning you took advantage of my absence; but now you must obey me. What is it that you wish? Would you complete your work by killing her?'

'She is asleep,' replied the old man, in a submissive voice. 'I beseech you, doctor, let me enter. What do you fear? she sleeps; she will not see me.'

'Do you not know the strange lucidness of her slumbers? Even though sleeping, she will be aware of your presence.'

'Let me but look at her for a single moment,' said Monsieur Gorsay. 'This morning I had scarcely a glimpse of her; and you have kept me so long from her! Am I condemned never to see her again?'

'Your presence would kill her,' replied the doctor; 'as long as I am her physician, I shall oppose an interview for which there is no good object, and which cannot be other than injurious. In her present deplorable condition, the least increase of excitement would prove fatal. Spare her then, for Heaven's sake! Does not the blood of Arthur d'Aubian suffice you? Must you also have that of this unhappy woman?'

The old man bowed his head with a mournful air, and remained some moments before replying. Then turning toward Monsieur Mallet a look of the deepest despair:

'Doctor,' said he, in a tremulous voice, 'could my death save her, most willingly would I die this moment. But what can I, a miserable old man, do upon the earth? An object of horror and affright, without family, without friends, without children! She was all these to me; she was my joy, my happiness, my treasure. Ah! why was she not my daughter? Perhaps she then would have loved me!'

'But of what use are regrets, when the evil is past remedy?'

'Past remedy! I know of one, but it requires a courage which I no longer possess; for old age has weakened my spirit, and leaves it only the strength to suffer. Do you believe me, doctor? I have never been a coward; but now—I dare not kill myself. Think not that it is religion that restrains me; it is fear. I have the desire for suicide, but not the courage. *He* had it. *He!* young and beloved—*he* knew how to die. And I, so near the tomb that I have but to raise the stone to descend into it, I hesitate, and tremble! Weakness and cowardice—these are man's last companions!'

Monsieur Gorsay seemed to forget the presence of the physician, and re-descended to his apartment with slow and painful steps. He there passed the remainder of the evening motionless in his arm-chair, with head sunk upon his breast, eyes fixed, and draining drop by drop the inexhaustible sadness in which for many months his heart had been steeped. At eleven o'clock a domestic entering the room, he arose and permitted himself to be undressed with the passiveness of a machine: then, after swallowing a narcotic draught, which his sleeplessness had rendered necessary, he got into bed.

The most profound silence reigned throughout the house; the domestics had long since retired to their apartments. The lethargic sleep of Lucia still continued; and despite the occurrence of the preceding night, the nurse, according to her custom, was slumbering in the arm-chair. At length Monsieur Gorsay fell asleep. Suddenly the old man was aroused by the sound of the window-blind turning upon itself. Opening his eyes, he perceived with amazement, mingled with terror, a large band of silver which the moon projected through the shutters of the Venetian blinds upon the carpet. In a moment this was obscured by the figure of a man, who leaped into the room, and proceeded directly toward the bed with the rapid and stealthy tread of a tiger. Monsieur Gorsay endeavored to rise, but before he could utter a cry, or seize the bell-rope, he was assailed and thrown down by the robber, who with one hand grasped him by the throat, and with the other brandished a long knife, which he had carried open between his teeth.

'Mercy!—Bonnemain!' murmured the old man, who by the light of the moon had just recognized the murderer.

'Not a word! or I strike!' replied the galley-slave, in a low voice. 'Listen to me: you must get up, open the secretary, and give me the money. If you hold your tongue I will do you no harm; but if you attempt to speak a single word, I will let out your blood like that of a fowl! Do you understand me?'

Frozen with terror, Monsieur Gorsay made a sign of assent. He then arose, with the assistance of Bonnemain, who by way of precaution kept fast hold of his arm, took a key from the pocket of his riding-coat, opened the secretary and drew from the secret cavity the casket filled with gold, upon which, for the last five months, the galley-slave, by night and by day, had not ceased thinking.

'Is this the whole?' said he, as his eyes gloated over the prey.

'It is all that I have here,' replied Monsieur Gorsay, in a half articulate voice; 'but I have some silver in the library; must I go and bring it?'

'Thank you; you might alarm the servants, which would not be so pleasant. Too much appetite is hurtful. I must be content with the rouleaus.'

'Take them then; I give them to you; and I swear never to betray you.'

'I believe you; before an hour the beaks will be on my haunches, as the other time; not such a fool!'

With these words, the galley-slave, by a movement as rapid as unforeseen, passed behind Monsieur Gorsay, grasped him tightly, closed his mouth with his left hand, while with the other he stabbed him in the side with anatomical precision. Stricken to the heart, the old man bit convulsively the fingers of the assassin, uttered a stifled groan, and expired. Bonnemain laid him upon the floor in silence, and assured himself that no pulse beat any longer. Certain then of never being denounced by his victim, he arose and plunged his hand into the casket which stood upon the secretary. At this instant, the noise of a door opening sent an icy chill through his veins. He turned in confusion, and by the light of the moon, which alone illuminated the scene of murder, he discerned at the entrance of the chamber a figure in white, which to a superstitious mind might have seemed the avenging spirit of the murdered man. This apparition moved directly up to the assassin, who in his fright dropped both the dagger and the rouleaus of gold. Crawling on his hands and knees, he succeeded in regaining the window, through which he sprung with a desperate effort. He traversed the garden, scaled the wall of the inclosure, and fled across the country, bearing on his hands, as on the former occasion, blood but no gold.

Two hours after this, the attendant of Madame Gorsay awoke, and perceived that the bed of her charge was empty. Alarmed, she ran to the window but found it closed; she then saw that the door was partly open. Lighting a taper, she followed from chamber to chamber the tracks of the somnambulist, who in her progress had not closed any of the doors behind her. She at length came to the threshold of the chamber of Monsieur Gorsay, where she suddenly stopped, uttering a shriek of horror, which aroused and terrified the whole household.

In the full moonlight which illuminated part of the room, Lucia, with dishevelled hair and closed eyes, was sitting by the dead body of her husband. The childish amusement in which she seemed to be seriously engaged told that the wanderings of madness were

joined to those of somnambulism. She held the casket on her knees, turned out the rouleaus, one after the other, and scattered the pieces of gold upon the carpet, arranging them in symmetrical figures. The blood which flowed profusely from the old man's wound was mingled with this sport, and the fingers of the smiling idiot were dabbled in the purple gore.

Lucia, dragged from the fatal chamber, awoke only to fall into terrible convulsions, during which the last rays of reason seemed to be extinguished. The scene which had been enacted five months before on this spot was now repeated in a more fatal manner. The judicial inquest established in a positive manner that Madame Gorsay, in a fit of somnambulism, had assassinated her husband, against whom, since the death of Arthur d'Aubian, she had cherished an implacable hatred. It also appeared clearly demonstrated that she had only perpetrated during sleep a murder which had been long contemplated during her waking hours. Among the parties who held the inquest there were more than one who thought that even sleep was not a sufficient excuse for the deed, and that the matter ought to be brought before a jury; but the insanity of the accused having been legally proven, took away all pretext for a criminal procedure. Instead, therefore, of being incarcerated in a prison, the wretched widow was placed in a lunatic asylum; a step which to many seemed too lenient.

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ONE day in the year 1838, among the persons whom curiosity had brought to the Institution at Charenton, might be seen a citizen of some fifty years of age, fat, well-conditioned, ruddy, and with clothes very well brushed. He gave his arm to a buxom female bedecked in full suit of holiday attire, and a finger to a child of about four years of age, whom maternal vanity had equipped in the martial uniform of an artillery officer. This group, a type of city felicity, the last reflex of patriarchal manners, was one which might have brought a smile of malice to the lip of an artist, or have furnished food for more serious reflection to a philosopher.

The head of this interesting family, who was about taking his son in his arms to give him a better view of the inmates of the establishment, suddenly stopped at sight of a female patient, still young and beautiful, who, without paying attention to any one, was walking up and down the small inclosure, repeating in a plaintive tone the name of 'Arthur.'

'What on earth ails you, Monsieur Bonnemain?' said the tawdry lady to her spouse. 'Why, you are as white as a sheet, and are all in a tremble!'

'It is from hunger then,' replied the old galley slave, as he recovered his sang froid, who, thanks to the dowry of his wife, had become the head of a flourishing commercial establishment; 'let us go to dinner. Achille is sleepy. These fools amuse me no longer. We have had enough of this stuff!'

## THE COUNT OF PARIS.

THIS BEAUTIFUL REPLY WAS MADE DURING THE RECENT DEBATES CONCERNING THE REGENCY OF FRANCE.

## I.

WITHIN the palace walls they wept,  
The mother and her son ;  
She, the young widow of a prince,  
And he, her first-born one :  
The stamp of royalty was set  
Upon his broad, fair brow ;  
He was the kingdom's pride and boast —  
Heir of its glory now.

## II.

Wo for the doom of Orleans' line !  
Wo for the loved one dead :  
Wo for the king whose hope lies low —  
The land whose peace has fled !  
Already are dark threats breathed forth,  
And others claim the place  
That should be his, that princely boy's,  
The noblest of his race !

## III.

They come to ask his mother's rights,  
His mother's and his own ;  
The widow and the fatherless,  
They stand in grief alone !  
It was in honied tones they spoke,  
Yet 't was a bitter word :  
' The Regent of our France must know  
To wear and wield a sword ! '

## IV.

The spirit of a line of kings,  
The Bourbon's race of pride,  
Flashed from the boy's bright eye, and thus  
His fearless voice replied :  
' I have a sword ; my mother's hand  
Can wave a banner bright,  
And France will fight for both of us,  
And for our holy right ! '

## V.

God shield thee on thy doubtful path,  
Heir of a fickle throne !  
A bloody race, an early doom  
Its noblest ones have known ;  
The hand that should have guarded thee,  
Hath mouldered to decay ;  
God save thee in thy peril's hour,  
And guide thine onward way !

## SKETCHES OF EAST-FLORIDA.

## NUMBER ONE.

## 'OFFICER OF THE NIGHT.'

I HAVE few antipathies, but there are some that I do battle with at sight or smell. Whether persons or things, I *appreciate* them at once; as some persons of keen perceptions will tell immediately when a cat is near them. You will hear people talk of what they call a 'presentiment of evil.' This is all humbug. If they would look about them, they would find, each one, his respective cat; or, to speak magnetically, his 'opposite pole.'

Corporal F—— was my antipathy, my 'opposite pole,' my cat; and for that matter, a *Tom*-cat, and a very saucy one. We had never spoken, and knew nothing of each other; our eyes had never met, but we had stolen glances, each way, giving strong confirmation of what the mere presence of each sufficiently indicated; to wit, a decided hostility. I had felt uncomfortable some mornings before, and knew perfectly well that I had a cat to find; but I did *not* know, till afterward, that Corporal F—— had reached town that very day. It was a common fancy with me, subsequently, that I knew what part of the town he was in at any given time; and this may have been fancy only, or it may have been a fact magnetical.

Our first meeting was in ——, East Florida. I had been in that warm-bath of a climate just long enough to get well soaked through, and was beginning to act out that dreamy languor of body and soul that fits one so exactly for the cigar-life — the lounging, easy non-chalance of that sunny land; in short, without that excess of high spirits which is an irritation, I was superlatively happy — till I met Corporal F——. He was to me immediately a large spot on the sun; and although I could n't always *see* the spot, I knew it was there, and keeping off so much sunshine. His arrival, as I viewed it, was impertinent, and not at all in aid of the object I had in coming a thousand miles to that delicious climate. With a generous ingenuity, I thought at first of proposing to him to draw cuts, to decide which of us should leave town. He had not the look of being cared for, and I could not imagine his absence would be missed at all, except by me; while as to myself, to say nothing of the party I was with, I rather thought that the girls who had taken so much pains to teach me their waltzes and Spanish dances —— But that's no matter. The risk to me would be an unrighteous one, and the project was abandoned.

We were a party of half a dozen, who had left New-York as the severe winter of '35 and '36 was setting in, and reached —— by way of Picolata, making the last safe passage over that road. The



Indian war had just broken out, and the whole country was in arms. Shortly after our arrival, the north part of the town was picketed off at about half a mile from the outskirts, with a guard, here and there; and a cordon of military posts stretched along the western side, around to the sea. A large gun was then placed in the middle of H——'s bridge, pointing into the pine barrens; the usual night patrol of southern cities was doubled, and the place declared under 'martial law.' Every able-bodied man was expected to do service; and if that expectation failed to be met by any one, that 'individual' was assisted by a corporal and guard. I was an 'able-bodied man;' sound in every particular. The hot sun had already browned my face so that there were no delicate indices of ill health; and if I had been a shade darker, I might have been knocked off at the market for at least seven hundred dollars. I was full of '*tusymusy*,' and ready for any thing, but wished to be myself the master of the 'how and when' of any enterprise that I was to engage in.

I was anticipated. Happening to criticise the appearance of the different companies about town, in too public a manner, the sovereigns were offended, and it was resolved that I should be victimized. I was ordered to appear at the Fort, armed and equipped for immediate service, as one of a small guard of Minorcans and Spaniards, posted a mile and a half out of town; of which guard, Bravo was corporal, and —— captain; precisely as I should like to have put them in a shipping-bill for the East-Indies. Well, I declined the invitation. I was from the 'mountain-land,' and for some days, my blood had been going up with the thermometer, at the strange goings-on about town. There appeared to me a quite unnecessary preparation of powder for mere home consumption. Beside, what did I know about war, that they should select me, when the streets were full of Uncle Sam's men, and hardly room enough for them at the outskirts to spread their tents? I did *not* call at the Fort. I did *n't* even send my card, or my regret. Of course I was not surprised the next morning, at parade hours, to see Corporal Bravo and guard coming down the street with apparently hostile intentions. It might be accident that they approached so near the house; but people in that climate never move without an object; and I accordingly passed through a gate in the rear, merely to air myself in a different direction. Bravo enquired for me very particularly at the house, breathed a few moments his men, who were in a high excitement; made a rapid revolution, and marched back to the Fort, a mile distant, to report that I was not to be found. At afternoon parade, the same military movement was repeated, and I had again the same charming view of the H—— turkey-buzzards and small snipes on the beach, with fiddlers innumerable, and in the back-ground the pine woods of the wilderness.

After a few days, I was trapped by mere civility; a very *forcible* thing, by the way, as all women know very well, but there are men who never can learn it. A polite note came from the captain, asking me to call at his quarters; and I was very soon ushered into a room that was lined with muskets and swords and men to use them. The

captain received me pleasantly, complimenting me upon my 'esprit du corps' in being master of my own company, etc; but I saw the game at once; and bursting into a laugh at the savage looks of the guard, surrendered at once, merely asking the courtesies of a prisoner of war. I was immediately gratified — with three muskets, one for myself, the others to protect me on either wing, carried by friends who insisted on an arm each side; and so with a strong support in the rear by the rest of the guard, and Bravo in front, cutting the way with a drawn sword, we marched to the Fort. When we entered the walls, and came in sight of the commandant, I expected to be 'cut in sunder at the waist,' but was merely noticed with a careless severity, and told to look on, and be ready at the next parade. We then assumed the form of a rhomboid, in which I was at equal distances from the respective angles, and marched a mile and a half to the camp. After showing me 'the fortifications,' which consisted of a pine-board enclosure of about ten feet by twelve, I was taken into the hot sun to be drilled privately. This was a very short operation. I handled the musket with a kind of desperation, which very soon convinced the corporal that I had the 'real stuff' in me; especially in my last manœuvre, which consisted in cocking the piece suddenly, and lowering the muzzle to his breast; upon which, with military abruptness, he declared the drill over, and myself perfectly *au fait* at all military operations.

I was now instructed in other arts and mysteries of war; and was told, among other things, that an officer from town generally visited each camp during the night, and that then every man was to be belted and ready for inspection. When the sentry received, in answer to his challenge, '*Officer of the Night*,' his duty was to cry out, for timely notice at the camp: '*Corporal of the Guard — Grand Rounds — Officer of the Night*.' This, in Bravo's opinion, was the grandest of all military affairs that were executed without waste of powder. The officer of the night had not been round, for a week, but he was always to be expected. Bravo and myself were very soon on excellent terms. I rather liked him, in spite of the burlesque of his name; for as such men generally do, he had contrived to assume something so like his translation, that it passed very well for the real article. If he did not fulfill his full meaning, his efforts were at least well-meant, and he had a saucy good humor that was quite companionable. That night we had two sentries out, stationed some hundred yards each side of the camp; and somewhere about the 'small hours' I took my first 'stand at arms' on the northern pass, and challenging noises all night, without reply, acquitted myself very much to the corporal's satisfaction. A few days passed very pleasantly away, and I was enjoying my military life so much that I had entirely forgotten Corporal F——. It should be premised, that I knew nothing of his being a corporal, and cared as little. I had no objection to his being a perfect Nabob, if he would only keep out of my way. I now learned that he had command of the next post north of us, and only about half a mile distant.

One charming morning, after an 'off-night,' when I was allowed

to stay in town, I sallied into the street, *en route* to the parade-ground, humming to myself in mocking-bird style, my belt snug and faultlessly white, and musket leaning with an off-duty obliquity that was not pardonable merely, but quite the thing, when I suddenly *felt* that Corporal F—— was in the street! He was not to be seen, but I knew perfectly well that he was standing in a shop-door, only a short distance ahead. The streets in that old town are very narrow, so that on meeting a cart, the safest way is to post yourself flatwise against the wall, and admire the prospect in the opposite direction till the cart is cleverly by. Of course the foot-paths, such as they are, are close to the wall, and give no room for steps to houses, where, as in most cases, they are built directly on the street. I was on the same side with Corporal F——. If in passing, the corporal should attempt the street, there would be a collision. These mathematical problems suggested that I could cross over, as it was only a long straddle, but I had no desire to do so. Almost unconsciously, however, my musket went to the perpendicular, my eyes fixed where I thought the north star ought to be, (magnetic coincidence!) and my marching-foot was coming down with extra emphasis, at a point just abreast of him, when I thought—it might be imagination—but I thought his foot moved out slightly from the threshold. Quick as the thought, which was lightning in my then state of the brain, I wheeled, brought my musket with a ring upon the lime-stone, and looked Corporal F—— dead in the face! He returned the look with less interest than I expected, but he didn't waver a hair, and our eyes fixed upon each other as steadily as though we had been playing at small-swords. There was barely breathing room between us; and at one time his lips moved as about to speak, but he said nothing. Of course, I had nothing to say, but if *he* had any explanation to make, I was then ready to hear it; and if not—— I was going on in this manner to myself, when it occurred to me that he was unarmed, and I had a musket, with a tremendous bore, (especially a great bore of a hot day) and a ball then in it, that I would not have dared to have sent within three points of the most distant vessel in the offing. Without taking my eye from him, I resumed my up-street facing; the accenting foot forward, musket to shoulder, and immediately marched up street.

If Bravo had seen this evolution, and my march up the street, how smoothly he would have rolled out his Spanish braggadocia upon my military training! As I passed under balconies loaded down with gay girls, fingers may have been kissed at me; quite likely; I never knew, for I went 'right on' with set teeth to the Fort.

And now, would Corporal F—— challenge? I certainly had given him a chance, and I was in a perfect fever to bring matters to a crisis. I am not a fighting man. I never eat veal, or any thing that's killed young; preferring to wait till I am convinced that from wet days and cold winters the beast must have become indifferent to a knock on the head: but who could refuse his antipathy? Who could live in the same air with his tom-cat?

The day passed—and I was not challenged.

That night, as we lay about the camp-fire, I was possessed of a sudden inspiration, and immediately gave a loud shout. Bravo looked up enquiringly, and Boag, who was privy to my antipathy, sprang to his feet, ready for any emergency. Boag knew that something was in the wind. I paid no attention to either of them, but called up Tom, my errand-boy, and gave him the requisites, with a pass, for a gallon of Santa Cruz, sugar, etc; and all the eggs he could find in town, and then despatched a few men with a boat, for a load of oysters.

Boag was the only other American in our camp. He happened in Florida, in what manner I don't know, from Charleston, South-Carolina, and fell an easy victim, having been captured before I had that pleasure. He was the happiest man I ever knew; happy in every thing he undertook, and careful not to undertake too much. His sagacity upon that point alone would have made a character of any ordinary man. The mere motion of the man seemed to be a high enjoyment, and his bowling at nine-pins was the very perfection of carelessness. He was never guilty of a 'spare,' and would have shuddered at the nicety and precision of hitting any particular pin. But Boag's highest happiness, literally and technically, was in his composition of egg-nogg. Egg-nogg from Boag was irresistible; a smooth, and chaste production: the white of a pullet's egg, deliciously flavored, was all you could think of, until — some time after taking it.

About nine o'clock, the roast and 'nogg were ready; and then, as we grouped about the fire you should have looked in upon us, to have seen happy faces. The Spaniards in a perfect sputter of talk and gesticulation as though every oyster burnt to the stomach; Boag presiding every where with his stick; and myself, the Mephistophiles of the occasion, lying on a board, the windward side of the group, taking just enough of the 'nogg to digest each particular oyster, and no more. Toward midnight, they had worried themselves sleepy, and crept off to their berths, Bravo bringing up the rear, and laying himself out in a very grand manner, his legs and arms indicating all points of the compass, to signify, I suppose, that he ruled in all directions. After waiting a suitable time for the sentries to become careless, I beckoned to Boag, whose intuition was as perfect as a woman's, and he followed me stealthily into the long salt grass bordering the beach. The sentries were ordered to fire immediately upon any one who refused to answer their challenge; and knowing that the sentry we had to pass was only half-drunk, I had a painful apprehension that the egg-nogg was after all a questionable forethought. We had gained but a short distance, when the quick challenge sent us headlong in the grass. The sentry could n't leave his post, and probably concluded that some wild fowl had risen between him and the sky, and settled down again. Emerging again, at about the same distance on the other side of the sentry, we were again challenged, and made our salaam, as before, in the same unhesitating manner. Presently the challenge was repeated, and we thought we heard the click of his musket. The night was painfully

still, and it might be the sharp cry of a disturbed snipe, or the snapping of a brand at the camp-fire. We were breathless 'for a space,' and the musketoos seemed to know perfectly well that we durst not raise a finger to brush them off. Then creeping along till we were sure of being within the shade of the forest, we came to the perpendicular again, and walked on rapidly to the camp of Corporal F—. I hinted to Boag to keep calm, and ready for any thing that might turn up; at which he looked amazed, but said nothing; no doubt wondering that I had not yet learned to appreciate him. At this moment, we received an abrupt challenge from the advanced guard of Corporal F—. I shouted back, with all the strength of egg-nogg, the magic words, '*Officer of the Night!*' And oh! what a relief to that sentry, as he made the pine woods ring with '*Corporal of the Guard—Grand Rounds—Officer of the Night!*'

Turkey-buzzards flew about on the tree-tops, and the whole family of wild fowl, coughed and wheezed out their disturbance upon the still night. Then arose the hum of the camp. A dozen sleepy Spaniards sprang from their berths, swearing vociferously; lights waved, swords clattered to the hip, and down came Corporal F—, with his men superbly belted, their heads leaning back to the north star, and muskets flashing in the torch-light of three negroes coming on before.

At a short distance from us, Corporal F— gave a tremendous 'Halt!' upon which, I made two steps forward, and waving off the little niggers to the right and left, stood in bold relief—the Officer of the Night.

'Well, of course Corporal F— drew his sword, and 'cut you in sunder at the waist?'

Not at all; but if that column of men, together with Corporal F—, had immediately fallen over backward, I could not have been better satisfied of their astonishment. The short silence was so terrible to Boag, that feeling he must say something, he suggested a want of candles, in a feeble way; and then, with a hurried 'Right about face—march!' the Corporal and guard vanished in the darkness.

Reader, I am sorry to hoax you, but there was no catastrophe. An antipathy looked dead in the face is always *pointless*. I was not challenged by Corporal F—; and as corporal, I never saw him after that night. I never knew his name; and it is quite probable that five years afterward I passed my wine to him in that same old antiquated town. There was a face at our hotel that reminded me very much of Corporal F—; but with five years, my antipathy had gone, and my tom-cat was a very clever companion.

EPIGRAM OF PLATO TO A DECEASED FRIEND.

As once thou shon'st, a morning star,  
With life's young glory round thy head,  
So now thou deck'st the western sky,  
Soft gleaming from among the dead.

W. H. H.

## A U T U M N .

ON woodland and on mountain side  
 Rich, varied tints appear ;  
 By mossy stone and wandering wave  
 Pale leaves are falling sere ;  
 The garden flowers all scattered lie,  
 In sorrowful decay,  
 And the greenness of the valley slope  
 Is fading fast away !

And are the verdure and the bloom  
 In their fresh prime so dear,  
 That thus the spirit mourneth o'er  
 The ruin of the year ?  
 No ! 't is because true types are they  
 Of lovelier, dearer things ;  
 Hopes, joys, and transports, unto which  
 The soul so fondly clings.

There is a moral in each leaf  
 That droppeth from the tree ;  
 In each lone, barren bough that points  
 To heaven so mournfully :  
 Mute Nature, in her silent way,  
 A mystic lesson tells,  
 And they who watch the Sybil well  
 May profit by her spells.

*Richmond, Virginia.*

BOW-ROSEN.

## FIORELLO'S FIDDLE-STICK.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

AMONG the men of rank in London, who were distinguished during the last century for their love of music, the Baron Baygo held a prominent place. This worthy man found music in every thing. Did a door creak upon its hinges, did a chair make a shrill sound in gliding over the floor, presto ! in an instant our melomaniac seizes his tablets and marks down the corresponding musical inflections. There was not, in short, an itinerant merchant of the streets of London whose favorite cry had not been reproduced in the collection of Baron Baygo. To speak truth, however, it must be confessed that the musical education of our Baron had not been of the most thorough character, being rather superficial than solid. He was consequently obliged to have recourse to an amanuensis to note down for him, in a proper and artist-like manner, all the noises, good, bad, or indifferent, which figured in his musical *agenda*.

To procure a person of sufficient tact and patience to understand and humor all the Baron's whims, it may readily be imagined was no easy task. Having changed a score of times his musical secre-

taries, he succeeded however at length in attaching to him the celebrated Fiorello, an Italian violinist of rare talent, and as simple and candid in character as the majority of his countrymen are crafty and astute.

Still the Baron, in spite of the three hours which he devoted every day to the practice of the violin, could never attain the faculty of playing with correctness; and his harmonicidal hand was continually entangled in difficulties, and made sad havoc with the doleful-sounding flats.

Fiorello was almost in despair. At length, the Baron, one day throwing his violin on the floor, cried out in a rage: 'Yes! I have already restrained myself too long; but patience! I am determined that these cursed flats shall bother me no longer!'

'What is it you mean, my Lord?' said Fiorello, in astonishment.

'Why I mean to say,' replied the Baron, 'that this very night I will make a motion in the House of Lords, to oblige musical composers from henceforth to leave out all those infernal flats from their music, under a heavy penalty.'

'Ah ha!' said Fiorello, bursting into laughter; 'the proposal will be a pleasant one.'

'It will at least have a good moral effect, Sir,' replied the Baron, with dignity. 'Have we not a statute against profane swearing?'

'Certainly, my lord.'

'Well then, were it not for these vile flats, I should not have broken it, for my own part, more than a thousand times, since I commenced the practice of the violin.'

It never appeared, however, that the Baron carried his threat into execution.

One day, when the Baron, after three years of close application, had come to handle the bow passably well, and could execute with tolerable correctness a solo of Jarnovich, leaving out the flats, he declared to Fiorello that he had made up his mind to give his friends a taste of the first fruits of his newly-acquired talent; and he accordingly directed him to make arrangements for a concert for the ensuing Saturday.

By order of the Baron, notes of invitation were sent out to princes of the royal family, to the grand dignitaries of the united kingdoms, to the speakers of the two houses of parliament, and to the lord-mayor of London. So well known in high life were the foibles and eccentricities of the Baron, that each one took a malicious pleasure in accepting the invitation.

The day appointed for the concert at length arrived. Fiorello was very thoughtful; and at breakfast, spite of the repeated invitations of the Baron's niece, a sprightly girl of sixteen, with whom he sat at table, scarcely swallowed a mouthful.

'What ails you, my good master?' said Miss Betsey to him.

'Alas! Miss,' replied the poor musician, 'I fear that his lordship will compromise this evening my twenty years of honorable professorship.'

'What! is that all, Signor Fiorello? Is not your reputation already

sufficiently established? Take my advice; place yourself on the side of the laughers; and believe me, they will be the most numerous party this evening.'

Fiorello, in spite of the encouragement of Miss Betsey, repaired to the rehearsal of the concert with much fear and anxiety. When the time for its commencement arrived, the Baron, carrying his head very erect, mounted the stage prepared for the solo players, and without waiting to see if the others were ready, went to work in a most pitiless manner upon the piece he had selected for his début.

It was a frightful charivari! But the musicians were paid to find out great talent in their patron, and the applause he received, although given with a degree of *empressement* which might seem a little ironical, made him the happiest of mortals. So far, all went on well; but when, in the evening, the Baron saw among the invited guests the brother of the king, an excellent violinist, and his cousin, the Duchess of Cambridge, who had the reputation of being one of the first musicians of the day, he was seized with an insurmountable panic, and ran to find Fiorello. But the professor had departed about noon, and his servant could not tell what had become of him.

'Come on then!' said the Baron; 'the die is cast! I must play, cost what it will! I will at least, however, make use of the fiddle-stick of my master, who, without the least regard for my reputation, has abandoned me at this critical moment, in such a shameful manner.'

The concert commenced with a magnificent chorus of Handel, which brought forth immense applause. Then La Mengotti warbled in a divine manner an air of Pæsiello, and was conducted back to her seat in triumph. The order of the programme now designated the solo of the Baron. Trembling from head to foot, he took his place, and bowed profoundly to the august assemblage; while the orchestra attacked the overture, which usually precedes those morceaux which are designed to give eclat to a virtuoso. To the astonishment of all present, the Baron executed the opening part of the concerto with a vigor and precision that was marvellous. The audience, who had come with the intent of laughing at their entertainer, were lost in perfect amazement. But still greater was their astonishment, when the Baron executed, with consummate taste and skill, a delicious vitanello, which was set in the midst of the greatest difficulties of his piece, like an odor-breathing violet in the midst of a bunch of thorns. All arose with one accord; handkerchiefs waved in the air; and the name of the Amphytrion of the entertainment was mingled with the most hearty *vivats*. The poor Baron experienced a sensation that he had never before known; his limbs trembled beneath him, and his forehead was covered with huge drops of perspiration.

The next day, the valet-de-chambre of Baron Baygo, while arranging the instruments which had been used at the concert, observed that the hair of a valuable bow was covered with a thick coating of candle-grease. Astonished at this phenomenon, he carried it to his master, who, equally puzzled, sent for Fiorello, and holding up the



bow, said : 'Here, my dear master, is your fiddle-stick ; it was of great service to me last evening, I assure you ; for without it I should not to-day have carried my election as Speaker of the House. Leave it with me as a token of remembrance, and accept this as a mark of my esteem.' Thus saying, he slipped into the hand of Fiorello a draft on his banker for a hundred pounds. 'But explain to me,' added the Baron, 'how comes the hair of the bow in such a condition ?'

Fiorello hung down his head, without replying. 'Oh, uncle !' cried Miss Betsey, 'I will tell you all about it. Last night, during the concert, Signor Fiorello was hid behind the screen ; and it was he who made all the beautiful music, while you were scraping the fiddle so hard, with a fiddle-stick that made no noise !'

For a few moments, the Baron stood confounded. 'Marvellous effect of self-love !' at length he exclaimed, for with all his foibles he was at bottom a man of sense ; 'so excited was I last evening, that I really thought it was myself who executed those beautiful pieces ! But come, I must not quarrel with you, my dear Fiorello ; and I beg leave to double the amount of this draft, for the sake of the stratagem, which has saved my reputation as a virtuoso. But I see plainly that I must stop here, and play no more upon the violin, lest this affair should get wind.

The Baron kept his word ; he gave up for ever his favorite instrument ; but in order to make himself amends, he diligently collected, from time to time, all the different inflections of voice of the members of the upper house ; and a curious medley it was !

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#### SUNSET: THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

AIR. 'THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.'

OH ! how glorious the vision, when the Sun sinks to rest,  
Mid the bright fields Elysian, on Evening's soft breast ;  
While brilliant and glowing with purple and gold,  
The clouds round him flowing, their splendors unfold !

How calmly, serenely, his beams die away,  
As he lingers so sweetly on the confines of day !  
Then leaving behind him the shadows of night,  
He claims for his treasure a day ever bright.

'T is thus with the pilgrim, when life sinks apace ;  
Bright angels attend him at the end of the race :  
And hov'ring around him in glorious array,  
They rejoice in his future — an infinite day !

Oh ! how joyful he lingers, while DEATH doth release,  
With his cold icy fingers his soul, filled with peace !  
Then leaving earth's regions of sorrow and pain,  
He joins the blest legions, with JESUS to reign.

T. W. S.

## SONG OF THE WESTERN STEAMBOAT-MEN.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FORM.\*

## I.

Ye mariners who sail the seas,  
I'm told you've made the boast,  
Of all who go upon the waves  
You hold yourselves the toast ;  
But list to me, ye mariners,  
As bounding on ye go,  
A-cracking up your merry ship,  
And your wild yo! heave ho!

## II.

I'll not deny, ye mariners,  
It is a joyous thing  
To see ye dashing on your way,  
Like bird upon the wing ;  
Ye wave a farewell hand to home,  
And then away ye sweep,  
To where the blue/sky rests upon  
The bosom of the deep.

## III.

But mariners—but mariners,  
When loud the storm doth blow,  
Ye have a toilsome time, my boys,  
With your wild yo! heave ho!  
And when at last the calm comes on,  
And ye swing upon the sea,  
Sad, sad are then your thoughts of home,  
And sadder they will be.

## IV.

Oh! how ye at the sweepers tug,  
And how ye have to tow ;  
And faint and weary comes the cry  
Then of your yo! heave ho!  
Ye say ye hate to hear our noise,  
Our puffing and our buzz ;  
But do n't forget, ye mariners,  
That 'pretty is that does!'

## V.

Blow high or low, ye mariners,  
'T is all the same to us ;  
The storm may blow its last breath out,  
What care we for the fuss ?

\* This spirited Song is from 'The Adventures of a Poet, a Tale told in Rhyme,' by F. W. THOMAS, Esq., author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' etc. We have been permitted to peruse the poem in manuscript; and are so impressed with the life and variety of incident which pervade it, and the ease and grace of its execution, that we cannot omit the expression of a hope that it may soon be given in a printed form to the public. The self-complacent tone of the stalwart boatman of the West, will remind the reader of DANDY'S sailor who 'pitted the poor devils ashore' in a hurricane whose music was so welcome to him on the deep.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

And I've not told of shipwrecks, boys,  
 Upon the stormy main ;  
 The long-boat swamped, and the wild crew  
 Who 'll ne'er see land again.

## VI.

To be rowed up a great salt sea,  
 Beats rowing up Salt River ;  
 And where we'd strike a snag and land,  
 Why, you'd be gone forever !  
 We go ahead so steadily,  
 And never give a lurch,  
 Ye'd take us for a hide-bound chap  
 A-hurrying to church.

## VII.

But though we puff as stately, boys,  
 As any Dutchman smokes,  
 We eat the best, and drink the best,  
 And crack the best of jokes.  
 Why mariners, ye're months away,  
 On hard junk-beef ye feed,  
 While we have turkey, toast and tea,  
 And every thing we need !

## VIII.

In every port ye boast there's one  
 To spend the cash ye give her ;  
 Why, we have sweet-hearts, mariners,  
 On both sides of the river !  
 We ask not for the starry lights  
 To cheer us on our way ;  
 We've eyes that flash from every wood  
 The clearest kind of ray !

## IX.

There's SAL, she peeps from Cypress-Swamp,  
 And Bet from Buckeye-Beach ;  
 And we've a passing word for both,  
 And a sly kiss for each.  
 I'm told you say, 'cause boilers burst,  
 Uncertain is our breath ;  
 To die by bursted boilers, boys,  
 Is just our nat'ral death !

## X.

And do n't ye die in calm and storm,  
 And do n't ye die in slaughter ?  
 And do n't they wrap you in a sheet,  
 And chuck you in the water ?  
 You're food for fishes, mariners !  
 Ha ! ha ! your faces fall !  
 Well, here's a health, my boys, to each,  
 And a long life to all.

## XI.

Broad, broad lands are between us, boys,  
 But our rivers seek the sea,  
 And by them, in our merriment,  
 We send good luck to ye :  
 Good luck to ye, brave mariners !  
 And mind, my boys, whenever  
 Ye weary of your ocean life,  
 Ye're welcome on the river !

## THE 'EMPIRE STATE' OF NEW-YORK.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE above is but a significant title. New-York justly merits the appellation of the 'Empire State.' Considered only as one of many independent commonwealths linked together in a peaceful union, what an idea must her grandeur convey of the American confederacy; of the strength of the chain which binds together such unwieldy masses, and renders the compact firm and enduring! It is a harmony which, if it continues, will be more wonderful than any save that of the spheres.

We enter into few statistics; we merely state the impressions of an inhabitant of the Old World at taking a general survey of this portion of the New; a glance at those great features which strike the mind of the most casual observer. New-York possesses in herself whatever would be necessary to constitute a great Empire, if distinct and separate; cities, towns, villages, rivers, lakes, mountains, soil, productions, and the most celebrated wonders in the world of nature and art. In extent equal to Great-Britain, she is magnificent in population, dominion, in developed and undeveloped resources. Within her limits Nature has exhausted every element of the beautiful or the sublime. The ocean thunders on her East, and the Great Cataract upon her West. Erie and Ontario are two great seas upon her borders, where the mariner may lose sight of land; whose billows are equal to those of the ocean, in storms which wreck the shipping destined for her provincial ports. The mighty river St. Lawrence, with its thousand islands, separates her from the British possessions on the North. On the North-east stretches Lake Champlain, one hundred and twenty miles, with all its variety of scene, from the low and swampy shore, to the boundary of steep mountains close to the water's edge, or the cliffs where a hollow, murmuring noise is heard when the breeze blows, from the waters splashing in the crannies of the rocks. There are islands encompassed with rocks, shores ornamented with hanging woods, and mountains rising behind each other, range after range, with a magnificence which cannot be described; but richer than all is she, when she receives the waters of Horicon, the loveliest of lakes! It embosoms two hundred islands, and is shadowed on either side by high mountains, while its waves are of such delicious purity as to reveal the slightest object which sparkles upon its bottom at any depth.

New-York has within it the sublime mountain scenery of the Kaatskills, where the eagle wheels over their hoary summits, and the winds receive an edge which sometimes kills the flowers of May in the valley. It has primeval forests where the axe has not sounded,

and a few red men yet linger amid their gloom ; and it has plains which stretch themselves for miles, like the prairies of the far West. It has solitudes where the foot of man has scarcely trod ; and yet for three hundred miles, from the Hudson to the great lakes, it has city after city, town after town, village after village, in one unbroken chain, rising like magic on the borders of lakes or in the heart of vallies, where a few years since reigned the silence of nature ; a proud attestation of the superiority of the Saxon race. Situated in a most favored zone, with skies hanging over it for the greatest portion of the year unclouded as those of Italy, it enjoys the four seasons, with their accompanying blessings, in equal distribution ; the spring with its gradual advances ; the luxury of summer ; the autumn with its prodigal abundance ; and that which enhances all these, and is likewise full of sublimity, the snows of winter. Whoever has sailed upon its rivers, or clambered its mountain-sides, or descended into its vallies, or gazed upon its cataracts, but most of all, has become acquainted with its works of art, must acknowledge that this is preëminently the *EMPIRE STATE*.

But the Bay of New-York, rivalling the noblest in the world for its depth, expansiveness, and beauty of its rising shores, is another feature which deserves to be mentioned ; and then we come to a city, destined also to stand in the first class. Accustomed as I had been to entertain an unpardonable prejudice and ignorance concerning the New World, and almost to confound the name of American with the red aborigines, it was with unfeigned surprise that I found myself in such a city, stunned with the hum of her incessant bustle and commerce, in the midst of somewhat fresh but stately buildings, and mingling with the crowds in a thoroughfare, considering its extent, one of the most magnificent in the world. Enthusiasm banished every prejudice. I beheld on all sides the aspect of a luxurious metropolis ; well-furnished shops, churches, public buildings, and private dwellings, which would have graced any city of Christendom. Fountains in various parts were throwing up their waters to a great height, and with profuse liberality. A river flowed through the streets, brought from a distance of forty-five miles by an aqueduct, in design and execution one of the most bold, stupendous works of any age or country ; yet some of my countrymen, who profess to write books, have not even alluded to it.

Surrounded by so many wonders, I looked for something to remind me of the past ; to convince me that all this was not the work of magic, or of a few years. I could not persuade myself that the Indian ever rambled through the forests which covered the site of this city, and that the canoe shot silently over the waters where I beheld such a forest of masts. Just then, attracted by the sound of music, and the eager looks of a crowd, I observed twelve Indians, (among them were some handsome women) standing on a balcony which fronted the main street of the city, wrapped in blankets, with painted faces, and ornamented with a variety of gew-gaws. They were Sioux, who had come on under the care of an agent, and were exhibited as a show. The crowd gazed for a few moments, and

passed on with indifference: but it was a spectacle calculated to plunge one into the most serious reverie. Here were the descendants of the original possessors of the soil; the same class of men whom Columbus described when he kissed the soil of which he took possession; children of the same frailties, ornamented in the same manner, the worshippers of the same spirit! Here was the bustling Present; they were the representatives of the Past; the poor children whose fathers once possessed this whole continent, now gazed at, as if they were cannibals from the South Seas! As they stood erect on the balcony, unconscious of the ardent gaze of the crowd, dignified, silent, and unmoved, they seemed to me like antique pictures hung upon a wall, in a garb and costume long since obsolete. They carried with them their arrows and their tomahawks, but these had long ago become powerless against the arts of civilized man. They looked down upon the Saxons, and saw the race which had destroyed their's. Around them the marble and the granite were piled in stately buildings; the columns of Christian temples rose before them, and the interminable streets of a great city. I gazed again at the poor children of the forest, then at the accumulating crowd, and all the evidence of power which I saw around; and the juxtaposition appeared to illustrate most forcibly the forces and resource of two races of men. The twelve Sioux on the balcony, with their blankets, hatchets, and store of arrow-heads, were to the physical strength and arts of the surrounding people what the whole race of the red men is now to the race of the whites.

The greatness of the city of New-York, which is the metropolis of the whole country, belies its provincial name, and its prosperity attests its unrivalled position near the sea. According to the present ratio of its increase, in less than twenty years it will number over half a million of inhabitants, and in less than a century will attain the rank which London now holds. The Old World pours in its wealth perpetually, and it is the great centre and mart of commerce for the New. Thither all the streams of commerce converge and meet. The cold regions of the North, the cotton-growing South, the great valley of the Mississippi, and beyond the Rocky mountains to Astoria, the wild regions of the utmost West contribute to its wealth. But passing by the feature of a great city, what a river has New-York! I refer not to any of those which lie upon her borders, and are shared by other states or nations, but to the Hudson, which is all her own. 'I thank God,' wrote the elegant IRVING, soon after his return to his native State, from a long residence abroad, 'I thank God that I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in

its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow ; ever straight-forward. Once indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straight-forward march. 'Behold,' thought I, 'an emblem of a good man's course through life ; ever simple, open, and direct ; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary ; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.' The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love ; and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life, as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley ; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains ; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees ; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.\*

We can add little to a picture like this, save the reiteration, that the Hudson is one of the noblest rivers in volume, and that its scenery is the grandest, of any river in the world. The Rhine, through a part of its course, is dreary and uninteresting. The Mississippi is incredible in its length : it rises amid the wintry snows, and passes into the insupportable heats of summer, bearing to another great city of the American union, fifteen hundred miles from New-York, the immense wealth of its valley. It is the Father of Waters. But its stream is always turbid ; its shores flat and gloomy ; its aspect melancholy, yet suggestive of deep thought. But the Hudson rolls brilliantly from where its thin streams rise in the mountains, until it swells into a magnificent river, and bursts into that noble bay. Here are no castles upon the beetling crags, associated with olden story ; or hoary ruins, every stone of which could tell a tale. Here are no ivied turrets, or moss-grown walls, or battlements crowning the rock ; yet it lacks not, though it needs not, the charms of history and associations of the past : it needs not the embellishments of romance or pen of the poet ; it is grand enough to fill the mind with contemplations of itself. Follow its course in one of those princely boats, miracles of architecture ! three hundred feet in length, which rush daily over its surface, swift as the lightning, yet more gracefully than swans — the 'KNICKERBOCKER' ! Now it is wide enough for whole navies to ride at anchor ; and the distant shores look dim, which afterward approach each other, and present the aspect of gay meadows and cultivated fields. Now it rushes around mountainous promontories, or cuts its passage through immense piles of perpendicular rocks, which stand yawning on either side as if a giant had torn them asunder to let the river pass through. Ossa is piled

\* OUR readers will not have forgotten the initial '*Crayon Paper*' from which our correspondent derives this exquisite passage. It may be found in the number of this Magazine for March, 1839

upon Pelion, Pelion upon Ossa ; and from the grandeur or beauty of the neighboring scene, the eye is directed by turns upon the waving outline of distant mountains. They are like the ocean-color, 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.' Sometimes the river becomes an expansive bay ; then a lovely lake shut in with hills ; then a fair and even-flowing stream. Memory can scarcely do justice to that splendid variety of highland and lowland, precipice and verdant field, towns and villages ; and the swift boat makes all this one moving panorama.

Nor does the river abate in interest if you follow it two hundred and fifty miles, where its origin is found in the little brooks and delicious streamlets where the trout harbors, or among the thickets where the frightened deer hastens to plunge into the lake. There is a region in the northern part of the State, wild and uninhabited, containing two hundred little lakes. There are to be found scenes of indescribable beauty, to which only the pencil of the painter could do justice ; and yet there are few to tell him where to transport his easel. Its pathless wilderness precludes also the huntsman ; and deer and an abundance of wild game are secure in the fastnesses which have never been invaded by man. Yet is all this little, compared with the dominions of the Empire State. The traveller who directs his course westward from the Hudson to the great lakes, will pause at every step to wonder at her variety of productions, her endless resources, the magical growth of towns which have some scores of thousands of inhabitants, and yet twenty years ago contained only a few log-cabins of the hunters ! The whole space is a series of long, swelling undulations ; uplands which slope away for miles insensibly into rich-bottomed vallies, each one possessing its broad, deep lake ; and every one of these lakes is a perfect gem. Otsego, Oneida, Skeneateles, Owasco, Cayuga, Seneca, and a score of others are passed in succession ; and on the shores of each the lover of the picturesque might spend weeks with profit and delight. With such a prodigality of waters, and especially in the vicinity of the great lakes, the thunder-storms engendered by the summer heats are of terrific grandeur. One would think that the dissolution of nature was at hand. Some one has justly remarked that all things here are on a large scale.

But the memories of the traveller are destined to be effaced, when he hears for the first time the thunders of the Great Cataract, and his eyes are turned to behold the cloud of spray which rises like perpetual incense above its brink. From the sea-shore to Niagara is now scarcely two days of easy travel. Not many years since, to go thither, one was compelled to plod his way through a tangled wilderness, trusting to uncertain pathways, in momentary fear of wild beasts or wilder savages ; and when he arrived at the place, nothing but the rapture of the vision could enable him to forget the perils of the journey, and the prospect of the return. One was forced to pass by other sublimities of nature, which are now unseen because they have disappeared ; the gloom of forests and gigantic trees, and the tumult of other cascades and waterfalls which are



avoided by a more direct route. The transition is most remarkable from the heart of a great city, hundreds of miles distant, to the brink of this stupendous precipice. The forests which used to intervene, are reduced to separate clumps or groups of trees, which whirl round on the verge of the horizon, and disappear, making the head giddy; and one occasionally beholds the trunk or mummy of a gigantic oak prostrate on the ground, preserving its ancient form and semblance, but ashes to the core. This is where the pioneer has been; and these are but the shadows of difficulties which once impeded the traveller at every step.

Oh! the Rapids! the Rapids! It would atone for months of peril, to know the exultation which arises from looking on that congregation of billows! There they come, from the whole chain of lakes and great inland seas, an incalculable host, plunging down a long sloping hill-side, which is the bed of the wide Niagara river near the chasm; storming the foundations of fast-anchored islands, and shattered by the obstructions which they hurry with them, the fragments of the convulsion which burst open the abyss where they leap! They seemed to me infinitely more grand than the sea when it rolls its huge breakers to the shore after a storm. Look onward, and the prospect is alike infinite. The sky and the white crests of waves form the boundary of vision, and seem as if they poured out of the sky, so great is the descent; the waters gorging the wide stream, and impeded at every step by rocks, and concealed caverns, whirl, writhe, and *agonize*, with a violence of agitation of which it is in vain to endeavor to convey an idea. It is the highest example of wrath and strength in the elements, exerted without any cessation or rest. The sea is upheaved mightily, but it is *sometimes* calm, and reflects the clear sky. The volcano intermits its fiery grandeur. The conflagration dies in ashes, where its little spark was first kindled. The freshet, which is irresistible in its might, subsides in violence, and permits the flowers to grow up again on the fertile banks, and be imaged in the tranquil stream. The wildest hurricane which bears upward the oak, abates into the musical winds. But here the fury is unceasing; there is only an awful, unnatural calm upon the brink of the precipice. And it is difficult to believe that there is any thing yet behind the curtain, and that all this display of waters, grand as it is, cannot convey the faintest idea of that which remains, and is but the ushering in of a more glorious spectacle.

Think of the gentle river in the valley, with just current enough to preserve its purity, and so visited by the winds that it would not ruffle the swan's breast which reposes upon it so gracefully! Then turn hither for contrast, and look in vain on this mad flood for a single image of peace! Standing on the bridge which spans the American cataract, and stretches to the islet which conducts you to Goat Island, you look down and shudder. Nothing which breathes could be tortured in that flood a moment, and live. Come then and look into the abyss, and see the waters take the last plunge! And here description ceases, for the simple reason that it would be all in vain. With a grand sweeping arch, they roll forward over the ledge, are

calm and silent upon the brink, then dashed into atoms on the rocks far below. The white smoke gushes up as from a hot furnace to the sky ! Oh what a cataract, and rocks, and river, whirlpools, and awful chasms, solitude and yet communion with spirits, silence and yet 'mighty thunderings !' I thought I had died, and was breathing an immortal life in a new planet, where every surrounding object was more vast and incomprehensible. I listened to a voice which combines all sounds, yet chords with none in nature which it resembles ; not with the bass of ocean, not with the winter winds. It is something which connects you palpably with the Past ; a carrying of the thoughts and imaginations far backward : like listening to the blast of a trumpet prolonged by an angel from the beginning of time. A storm burst tumultuously above the cataract. The long reverberations of thunder would have terrified in another place ; but here they added nothing to the sublime. At last the sunshine, after a little interval, broke out of the clouds, and rain-bows crowned the glory of the scene, whose rich tints were perpetuated when the moon arose. For here on the very spot, in the midst of the violent element, where one might almost doubt the word of DEITY that he would not again overwhelm the earth with water, among the manifestations of His presence, sublimer than any but those on Sinai, he has dissipated every doubt, and hung over the whole magnificent scene his perpetual bow of promise.

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GREEN SPOTS IN THE CITY.

Ye fill my heart with gladness, verdant places,  
 That 'mid the city greet me as I pass ;  
 Methinks I see of angel steps the traces,  
 Where'er upon my pathway grows the grass.  
 I pause before your gates at early morning,  
 When lies the sward with glittering sheen o'erspread ;  
 And think the dew-drops there each blade adorning,  
 Are angels' tears for mortal frailty shed.

And ye, earth's firstlings ! here in beauty springing,  
 Erst in your cells by careful winter nursed,  
 And to the morning heaven your incense flinging,  
 As at His smile ye forth in joy had burst ;  
 How do ye cheer with hope the lonely hour,  
 When on my way I tread despondingly ;  
 With thought that HE who careth for the flower  
 Will, in His mercy, still remember me.

Breath of our nostrils, THOU ! whose love embraces,  
 Whose light shall never from our souls depart ;  
 Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis  
 Amid the arid desert of my heart.  
 Thy sun and rain awake the bud of promise,  
 And with fresh leaves in spring-time deck the tree ;  
 That where man's hand hath shut out nature from us,  
 We by these glimpses may remember THEE.

## A D R E A M O F C H I L D H O O D .

I DREAMED that childhood had returned ;  
 And oh ! 't was sweet to roam  
 Through flowery meads, and birchen groves,  
 That skirt my lowland home.  
 Again I chased the butterfly,  
 And plucked the heather-bell,  
 And wove a flowery coronal  
 For one who loved me well.  
 Again, with bounding step, I ran,  
 And placed it on his brow ;  
 Again I to the heart was pressed  
 That 's cold and silent now.  
 I saw with joy the mild eye beam  
 That never looked unkind ;  
 But with a parent's fondness still  
 To all my faults was blind.

My dream then changed ; yet still I was  
 That parent's hope and pride ;  
 Though stern realities of life  
 Forced childhood's joys aside.  
 I lived, in memory, o'er again,  
 With bitter tears and sighs,  
 The hour when, far from home and friends,  
 I closed his dying eyes.  
 E'en in that hour of dread and death,  
 How placidly he smiled ;  
 And left a lasting legacy,  
 His blessing, for his child !

With agonizing start, I woke,  
 To feel life's every ill ;  
 Yet, 'mid misfortune's withering blast,  
 I hear that blessing still :  
 And echo seems, where'er I rove,  
 In gilded hall or bower,  
 To greet me with the voice of love  
 I heard in that lone hour ;  
 A gleam of bliss amid the gloom  
 Of sorrow's solitude ;  
 A talisman to draw my thoughts  
 Where vice dares not intrude.  
 It oft has checked my wild career  
 When borne on passion's wing ;  
 For oh ! a parent's blessing is  
 A sweet, a holy thing !

In fancy, oft I follow on  
 That faint, sweet voice of love,  
 Till, leaving earth and earthly cares,  
 I soar to realms above ;  
 And scenes of dazzling brightness rush  
 On my bewildered sight :  
 My spirit feels the Godhead there,  
 In majesty and might.  
 And sounds seraphic greet mine ear,  
 And heavenly anthems swell :  
 There, 'mid the choir, his voice I hear  
 Who loved me long and well ;  
 And, as the song of praise is raised,  
 In cadence sweet and mild,  
 Again the passing spirit says :  
 'ALMIGHTY! bless my child !'

## ANECDOTE OF A BOTTLE OF WINE.

TRINGULO. Oh Stephano ! hast any more of this ?  
 STEPHANO. The whole butt, man !  
 CALIBAN. Hast thou not dropp'd from Heaven ?  
 STEPHANO. Out of the moon I do assure thee : I was  
 The man in the moon, when time was.  
 CALIBAN. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee :  
 My mistress shew'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.

I CONSIDER the wines of France to bear the same rank in comparison with those of other countries, that the highest order of lyrical effusion sustains in the world of poetry. Ordinary Rhenish wines are it's satires and pasquinades ; Port is didactic verse ; while among the first growths of the Rheingau, of Madeira, and of Spain, are to be sought the Shakspeares, the Homers, the Miltons, Virgils and Dantes of the wine-crypt.

It is in conformity with this poetical disposition of things, that, when I expect a visit from my friends, I descend into my wine-vault or mount the stairs of my attic. There, with keys in hand, I unloose the spirits of the mighty past, and restore in their happiest temperament and condition, and to their bright and animated destiny, the effulgent glories of the grape.

It was not always thus, dear John ! ' I do assure thee,' as my motto says, ' when time was,' a few cobweb'd bottles of old Madeira upon the upper shelf of a chamber closet not too near the surface of the earth, and a case or two, and basket or two, in a distant receptacle, were, in the golden days of thy better manhood, but faint precursors of thy rich and cherished hoards ; thy vaulted cellar and thy loaded wine-chamber — fraught as these now are with the result of distant voyages, of curious tastings, of patient research, and of elaborate choice illustrated with a benignant and happy fortune. And yet those were glad days, bright days, precious days ; were they not ? What a flavor, what a zest the wines wore when thou and I were young ! And the cookery ! dear Sirs, how well-dressed things were in those days !

We were living in a French boarding-house celebrated for it's *cuisine*. Our wine of course depended upon our proper self, but I have never met with a better *table d'hôte* than we were wont to be seated at, particularly upon any intimation to our worthy host that we expected friends, and wished to entertain them with our best. There was nothing of the 'busy hum of preparation,' nor any anxiety about the successful practice of the cook, nor disappointment in the marketing, nor rising in the dawn of morning after a feverish night to acquire, at any cost, the first specimen of the season ; nothing of that state of perturbed feeling which a tourist among us well calls 'stirring Heaven and Earth to give a dinner ;' but the hour came, the guests were punctual, and we sat down with

young hearts, young spirits, and above all, young palates to the board.

Among those few cobweb'd bottles that I have adverted to, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story, there might in those days have been discerned one that stood, like a star, *APART*; the treasured, cherished, garnered bottle that should upon some *alba dies* occasion grace our bachelor's repast. It was twin bottle to one that had been opened for us in that City of Refuge of good wines, Charleston South Carolina, in those days not less certainly than now, the abode of the hospitable, the accomplished and the brave. Our host there had produced its fellow as a specimen that he was desirous his friends should appreciate. 'Oh Stephano, hast any more of this?'

When I arrived in New-York after *ten* days and *ten* nights of continuous posting, (the distance is now accomplished I am told cleverly in *three*,) the flavour of that wine still regaled my palate; there was a spiritual vineyard flourishing within my heart; the fragrant blossom, the young grape, the purple cluster, the yielding pressure, and the nectareous juice; the autumnal grape-leaf with its magic dyes, and all the long history of joy which it is given to one or two rare specimens of the wines of this life to impart to the spirit of man; to impress upon his nerves; and to be recalled in sensations that make glad the fountains of his heart, and dispense his affections among his fellow men; all these were present to my senses, and delighted me with a varied, an intellectual, and constantly reviving joy. I had never known so perfect a beverage; and I wrote at once to my friend, offering him in exchange any description of wine that he could name to me, bottle for bottle.

He returned for answer an expression of regret that one only bottle remained of the batch; and intreating my acceptance of what I prized so highly, sent it on without delay. This was that lonely bottle, that stood, in vague and uncertain light like a Hero of Ossian, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story. Often did I gaze upon it, often apostrophize it, praise it with a recollected gladness, remember its acquirement, delight in its possession, and wonder when the time might come, and when the friends, that should deserve the peerless, the incomparable offering.

Upon a certain memorable day, and punctual to the moment, came a chosen party of my most honored and distinguished friends. The dinner was beyond praise, and all the appointments good. No crowd, no tumult, no excuse, no delay in serving, no vacant seat, no chair with small open hexagons of split rattan to disfigure the person of the guest for three successive days when the dress is thin, or to torture him when the weather is cold with pains which he is ashamed to complain of or even to mention — a practice, Mr. Editor and all who hear me, still obtaining in some houses in New-York, and at times, especially in winter, more abhorrent to the thoughts than is the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, since heat upon a gridiron is in many of its appliances preferable to cold upon

sharp rattan. No; each guest had his cushioned chair, 'with ample room and verge enough;' and course after course, and wine after wine, appeared, and was enjoyed, discussed, and quietly disappeared, alike without want or waste.

Well, the time of the repast came for my selected wines: they were all prepared, and all in the finest order and condition. The series was a perfect one; a veritable ladder of transport; up which the spirits of my guests ascended gracefully. step after step, as each higher and higher flavour presented itself to their gratified and entranced palate. At the last, sole remaining bottle of the list, came my Charleston acquisition. It is certainly in bad taste to expatiate upon one's wine from the chair, but as this was the only bottle of it's kind in the world, it seemed necessary to introduce it with a word that should at least perform that ceremony.

I told the story of its acquisition, and expressed the pleasure it gave me to present on this occasion the one remaining bottle of the world. We had been conversing a moment or two before, I remember, on the comparative advantages in drinking wine, between the *sip* and the *throw*, and had come to the conclusion, (which I think every man of sense must ultimately arrive at,) that the latter is the true way to enjoy the full *aroma* of the beverage, and at once to gain that gratifying descent, and that ascent to the wits; in short that satisfying blessedness of taste, which the mere sipper of potations of whatever kind must vainly aspire to know; say what you may to the contrary, Mr. T. G.!

The bottle was uncorked, decanted, and the wine came forth, in the profound silence and expectation of the guests, bright as the beam of your mistress's eye! The attention of all present was so absorbed by their interest in this only bottle, that until every man's glass was filled, hardly a sound was perceptible except the gurgling of the long-necked decanter as it distributed its glorious contents and passed with wings from hand to hand around the board and returned drained to the head of the table. Toasts were at that time in vogue; and as soon as I had said, '*Our hospitable friend in South Carolina, may his own last bottle reward him for the pleasure of this gift,*' each man did ample justice to the wine.

How shall I recount the catastrophe that ensued! We are all sinful men born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and it seemed as if the wine had also dealt ample and instant justice upon us! Every soul present was struck through the heart and liver to the spine! All rose instantly from the table, speechless, aghast, and terrified with the effect! There was a napkin or handkerchief over the mouth of each, and if we could have articulated a word, we might have exclaimed with the sons of the prophets at the feast in Gilgal, 'Oh my Lord, there is death in the pot!'

But it was impossible to relieve ourselves by words; it was literally in tears and groans that the guests made for the door, vanished from the room, escaped from the house, and left me, appalled, transfixed, incapable of utterance, standing at the head of my deserted table, and feeling that 'No man said, 'God bless him!''

For a fortnight, three weeks, a month, no one of my guests had his mouth *right*! I was afraid to walk in the streets lest I should meet one of them; there was a paralytic stricture in the countenance of each member of that sad party; in some it wore an expostulatory, an admonitory, in some a remonstrant, and in all the look of a *much injured person*. I must except one gentleman whom however I did not get a glimpse of until six weeks had elapsed. He was a well-bred Frenchman, with all the suavity and grace of manner that belongs to his class and nation. I shall ever feel grateful to him for the first kind word I had received since the discomfiture; though I have sometimes had doubts, judging from the reinstated appearance of his lips, whether he had taken more than half a glass: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'when I had the pleasure to dine with you at your very agreeable party, there was one wine that had flavour very exemplary, *ma foi*!' I acknowledge it, I said. 'I think you did say it was American wine?' I did, I replied. 'What is the name if you please, as I pay much attention to the *sujet* of wines?' I named it. 'Will you be so very kind as write it in my tablet?' I prepared to comply; and telling him that I was not quite certain of the correct orthography of the word, wrote in large characters, the word, 'SCUPPERNONG.'

JOHN WATERS.

## ON THE DEATH OF A CLASSMATE.

'Ow! what a shadow o'er the heart is hung,  
When feels the requiem for the loved and young!'

W. G. CLARK.

We waste no sorrow o'er the verdant tomb  
When whitened Age is called to meet its doom;  
With shattered bark, on life's wild current driven,  
The tempest, threat'ning death, but wafts to heaven;  
And the freed spirit, borne on eagle wing,  
Mounts to the regions of eternal spring.  
No; 't is not Age we mourn; life's course is run,  
And soon, at best, must set its sinking sun.

We weep no sad adieu when infant years  
Fly this cold vale, where joy still ends in tears;  
Ere yet a cloud has dimmed their morning sky  
Which hangs outspread so clearly blue on high;  
That sky the tempest's wrath will soon deform,  
And the day, dawned in sunshine, close in storm.  
Oh! who would bid that wandering spirit stay,  
Which seeks a fairer realm, a brighter day!

But when th' Avenger in his withering track  
Strikes in its bloom the pride of Manhood down,  
The heart's sad strings, but faintly echo back  
The plaintive murmurings of Sorrow's moan.  
'Unhappy youth!' ere life was well begun,  
And thy brief day had seen scarce half a sun,  
The roses from thy fading cheek have flown,  
And DEATH, the spoiler, marked thee for his own!

## G L E A N I N G S F R O M T H E G E R M A N .

-----  
 BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.  
 -----

## C O U N S E L .

SOUL of light in stone enthroned  
 Is the precious diamond ;  
 Son of light, do thou endure,  
 Like this gem, still strong and pure !

## E P I T A P H .

READ, wanderer, a husband's moan :  
 My wife was young and fair !  
 Now lies upon her heart a stone,  
 And mine — is light as air !

## ON THE EPITAPHS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

FALSEHOOD, O man ! delights thine eye :  
 Thou teachest even stones to lie !

## O N B A V I U S .

GIVE him to drink of Lethe's wave ! why not  
 Let the poor bard forget that he 's forgot ?

## L A D I E S ' T O N G U E S .

FRANKLY, ladies' tongues, confess  
 Ye must wag perforce :  
 Faith ! the sex might, as I guess,  
 Without tongues discourse !

## T H E G R A Y - B E A R D .

NEARCH is blind, and deaf, and lame,  
 The prey of time's corrosive greed,  
 And long of crafty heirs the game ;  
 When will the dead man die indeed ?

## G A R L A N D S .

YOUTH, with chaplets grace thy brow,  
 But the garland choose with care ;  
 Wreathed with laurel fadeth late,  
 Wreathed with myrtle soon, the hair.

## F R I E N D A N D F O E .

LET warning wisdom's kindly speech  
 Thy friend his faults and failings show ;  
 But let thy mute example teach  
 The love of virtue to thy foe.

## P L E A S U R E .

LIST a mortal's quest, sweet Pleasure !  
 Why so fleeting ? — answer, pray :  
 Lost as soon as found, thy treasure !  
 None can thy dear presence stay.

Thank thou, Fate, she cried, whose minions,  
 All the gods, love me alone ;  
 Were I fashioned without pinions,  
 They would keep me for their own !



## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

MORE than a week had elapsed since the rupture between Rhoneland and Rust; and during that period Jacob neither saw him nor heard from him. But in that interval he had become confirmed in his purpose of resistance; and had resolved, come what might, to risk any thing, rather than submit to the mental bondage which had hitherto crushed him. Steadfast in this purpose, he quietly awaited the movements of his adversary.

On one fine afternoon, the bright rays of a setting sun streaming through the window fell upon the face of the old man, as he was dozing in his room, and awakened him. Starting to his feet, and casting his eyes hurriedly about him, he exclaimed; 'I tell you no; I tell you *no*, Michael Rust. It shall never be! Ah Kate!' said he, looking about the room, and seeing no one except his daughter, 'it's you, is it?—only you? And I've been dreaming? Well, well; thank God it was no worse! It's strange I should have dreamed that Michael Rust wanted you, Kate, and asked for you. But no matter; kiss me, child. We've done with him. There's a comfort in that. We shall be quite happy—happy as we once were. Shall we not, Kate?'

Kate's lips quivered, as she pressed them to his forehead; and there was a busy little voice at her heart, which whispered a name, and brought up recollections that nearly choked her, as she said, in a low tone, 'Quite happy.'

'But Kate,' said her father, 'placing an arm about her waist, while he put back her hair with his other hand, and looked anxiously in her face, 'you don't say happy, *as in old times*.'

Kate was silent. What could she say, when her young heart was breaking? But at last she *did* say:

'It certainly will make me happier, much happier, than I have been, to know that you are once more yourself; that that evil, daring man has lost his influence over you, never to regain it; and that there is nothing to harass you and break you down, as there once was. All this makes me quite happy. Indeed it does!' But there was that in her tone which belied her words, and Rhoneland observed it.

'Ah! child, child!' said he, shaking his head sorrowfully. 'I see it all. Ned Somers has much to answer for. I loved and trusted him. God forgive him that he meditated so vile a wrong! He was to me as my own son. Had he loved you, Kate, openly and hon-

orably as a man should, and as you deserve to be loved, and had he asked you from me, I would not have said *no*, Kate. But he acted like a villain; and I've cast him off forever.'

Kate became very pale, and her voice grew thick and husky, as she asked: 'Father, will you answer me a question?'

'Yes Kate, a hundred,' said he, drawing her more closely to him. 'I'll sit here all day long, and answer you. Now that *he* is gone, I feel quite young and boyish again; and nothing gladdens me more than your voice. Now go on. What is it?'

The girl took his hand in both her's, and looking steadily in his face, asked: 'Who told you the tale which set you against Ned?'

'Who?' inquired Rhoneland; 'who? Why, he — Rust.'

'And have you never found, in the course of your dealings with that man, that he could forget or pervert the truth; or even invent a falsehood, when it served his own purpose?'

Jacob Rhoneland laughed to himself, in a low chuckling tone, and rubbed his hands. 'What, lie? — Rust lie? Bless you, child, he does that more than any thing else. Ha! ha! He's a deep one, depend on it.'

'And can you see no reason for his traducing Ned?' said she, the blood mounting to her face, as she spoke. 'Was there no plan of his, which Ned's presence here crossed, and which rendered it necessary to prejudice you against him?'

The old man pondered; looked at her, and then at the floor; and at last sank back in his chair, in a deep and unpleasant reverie; from which he was only aroused by a knock at the door. 'Go to your room, Kate. It's Enoch. I'll open the door myself.'

Kate had scarcely left the room, and Jacob had not yet risen to obey the summons, when the door of the apartment opened, and Michael Rust walked in, as quietly and serenely as if nothing had happened.

'Good evening, friend Jacob,' said he, bowing low, and speaking in his softest tone. 'I'm here again, you see. I could not give you up so soon. I could not let a trifling misunderstanding break off old friendship. I had 'nt the heart to do it, good Jacob. There was a severe struggle between pride and friendship, but friendship gained the day; and I have come with an open heart to offer you my most humble apology, and to ask you to forget and forgive. I feel that I took an unwarrantable liberty with Kate; but I loved her, Jacob, and was hurried too far by my feelings. I was wrong, and you acted as a father should. Let us forget the past, and be as we were.'

Michael stretched out his hand, as he spoke, and even held it so, for some moments; but Rhoneland neither took it, nor looked at it, nor at him, nor uttered a word in reply; but with both hands resting on the top of his cane, which he had taken to assist him in rising, and his chin on them, sat looking out of the window, as if there were no other person than himself in the wide world.

What was it that bowed the bold, bad man, who had never yielded to him before? — who had trodden on his very neck, mocking his

sufferings, jeering at his agony of mind ; returning threats for supplications, and revilement for tears ; and now brought him a suppliant to his feet ? Was it that strange, mysterious feeling which sometimes tells a man that the hour of his fate is approaching, and that his time is measured ? Was the coming storm flinging its shadow over his path, even before the bursting of the tempest ? Did he feel the earth sinking beneath his feet ; and was he glad to grasp, even at a decayed and shattered branch to hold him up ? Or was it a part of a deeper policy ; and was there yet something to be gained by clinging to his former dupe ? It may have been a mixture of all these feelings ; but certain it is, that there he was ; the same thin, bowing, cringing hypocrite, with a tongue of oil and a heart of flint, endeavoring by soothing words and fawning lies once more to win back the man who had turned his back upon him. And equally certain it is, that a more unyielding, impenetrable, imperturbable piece of humanity he had never met with ; for to all his fine sentences, allurements, and artifices of every kind, he received no reply.

'This tack won't do,' thought Rust. 'He won't swallow honey. I'll give him wormwood ; but before that, one more attempt.'

'Jacob, my friend,' said he, drawing a chair nearer to him, seating himself, and sinking his voice ; 'perhaps you think I meant ill about your daughter ?'

The old man moved restlessly, but was silent. Rust saw that he had touched the theme which would arouse him.

'You were mistaken, my friend. Would that the intentions of all were as pure as mine.'

'Speak of something else,' replied Rhoneland, abruptly. 'I'll not hear you on that subject.'

'But you must,' said Rust ; 'indeed you must, my old friend. Not that I would annoy you ; but I came here for that express purpose ; and *must* speak of her.'

Rhoneland looked keenly at him, and then at the floor, grasping the sides of the chair firmly ; as if to restrain himself from violence, and Rust went on.

'I'm a man of few words, Jacob. Kate's a dear, sweet girl. I love her ; she loves me. Will you give her to me for a wife ?'

'It's false !' said Rhoneland, starting to his feet. 'If there be a single person in this world whom Kate hates more than another, it is you !' Give her to *you* for a wife !' exclaimed he, in a bitter tone ; 'give her to *you* — *you* ! I'd see her in her coffin first ! Go, Michael Rust,' said he, extending his hands toward him ; 'your power is at an end in this house. Go !'

'Not quite, good Jacob !' said Rust, in a low, fierce tone. 'Not *quite*, good Jacob ! I know what your plans are ; what your hopes are. I know what Enoch Grosket can do ; and in what he'll fail. He'll fail to vindicate Jacob Rhoneland. He'll fail to vindicate himself. He'll fail to overthrow Michael Rust. He and Jacob will soon be cheek by jowl with those whose good deeds have placed fetters on them. It's well, Jacob, it's well. We'll see who'll win

the race. Pause, good Jacob, pause before you decide. I give you five minutes. With Michael Rust for a son-in-law, you are safe.'

Rhoneland grew exceedingly pale; and then summoning his resolution, said:

'I have decided. Though it cost me my life, you shall not marry Kate. Go!'

'Jacob Rhoneland, one word.'

'Not a syllable!' said the old man, grasping his heavy cane, and his face becoming purple with anger: 'viper! begone! If you darken my doors one moment longer, I'll fling you into the street!'

'Good by, Jacob,' said Rust; but not another word did he utter, as he left the house. His face was ashy pale; his features pinched and sharp; and he gnawed his lip until the blood came from it. Regardless of his appearance; with his long locks hanging in tangled flakes about his face, he hurried on. Dead and corpse-like as his features were, never was a fiercer spirit at work, to give life and energy to human frame; never was there a stronger concentration of dark passions in a human heart. His pace was quick and firm; there was no loitering; no pausing at corners, to think; no sign of irresolution. Darting along the street where the old man lived, and striking into one of the wider cross-streets of the city, he followed it until it brought him into Broadway. This he crossed, and plunged into that labyrinth of narrow streets which run between that and the Bowery. Threading them, with the ready step of one familiar with their turns and windings, he neither paused to inquire his direction, nor to read the sign-boards; but even in the darkest and dreariest corners, his knowledge seemed certain and accurate. The twilight had darkened into night, and the streets were narrow; and as he proceeded in the direction of the more fated parts of the city, dim figures, which like bats were shrouded in holes and dark hiding-places in the day time, were beginning to flit about, yet he felt no hesitation nor fear. In the most gloomy and blighted of all these places, he paused, cast a quick suspicious glance about him, to see that none watched him, and then darted up an alley between two houses, so ruined and sagged that their gables met over it like a gothic arch. Groping his way along, he came to a door at the foot of a flight of stairs which terminated the passage. He did not pause to knock; but pulling a string, opened it, and ascended a pitch-dark staircase, which in like manner was terminated at the upper end by a door. At this he knocked loudly. He was answered by a gruff voice which inquired:

'Is that you, Joe?'

'No,' replied Rust.

'Well, if you ain't Joe, who are you? If you ain't got a name, peg away; for blow me, if I open till I hear it.'

There was a noise, as if the speaker, in conclusion of his observation, drew a chair or bench along the floor, and seated himself.

'Come Bill,' said another voice, 'this won't do. You'd better open it.'

A muttering from Bill showed that he thought otherwise; but the

person who had spoken, apparently not heeding his disapprobation, got up and opened the door, giving to Rust as he did so a full view of the interior of the room.

At a table sat a man with coarse red hair, and a beard of several days' growth. He was a brawny fellow, six feet high, with a cast in one eye, which seemed to have been injured by a deep gash; the scar of which still remained, commencing on the very eye-lid, crossing one cheek, and his nose, and giving an air of sternness to features which needed not this addition, to express much that was bad. His companion, who had opened the door, was a man of smaller build, with broad, square shoulders, dark sharp eyes, narrow forehead, and overhanging brows, and a thin, tremulous lip; and though possessed of less physical strength than his comrade, looked much the most dangerous man of the two.

They both eyed Rust for a moment, without speaking, and then the larger of the two said to his comrade: 'Tim Craig, hand the gentleman a chair.'

'I don't want one,' said Rust abruptly. 'Have you seen Enoch?'

They both shook their heads.

'He'll blow on me, and you, and others.'

The two men looked at him, and then at each other, but said nothing.

'He's set himself up against me — *me*!' said Rust, his thin lip curling and yet trembling as he spoke.

'He's a dark man, that Enoch,' said Craig, in a low tone. 'There's no good in crossing him, Mr. Rust.'

'Crossing him! crossing *him*!' exclaimed Rust. 'He has crossed *me*. Who ever did *that*, and prospered! Ho! ho! Enoch, Enoch! you mistook your man!'

The two looked anxiously at each other, but did not speak; and although they had the thews and sinews which could have torn the thin form before them to shreds, it seemed as if they both shrank from him with something like fear.

'It has come to the death-struggle between us,' said Rust; 'one or the other must fall.'

'If you're the one?' inquired Craig.

'Others must go too,' replied Rust; 'they *must*.'

Craig gnawed his lip.

'If Enoch goes, he goes alone,' continued Rust. 'He must be out of my way; he knows too much.'

The men exchanged looks; but the larger of the two seemed to leave all the speaking to the other, merely listening with great attention, and occasionally favoring his comrade with a glance, whenever it seemed necessary.

'I have no time to stay now,' said Rust, turning to Craig: 'I've told you enough. Grosket is in my way. I must be rid of him.'

Craig put his finger to his throat, and deliberately drew it across it. 'You're a ticklish man to deal with, Mr. Rust. Is that what you mean?' said he.

'I say I must be rid of him,' replied Rust, fiercely. 'Are you

deaf? Are your brains addled? Rid of him — *rid* of him — RID of him!' exclaimed he, advancing, and hissing the words in the man's ear, while there was something in his look and manner that caused even the bold villain he addressed to draw back and assume a somewhat defensive attitude. 'Do you understand me now? Law won't do what I want. I prescribe no mode; but Enoch Grosket must be out of my path.'

'You're growing red-hot, my master,' said the man, bluntly. 'But I must have what you want spoken out. Shall he be knocked on the head?'

'Hasn't he committed a murder, burnt a house, stolen, embezzled? I think I've heard of his having done something of the kind,' said Rust, earnestly.

'Of course he has. He's done 'em all, if you like. Bill knows something about them. Do n't you, Bill?'

'Oh! yes,' said Bill, refreshing himself from a large pitcher of water. 'This 'ere vorter is very weak. Blowed if I ain't forgot what liquor smells like; and it's so long since I see'd a dollar, that bless me, if I think I'd know one. I'd have to go to some obligin' friend to ax what it was.'

This declaration of ignorance was accompanied by a look of consummate disgust into the pitcher, and another of a very peculiar character at Rust.

That worthy, however, seemed not unused to meeting with gentlemen in similar trying circumstances; for he gave both the look and language an interpretation which, considering the enigmatical mode in which they were expressed, fully met the views of the man who uttered them; and thrusting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a handful of silver, which he flung into the pitcher, and said:

'Perhaps that will improve the water.'

Bill made no other response than a broad grin; and then said in a more business-like tone:

'Well, about that murder, and house burnin', and all that. What do you want?'

'I want proof of it against Grosket, if he did it.'

'In course he did it,' replied the man, with a knowing look.

'Well, bring me the proof of it, and bring it soon. You know where to find me.'

He turned on his heel, and even before they were aware that he had left the room, he was on his way through the street.

His course was now to his old den. When he reached it, he found even that paragon of clerks, Mr. Kornicker, absent. This was a relief; for he was too much excited to care to have any witness of his appearance.

'It struck seven as I passed the town-clock,' said he. 'It wants an hour to the time fixed. I'll wait.'

Although it was dark, he flung himself on a chair, without striking a light, and sat for some time in silence, tapping the floor with his foot. But rest was not the thing for his present mood; and he soon started up, and paced the room, muttering to himself. At last the

clock struck eight. The lights, which shining from the windows in different parts of the building, somewhat relieved the gloom of his room, were extinguished one by one, and it became pitchy dark. Rust lighted a candle; placed it on the mantel-piece, and stood looking at it for some moments. He heard a step on the stairs; but it ascended to the floor beyond, then descended, and went out in the street. He looked at his watch; it was but five minutes after eight. 'God! how slow the time went!' Perhaps his watch had stopped. He put it to his ear: tick, tick, tick! There seemed an interval of a minute between every stroke. 'Five minutes past eight; ten minutes more, and *she* will be here,' muttered he; 'and then I shall know the worst.'

He put the watch in his pocket; and looking at the ceiling, attempted to whistle; but it would not do. His blood was in a fever. Hark!—was that a footstep on the stairs? No, it was only the tread of a person overhead. Hist! what's that? He stood stock-still, and listened. There was a slight shuffling noise in the passage; and then a faint tap at the door.

Rust sprang forward, and opened it. A female, muffled in an old cloak, stood cowering on the outside.

'Ha! it's you at last!' exclaimed he, in that abrupt, energetic manner, which suited his character better than his more usual tones. 'What news?'

The woman, either to gain time, or because she was really exhausted, staggered to a chair, and turning her face to the light, revealed the features of Mrs. Blossom.

'Ah's me! ah's me!' said she, leaning back, and sighing heavily. 'It's a wearisome way I've come, old and feeble as I am—old and feeble, old and feeble—a very wearisome way.'

There must have been something in the look of Rust, who stood before her with his black, glowing eye fixed on her's, that was peculiarly startling; for she paused in her whining, and turning to him, said:

'What do you look at me so for?'

'Is there no reason for it?' said Rust, in a low voice. 'Is there no trust betrayed? Have you done all that you swore to do?'

Mrs. Blossom, hardened as she naturally was, and as she had become, by long following a pursuit which requires no little assurance, was not without some signs of trepidation at this question.

'No, no; I have n't. I swear I have n't,' said she.

'I placed two children in your charge,' continued Rust, in the same low tone. 'They were never to leave it, except for one place—the grave.'

Mrs. Blossom's wan features grew paler, as she whispered: 'Not so loud, Mr. Rust, not so loud.'

'As you please; I'll whisper,' said Rust, suiting the action to the word; and speaking in a whisper, yet so distinct and thrilling, that each word seemed to come like a blow. 'I placed two children under your charge; and unless I required them, and unless they grew ill, and died, they were to become what you are. Where are they? I want them.'

Mrs. Blossom looked hopelessly about her, as if she meditated an escape; but seeing no chance of any, she cast a deprecating eye at Rust, shook her head, and said nothing. Rust went on in the same strain:

'They were with you two months since; going on gloriously; travelling at a hand-gallop to the grave. I have heard strange stories of them since. Are they true?'

Still the woman was silent.

'Answer me!' said Rust, his fury gradually getting the mastery of him, and his voice bursting out loud and clear. 'Where are they?'

Mrs. Blossom clasped her hands and looked at him, but uttered not a word.

'Where are the children? Answer me!' said he, starting to his feet, and darting up to her, his eyes perfectly blood-shot with fury, and the foam standing round his lips; 'the children, I say—the children! God d—n you!—do you hear me?'

Mrs. Blossom cowered down in the chair, and made one or two futile efforts to speak; her thin blue lips quivered; but no sound came from them; while a kind of idiotic smile fixed itself on her features.

'THE CHILDREN, I say!' exclaimed Rust, gnashing his teeth with rage; and seizing the woman by the shoulders in his paroxysm of fury, he shook her until she reeled and fell to the floor. 'What have you done with them? Answer me; or by the God of Heaven I'll crush you beneath my feet!'

Before his amiable intention, however, could be carried into effect, Mrs. Blossom had recovered her wits, her feet, and not a little of her usual spirit; and turning upon him, with eyes flashing as brightly as his own, she said:

'They're gone, Michael Rust; gone, *gone*! Do you hear that? Gone, where when you next see them you will wish the undertaker had measured them before. Gone, gone! ha! ha! You won't see the lambs again. So much for striking an unprotected female, Michael Rust. That for ye! *that* for ye! *THAT* for ye!' And she snapped her fingers in the face of the disappointed schemer, and left the room, slamming the door loudly after her.

Rust clasped his hands, as she went out, and raised his eyes to heaven.

'Gone!' repeated he, in a low tone; '*gone*!—both gone! And I—I?—what will become of me? Is it for *this* that I have toiled and slaved for years; that I have stooped to meanness and dissimulation; have steeped myself in crime, and have had felons and miscreants of every dye for my associates? For years have I been on the rack: no more quiet hours, or peaceful dreams; no more love from those of the same blood; but cursed, hated; hated with the worst hate, the hate of one's own kindred; my schemes thwarted, my hopes blighted; a felon; my dearest hopes crumbled to dust; these two children restored to their rights; Kate married!—and I, I, where shall I be? God of Heaven!' exclaimed he, dashing up and down the room, 'shall these things be? *Shall* I fall?—shall *they*



triumph? Never! never! Be yourself, Michael Rust!' said he, in a choked voice; 'be yourself! be yourself! This has happened from trusting others. Rely on yourself, Michael; be cool, Michael; and then thwart them — thwart them!'

He paused and stood in the middle of that room like a statue. Slowly and by degrees every trace of excitement disappeared from his features, until they had assumed a sharp, rigid, fixed look; and then, he said, pursuing the same theme: 'Thwart them; *thwart* them, Michael Rust! Work, toil, cringe, lie, steal, murder — aye, do *any* thing — but thwart them, thwart them! Good Michael Rust, do n't suffer yourself to be a by-word in their mouths! And if you fail, Michael, die fighting. There's something noble in *that*. Be it so; be it so!' said he, in a stern, abrupt tone. 'They've driven me to extremities. Nothing but desperate measures can save me. Desperate measures shall be tried. Does success require a life? Well, well; the world's overloaded; it shall have one. If I attain it, it will be another's; if I fail, it will be my own: the grave is a quiet resting-place; a better one than the world, when a man's foiled in all his aims. But I'm weary, I'm weary!' said he, in a low, desponding tone; 'my head's dizzy, and my brain confused, by the troubles which have come so thickly upon me to-day. I must rest.'

Drawing a chair to the table, he seated himself upon it; bent his head down upon the table, and exhausted by the excitement of the last few days, which had taxed even his iron frame beyond its powers of endurance, he soon slept heavily.

#### T H E   S E A S O N   O F   D E A T H .

Oh! thou resistless and relentless power!

Mighty, mysterious in thy every form:

Unbidden thou com'st to mar the natal hour,

Stealing the heart's young pulse, with life scarce warm.

And thou art there where the green vine is turning

Its gentle fragrance from Love's rosy bower;

And thou art there where silent stars are burning,

Sweetly and calmly, o'er the bridal hour.

And thou art there where young Joy in his mirth

Presses his cup to lips of human wo,

And thou art there where Pleasure hath its birth,

Following its footsteps wheresoe'er they go!

And ah! where art thou *not*, mysterious DEATH!

The young, the fair, the pure in heart, are thine;

Beauty, and love, and power, these all have breath

But for thy conquering; and hope divine,

And bliss, and sweet affection, and the tear

That sparkles in the eye of love; the sigh

That moves soft pity in the soul sincere,

All, all are thine, O Death! for all must die!

Passing like blossoms from the earth away,

All that of life or being hath its share;

The heart hath scarce its hour of hope to pray,

For thy cold hand, O Death! is everywhere!

## THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT ROSTOPTCHIN.

—  
 WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.  
 —

A LADY one day said to the celebrated Count ROSTOPTCHIN that he ought to write his memoirs. The next day the Count handed her a little roll of paper. 'What have you here?' asked the lady. 'I have obeyed your commands,' replied he; 'I have written my memoirs; here they are.' The lady was not a little surprised at the promptness of the performance; and hastened to peruse the following morceau, the caustic wit and piquancy of which will remind the reader of the keen satire of Voltaire.

## MY MEMOIRS, OR MYSELF AS I AM.

—  
 WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.  
 —

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## CHAPTER I: MY BIRTH.

ON the twelfth day of March, 1765, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptised. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked heaven without knowing for what.

## CHAPTER II: MY EDUCATION.

I WAS taught all sorts of things, and learned all kinds of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery, I sometimes passed for a *savant*. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

## CHAPTER III: MY SUFFERINGS.

I WAS tormented by masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, by ambition, by self-love, by useless regrets, by kings, and by remembrances.

## CHAPTER IV: PRIVATIONS.

I HAVE been deprived of the three great enjoyments of the human species; theft, gluttony, and pride.

## CHAPTER V: MEMORABLE EPOCHS.

AT the age of thirty, I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or egotist, which is the same thing.

## CHAPTER VI: MORAL TRAITS.

I WAS stubborn as a mule, capricious as a coquette, frolicsome as a child, lazy as a dormouse, active as Bonaparte, and all at my pleasure.

## CHAPTER VII: IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

NEVER having been able to master my countenance, I let loose the bridle of my tongue, and contracted the bad habit of thinking aloud. This procured me some pleasures and many enemies.

## CHAPTER VIII: WHAT I WAS AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I HAVE been very sensible of friendship and confidence; and if I had been born in the golden age, I might perhaps have been a very excellent man.

## CHAPTER IX: RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.

I HAVE never meddled in any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

## CHAPTER X: MY TASTES.

I TOOK pleasure in small parties, and was fond of a walk in the woods. I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and his setting often made me sad. Of colors I preferred blue; in eating, beef with horse-radish; for drinking, cold water; at the theatre, comedy and farce; of men and women, open and expressive countenances. Hunchbacks of both sexes always had a peculiar charm for me, which I could never define.

## CHAPTER XI: MY DISLIKES.

I HAD a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women who make a game of virtue; a disgust for affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, and rhubarb; and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

## CHAPTER XII: ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.

I AWAIT death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melo-drama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet.

## CHAPTER XIII: THE BOUNTIES OF HEAVEN.

MY great happiness consists in being independent of the three individuals who govern Europe. As I am sufficiently rich, meddle not with politics, and care very little for music, of course I have nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich, or Rossini.

## CHAPTER XIV: MY EPITAPH.

'HERE lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased devil, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and Gentlemen, pass on!

## DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO THE PUBLIC.

DOG of a Public! discordant organ of the passions! thou who raisest thy minion to heaven, and then plungest him in the mire; thou who extoldest and slanderest without knowing why; image of the tocsin; echo of thyself; absurd tyrant; offscouring of the meanest houses; extract of the most subtle poisons and of the most exquisite perfumes; representative of the devil among the human species; a fury masked in Christian charity!—PUBLIC! whom I feared in my youth, respected in my riper years, and despised in my old age; it is to thee that I dedicate my memoirs. Gentle Public! I am at last out of thy reach, for I am dead, and consequently deaf, blind, and mute. Mayest thou enjoy these advantages for thy own repose and for that of the human race!

WE read in the '*Bibliographie Universelle et Portative des Contemporains*' that 'when Count Rostoptchin visited Paris, people were not a little surprised to find a man of wit and good breeding in one whom until now they had regarded as a 'ferocious Tartar.' This brutal epithet was no more suitable to a man like Count Rostoptchin than that of 'an incendiary,' with which Madame d'Abrantes has honored him in her memoirs. A great many piquant sayings are attributed to him, of which we will merely quote the following: 'I came to France,' said he, 'to judge for myself of the real merit of three celebrated men; the Duke of Otranto, Prince Talleyrand, and Potier.\* It is only the last who seems to me to come up to his reputation.'

Here is another piquant anecdote. One day when the Emperor Paul I. was surrounded by a numerous circle, among whom were many Russian princes, and count Rostoptchin, his favorite minister, 'Tell me,' abruptly asked he of the latter, 'why are you not a prince?'

After a moment's hesitation at this singular question, Count Rostoptchin replied:

'Will your Imperial Majesty permit me to give the true reason?'

'Undoubtedly.' 'It is because my ancestor, who came from Tartary to settle in Russia, arrived there in the winter time.'

'Ah! and what had the season of the year to do with the title that was given him?'

'This, your Majesty; when a Tartar-lord made his first appearance at court, it was the custom for the sovereign to give him the choice between a fur-cloak and the title of prince. My ancestor arrived during a very severe winter, and had the good sense to prefer the former.'

Paul laughed heartily at this reply; and turning to the princes who were present: 'See, gentlemen,' said he; 'you may congratulate yourselves that your ancestors did not arrive in the winter!'

\* A celebrated comic actor.

## A N A C R E O N T I C .

## I.

PULSE of my heart! dear source of care,  
Of stolen sighs and love-breathed vows;  
Sweeter than when, through scented air,  
Gay bloom the apple-boughs!

## II.

With thee no day can winter seem,  
Nor frost, nor blast can chill:  
Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,  
That keep it summer still!

## I N T E R N A T I O N A L C O P Y - R I G H T .

CRISPIN, who stole leather to make shoes for the poor, was none the less a thief, says Wolfgang Menzel, in an article on literary piracy. But Menzel is a German, and it would be alike absurd and unsafe for an eminently practical people, like ourselves, to be governed in regard to our national policy by an eminently philosophical people like the Germans. We are by no means certain that Crispin is not a fellow to be copied: before we pronounce judgment upon him, we must know whether he stole from his own countrymen, or from foreigners. There is a vast difference; a difference as great as the countries may be apart. Nothing can be more evident than the proposition that a nation cannot exist by domestic thievery, for I cannot steal from my neighbor unless my neighbor steal from abroad. Therefore, in considering a theft, nationally, it is of the first importance to know who it is that has been robbed. Like many other acute critics, Menzel has furnished a very potent argument to refute his own doctrines, by reasoning a little too close: the parallel between the shoe-maker who steals his leather for the benefit of the people, and the printer or book-publisher who pirates the contents of a book, is a peculiarly unhappy one for the cause he advocates. Nothing can be more evident, no principle is more strongly interwoven in our policy as a nation, than that of encouraging domestic manufactures. It is very plain that if the material for our books cost us nothing, we can manufacture them more cheaply than a rival nation that is compelled to pay their authors for producing them; it is also equally evident that they can therefore be afforded at a cheaper rate to the people, and that the quantity sold will be in proportion to the lowness of the price, and that the intelligence of the people will be in proportion to the number of books that are read: if, in addition to the contents of our books, we could pirate the leather, paper, types, and ink of which they are composed, we should be the most enlightened and independent people in the world, if we are not so already.

The trade of authorship has always entailed on its professors poverty and disease. The sedentary habits which it induces must of necessity undermine health: the abstraction from the every-day affairs of life, requisite to its successful prosecution, almost always causes insanity, or at least mania; and it is not clear that monomania is not an essential feature of authorship: in fact, the history of authorship is but a record of wretchedness. No other profession has furnished an exclusive chapter of calamities. We never hear of the calamities of merchants, of brick-layers, or cultivators. If then we can save our countrymen from the exercise of a calling so manifestly injurious to their happiness and welfare, by availing ourselves of the labors of foreigners, to whom we owe neither protection nor fealty, what man who wishes well to his country will have the temerity to oppose a practice so conducive to our national prosperity? We have declared ourselves a free and independent people; but could it be said that we were either free or independent, if we were restrained, by self-imposed laws, from making free with the labors of a rival nation, separated from us by an ocean of three thousand miles? or independent, if we were dependent upon ourselves for our intellectual pabulum?

The only independent nation of modern times was the *Algerines*, now unhappily extinct. They were a model people! They were free and independent, in the most liberal and extended sense. They were dependent upon themselves for nothing which they could take from other nations; and so fully did they carry out their principle of national independence, that they looked to a foreign power to furnish them with their governors. No native of the soil was ever harassed by the cares of government. All their rulers were imported from abroad.

In respect of mere corporeal rulers, we are as yet far behind the *Algerines*, but virtually we are in advance of them as respects our governing power. No one will deny that to rule the mind is far better, more honorable, more arduous, and more important, than to rule the body. Our mental rulers are all foreigners; the majority of them pensioners of a government that advocates and inculcates principles directly opposed to those that we profess. They rule us by means of the books that we cunningly pirate from them, and thereby save ourselves a very great amount of trouble and expense. It is true that some of our people are mad enough to attempt to divide this ruling power with these foreigners, by publishing books themselves; but their efforts only prove the correctness of our assertion; for in order to smuggle their works into notice, they are compelled to make them so nearly like those that are printed, that they could not be distinguished from them, were it not for their title-pages. Evidences of these truths abound, on all sides, as well in the Church as the State. Some of our young preachers have improved their opportunities of studying foreign books to that degree, that they have boldly confessed that the great reformation was not only unjustifiable, but a real detriment to the cause of humanity. Others have professed a faith in the fine old conservative doctrine of the divine right

of kings ; and one young presbyter that we know, has quitted his country, and now officiates as a chaplain in the dominions of her most gracious majesty, Victoria the First. Other blessings equal to these are continually manifested by our rulers and legislators, who give abundant evidence that they have profited by the continual influx of foreign mind. One great statesman, of the Virginia school of politics, a great patriot and a great orator also, profited to such an extent by his foreign books, that he could not even read a work that had been re-printed in this country. But we would not be thought to advocate so sublime and patriotic an extension of the great principle of pirating as this, because it would deprive our artisans and tradesmen of a very profitable business. Perhaps the most remarkable and beneficial effect of our independence of ourselves, is manifested by the clergy, who depend almost entirely upon England for their theology, and thereby become so thoroughly imbued with an independent spirit, that when they happen to be troubled with a thoracic disorder, or any other disease, immediately leave their flocks to the care of the great Head of the Church, and hurry off to Europe to consult foreign physicians, and inhale a mouthful of foreign air.

But the real benefits of the present system of pirating English books, consist in the employment given to capital and labor. Our paper-mills, type-founders, printers, binders, and book-sellers, are kept in constant employment by the intellect of Great Britain. The brain of Walter Scott alone gave employment to a greater number of mechanics and tradesmen than that of any American since the revolution, with the exception of Fulton. It must be borne in mind that the imagination of a foreign author creates for us a source of employment, which but for him would not exist ; beside furnishing for us a never-failing source of recreation and profitable enjoyment. Were it not for Scott and Bulwer, Boz and James, we should have no novels to read ; were it not for Tom Moore, we should have no songs to sing ; and but for foreign composers, we should have no music. Since the successful experiment of ocean navigation, we have become more and more independent of ourselves ; and we now have the gratification of seeing London newspapers hawked about our streets, to the very manifest falling off in the manufacture of the home article. If we still remain true to ourselves, and resolutely shut our ears to the complaints of these interested and mercenary writers, both at home and abroad, the time will soon come when our people will be saved entirely from all literary drudgery, and even our newspapers be re-publications of London Times' and Chronicles, as some of our Magazines already are of London and Edinburgh and Dublin monthlies.

How absurd, how impudent, how mercenary and grovelling, it is in these British authors to require of us to pass a law that will deprive ourselves of such great advantages, merely to put a few dollars in their pockets, and encourage a set of men among us to supplant them, and so inculcate a spirit of base and servile self-dependence among our people ! The great object of an author should be fame. No true genius will exert himself for filthy lucre.

It must be infinitely more grateful to a high nature to be read by thousands, than to be paid by hundreds; and therefore we benefit these foreigners in spite of themselves, by re-printing their works at a cheap rate, thereby greatly enlarging the circle of their readers, and adding to their reputation. It is very true that the British Parliament has passed a law giving to American authors the privilege of copyright as soon as a reciprocal law shall be passed by us; but are we to be dictated to by the British Parliament? Are we to be reminded of our duty by foreigners, who thus make a show of their magnanimity, only to entice us to follow their example? Shall we become mere copyists of another nation? Forbid it Justice! forbid it Independence!

If we concede to the foreign author a right of property in the productions of his brain, which after all is merely the distillation of other people's ideas expressed in some other way before him, or at best the promptings of Nature, which are the common property of mankind, like air and sun-shine, we shall next be called upon to recognize the inherent and indestructible right of an author to his works, for all time.

When a citizen purchases of government a quarter section of land in one of the territories, and pays for it at the rate of a dollar and a quarter the acre, it becomes his own property, and the whole nation would rise up like one man to defend him in the undisturbed possession of it to the end of time. But if this same citizen should devote the flower of his manhood, the vigor of his intellect, and even the land itself which he may have purchased of his country, in the production of a book for the benefit of humanity, he would have no right to the possession of his work but for a very limited number of years; and although he would be protected in the possession of his land, or the products of it, from foreign aggression, we would not allow him any protection in the enjoyment of the product of his brain, even though a foreign nation should civilly agree to respect our law for that purpose if we should think proper to pass one.

The reasons for these distinctions in regard to different kinds of property are so very clear and conclusive, so exceedingly simple and obvious, that we do not choose to insult the understanding of our readers by repeating them. Some of the advocates of an international copy-right have urged in its favor that a measure so just could not be otherwise than politic, and that it would be safe to adopt one, without any regard to expediency, but relying solely upon truth and justness. But such a principle as this is directly at variance with the genius of our constitution and laws; and were it adopted in one case would be urged as a precedent in another, and an entire overthrow of our system of government would be the consequence. Were so mischievous a principle as this once adopted by our legislators as their rule of action, what would become of those noble specimens of eloquence with which we are favored every session of Congress, when members who are perfectly agreed as to the justness of a measure, dispute for weeks and months in regard to its expediency or profit? What would become of our army and navy, and



our corps of diplomatists? What would become of many of the peculiar institutions of the North and of the South? In short, how would our representatives contrive to lengthen out a session, or even make a speech for *Bunkum*, to be read by their constituents?

The subject widens as we write; absurdities throng around our quill, striving to get down to the nib of our pen; and the very fulness of the argument chokes our utterance; we grow fustigatory and impatient to lay about us; but we must conclude in the words with which an ingenious cotemporary a few months since began an essay upon the same subject, namely: '*Copy-right is a humbug.*'

'FULGURA FRANGO.'

L I N E S   T O   F I T Z - G R E E N E   H A L L E C K .

ON READING 'FORGET-ME-NOT,' IN THE JULY KNICKERBOCKER.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

I.

WHEN spring-time fancies haunt the brain,  
Or cluster round the young heart's shrine,  
No sadness clogs the dreamer's strain,  
To bid him o'er his lot repine:  
By Love's first fantasies oppressed,  
He hies him to some stream-laved spot,  
And sighs along the blue-flower's breast,  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

II.

To manhood's sterner cares allied,  
The image lords it o'er his will;  
In vain the struggles of his pride,  
The form and features haunt him still.  
His pillow sought, the toils of life,  
Trade, strifes, defeats, all are forgot,  
While with one theme his dream is rife:  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

III.

Poor dreamer! like his fleeting years,  
The autumn of his fond desires  
Pours disappointment's icy tears,  
To quench his youth's delusive fires.  
Within his heart, time and despair,  
To foil his hopes triumphant plot;  
Unmoved at his unceasing prayer,  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

IV.

Like to the flower when autumn comes  
To seek its folds with chilling breath,  
And winter's earliest whisper roams  
Its heart among, to tell of death;  
Thus on man's heart, as o'er the flower,  
Fall tears, with grief and anguish hot,  
And speeds the cry to Heaven's high Power,  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

## THE MAIL ROBBER.

NUMBER FOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

SIR: I can only account for your conduct by this one supposition: you must be a *drinking-man*. Nothing but the repeated, though perhaps unconscious, inebriation arising from an excessive use of stimulating drinks, could produce that torpidity of the moral sentiments which is manifested by your editorial career. Your late allusion to the cordwainers of Xeres, or in vulgar tap-room slang, '*sherry cobblers*,' is very strong against you. Your ill-timed merriment—the jocose levity of your '*Editor's Table*'—all go to confirm my theory. You indulge—I know you do.

Now, Sir, as a strict Washingtonian, and the corresponding secretary of two temperance societies, I request you for the benefit of the community to make a statement of your case, with a phrenological chart of your developments, a brief account of your habit of body, your temperament, age, etcetera, together with the amount which you absorb daily, and a history of your propensity. In the anticipation of such a statement, I forego any offence at whatever may formerly have passed between us. You are to be pitied rather than detested. I know, from experience, that under the influence of stimulants we are not always accountable agents. We should be merciful one to another; and although I have heretofore found it difficult to repress my disgust at your folly, I assure you that I am far from entertaining unchristian feelings. May you yet live to become a respectable member of society, and an ornament of our ranks! You may find worthier employment in conducting some religious journal or temperance periodical. If you become sincerely anxious to reform, and to distinguish yourself as an ardent champion of virtue, the society will feel pleasure in lending you their powerful aid. Our funds are at present somewhat low, in consequence of the prodigious expense of a late fair and several temperance pic-nics in the country, at which we nobly burned many whole hogsheads of the most costly Jamaica and Cogniac spirits. The sight of the self-destroying monster wasting away in the blue intensity of his own suicidal flame, excelled any thing in the way of moral grandeur that I have witnessed since the Croton-aqueduct celebration. Still, in spite of our tremendous disbursements, I will venture to promise you, if you enlist under the banners of the cause, a handsome situation, either as a Reformed Inebriate, or a travelling County-Delegation Jubilee Pic-Nic Poet and Orator. Depend upon it, that under the cold-water system your profits will be increased, your morals improved, your appetite and intellectual faculties

enlarged and well-balanced, and all the fibres of the frame restored to a firm, vigorous tone.

Touching the subject of these letters, I would observe that our English friend has done very wisely in permitting their publication. But surely you will not think of accepting his favors without giving him an adequate requital. I am told they are extensively read, and add much to the attractions of your Magazine. He certainly ought to be most handsomely paid. Having never thought it worth while to make any poetry myself, I cannot well judge of the labor of making it, or of its value; but I know that we have repeatedly paid clergymen in New-England thirty or forty dollars for a temperance ode, and hymn to match. For my own part, I am willing to sink my demand (albeit a prior one) in favor of his own claim. He will consider the propriety of either going on shares with me, or allowing me whatever premium he may think just upon each letter. Instrumental as I have been in preserving his epistles from the dangers of flood and fire, and procuring their secure transmission, through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, to their destination, he will not neglect my hint. I am willing to look upon it as merely a commission business; my object being rather an amicable arrangement, and a mutual understanding of each other's interests, than any thing of a mercenary nature. Whatever profit may fall to my hands shall all be faithfully devoted to the Cause.

I send you herewith a splendid pictorial illustration, colored to the life, of the awful appearance of the interior of a drunkard's stomach. It has produced a powerful sensation in Boston, and may persuade you to reflect upon the possible condition of your own intestines.

I beg that you will by no means print this letter, as it may look like trumpeting my own goodness.

Yours, etc., in the Pledge,

— — — —

NOTWITHSTANDING the foregoing injunction of the pacified financier not to print his letter, it is evident that he intended it for the public eye. It would moreover be most unjust not to let the world into a knowledge of his many virtues. As to our own vices, and especially the one here dwelt upon with so much fervor, we must be permitted to remark, in reply to the commiseration and advice of our moral friend, that during the whole course of a life 'now some years wasted,' we were never 'groggy,' 'intoxicated,' 'boozy,' 'swipped,' 'cut,' 'how-came-you-so,' 'swizzled,' or 'tight,' but *once*; and assuredly *that*, as DOGBERRY says, 'shall be *suffegance*.' On a certain evening of one of the remote 'days that were' in our history, we remember ('ah! yes! too well remember!') trying to discover whether there was any foundation for the suspicion of a friend, that we had been over-'indulging' at a supper-party from which we both were returning. The fact truly was so. We ascertained, in endeavor-

oring, for the satisfaction of our friend, to 'toe a mark' in the pavé, that the side-walk invariably followed the lifted foot; and that when we essayed to set its fellow down, the pavement receded in such a terrific manner that the sole encountered it with a good deal more of emphasis than discretion. We recollect, too, that the key-hole of our bachelor's-apartment was found to have been stolen on that memorable evening, rendering our key nugatory, adscititious, of no account, and so forth; and that when, by the aid of a fellow-lodger, we had achieved our room and bed, we found the latter emphatically a 'sick' one, and at times during the night in a very 'sinking condition;' so much so indeed, that at one period we began to 'despair of its recovery.' But that one abuse of Nature, (who always revenges herself, and at once, upon her assailants,) taught us a lesson which we have never forgotten, and never shall, 'unto thylike day i' the which we crepe into our sepulchre.' For the rest, we certainly *do* affect an occasional glass of *good* wine at a cheerful board, with congenial guests; such wine as we are informed, on the *best* authority, 'maketh glad the heart of man;' such as Saint PAUL recommended to his brethren 'for their stomach's sake;' a wine, in short, which 'creates a spiritual vineyard in the heart,' and 'dispenses one's affections among his fellow men.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

*Thos. M. Anderson*

## LETTER FOURTH.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, FLORENCE.

BY THE HANDS OF SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., LONDON.

ON the rough Bracco's top, at break of day,  
High o'er that gulf which bounds the Genoese,  
Since thou and I pursued our mountain way,  
Twenty Decembers have disrobed the trees.

Rome lay before us, hid beyond the peaks  
Which rose afar, our longing eyes to guide;  
The wave was one whose name a history speaks,  
The Tyrrhene sea—the pure blue Tuscan tide.

So many summers, in their gay return,  
Have found my pilgrimage still incomplete,  
Doomed as I seem, Ulysses-like, to earn  
My little knowledge by much toil of feet.

Charmed by the glowing earth and golden sky,  
In Arno's vale you made yourself a nest;  
There perched in peace and bookish ease, while I  
Still journeyed on, and found no place of rest.

And here I am in this prosaic land,  
This new Hesperia, less be-rhymed than thine,  
Here try the skill of my neglected hand  
To catch the favors of the chary Nine.

And here, amid remembrances that throng  
Thicker than blossoms in the new-born June,  
Thine chiefly claims the witness of a song  
That still at least my heart remains in tune.

You will not fail to pardon as you break  
The blushing seal that bears the well-known crest ;  
And every line, however rude, shall wake  
Kind thoughts of him who wanders in the West.

But never hope (with so refined a sense  
Of what is well conceived and ably wrought,)  
To find my verse retain its old pretence  
To the smooth utterance of an easy thought.

For who can sing amid this roar of streets.  
This crash of engines and discordant mills?  
Where ev'n in Solitude's most hushed retreats  
Machinery drowns the music of the rills?

True, Nature here hath donned her gala robe,  
Drest in all charms — wild, savage, and sublime ;  
Within one realm enfolding half the globe,  
Flowers of all soils, and fruits of every clime.

Yet nothing here conveys the musing mind  
Beyond the landmarks of the present hour,  
Since every impulse is of sordid kind,  
Among this race, that moves the Fancy's power.

No mighty bard, with consecrating touch,  
Hath made the scene a nobler mood inspire ;  
The sullen Puritan, the sensual Dutch,  
Proved but a barren fosterage for the lyre.

Beauty should speak : however fair the shore,  
With balmy groves which all the coast perfume,  
Until his eloquence the minstrel pour  
Over the landscape, vainly must it bloom.

E'en thy dear Italy, whose ashes now,  
Albeit feebly, warm our Saxon strains,  
Was once, ere yet her vallies felt the plough,  
Fameless and voiceless as Iowa's plains.

Imagine old *Ænotria* as she stood  
In Saturn's reign, before the stranger came ;  
Ere yet the stillness of the trackless wood  
Had heard the echoes of a Trojan's name.

Young *Latium* then, as now *Missouri's* waste,  
Was dumb in story, soulless and unsung :  
Whatever deeds her savage annals graced  
Died soon, as lacking some harmonious tongue.

Up her dark streams the first explorers found  
Only one dim, interminable shade ;  
Cliffs with the growth of awful ages crowned,  
Amid whose gloom the wolf and wild-boar preyed.

Afar, perchance, on some sky-piercing height,  
Nigh the last limit of the eagle's road,  
Some stray *Pelasgians* had assumed a site  
To pitch their proud, impregnable abode.

Pent in their airy dens, the builders reared  
Turrets, fanes, altars fed with daily flame ;  
But with their walls their memory disappeared :  
Their meanest implements outlive their name.

What race of giants piled yon rocks so high ?  
Who cut those hidden channels for the rills ?  
Drained the deep lake, and sucked the marshes dry,  
Or hollowed into sepulchres the hills ?

These, in the time of Romulus, were old ;  
Even then as now conjecture could but err ;  
In prose or verse no chronicler hath told  
Whence the tribes came, and who their heroes were.

A few rough sculptures and funereal urns,  
Which still are mocked by unimproving Art,  
Perplex the mind till tired reflection turns  
To the great people dearer to her heart.

Soon as they rose — the Capitolian lords —  
The laud grew sacred and beloved of God ;  
Where'er they brandished their triumphant swords  
Glory sprang forth and sanctified the sod.

Ev'n yet their tombs, though dateless and decayed,  
Allure the northern pilgrim from afar ;  
Still Contemplation's orisons are paid  
Where any fragments of their trophies are.

Nay, whether wandering by the swollen Rhone,  
Or by the Thames, we mark the Cæsar's tracks,  
Wondering how far, from their Tarpeian frown,  
The ambitious eagles bore the prætor's axe ;

Those toga'd kings, the fathers and the knights,  
Are still our masters, and within us reign ;  
Born though we were by Alleghany's heights,  
Beyond the desolation of the main.

For while the music of their language lasts,  
They shall not perish like the painted men  
(Brief-lived in memory as the winter's blasts)  
Who here once held the hill-top and the glen.

These had their passions, had their virtues, too ;  
Were valiant, proud, indomitably free ;  
But who recalls them with delight, or who  
Their coarse mementos with esteem can see ?

From them and their's with cold regard we turn,  
The wreck of polished nations to survey,  
Nor care the savage attributes to learn  
Of souls that struggled with barbarian clay.

With what emotion on a coin we trace  
Vespasian's brow, or Trajan's chastened smile,  
But view with heedless eye the murderous mace  
And chequered lance of Zealand's warrior-isle.

Here, by the ploughman, as with daily tread  
He tracks the furrows of his fertile ground,  
Dark locks of hair, and thigh-bones of the dead,  
Spear-heads, and skulls, and arrows oft are found.

On such memorials unconcerned we gaze ;  
No trace remaining of the glow divine,  
Wherewith, dear WALTER ! in our Eton days  
We eyed a fragment from the Palatine.

How rich to us th' Imperial City seemed,  
 Whose meanest relic vied with any gem!  
 The costly stones on kingly crowns that gleamed  
 Possessed small beauty, if compared with them.

Cellini's workmanship could nothing add,  
 Nor the Pope's blessing, nor a case of gold,  
 To the strange value every pebble had  
 O'er which perchance the Tiber's wave had rolled.

It fired us then to trace upon the map  
 The forum's line, the Pincian garden's paths;  
 Ay, or to finger but a stucco scrap  
 Or marble shred from Caracalla's baths.

A like enchantment all thy land pervades,  
 Mellows the sunshine, softens autumn's breeze;  
 O'erhangs the mouldering town and chestnut shades,  
 And glows and sparkles in the golden seas.

No such a spell the charm'd adventurer guides  
 Who seeks those ruins hid in Yucatan,  
 Where through the tropic forest silent glides,  
 By crumbled fane and idol, slow Copan.

There, as the weedy pyramid he climbs,  
 Or notes, mid groves that rankly wave above,  
 The work of nameless hands in unknown times,  
 Much wakes his wonder — nothing stirs his love.

Art's rude beginnings, wheresoever found,  
 The same dull chord of feeling faintly strike;  
 The Druid's pillar, and the Indian mound,  
 And Uxmal's monuments, are mute alike.

Nor here, although the gorgeous year hath brought  
 Crimson October's beautiful decay,  
 Can all this loveliness inspire a thought  
 Beyond the marvels of the fleeting day.

For here the Present overpowers the Past;  
 No recollections to these woods belong,  
 (O'er which no minstrelsy its veil hath cast)  
 To rouse our worship, or supply my song.

But this will come; the necromancer Age  
 Shall round the wilderness his glory throw;  
 Hudson shall murmur through the poet's page,  
 And in his numbers more superbly flow.

Ev'n now perhaps, the destined soul is born,  
 Warm with high hope, though dumbly pent within,  
 To shield his country from the common scorn,  
 That never duly hymned her praise hath been.

Enough — 't is more than midnight by the clock;  
 Manhattan dreams of dollars, all abed:  
 With you, dear WALTER, 't is the crow of cock,  
 And o'er Fièsole the skies are red.

Good night! yet stay — both longitudes to suit,  
 At once the absent and returning light,  
 Thus let me bid our mutual salute;  
 To you *Buon giorno* — to myself Good night!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

ANNALS AND OCCURRENCES OF NEW-YORK CITY AND STATE IN THE OLDEN TIME. By JOHN F. WATSON, Esq. NEW-YORK: BAKER AND CRANE.

HERE is a new work touching the KNICKERBOCKERS, which *we* are especially bound to notice ; and this we do with the more satisfaction, that we can heartily commend it to the notice of our readers, or what is the same thing, to 'the public at large.' We perceive by a few pages of the work which have been laid before us, that this is an enlargement of a former edition, favorably known to the reading public, entitled '*Historic Tales of Olden Time concerning New-York.*' It now notices the rise and progress of the inland country and towns, relates much concerning the pioneer settlers, and details the hostilities and ravages of their Indian neighbors. It is in fact a complete history of a buried age ; and brings up to the imagination, for its contemplation and entertainment, a picture of 'things as they were in the days of rustic simplicity, so wholly unlike the present display of fashion, pomp, and splendor.' It is easy to perceive that Mr. WATSON gathers facts and writes *con amore* ; not for profit, in this book-making age, but because he feels and sees our wonderfully rapid advancement from small things to great. 'I have written,' he says, 'for New-York and State ; not for money, but for patriotism. I felt it due to the country, to tell its tale of wonder ; and due to God, for His gracious and signal providence, in so settling and prospering our Anglo-Saxon race, in this new field of His exercise.' To quote the warm language of one of our contemporaries : 'This is in truth a work without example for its imitation ; and with equal truth, it is in execution a work *sui generis*. It is a museum that will never cease to attract. Its annals and statistics will have snatched from oblivion valuable reminiscences of the early youth of our country ; and will furnish the historian, biographer, and the patriotic orator with matter to adorn and beautify their productions. He deserves the gratitude of his country, and the patronage of the reading community. Wherefore, no American that can read and can afford to purchase, should be without a copy of this valuable contribution to the memoirs of early American history.' We venture to predict that the aged will be delighted to be thus reminded of things which they have heard of, or perhaps witnessed ; and the young will be surprised to find such a lively picture of the doings of their forefathers. Among the many subjects considered, are the first settlements and primitive incidents connected with New-York, Albany, Schenectady, Rochester, Brooklyn, etc. ; notices of the early Dutch times ; manners and customs ; dress, furniture, and equipage ; local changes ; ancient memorials, and curious facts. Much is said of the Indians ; of the local incidents connected with the revolutionary war ; of ancient edifices and buildings ; in short, of every thing calculated to bring back scenes and occurrences of by-gone times. These matters too are related in a style peculiar to the author ; they are matters moreover only to have been perceived and scanned by a mind so constituted as his own. The work is undertaken by Messrs. BAKER AND CRANE, a young and enterprising metro-



politan house, and will be completed in one octavo volume of about five hundred pages; illustrated with thirty new pictorial embellishments; and furnished to subscribers at the low rate of two dollars per copy, payable on delivery. Among the engravings, which are to be executed in the best manner on wood, will be two views of New-York City; one of New-Amsterdam in 1659, one of New-Orange in 1673; a map of the city, as it appeared in 1729; pictures of the old Federal Hall, in 1789; the Walton and Provost Houses; Trinity church, now numbered in the catalogue of things that have been; the Merchants' Exchange, destroyed by the 'great fire' of '35; beside numerous other edifices, of interest to the antiquary; and also views of HUDSON'S arrival at Sandy-Hook; the Erie Canal, Niagara Falls, the Conflagration of Schenectady, etc., etc.; and 'last, though not least,' a *fac simile* of the head and signature of the good old governor, renowned in KNICKERBOCKER'S annals as 'PETER the Headstrong,' or 'HARD-KOPPING PIET.' 'Finally, brethren,' let every KNICKERBOCKER who feels an affectionate attachment to the home of *his* fathers, or veneration for the memory of *their* fathers, secure at once for himself a knowledge of all manner of curious things inseparable from our history, from one who has been called 'the HOMER of his class, and in archeology, peerless.' Subscription-lists are open at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER, at the store of the publishers, number 156 Pearl-street, and at the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association.

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LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK. By L. MARIA CHILD, Author of 'The Mother's own Book,' 'The Girl's Book,' etc. In one volume. pp. 276. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY. Boston: JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY.

IN the dedication of this volume, the writer alludes to its being 'deeply tinged with romance and mysticism;' but to our conception, its pages exhibit a far greater amount of *truth*, undeniable, and of deep import to society at large, and to our own metropolitan community especially. Here is a woman who knows 'how to observe;' and we cannot do a better service to thousands in our city, who walk its streets and thoroughfares, and visit the hundred-and-one places of resort in its vicinity, without appreciating or enjoying the objects of interest or instruction by which they are surrounded, than to call their attention to the records of the volume under notice. And having done this, we shall proceed to illustrate the reason for the faith that is in us that they will thank us for this recommendation, by presenting a few desultory extracts. Let us commence them with a remarkable case of instinctive knowledge in birds, related by the writer's grandfather, who saw the fact with his own eyes:

'He was attracted to the door, one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree. Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvellous and altogether unaccountable stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. The popular belief was, that the serpent charmed the bird by looking steadily at it; and that such a sympathy was thereby established, that if the snake were struck, the bird felt the blow, and writhed under it.

'These traditions excited my grandfather's curiosity to watch the progress of things; but, being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he had a chance to despoil the nest. The distressed mother meanwhile continued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually, with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground, rigid and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death by cutting off his head, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white-ash! 'That little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white-ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white-ash leaves about their ankles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the north star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in 'massa's' corn or tobacco.

'I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white-ash; but I know that

settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees round their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

Here is a charming sketch of an actual occurrence, which goes far to confirm the writer's impression 'that instinct is founded on traditions handed down among animals from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education.'

'Two barn-swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching them than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother-bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than these did in fashioning their little woven cradle. The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be inwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

'It was evident that the father-bird had formed correct opinions on 'the woman question'; for during the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct, concerning division of labor. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family. But when they become old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

'For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying-school. But all their talking and fuss were of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk back into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chatted away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

'The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it!' Three times the neighbors came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they alighted on a small upright log. And oh! such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow-party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. That beautiful family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art from those little creatures, perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.'

Mrs. CHILD has a remarkable power of *adaptation* in her style. Her similes are often exceedingly forcible and felicitous. Observe the admirable comparison which closes the ensuing passage, descriptive of the services at the Synagogue of the Jews, on the Festival of the New-Year:

'WHILE they were chanting an earnest prayer for the coming of the Promised One, who was to

restore the scattered tribes, I turned over the leaves, and by a singular coincidence my eye rested on these words: 'Abraham said, See ye not the splendred light now shining on Mount Moriah? And they answered, *Nothing but caverns do we see.*' I thought of Jesus, and the whole pageant became more spectral than ever; so strangely vague and shadowy, that I felt as if under the influence of magic. The significant sentence reminded me of a German friend, who shared his sleeping apartment with another gentleman, and both were in the habit of waking very early in the morning. One night, his companion rose much earlier than he intended; and perceiving his mistake, placed a lighted lamp in the chimney corner, that its glare might not disturb the sleeper, leaned his back against the fire-place, and began to read. Sometime after, the German rose, left him reading, and walked forth into the morning twilight. When he returned, the sun was shining high up in the heavens; but his companion, unconscious of the change, was still reading by lamp-light in the chimney corner. And this the Jews are now doing, as well as a very large proportion of Christians.'

And in this allusion to the tyranny of public opinion, there is an important truth very adroitly enforced by an apposite anecdote, timely remembered:

'Few men ask concerning right and wrong of their *own* hearts. Few listen to the oracle *within*, which can only be heard in the stillness. The merchant seeks his moral standard on 'change—a fitting name for a thing so fluctuating; the sectary in the opinion of his small theological department; the politician in the tumultuous echo of his party; the worldling in the buzz of saloons. In a word, each man inquires of *his* public; what wonder, then, that the answers are selfish as trading interest, blind as local prejudice, and various as human whim? A German drawing-master once told me of a lad who wished to sketch landscapes from nature. The teacher told him that the first object was to choose some *fixed point of view*. The sagacious pupil chose a cow grazing beneath the trees. Of course, his *fixed point* soon began to move hither and thither, as she was attracted by the sweetness of the pasturage; and the lines of his drawing fell into strange confusion. This is a correct type of those who choose public opinion for their moral fixed point of view. It moves according to the provender before it, and they who trust to it have but a whirling and distorted landscape. Coleridge defines public opinion as 'the average prejudices of the community.' Wo unto those who have no safer guide of principle and practice than this 'average of prejudices!'

Doubtless a vast number of persons as fervently desire the time when 'wars shall cease from under the whole heaven,' as our author. Like herself, thousands feel that

'Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers,  
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast.'

but she will find few who will carry the prejudice which a hatred of war has created in her bosom so far as she has done. On visiting what was once the grave of ANDRE, she is shown by the guide the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON: 'I turned my back suddenly upon it. The last place on earth where I would wish to think of WASHINGTON is at the grave of ANDRE.' And she adds, that she never could look upon ANDRE's execution 'as other than a *cool, deliberate murder.*' The stern necessity which impelled the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY to this act, at which his great heart, throbbing with the cares of an infant empire, melted in pity, is termed 'a selfish jealousy, dignified with the name of patriotism!' All this, however, is creditable to the *woman's-heart* of our author; as is her wish, and the 'strong faith' of which it is the father, that the time is not distant when 'all *prisons* will cease from the face of the earth.' Human nature, howbeit, must undergo an important change before such an event can take place; and a long time must elapse before WASHINGTON's memory can receive any injury from attacks upon it like the one above cited. We are getting, however, to the end of our tether, in the 'short commons' left for us in this department; but after the written and 'illustrated' praise which we have awarded to the volume before us, we are compelled, in candor, to add a word or two of censure. Now and then, it must be admitted, our author is slightly vague and *bizarre*, as if to make good the declaration in her dedication; and she can be, moreover, on occasion, a little mawkish; as in the instance where, after the sentiment has been satisfied, she pumps up a feeling, and 'drags in by ear and horn' a struggling sentence touching two doves in the room that once was ANDRE's; their 'mated human hearts,' and so forth. These and one or two kindred similitudes, or ultra-sentimentalities, are not *intellectually* feminine, and must be set down as defects in the generally natural and fresh style of our gifted author, whose clever volume we are glad of an opportunity warmly to commend to public acceptance. Some readers may find in it matters to condemn, perhaps, but all will encounter much that is deserving of cordial praise.

DEATH: OR MEDORUS' DREAM. By the Author of 'Ahasuerus.' In one volume. pp. 66. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE deem it a substantial tribute to the merits of the poem before us, that it has elicited the cordial commendations of two daily journals of authority in our midst; the antipodal editors of which, (one of them the first of American poets,) in awarding their meed of praise, candidly confessed that the production was more likely to be judged by a political standard at the seat of government, than by any critical measure, based upon an impartial consideration of its literary qualities. For ourselves, we must say that we have perused the poem with a pleasure not a little enhanced by the reflection, that the author has been enabled to find leisure, amidst engagements which, if one may believe the partizan journals, must needs be numerous and pressing, to pay that attention to literary pursuits, which by so many politicians, and utilitarians of another class, are considered 'useless, if not belittling, to a man of mental calibre sufficient for any thing more manly than verse-making.' Indeed, this position we remember somewhere to have seen assumed and defended, in the words we have quoted. The opening of 'Medorus' Dream,' the fine lines on 'Death,' have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, from the manuscript of the author. They will be remembered not only by the readers of this Magazine, but also by those of very many journals throughout the Union, into which they were copied, with expressions of warm admiration. In selecting, therefore, a few extracts, in corroboration of the justice of our encomiums, we shall plunge at once *in medias res* into the volume before us; leaving our readers to judge whether the writer does not exhibit a hearty love and keen observation of Nature, in her various phases; a strong sense of the beautiful and the true; and an ease and smoothness of versification, which go far to controvert the theory that, for certain reasons, (among which 'a restless ambition' has been cited as the chief,) 'there can be little poetry in high places.' Take, for example, the annexed brief but comprehensive glance at the four seasons:

**SPRING** laughing comes to bless the verdant land.  
Sweet breezes kiss the glowing curls that lie  
Upon her blooming cheek; a lambent fire  
Plays from her radiant eyes; 'neath her light step  
Daisies and cowslips grow. 'Upon the bud  
She breathes, and quick the rose unfolds  
Its tinted leaves, and, trembling with keen bliss,  
Sips the pure morning dew, and soft exhales  
A gentle odor through the garden's walks,  
More sweet than beauty's breath. Hark to those  
sounds!

The warbling notes that rise upon the gale  
Steal o'er the soul like voices of pure prayer,  
Or dream of Eden's joys. O'er all the earth  
Warm sunshine streams, whose fructifying rays  
Strike through the fibrous soil, and quicken there  
A thousand lovely forms; these straightway start  
From that deep sleep which heaven so kindly  
sends

Through winter's rugged hour, while soon they  
join

The happy circle of all beautiful things,  
That fill the world with perfume and with song,  
Hailing their bounteous mistress, virgin Spring!

**MARK SUMMER**, sitting 'neath yon spreading palm,  
Her shady throne. With matron dignity  
She gazes round, and smiles in quiet pride  
While counting o'er the glorious wealth that fills  
Her wide domain. Now wave the growing fields  
Beneath the rippling winds and the warm sun;  
Now the soft pulp of the distending fruits  
Imbibes rich nectar from the glowing beams  
Of the calm, golden day. Now Hope sits laughing  
In a world of light, and Promise near  
Weaves the bright numbers of a joyous lay,  
With Plenty still the burden of his theme.

**NEXT AUTUMN** comes, the sweet industrious maid,  
'Who garners up the treasures of past days,  
Brown nuts, and yellow grain, and ripened stores  
Of mellow'd fruits; yet still a pensive smile,  
As soft as moonlight on some slumbering stream,  
Throws o'er her face a melancholy shade  
Of sober thought, as though her heart was sad  
That the large harvests which her sickle wins  
Should leave the earth so bare. And then she sings  
A plaintive strain that echoes through the land,  
Like the wild cooings of some soft-toned dove,  
A note of resignation and of peace,  
Though still a sound of sadness from the soul.

**LO! WINTER** rushes from the land of storms:  
From the cold Arctic regions, where he sat  
Among clouds and darkness, and vast misshapen  
forms,

He comes, with frosts, and howling winds, and  
hail,

And the dark terrors of a sunless sky.  
Unshorn his ragged beard, and his fierce eyes,  
Relentless as the murderer's stony heart,  
Condemns the victim, while his icy breath,  
More deadly than the lightning's fiery gleam,  
Sweeps life into oblivion. Spirit, no;

Man's finite faculties alone may see  
Such evil in God's goodness: we behold  
A crowning mercy of beneficence  
In Winter's coldest blast. Could earth exist  
Without that change in matter and in form  
By which her strength recuperates, and lends  
An impulse unto Nature's fostering will?

The pulpy fruit would perish where it falls  
But for the bitter kernel; flowers would fade,  
No more mid sweet ambrosial dews to bloom,  
But for the winter's torpid touch, that crusts

The leathery seed with its rough coating o'er,  
Freezes its ardent currents ere they spring  
Into ephemeral being, and thus yields

Unto a small and loaden speck, a power  
Of life perpetual, and from dull clay  
'Maintains a breathing world.'

'A ducat to a beggarly denier' that we saw the same ocean, glowing under the same glorious summer-evening light, as is described in the lines which ensue. We have never compared notes with our author; but it seems impossible that the kindred scene in which we revelled on a memorable occasion at the Telegraph station, by the Narrows, should not have extended to Fire-Island; the *locale*, we cannot help inferring, of this picture:

Ort hath the man who loveth Nature's ways,  
Musing, gone forth alone by Ocean's tide,  
And, gazing on that amaranthine plain,  
Hath mark'd the rich beams of descending day  
Shoot slanting o'er the light and feathery waves,  
Until the sea, by burning passion moved,  
Through all its depths, turns into liquid gold,  
And heaves and thrills beneath those ardent rays,  
With love too strong for mortal minds to know,  
With love too deep for mortal hearts to feel.  
Then, from that glorious main, his soul-lit eye  
Hath wander'd strait to heaven, and in one view

'The pearl, and flame, and amethyst, and gold,  
'The shadowy vermeil flush, the purple light,  
The amber-tinted streak, and banner'd clouds,  
Like incense streaming up from Evening's shrine,

'Wafted by gentle gales along the sky,  
The beauty, brightness, majesty, and pomp,  
The gorgeous splendor of the imperial West,  
Burst on his raptur'd sight! He, happy then,  
While Fancy's spirit-form smiles o'er his head,  
Deems it the lovely sky that canopies  
The land of Paradise.'

Here is a wider reach of more varied scenery, yet not less forcible than the more 'thin compositions,' to use the painter's phrase:

First, as they look'd, there rose upon the sight  
Long, waving chains of happy-smiling hills,  
Uprising gently from the sloping vales,  
As if to woo the rustling noontide winds:  
Next, wide-expansive, music-making seas,  
Across whose placid, soft-suspiring tides  
The playful breezes fly, on tireless wings.  
Then, 'neath their wond'ring eyes at once display'd,  
Behold, in one far-sweeping, lovely view,  
The broad green vesture of the quick'ning sod  
Trembling with heat, and glowing into life  
Under the warm sun's vivifying beams:

The Desert's thirsty plains gemm'd with their  
green  
And cool oases, bright mid barren sands;  
Rivers whose pearly tides stretch'd far away  
Through fertile lands to Ocean's emerald brink;  
And lakes that seem'd, in their transparent depths,  
The crystal eyes of Earth. Here mountains, hills,  
And winding dales, fair seas, and shining lakes,  
And silvery streams, gay-blooming boughs, and  
flowery turf,  
Conspire, in all their loveliest power, to make  
The warm, the fresh, the pure, and beauteous form  
Of this enamell'd world.'

Lovers of flowers; gentle maidens, scarcely less fragile and fair; and ye of the 'sterner sex,' who are not ashamed to praise heaven and earth; we ask you if the ensuing lines are not 'beautiful exceedingly:'

The red Rose, blushing in its virgin pride,  
Hangs lightly on its green and briery stalk,  
And kisses from its pale-cheek'd sister's brow,  
With trembling lip, the pearly tear away.

Here Violets, that spring by stealth at night,  
Of rarer accents and sweeter shapes than those  
Pluck'd by the village maiden in the vale,

Ere yet the sun hath touch'd their dewy leaves,  
Mingle their balmy odors and their hues  
With the soft-nectar'd sighs  
Of wind-flowers, pansies, hyacinths, oxlips,  
And sun-striped tulips tall,  
Until the freighted airs themselves grow faint,  
And on their weary way sink down to sleep  
Among the silent wild-flowers watching there.

We have purposely abstained from a detailed review or analysis of the poem under notice; preferring that the reader should derive his impression of the performance from such portions of it, taken almost at random, as we could command space to present; leaving him to seek in the volume itself that gratification of which we are sure our extracts will give him a foretaste. It was our intention to have animadverted upon the use of certain words and compounds which struck us as being infelicitous; but we can only transcribe a few of them, without comment, from our pencilled copy: 'JERONAR's fadeless arms;' 'frost-enmirrord'; 'sun-bedazzled'; 'ornamentless curves'; 'rich-rubied rays,' etc. 'To conclude:' we consider the present poem a manifest improvement upon 'Ahasuerus,' which was noticed at length in these pages. The author is now 'well in harness,' and moves on without incumbrance. Once more we welcome him to the quiet walks of literature, which he treads so pleasantly; and again we greet him with '*Macte virtute!*'

EXERCISES OF THE ALUMNÆ OF THE ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY, on their Second Anniversary, July 20, 1843. Albany: C. VAN BENTHUYSEN AND COMPANY.

AN! young ladies! we wish you could 'realize' how greatly gratified we are to find you so much improved! We say 'improved,' because it can scarcely be possible that you could have written such charming compositions, before you had experienced the benefits of the system of instruction pursued at the institution upon which you reflect so much honor. We say this in no vain spirit of compliment, but in all candor. The address of the President, Miss M. ROBINSON, of this city, is not only excellent in its inculcations and tendency, but is written with great perspicuity and freedom. The prize poem by Miss ELIZA WHITNEY of Philadelphia, has many of the elements of true poetry, while its trifling defects are merely mechanical. The committee who awarded the prize, one of whom we observe was Mrs. SIGOURNEY, seem to have hesitated in their choice between this and three or four other poems of kindred excellence. 'MARY GRAFTON' need not have sheltered herself under a *pseudonyme*. Her essay on 'What should be the intellectual education of Woman, to fit her for the duties of life,' is worthy of a strong and disciplined mind and a practised pen. The honor of the best essay in French was assigned to Miss M'CORMICK of Oswego, in this State; yet the committee selected it in preference to three others, only 'because they were forced to choose;' a fact which precludes the idea of 'rejection.' The capital tale entitled 'Home Education,' by Miss MARY E. FIELD, of Haddam, (Conn.,) must certainly have deserved the honor which it won among its rivals. We have rarely seen a story, the lessons of which were so valuable, in a national point of view, kept up with so much spirit, and eliciting so much interest, in the narrative. On the whole, so favorably are we impressed with these 'exercises' of the alumnae of the Albany Female Academy, that we begin to peer into the 'onward distance,' and to see our own little people winning honors in that popular institution. 'So mote it be!'

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THE CROWNING HOUR, AND OTHER POEMS. BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON, Author of 'The Poet's Quest,' etc. With a Portrait of the Author. In one volume. pp. 132. New-York: EDWARD DUNIGAN.

THUS is entitled a neat little volume which we find on our table. Without being a 'great gun' in literature, or destined to make much noise in the world, Mr. CANNON is yet a clever versifier, and occasionally 'goes off' with good thoughts very agreeably; while 'the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds him' is quite apparent in his compositions. The 'crowning hour' is the period when COLUMBUS first discovers land from the quarter deck of his vessel. Certain incidents of the voyage, and the emotions of the 'world-seeking Genoese,' form the staple of the main poem; but the prose of IRVING is far better poetry than the verse which here records them. The remainder of the volume is devoted to the republication of several minor effusions from certain periodicals of these times, and from a previous volume of the author. The 'Dogberryotype' portrait of Mr. CANNON, in the opening of his book, strikes us as being in bad taste. We are loath to interfere with such an exhibition of harmless vanity; but the picture being what is negatively termed 'no beauty,' we must adopt the advice of HOLMES to the plain gentleman whose portrait graced the Athenæum exhibition: 'Do n't let it be there any longer! Take it home, and hush the matter up!' It is but justice to add, however, that the portrait which fronts the volume under notice does not do justice to the features of its author. Engravings from Daguerreotype miniatures have never impressed us favorably, either as faithful likenesses, or specimens of pictorial art.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.'—A 'friend and fellow-citizen' of ours has translated, so far as published, a serial novel, just now making a great noise in the literary circles of the French capital, entitled '*Les Mystères de Paris*,' by EUGENE SUE. Premising that our readers will soon have an opportunity of perusing in an English translation some of the most striking of the very remarkable sketches of this DICKENS of France, we shall content ourselves for the present with a single extract, embodying a simple, but as it strikes us, a very touching and impressive scene. The RODOLPHE of the passage before us is a German prince, who has come to Paris, and who goes forth in disguise to seek out worthy objects of benevolence. He encounters in '*La Cité*,' a quarter of the town occupied by the most abandoned classes, a girl of a beautiful, melancholy countenance, called in the peculiar language of the inhabitants, '*La Goualeuse*,' or '*Fleur-de-Marie*,' who turns out, in the subsequent progress of the story, to be a child of his own, whom he supposed to be dead, but who had in fact been left in the streets by her nurses. He proposes to take her into the country with him; and the effect which rural objects produce upon her mind is very beautifully described in the little episode of 'The Rose-bush,' which will be found in the opening of the story. The whole tale forcibly illustrates what a French metropolitan contemporary terms the '*inépuisable imagination*' of EUGENE SUE:

'I BELIEVE you, and I thank you; but answer me frankly: is it equally agreeable what part of the country we go to?'

'Oh, it is all the same to me, Monsieur Rodolphe, as long as it is the country; it is so pleasant; the pure air is so good to breathe! Do you know that for five months I have been no farther than the flower market, and if the *ogresse* ever allowed me to go out of the Cité, it was because she had confidence in me?'

'And when you came to this market, was it to buy flowers?'

'Oh, no: I had no money; I only came to see them; to inhale their rich perfume. For the half hour that the *ogresse* allowed me to pass on the quai during market-days, I was so happy that I forgot all.'

'And when you returned to the *ogresse*—to those horrid streets?'

'I came back more sorrowful than when I set out. I choked down my tears, that I might not receive a beating. I tell you what it was at the market which made me envious, oh! very envious; it was to see the little '*outrées*,' so neatly clad, going off so gaily with a fine pot of flowers in their arms!'

'I am sure if you had only had some flowers in your window, they would have been companions for you.'

'It is very true what you say, Monsieur Rodolphe. Imagine: one day the *ogresse* at her fête, knowing my love for flowers, gave me a little rose-bush. If you could only know how happy I was! I was no longer lonesome! I could not keep from looking at my rose-bush. I amused myself in counting its leaves, its flowers. . . . But the air is so bad in La Cité that at the end of two days it began to fade. . . . But you'll laugh at me, Monsieur Rodolphe?'

'No, no! Go on! go on!'

'Well then, I asked permission from the ogresse to take my bush out for an airing; yes, as I would have taken out a child. I brought it to the quai: I thought to myself, that being in company with other flowers, in this fine and balmy air, would do it good. I moistened its poor withered leaves with the pure water of the fountain, and then I warmed it awhile in the sun. Dear little rose-tree! it never saw the sun in La Cité for in our street it comes no lower than the roof. At length I returned; and I assure you, Monsieur Rodolphe, that my rose-bush lived perhaps ten days longer than it would have done without the airings.'

'I believe it; but when it died!—that must have been a great loss for you.'

'I wept for it; I was very sorry. . . . Beside, Monsieur Rodolphe, since you understand how one can love flowers, I can tell it to you. Well, I felt *grateful* to it. Ah! now *this* time you are laughing at me!'

'No, no! I love, I adore flowers; and thus I can comprehend all the foolish things they cause one to commit, or which they inspire.'

'Eh bien!' I felt grateful to this poor rose-bush, for having flowered so prettily for me — such a one as me!' The goulause held down her head and became purple with shame.

'Poor child! with this consciousness of your horrible position, you must have often . . .'

'Had a wish to put an end to it? Is it not so, Monsieur Rodolphe?' said la Goulause, interrupting her companion. 'Oh! yes; more than once I have looked at the Seine from the parapet. But then I turned to the flowers, the sun, and I said to myself, 'The river will always be there . . . I am only sixteen . . . who knows?'

'When you said, 'Who knows?' you had a hope?'

'Yes.'

'And what did you hope for?'

'I do not know. I hoped—yes, I hoped, '*malgré moi*.' At those moments, it seemed to me that my fate was not merited; that there was some good left in me. I said to myself, 'I have been very much troubled, but at least, I have never harmed any one . . . if I had only had some one to counsel me, I should not be where I am. That dissipated my sorrow a little. After all, I must confess that these thoughts occurred oftener after the loss of my rose-bush,' added la Goulause, in a solemn manner, which made Rodolphe smile.

'This great grief always . . .'

'Yes; look here!'—and la Goulause drew from her pocket a little packet, carefully tied with a pink favor.

'You have preserved it?'

'I think so! It is all I possess in the world.'

'How! have you nothing you can call your own?'

'Nothing.'

'But this coral necklace?'

'It belongs to the ogresse.'

'How! do you not own a rag?—a hat, a handkerchief?'

'No, nothing; nothing but the dry leaves of my withered rose-bush; it is on this account I prize it so much.'

'At each word the astonishment of Rodolphe was redoubled. He could not comprehend this frightful slavery, this horrible sale of soul and body for a wretched shelter, a few tattered clothes, and impure nourishment.

'They arrived at the '*Quai aux Fleurs*.' A carriage was in waiting. Rodolphe assisted his companion to get in, and after placing himself at her side, said to the coachman:

'To Saint-Denis; I will tell you directly which road to take.'

'The horses started; the sun was radiant; the sky without a cloud; but the cold was a little sharp, and the air circulated briskly through the open windows of the carriage.

'At this moment they drew near to Saint-Ouen, at the juncture of the road to Saint-Denis and the Chemin de la Revolte.

'Notwithstanding the monotonous appearance of the country, Fleur-de-Marie was so delighted at seeing the fields, that forgetting the thoughts which sad recollections had awakened in her mind, her charming face brightened up; she leaned out of the window, and cried:

'Monsieur Rodolphe! what delight! . . . Fields! and thickets! If you would only let me alight! The weather is so fine! I would like so much to run in the meadows!'

'We will take a run, my child. Coachman, stop!'

'How! *you* also, Monsieur Rodolphe?'



'I also! yes, we will make it a holiday.'

'What happiness! Monsieur Rodolphe!'

'And Rodolphe and Fleur-de-Marie, hand in hand, ran over the new-mown field until they were out of breath.

'To attempt to describe the little gambols, the joyous shouts, the fresh delight of Fleur-de-Marie would be impossible. Poor gazelle! for so long time a prisoner, she breathed the pure air with intoxication. She came, she went, she ran, she stopped, always with new transports. At the sight of several tufts of daisies, and some marigolds, spread by the first frosts of approaching winter, she could not refrain from fresh exclamations of delight. She did not leave a single flower, but gleaned the whole meadow. After having thus ran over the fields—soon tired, being unaccustomed to so much exercise—the young girl, pausing to take breath, seated herself on the trunk of a tree, which lay prostrate near a deep ditch. The fair and transparent complexion of Fleur-de-Marie, ordinarily too pale, was now shaded with the most lively color. Her large blue eyes shone sweetly; her rosy mouth, half open, disclosed her pearl-like teeth; and her heart throbbing under the little orange shawl, she kept one hand on her bosom as if to compress its pulsations, while with the other she extended to Rodolphe the flowers she had gathered. Nothing could be more charming than the innocent, joyous expression which shone in that lovely face.

'As soon as she could speak, she said to Rodolphe, with touching *méticulosité*:

'How kind is the *BOU DREV* for having given us such a fine day!'

'A tear came to the eyes of Rodolphe, as he heard this poor abandoned, despised, lost creature, without home, without bread, offering thus a cry of joy and thanks to the *CREATOR*, for the enjoyment of a ray of sunshine and the sight of a meadow!'

How do you like that, reader? 'Ith n't it thweet?' Excuse the levity; but we are trying to divert away two or three persevering drops of salt-water. 'You shall see more anon: 't is a knavish piece of work.'

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT: A LETTER FROM THE 'LITERARY EMPORIUM.'—A friend of tried taste in matters literary, and a good judge of *style*, both in matter and manner, whether out of the pulpit or in it, has sent us the following letter, written some months since to a correspondent in Gotham. The sketch which it gives of the peculiar eloquence of REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT will be found to partake largely of the qualities of that remarkable declaimer's pulpit efforts. We have heard Mr. MAFFITT for five minutes perhaps at a time, when he was *truly* eloquent; when his action was natural, his language pure, and his illustrations striking and beautiful. But a *sustained* flight seemed beyond his powers. As was forcibly observed by a country auditor of his on one occasion in our hearing: 'He is like a cow that gives a half-pail of the richest kind o' milk, and then up's with her foot and kicks it all over!' But we are keeping the reader from our friend's epistle:

'Boston, Sunday Night.

'DEAR —: A quiet day has closed at last, with an excitement so great as to fatigue even *my* temperament; and being still too feverish for sleep, I will write you, as it lulls away, the history of the matter. Fahrenheit has been rounding the hundred to-day, and this has added not a little to the proverbial quiet of an Eastern Sabbath. After the afternoon service, Boston seemed to be taking a profound sleep. The few feeble news-boys at the old State-House had disappeared; the idlers at the New Exchange had done wondering; and Long-Wharf was too blistering hot for any one to attempt a sail. It wouldn't do to venture into those cool, shady streets, that lead nowhere, without an object; to be seen to turn and walk back would be wrong, in Boston. On reaching my room I sank into an easy-chair, and thought of the prayer for rain and cooling winds, and whether the hot south wind was made here or at the south side of Cuba. A boy's whistle, some half a mile over the hill, at Bowdoin-Square, was the only evidence of life; and it was not a little provoking, having nothing else to do, to be *obliged* to follow the little rascal, as he wound through the 'Cracovienne,' with occasional snatches from 'Old Hundred' and 'Dundee,' and worry at the intricate manner in which he combined those rather different harmonies. Perhaps the lad was executing a refined torture upon some sober old citizen, *trying* to sleep after his long nap just taken at church, and 'not quite prepared to say,' with his car, (very puzzling to him,) that that boy

was 'doing a theatrical;' and of course it would n't do to take him up for whistling psalm-tunes. 'Not at all; certainly not; that was quite proper and praise-worthy. Let the boy whistle.' I varied my own performances by occasionally leaning from the coolest window, to see if any body was any where; and deciding in the negative, in a perfectly clear and distinct manner, waited for the next voluntary from the whistling boy. A spruce young man, whom I had never seen before, and who talked of ASHURTON as his bosom crony, had called in the morning, offering a seat at church, and an invitation to dinner with Mrs. —, of the sunny land, on the Hill. Well, was there ever such a fool as I, in lazily declining those invitations, thinking I could do better! That was in the morning, with the glory of a whole day before me; but *now* with only that boy, and all the papers read to the last accident! So kind in her, too. She had heard I was in town, and thought I might be happy to see her. *Would n't I?* I have half a mind now, to send around and say I will be there to breakfast!

'I smoked out my regret with a cigar that almost crumpled with the heat; and at last, the tea-clatter at the Tremont roused me to the mental effort of declaring a Boston Sunday dull, decidedly dull. About dark I ventured into the street, and all Boston was astir again; indeed, quite bustling for the sober city; and every body so clean, so happy, so almost gay, if it were not Sunday, and so exactly at the touching-off point, that I fancied they had all been rolling in the surf on the shady side of Nahant, during the hot hours that I had been 'listlessly lounging life away.' Whew! I could n't bear it! I affected a little smartness, and mingled with the current, trying to be pleased with, I could n't say what; but privately in rather a hopeless humor, till I heard one man say hurriedly, 'You can't get in;' and another, 'I'll try;' and off he went like a shot. Thinking I had got hold of something at last, I followed; and as he had drab-breeches, kept an eye on him, squeezing along up street and down street, by lane and by alley, till we came to a great stream going one way, and directly fetched up square upon some thousand people, filling the whole street, before a church; from which, above the hum of the crowd, came now and then the peal of an organ, and a chorus of voices in hallelujahs. Looking up upon the sea of heads, I plunged in as others plunged out, and found myself carried to the inner door of the church. The aisles were so full that half way up men were too tight together to get their hats off; and the whole crowd, inside and out, was dotted with women and girls, their bonnets jammed up tight, so that they could only look the way they happened to face when stopping, whether desirable or not. All sorts of speeches and odd remarks were bandied about in a subdued tone; and several fat men, dripping, were let out to get dry; whereupon a man in a Roman nose slipped off his coat in a twinkling, and looked around with immense satisfaction. The abstraction of the fat men had left him, for the moment, just room to do it.

'Presently, from the far end of the church, the clear voice of MAFFITT came down upon the ear like a silver bell, and the mass was still. He began at once, like a man who knew his calling, and had mastered it. His voice was clear, full, and intelligible to the farthest ear it reached. He commenced calmly, but with nerve and strength which took the whole mass with him at the onset; and after getting fairly under way, he cast about for argument and illustration. Here began the man's inspiration. His thoughts, bathed in sun-light, came rushing one upon another, gem upon gem and crowd upon crowd; each full and bold as the stars of heaven; moving on like them, separate, but together; falling into the ranks from all manner of places; throwing light upon each other, like the spears of an host, and all speeding onward and upward to their destination. Pausing with his forces in mid-heaven, he calls out again and again for tribute, and they glance in, like sunbeams, from the land and the deep, from earth, and heaven, and the farthest star; till pleased with his grouping, he sweeps the picture into a higher light, and shadows forth the Throne of the ALMIGHTY! This, with all variety of intonation, from clarion to trumpet; every nerve and muscle in gesticulation; and no wandering, no pausing, but to the *point*, like a thunder-bolt! My dear —, where are you? If any where within hearing, I beg leave to say 'Good night!' I'm tired, and presume you are.'

'Yours, ———.'

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POEMS BY PERCIVAL. — Mr. PERCIVAL has recently put forth an exceedingly beautiful volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'The Dream of a Day, and other Poems.' The book is composed for the most part of a series of shorter pieces, part of which have been published in a fugitive form, at different intervals since the publication of his last volume, in 1827, while part have until now remained in manuscript. The longer piece, and one of the latest, which opens and gives the title to the volume, takes its name partly from its subject and partly from the time in which it was written. More than one hundred and fifty different forms or modifi-

cations of stanza are introduced in the course of the volume, much of which is borrowed from the verse of other languages, particularly of the German. The imitations of different classic measures, as well as the songs for national airs, are particularly explained in the introduction to each. We remark numerous gems in this collection which were written by Mr. PRÆCIVAL for the KNICKERBOCKER; a fact which we cannot doubt will secure the patronage of our readers for the tasteful and most matter-full volume before us. We are not advised by whom the work is for sale in New-York, but Mr. S. BARCOCK, New-Haven, is the publisher; and it is but just to add, that it reflects great credit upon his liberality and good taste.

'THE ATTACHE:' BY SAM SLICK.—The clock-maker has lost none of his shrewdness, his acute observation, nor his sparkling humor. To be sure, many of his so-called *Yankeisms* are only specimens of cockney dialect; yet he has more genuine wit than is to be found in all the 'down-east' letters which have been inflicted upon the public *ad nauseam* any time these three years. 'Sumtotalize' these tiresome epistles, as Mr. SLICK would say, and see what nine in ten of them amount to. Bad spelling, devoid of the ludicrous ellipses which characterize the orthographical errors of Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, constitutes the principal attraction of their *style*; while their *style* is derived from the worn-out jokes of HACKETT's 'Solomon Swop' or 'Joe Bunker.' But to 'The Attaché;' to portions of which, with but slight comment, we propose to introduce the reader. Mr. SLICK's originality is the originality of *thought*, less than of *manner*. He is no copyist; and while he equals LACON in saying 'many things in a few words,' he never sacrifices truth to the mere external form of sententiousness. In his descriptions he is never striking at the expense of verisimilitude; nor does he permit his observation of character to be diverted from its naturalness by over-cumulative features in his picture, which destroy so many otherwise clever limnings. Not inappropriate to this illustration, by the by, is this brief but graphic description of one of a great number of old family pictures which the 'Attaché' encounters in the baronial hall of a purse-proud JOHN BULL 'of family,' in one of the shires of England: 'Here now is an old aunty that a fortin come from. She looks like a bale o' cotton, fust screwed as tight as possible, and then corded hard. Lord! if they had only a given her a pinch of snuff when she was full dressed and trussed, and sot her a sneezin', she'd a blowed up, and the fortin would have come twenty years sooner! Yes, it's a family pictur; indeed, they're all family picturs. They are all fine animals, but over-fed and under-worked.' Observe the wisdom of the ensuing sentence, illustrating that sort of brain-picking which some persons resort to, while themselves are mum as oysters, upon subjects on which noncommittalism is desirable: 'If I can see both eends of a rope, and only one man has hold of one eend, and me of the t'other, why I know what I am about; but if I can only see my own eend, I do n't know who I am a pullin' agin.'

One of the most amusing sketches in Mr. SLICK's volume is an account of a 'pious creeper,' a deacon, who exchanged an old worn-out and vicious horse for one which he 'considered worth six of it,' and which he thought gave him 'the best of the bargain, and no mistake.' It turns out quite the other way, however, the good deacon's boasting to the contrary notwithstanding:

'This is as smart a little boss,' says he, 'as ever I see. I know where I can put him off to a great advantage. I shall make a good day's work of this. It is about as good a hoss-trade as I ever made. The French do n't know nothin' about hosses; they are a simple people, their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose, and they do n't know nothin'!' 'He cracked and bragged considerable, and as we progressed we came to Montagon Bridge. The moment pony sot foot on it, he stopped short, pricked up the latter eends of his ears, snorted, squealed, and refused to budge an inch. The elder got mad. He first coaxed and patted, and soot-sawdered him, and then whipped, and spurred, and thrashed him like anything. Pony got mad too, for hosses has tempers as well as elders; so he turned to, and kicked right straight up on eend, like Old Scratch, and kept on without stoppin' till he sent the elder right slap over his head slantendicularly, on the broad of his back into the river, and he floated down through the bridge and scrambled out o' t'other side.

'Creation! how he looked! He was so mad, he was ready to bile over; and as it was, he

smoked in the sun like a tea-kettle. His clothes stuck close down to him, as a cat's fur does to her skin when she's out in the rain; and every step he took his boots went squish, squash, like an old woman churnin' butter; and his wet trousers chafed with a noise like a wet flappin' sail. He was a show; and when he got up to his horse, and held on to his mane, and first lifted up one leg, and then the other, to let the water run out of his boots, I could n't hold in no longer, but laid back, and larfed till I thought, on my soul, I'd fall off into the river too.'

The elder is decidedly taken in. His new steed is as blind as a bat, and a member of the 'opposition party.' After a series of provoking annoyances, the new owner of the beast finally succeeds in getting him on board a steam-boat; but on nearing the shore the perverse animal jumps overboard:

'THE captain havin' his boat histed, and thinkin' the boss would swim ashore of himself, kept right strait on; and the boss swam this way, and that way, and every way but the right road, jist as the eddies took him. At last he got into the rippes off Johnston's Pint, and they wheeled him right round and round like a whip-top. Poor pony! he got his match at last. He struggled, and jumped, and plunged, and fort, like a man, for dear life. Fust went up his knowin' little head, that had no ears; and he tried to jump up, and rear out of it, as he used to did out of a mire-hole ashore; but there was no bottom there; nothin' for his hind foot to spring from; so down he went agin, ever so deep; and then he tried t'other eend, and up went his broad rump, that had no tail; but, there was nothin' for the fore feet to rest on nother; so he made a summeret, and as he went over he gave out a great, long, eendwise kick, to the full stretch of his hind legs. Poor feller! it was the last kick he ever gave in this world; he sent his heels straight up on eend, like a pair of kitchen tongs, and the last I see of him was a bright dazzle, as the sun shined on his iron shoes, afore the water closed over him forever.'

Take in all the accessories of the above picture, reader, and you cannot fail to laugh as heartily at the discomfiture of the pious but 'cunning' elder, as we ourselves did on its first perusal. There is a fine touch of natural description, and not a little philosophy, in the following sketch of a dinner at an English gentleman's country residence:

'FOLKS are up to the notch here when dinner is in question, that's a fact; fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap! rap! rap! for twenty minutes at the door; and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the sarvants can carry up their names. Cuss them sarvants! it takes seven or eight of 'em to carry a man's name up stairs, they are so awful lazy, and so shockin' full of porter. Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape, and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn as if a feller's name was called out to take his place in a funeral; that and the mistakes is the fun of it. . . . Company are all come, and now they have to be marshalled two and two, lock and lock, and go into the dinin'-room to feed. When I first came I was dreadful proud of that title, 'the Attaché;' now I am glad it's nothin' but 'only an Attaché,' and I'll tell you why. The great guns and big bugs have to take in each other's ladies, so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together; and I've observed that these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other, and are jist like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go any where; and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Somebodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies need n't, and never are, unless they are spicy sort o' folks; so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their eend, and no mistake. I would n't take a title if they would give it to me, for if I had one, I should have a fat old parblind dowager detailed on to me to take in to dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and satins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gal to 'take in that's a jewel herself; one that don't want no settin' off, and carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on. I've told our minister not to introduce me as an Attaché no more, but as Mr. Nobody, from the state of Nothin', in America.'

Mr. SLICK's ideas of what is facetiously termed 'music' is quite coincident with our own. No 'difficult execution' and 'intricate passages' for him:

'WHAT's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too; it's scientific, they say; it's done by rule. Jist look at that gal to the piano: first comes a little Garman thunder. Good airth and seas, what a crash! It seems as if she'd bang the instrument all to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at some body and is a-peggin' it into the piano out of spite. Now comes the singin'; see what faces she makes; how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn-door, and turns up the white of her eyes, like a duck in a thunder-storm. She is in a musical ecstasy; she feels good all over; her soul is a-goin' out along with that 'ere music. Oh, it's divine; and she is an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is; and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her: but as I'm a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle less of an angel. But hello! what onder the sun is she about! Why, her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out ag'in as deep-toned as a man's; while that dandy feller alongside of her is a-singin' what they call falsetto. They've actilly changed voices! The gal sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman! This is science: this is taste: this is fashion: but hang me if it's natur'. I'm tired to death of it; but one good thing is, you need n't listen without you like, for every body is talking as loud as ever.'

We are compelled to close our extracts with the subjoined capital hit at the naked meeting-houses which 'obtain' in so many quarters of our goodly land, and the still more naked 'doctrines' that constitute the weekly attractions which many of them present to church-goers :

'THE meetin'-houses our side of the water, no matter where, but away up in the back country, how teetotally different they be from 'em this side! A great big handsome wooden house, chock full of winders, painted so white as to put your eyes out, and so full of light within that inside seems all out-doors, and no tree nor bush, nor nothin' near it but the road fence, with a man to preach in it that is so strict and straight-laced he will do *any thing* of a week day, and *nothin'* of a Sunday. . . . Preacher there don't preach morals, because that's churchy, and he don't like neither the Church nor it's morals; but he preaches doctrine, which doctrine is, there's no Christians but themselves. Well, the fences outside of the meetin'-house, for a quarter of a mile or so, each side of the house, and each side of the road, ain't to be seen for hoeses and wagons, and gigs hitched there; poor devils of hoeses that have ploughed, or hauled, or harrowed, or logged, or snaked, or somethin' or nother all the week, and rest on a Sunday by alterin' their gait, as a man rests of a journey by alterin' of his sturup a hole higher or a hole lower.'

This episode is concluded with some remarks upon the 'clerical twang' which distinguishes some of the divines of our country: 'Good men always speak through the nose. It's what comes out of the mouth that defiles a man; but there is no mistake in the nose; it's the porch of the temple!' We are pleased to learn that another volume of 'The Attaché' will ere long be given to the public. We await its publication with impatient interest.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'What is the man driving at' who sends us the following? Does he intend a satire upon the peculiar style of Mr. WILLIS, who 'skims the superficies' of society with more ease and grace than any magazine-writer of this era? Or is our correspondent in love, and desirous of walking under a cloud while he reveals his passion? Let him answer: 'The top of the morning to you, my dear EURON; and as your sun goes up the meridian, may your shadow be longer! I can wish you nothing more improbable; but in wishes not to be granted, I will have the satisfaction of wishing to the outside of my desire. Coming home last evening, I called on a pretty woman, for a half-hour's oblivion of matter-of-fact. A few weeks since she had seen WILLIS and a very charming damsel at Saratoga Springs, and had noticed them occasionally at a delightful spot in the neighborhood, which I shall not indicate; a retreat such as a poet would choose in parting with his best thoughts, and far holier than the parting of mere lips would need; for I take it, this good-by, this farewell to the pets of the heart; this sense of lost identity gone to the public; the loosing of the dove that may no where find a spot to rest amid the waters; the spring of the falcon that *will* away; I say, Mr. EDITOR, these things are sometimes very solemn and affecting. Well, upon that spot was found a crumpled paper, scrawled over with the goose-tracks of genius, and signed 'N. P. WILLIS, Junior.' The product of WILLIS by his *match* should be something brilliant, to be sure; but the Junior is evidently still young in years. His opening phrase, (more applicable in these times to a bank-note than any other mistress,) and several other naïve spots, indicate the come-over-ativeness and allowable tenderness of a first passion. It is written in a kind of halting verse, that might easily be done into *blank*, I should say. It is crowned with stars, signifying I suppose that this world has nothing left worth looking at, and this beautiful motto, from Keats:

'A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.'

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BY N. P. WILLIS, JUN.

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'DEAREST! I thank thee, bless thee, pray the highest God to bless thee evermore, thou charm of the world to me! And now how beautiful the world again! The glorious sunlight, the waving trees, and faces of familiar friends, before so common-place — all now how beautiful! for thou hast smiled on them! A rush of joy is at my heart again, as if my pulse at each throbbed kisses from thy lips. Ah! could I take thy breath in one long kiss, and give thee Heaven, which were happier! — thou with the stars above, or I with mine, and thy dear heart forever! How fast the time goes on! The world that lagged but yesterday, and seemed about to stop for very dullness, seems an express, as though the stars were nearing us, and God were coming down, and we were hastening to the embrace of Heaven. How my spirits mount again! I look into the

in heavens, face to face, and angels bending down, are whispering that I may yet be happy. Poor, poor fool! Happy for another hour, perhaps another day, and then — Why, then the sun will rise again, and all the world be glad, but I shall not know it; and every tone that to the common world is sweetest music, and every look and smile that are unlike these; the song not thine; the book not read by thee; and every beautiful and lovely thing, that hath not caught some parted grace of thine, shall be to me a half-formed thing, lacking the tint that's loveliest, the form that's dearest to my heart; a thing unfinished, as Heaven were interrupted in the making, or lost the trick, not having thee to copy! But now, the dawning of my heart is like the sea that clasp their hands in gladness. My God, I thank Thee for that 'joy forever!' Those words have mingled with my spirit, quickening it to lightning; and if I get a home above, and have a power in Heaven, I'll build a world whose sky shall light it with those burning words! Ah, how the time goes on! I miss it not, for I am happy, and it brings no change. The sun has set, and night has come with countless stars, as glowing, beautiful, and bright, as each one were a separate joy of mine; a heaven all full, as is my brimming heart. Well; you will laugh at all this rhapsody, and chide me for a foolish boy. I only say, 'My heart is talking to you, not my head.' . . . But we must part; and then, if angels, strayed from home, may note that scene, touched by the love of one so beautiful, it will be written down in Heaven, that two souls made to match, have gone apart forever. Farewell! I only ask of you, that when a warm thought flutters at your heart, just fancy ('t will be true) that I have come to nestle there, and give it welcome. And when the night comes, and you rest alone with your own beauty and the sentinel stars, oh, clasp the little rascal to your heart, and — think of your dream in the morning!

Our impression is — 'we may be wrong, but that is our opinion' — that the young gentleman who penned the foregoing rhapsody is hankering after some young woman. Ah! well; though his style is not over-pellucid, there is much truth in his sentences. There is a communion between the heart of Nature and the hearts of lovers; and with gentle affections and pure thoughts, her face is always beautiful. With the same mail which brought us the 'Thing of Beauty' aforesaid, came the following, copied in the neatest of all crow-quill chirography, bearing the Saratoga post-mark, and a French-gray seal, with two loving doves. It struck us, on a first perusal, that possibly it might proceed from some young lady in love with some young gentleman! 'It has that look:'

'WHAT IS LOVE?'

'Tis to dwell within  
A world of the young heart's creation, bright  
And brilliant as 'tis false and fleeting, where  
All seems a beauteous fairy-land, to mark  
No varied season and no flight of time,  
Save in the weary absence of the loved one;  
To live but in the atmosphere he breathes,  
To gaze upon his eyes as on the light  
That beckons us to bliss, the only sun  
Of our unreal world; in the sad hours  
Of absence to be filled with thousand thoughts  
Of tenderness, that to repeat we deem  
Will make the hours of meeting more delicious;  
Yet when that time is come, to feel they are  
Unutterable, then to count the moments,  
And watch his coming as the early dawn  
Of an untried existence: (is not love  
A new existence?) yet when he is come,  
To feel that deep, oppressive sense of bliss  
Weighing upon the heart, that we could wish  
To find our joy less perfect — This is love!

No sneers, if you please, gentlemen bachelors of the incorrigible class; no 'pshaw!' ye 'paired but not matched' people, at encountering here these tender tributes of the heart; for the lover, where is he not? 'Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he soon will be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on. True love continues and will continue to send up its homage amidst the meditations of every eventide, and the busy hum of noon, and 'the song of the morning stars.' . . . If the unhappy young man who has recently filled the journals of the metropolis with the details of his folly and crime could, before yielding to temptation, have looked in upon the state-prisoners at Sing-Sing, as we did the other day, surely he would have shrunk back from the vortex before him. Poor wretches, in their best estate! How narrow their cells; how ceaseless their toil; what a negation of comfort their whole condition! It was a sweltering August day, breathless and oppressive; but there was no rest for the eight hundred unhappy convicts who plied their never-ending tasks within those walls. Stealthy glances from half-raised eyes; pale countenances, stamped with meek submission, or gleaming with powerless hate or impotent malignity; and 'hard labor' in the fullest sense, were the main features of the still-life scene, as we passed through the several work-shops. But what a picture was presented as their occupants came swarming into the open court-yard at sound of the bell, to proceed to their cells with their dinner! From the thick atmosphere of the carpet and rug-shops, leaving the

clack of shuttles, the dull thump of the 'weaver's beam,' and the long, confused perspective of cords, and pulleys, and patterns, and multitudinous 'harness,' they poured forth; from murky smithys, streamed the imps of VULCAN, grim as the dark recesses from which they emerged; from doors which open upon interminable rows of close-set benches burst forth the knights of the awl and hammer; the rub-a-dub of the cooper's mallet, the creak of his shaving-knife, were still; the stone-hammer was silent; and the court-yard was full of that striped crew! God of compassion! what a sight it was, to see that motley multitude take up, in gangs, their humiliating march! Huge negroes, weltering in the heat, were interspersed among 'the lines'; hands crimson with murder rested upon the shoulders of beings young alike in years and crime; the victim of bestiality pressed against the heart-broken tool of the scathless villain; and all were blended in one revolting mass of trained soldiers of guilt; their thousand legs moving as the leg of one man: all in silence, save the peculiar sound of the sliding tread, grating not less upon the ear than the ground. One by one, they took their wooden pails of dingy and amphibious-looking 'grub,' and passed on, winding up the stairs of the different stories, and streaming along the narrow corridors to their solitary cells. It was too much for the tender heart of poor E., this long procession of the gangs. As they passed on in slow succession, her lip began to quiver; and one after another drops of pity rolled down her cheek. 'All these,' said she to the keeper, 'had a mother, who looked upon their childhood, and blessed their innocence! Ah! how many infant feet, softer than velvet to the touch, have been pressed to maternal lips, that now shuffle along these prison-isles!' There spoke 'the mother;' and with her 'gentle words of pity' we take our leave of the State's-prison and its unhappy inmates. . . . THE love of literature is a beneficial and noble propensity of soul. 'It cannot be doubted,' writes the accomplished MARY CLAYTON, 'that every accession of intellectual light carries with it an increase of happiness; happiness which depends not in any great degree upon the course of public events, and not, beyond a certain limited extent, upon the smiles of fortune. Those debasing and embittering prejudices which must ever wait upon ignorance, melt away in the rays of mental illumination, and every departed prejudice leaves open a new inlet for happiness. I may be considered an enthusiast, but it is my deliberate conviction that next to religion—heart-felt, operative religion—a true love of reading is the best softener of the asperities of life, the best consoler under its inevitable ills.' Hood, writing recently 'from his bed' to the Secretary of a provincial Athenæum, of which he had been elected a 'patron,' deposes to the comfort and 'blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow; how generous mental food can atone for a meagre diet; 'rich fare on paper, for short commons on the cloth.' Although ill, and condemned to lenten fare, animal food being strictly interdicted, yet the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' were still his. 'Denied beef, I had *Bul-wer* and *Cono-per*; forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*; and in lieu of pork, *Bacon* or *Hogg*.' Eschewing wine, he had still his *Bulter*; and in the absence of liquor, all the *choice spirits*, from TOM BROWN to TOM MOORE. Confined physically to water, he had yet not only the best of 'home-made' but the champagne of MOLIERE, the hock of SCHILLER, and the sherry of CERVANTES:

'Distracted bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with MURROW, a little merry with SWIFT, or rather jolly with RABELAIS, whose Pantieruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it. So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the bread, and the temper, and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of monsoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burthen has been greatly lightened by a load of books. Many, many a dreary, weary hour have I got over; many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher; many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, 'Thanks and honor to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!'

Is n't Law a very curious thing, take it altogether? An adept in it must needs know all the precedents, all the legal discussions and litigations; must read innumerable volumes, filled with innumerable subtleties and cohesions, and written in an unintelligible jargon; must study rules by which a certain class of future events shall be judged, when those events can only be partially and imperfectly foreseen; a rule which never varies, while the cases never agree; a law which is general while the cases are individual; a law where the penalty is uniform, while the justice or injustice of the case is continually different. Who 'in view of these things' can wonder that the worse is often made to appear the better reason? Does not a lawyer triumph most, and acquire most fame, when he can gain a cause in the very teeth of the law he professes to support and revere? Who is the greatest lawyer? Not he who can most enlighten, but he who can most perplex and confound the understanding and embroil and mislead the intellect of judge and jury. We have before us a striking illustration of these remarks, in an unsettled case in the Court of Errors, on an appeal from a decree of the chancellor. A wife and mother, well stricken

in years, leaves the bed and board of her husband, in consequence of long-continued ill treatment, and by 'her next friend' sues for alimony. Her husband, it appears in evidence, is an 'unclean beast' personally; moreover, he throws his tea-cup at her at the table; will not permit her to have a fire in the room in which she is ill, though it is in the depth of winter, but opens doors and windows to freeze her out; orders all the beds taken down, that she may not sleep; goes himself about the house at times *in puris naturalibus*; threatens to throw his wife into the well; when she is seated on a chair, pushes her out of it, and when she takes another, pushes her out of that also, and so forth. Now reader, it would amuse you to look over the 'Points on the part of the Apellant' in this case. By his 'next friend,' the attorney, he complains that vice-chancellors are exceeding their credentials in assuming to be 'Chesterfieldian censors of the lesser morals.' He admits indeed that the husband was 'uncourteous, in rudely throwing his tea-cup instead of handing it respectfully to the lady-in-waiting,' meaning the wife aforesaid; that he was guilty of 'impoliteness, in capriciously commanding a change of chairs;' that he certainly did use 'an inconsiderate expression concerning the well;' but that in driving his wife out of her sick room, by opening all the doors and windows on a cold winter-day, he was only 'enforcing wholesome exercise as a substitute for prejudicial inaction!' All these examples, let us add, are of the *lesser* abuses and grievances which the unhappy woman suffered, year after year; yet the 'deeds without a name' are softened or defended with equal plausibility and ingenuity. The counsel for the appellant objects to the interference of the law-officers with such matters. 'Courts of chancery,' says he, with true Johnsonian grandiloquence, 'cannot, like ecclesiastical tribunals or inquisitions, regulate, by means of aricular confession and domiciliary visitation, connubial rights and duties! The chancellor's doctrine would perpetuate wordy wars and family feuds, and impart to conjugal caterwauling more than feline vitality!' But hold; we are 'interfering between man and wife,' an injudicious act, as 'tis said. . . . 'D. G.'s '*Height of Impudence*' (it is not 'new') reminds us of an incident which occurred in the hearing of a friend at one of our cheap metropolitan eating-houses last winter. A tall, raw boned Hibernian called for a dish of pork-and-beans. 'Let it be 'most all pork, and plenty of beans,' said he; and a liberal supply was placed smoking before him. Before he had gorged his fill, he called for more bread; it was given him, and soon disappeared, with the remainder of his dish. He then called for another slice, and was piling the butter in pyramids upon small pieces of the same, when the waiter, who had been eyeing him closely, and who thought the repast 'rather too much for a shilling,' addressed him with: 'Mister, that butter cost two shillings and sixpence a pound.' The huge feeder said nothing, but proceeded to pile about a quarter of a pound of it on a small crust of bread, placed it in his mouth, rolled it for a time 'as a sweet morsel under his tongue,' and then remarked: 'Well, I should say 't was *well wor-r-th it!*' His main anxiety appeared to be, to convince the waiter that his principal had not been 'taken in' by the vender. . . . Wz promised that our readers should renew their acquaintance with '*Hugh Trevor*;' accordingly we condense a scene or two from that remarkable work. Going down St. James'-street, London, one evening, with a person who has treated him with much civility, our hero is run violently against by an accomplice of his companion, knocked down, and robbed of all his money. His 'civil' friend leaves him in the lurch, and he seeks his lodgings, there being no remedy for his loss. To divert his mind, he repairs to the theatre, and takes his stand among the crowd which surround the entrance. He observes that the people about him seem watchful of each other; and presently the cry of 'Take care of your pockets!' renews his fears; and putting his hand to his fob, he misses his watch! Looking eagerly around, he fixes his eyes upon his quondam friend, who had aided in robbing him:

'Twas blood mantled in my face 'You have stolen my watch,' said I. He could not immediately escape, and made no reply, but turned pale. I looked at me as if entreating silence and commiseration, and put a watch into my hand. I felt a momentary compassion, and he presently made his retreat. His retiring did but increase the press of the crowd, so that it was impossible for me so much as to lift up my arm: I therefore continued, as the safest way, to hold the watch in my hand. Soon afterward the door opened, and I hurried it into my waistcoat pocket, for I was obliged to make the best use of all my limbs that I might not be thrown down and trodden under foot. At length, after very uncommon struggles, I made my way to the money door, paid, and entered the pit. After taking breath and gazing around me, I sat down and inquired of my neighbors how soon the play would begin? I was told in an hour. This new delay occasioned me to put my hand in my pocket and take out my watch, which as I supposed had been returned by the thief. But, good Heavens! what was my surprise when in lieu of my own plain watch, in a green chagrin-case, the one I was now possessed of was set round with diamonds! And, instead of ordinary steel and brass, its appendages were a weighty gold chain and seals! My astonishment was great beyond expression! I opened it to examine the work, and found it was cased. I pressed upon the nut and it immediately struck the hour. It was a repeater!

It will not greatly puzzle the reader, we may presume, to conjecture what this adroit movement on the part of the pick-pocket ultimately led to; nor will he fail to recognize in the following limning a portrait of more than one character of these times. Mr. GLIBLY is entertaining Mr. TAXVOR with a running commentary upon some of the prominent personages who enter the theatre:

'There,' said he pointing, 'is a Mr. MIGRATE; a famous clerical character, and as strange an original as any



this metropolis affords. He is not entitled to make a figure in the world either by his riches, rank, or understanding; but with an effrontery peculiar to himself he will knock at any man's door, though a perfect stranger, ask him questions, give him advice, and tell him he will call again to give him more on the first opportunity. By this means he is acquainted with every body; but know no body; in a time, yet, he never says any thing; is perpetually putting some absurd interposition, but before it is possible he should understand the answer, puts another. His desire to be informed torments himself and every man of his acquaintance, which is almost every man he meets; yet, though he lives in the world, he will be consequently ignorant. His brain is a kind of rag shop, receiving and returning nothing but rubbish. It is as difficult to affront as to get rid of him; and though you fairly bid him begone to day, he will knock at your door, march into your house, and if possible keep you answering his disconnected, dirty, times answered queries to-morrow. He is the friend and the enemy of all theories and of all parties; and fortures you to decide for him which he ought to choose. As far as he can be said to have opinions, they are crude and contradictory in the extreme; so that in the same breath, he will defend and oppose the same system. With all this confusion of intellect, there is no man so wise but he will prescribe to him how he ought to act. He has been a great traveller, and continually abuses his own countrymen for not adopting the manners and policy of other nations. He pretends to be the universal friend of man, a philanthropist on the largest scale, yet is so selfish that he would willingly see the world perish, if he could, but secure paradise to himself. This is the only consistent trait in his character. In the same sentence, he frequently uses the most fulsomeattery and some insidious question, that asks the person whom he addresses if he do not consider himself to be both knave and fool. Delicacy of sentiment is one of his pretensions, though his tongue is licentious as his language coarse, and he is occasionally seized with fits of the most vulgar abuse. He declaims against dissimulation, yet will continually secrete the man whom he calls a hypocrite. How do you do? Give me leave to introduce you to Mr. Tassov, a friend of mine, a gentleman and a scholar; just come from Oxford. Your range of knowledge and universal intimacy with men and things, may be useful to him; and his erudite acquisitions, and philosophical research, will be highly gratifying to an inquirer like you. An intercourse between you must be mutually pleasing and beneficial, and I am happy to bring you acquainted. This addressed to the man whom he had been satirizing so ungenerously, was inconceivable. The unabashed facility with which he veered from calumny to compliment, and that too after he had accused the man whom he accused of dissimulation, struck me dumb. I had perhaps seen something like it before, but in thus half so perfect in its kind. It doubly increased my stock of knowledge; it afforded a new instance of what the world is, and a new incitement to ask how it became so?

A single passage more, which will have especial interest for the correspondent to whom we are indebted for the capital sketch of *'Love-Making in Boarding-Houses,'* must close our excerpts. A maiden of an uncertain age is making a 'dead set' at our hero:

'Six was sure I must find myself a great favorite; I was a favorite with every body; and, for her part, she did not wonder at it. 'Not but it is a great pity,' added she, aside, 'that you are such a rake, Mr. Tassov.' This repeated charge very justly alarmed my morality, and I very seriously began a refutation. But in vain. 'I might say what I would,' she could see very plainly I was a prodigious rake, and nothing could convince her to the contrary. Though she had heard that your great rakes make the best husbands. Perhaps it might be true, but she did not think she could be persuaded to make the venture. She did not know what might happen, to be sure, though she really did not think she could. She could not conceive how it was, but some how or another she always found something agreeable about rakes. It was a great pity, they should be rakes, but she verily believed the women loved them, and encouraged them in their seducing arts. For her part, she would keep her fingers out of the fire as long as she could; but, if it were her destiny to love a rake, what could she do? Nobody could help being in love, and it would be very hard indeed to call what one cannot help, a crime.'

We must commend the cogent arguments in favor of national theft, contained in the article on *'International Copy-right'* in preceding pages, to the attention of the reader. It strikes us as one of the most tenable positions yet taken by the opponents of an exceedingly 'impolitic' literary measure. By the by; a new *'American Copy-right Club'* has been recently established, with WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, Esquires, for its president and vice-president; and for its secretaries and executive committee, several of the most prominent advocates of the proposed law to be found in our midst; including, we are glad to perceive, Mr. PUFFIN HOPKINS MATHEWS, who has labored more abundantly than they all in the good cause, but with little success hitherto, we regret to be obliged to add. His metropolitan lecture last winter could scarcely have realized his own expectations; though it was not difficult to meet those of the public. A friend of ours who repaired early to the Tabernacle, with a ticket bearing a number above twelve hundred, found not three-score auditors in that capacious edifice. It is equally certain, that the following 'unkindest cut of all' at Mr. MATHEWS's international copy-right essays, which reaches us in the last number of the *'Dublin University Magazine,'* embodies the opinion generally entertained of those efforts on this side the Atlantic: 'While on the subject of America, we would wish to add a line of a certain CORNELIUS MATHEWS, who writes pamphlets and delivers lectures in New-York, on the subject of an international copy-right law. Such is the complex involution of his style; such the headlong impetuosity with which tropes, figures, and metaphors run down, jostle, and overturn each other, that we have puzzled ourselves in vain to detect his meaning or the gist of his argument. Giants, elephants, 'tiger-mothers,' and carriages; angels, frigates, baronial castles, and fish-ponds, 'dance through his writings in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion;' and however desirous we may feel that a law of copy-right might protect British authors from American piracy, yet as one of the craft we boldly say: *'Non defensoribus istis: non tibi auxilio!'* Let the question be put forward manfully and intelligibly; let it not be a piece of Indian jugglery, performed by CORNELIUS MATHEWS, but the plain and simple acknowledgement that literary property is property, and as such has its rights, sacred and inviolable.' We have quoted this passage for the purpose of showing that our own opinion of Mr. MATHEWS's rambling thoughts and disjointed style finds abundant confirmation wherever his 'writings' are

forced into temporary notice. . . . 'SERVED you right!' Carelessness like your's deserved just such a result. You'll not be guilty of a similar act of folly very soon, 't'ant likely:'

I AM down in the mouth, I am out at the pockets !  
Ah, me ! I've no pockets at all ;  
And all I have left, is a braid and a locket ;  
That's all !

It was rather solemn : quite touching, alas !  
As she got on a stool to be bishier,  
I acted, no doubt, the entire jack-ass—  
Yes, entire !

Arms and lips came together, and staid, as I reckon,  
With as much as you please of a liver,  
Till a finger was seen at the window to beckon,  
A finger !

We'd forgotten the shutters !—the world was forgot,  
Till we saw that sign, from her father,  
Which was rather a poser, just then, was it not ?  
'T was, rather'

He knew I was ruined— all gone to smash !  
And he was a man of that stamp,  
Would call you a scamp, if you had n't the cash—  
Ay, a scamp !

His bonds and investments— not in such strains  
As a poet makes up into verses,  
His remarks— upon never so beautiful strains,  
Were curses !

I called the next day, but the stool was removed,  
And the delicate foot, with a twirl,  
Walked off somewhere with the girl that I loved—  
The girl !

Hang her ! hang him ! hang the whole planet !  
The stars—they do hang— well, hang every body,  
And hang me, if I 'aint a noddy— d— n it !  
A noddy !

'Tax blank-verse *halts* for it' in the lines entitled '*Mournful Memories.*' Beside, the tendency of the sentiment is not, we think, a useful one. Were all the dangers or ills of life to present themselves to the imagination in a body, drawn up in battle array, the prospect would indeed be dreadful ; but coming individually, they are far less formidable, and successively as they occur are conquered. Foreboded, their aspect is terrific ; but seen in retrospect, they frequently excite present satisfaction and future fortitude. 'It is with human life as with the phases of nature, whose regular course is calm and orderly ; tempests and troubles being but lapses from the accustomed sobriety with which Providence works out the destined end of all things.' . . . MUCY is said of the 'freedom' or 'licentiousness' of our public press ; but we are far behind the press of London in this regard. Look for example at the comments in some of the London journals upon the recent marriage of the Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg, a 'royal pensioner,' with the Princess AUGUSTA of Cambridge. The produce of his dukedom is described by the '*Charivari*' as consisting of 'nothing in particular ; its revenue purely nominal.' The wedding is turned into the broadest ridicule. The Duke had an audience of himself in the morning in the glass of his dressing-case ; his 'master of the wardrobe, who was also comptroller of the leather portmanteau and groom of the hat-box,' being the only person in attendance. 'He wore the *white seam* of the German order of princes, and was looking remarkably well—as all the annuitants of England contrive generally to look.' The ceremony was performed in the usual style of royalty. And when the prelate who performed the office came to the words 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the Duke of Cambridge, who always thinks out loud, kept up a running accompaniment : 'Well, that's capital! worldly goods, indeed! I should like to see some of 'em!' and other pleasant observations ; all which were taken to be a gush of fervent ejaculations from the father of the bride, invoking the happiness of the newly-married couple. The happy pair set out for Kew, to which place the Duke's Lord of the Luggage had already conveyed his carpet-bag! The *trousseau* of the Princess had been laid out at Cambridge House for the inspection of the bride's friends ; 'but the illustrious bridegroom, with more modesty, laid out *his* trousseau on the bed in his private apartment, previous to packing.' Various articles are enumerated ; among the rest, 'a splendid uniform for state occasions, consisting of the superb coat of an officer of the Blues, with Grenadier trowsers and a Lifeguards-man's helmet ;' 'twelve false collars ; nine pairs of cotton socks ; two stocks, with long ends,' etc., etc. Such an invasion of aristocratic privacy may be termed 'licentiousness of the press' with as much truth, we conceive, as any of the gossipary of the American newspapers. . . . In looking lately over the '*Souvenirs Historiques*' of NAPOLEON and MARIA LOUISE, by the Baron MENNEVAL, his 'ancient secretary,' we were forcibly impressed with a passage which depicts the love of the Great Captain for his infant son. The child was brought every morning to his apartment :

'Yes : that cabinet, which saw the origin of so many mighty plans, so many vast and generous schemes of administration, was also witness to the *flutters* of a father's tenderness. How often have I seen the emperor keeping his son by him, as if he were impatient to teach him the art of governing ! Whether, seated by the chimney on his favorite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a despatch, every word of which required to be weighed, his son, seated on his knees, or pressed to his breast, was never a moment away from him. Sometimes, throwing aside the thoughts which occupied his mind, he would lie down on the floor beside his beloved boy, playing with him like another child, attentive to every thing that could please or amuse him. The emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manoeuvres ; it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, or some new evolution, he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was seriously occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skillful manoeuvre which might ensure the success of a battle, the child, lying at his side, would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humor.'

How different the scene with these mimic troops, from that presented by his human legions! No long columns of smoke streamed up from *their* line of march, indicating burning villages and fields trampled in the dust; no explosions of artillery; no thundering of cavalry; no steel clanging with steel in the desperate conflict of life for life; no smoke, nor darkness, nor infernal din; no groans of the dying; no piercing shouts, revealing the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair. None of these! Not greater was the difference between that infant and his sire! Yet it is a pleasant feature in the character of NAPOLEON, his love of children. 'He entered,' says Miss BALCOMBE, who knew him so intimately at St. Helena, 'into all the feelings of young people, and when with them was a mere child, and a most amusing one. I think his love of children, and the delight he felt in their society; and that too at the most calamitous period of his life, when a cold and unattachable nature would have been abandoned to the indulgence of selfish misery; in itself speaks volumes for his goodness of heart.' . . . AH! yes; we understand your insinuation, dear Sir, and 'possibly may wish that we had let you alone.' And yet, here is your letter before us, *requesting* 'an opinion of the merits of your piece, in the entertaining gossip of the Editor's Table!' How does *that* read? Our correspondent, if his ability were equal to his inclination, would doubtless make us feel the truth of this scrap of advice from one who was a judge of human nature: 'Let no man despise the opinion of *blockheads*. In every society they form the majority, and are generally the most powerful and influential. Laugh not at their laborious disquisitions on the weather, and their wonderful discoveries of things which every one knows. If you offend a fool, you turn the whole muddy port of his composition into rancid vinegar, and not all the efforts you can make will abate its sourness.' One word here to correspondents generally. We have no pleasure in rejecting a communication, privately or publicly. Often have we sat, with a 'dubious' paper in hand, hesitating for an hour whether to 'print or burn;' thinking of the fervent wishes of the writer, and the labor that he had bestowed upon his production. Every part, every period, had perhaps been considered and re-considered, with unremitting anxiety. He had revised, corrected, expunged, again produced and again erased, with endless iteration. Points and commas themselves perhaps had been settled with repeated and jealous solicitude. All this may be, and yet one's article be indifferent, or unsuited to our pages. Give us credit for candor, gentlemen, as well as for plain-speaking. . . . HERE are two clever epigrams; the first from a contributor to whom the reader has heretofore been indebted for several caustic *tersties* in its kind; the second from a friend who does not 'confess the cape' of authorship:

'WY is a belle, attired for public gaze,  
Like to a ship! She 'goes about' in stays.'

We can enlighten the ignorance of our Port-Chester friend. Ladies in this meridian eschew 'stays,' as he calls them. They are *passés*, out of date, 'things that were.' 'Hence we view the gr-e-at necessity there is' of being *au fait* to the latest fashion. The ensuing purports to have been written on a 'Yankee Belle.' 'Guess not,' though; 'tisn't the way of Yankee belles:

'SHE 's dressed so neatly for the ball,  
In truth, she 's scarcely dressed at all;  
A fact to Yankees quite distressing,  
It leaves so little room for guessing!'

'Oh! go 'long, you p'ison critter, you! What d'you mean?' . . . Wx should have published the lines entitled '*What is our Life?*' but for some *forty lines*, the thoughts of which are 'conveyed' entire from CARLYLE. Looking down upon the wilderness of London, the thoughtful TEUFEL-DÄCKEN exclaims: 'There in that old city was a live ember of culinary fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. AH! and the far more mysterious live ember of *Vital Fire* was then also put down there, and still miraculously burns and spreads.' . . . THE DRAMA is once more in the ascendant. The PARK THEATRE, our 'Old Drury,' is a personification of 'The Deformed Transformed.' Externally, it has assumed the aspect of a fine granite temple, in the Doric style of architecture, with a noble statue of SHAKESPEARE lordling it over the pile; while internally, from pit to ceiling; boxes, walls, proscenium, stage; *every thing*, in short, is new and beautiful. Mr. BARRY deserves the highest praise for the good taste, the liberality, and the untiring industry which he has brought to bear upon our favorite place of theatrical resort. The house opened with WALLACK; WALLACK, that 'love of a man,' who can never grow old, and who has lost no whit of his power to delight his auditors. He opened in his inimitable 'Rolla' and 'Dashall,' to a house crowded from proscenium to dome with the élite of the metropolis; and he has since gone through his round of characters, including that most touching of modern plays, '*The Rent-Day*,' with undiminished popularity. *Apropos* of this

latter play: a good story is told of its first production in London. The celebrated FARREN declined a part in it; remarking, that if the piece ran beyond a single night, he would eat an old hat for every time it was played. The play rose to immediate and almost unprecedented popularity. On arriving at the theatre one evening, Mr. FARREN was informed by the call-boy that Mr. WALLACK had left something on a side-table for him, covered with a large white sheet. 'Hum!' grunted FARREN, 'what is it?' The boy lifted the covering; and behold, ranged in the most exact order, were thirty-six of the dirtiest, shabbiest, 'shocking bad hats' in London! FARREN started, and turned angrily to the lad 'Please, Sir,' said the boy, 'Mr. WALLACK says as how you said, when you refused the part of *Crumbs* in 'The Rent-Day,' that if the piece ran beyond a single night, you would eat an old hat; so as it has now been played thirty-seven times, he thinks it right to give you something to eat, afore the meal becomes too large for your digestion!' FARREN said it 'was all right — and left.' . . . WELL pleased are we to remark the opening of Messrs. COUDERT AND PORTER's English and Classical Lyceum, at Number ninety-five Eighth-street, near Tompkins's-Square. The principals have no superiors; their assistants are of their careful selection, and have their approval. On these points, therefore, 'enough said.' The situation is delightful, and the terms consistent with the times. Let these gentlemen be *patronized*. Ah! that is not the term; but we have no good synonyme for it. We have always detested the word; and especially since we encountered Dr. JOHNSON's comment upon it, in a letter to Lord CHES-TERFIELD, soon after finishing his immortal Dictionary: 'I entertain, Sir, a very strong prejudice against relying on patrons. Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.' . . . Our friend who writes us from Florence (his excellent article is filed for our next) is quite right in his ideas of '*Letters of Introduction*.' There is much and exaggerated abuse of this courtesy, emanating from this country. His own case, we can assure him, is by no means a solitary one. We like the frank reply given by a distinguished American to a young, conceited whipster, who sought, through the claims of his father's friendship, to obtain letters to persons of distinction abroad: 'I want,' said he, 'to get letters to SCOTT, to MOORE, to SOUTHEY, and to JEFFREY. Father would like to have me see them.' 'So should I,' replied the expected donor, 'but I don't wish *them* to see you. If *that* objection could be removed, perhaps your wish might be gratified.' It 'was stated at the time' that our young gentleman 'left the presence.' . . . We are struck with this remark of Count ROSTOPCHIN, in his sententious memoirs, in preceding pages: 'I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and his setting always made me sad.' How often, with kindred emotion, have we stood and gazed at sunset-clouds, with one who now sleeps in his early grave! Saying little, but thinking much, and feeling more; and as the day-god sank below the horizon, reflecting upon the period when all the living world that saw him then, should roll in unconscious dust around him. Oh! the mystery of nature! — the mystery of life! . . . *The Puritans vs. The Quakers* is at hand and on hand, and will be for some time, we call'tate. Could n't 'approve' the sentiments of our Plymouth correspondent, 'any way 'at he can fix it?' We segregate a joke, however, which is worth pickling. 'Why are the Quakers always well-to-do in the world?' asks a Friend of one of the 'world's people.' 'They are chargeable to no man, and yet are always thrifty.' 'Zactly!' was the rejoinder; 'and I'll tell you why. The Quakers are rich, that's sartin; and the way of it at first was this: When our SAVIOUR was took up onto the top of an exceeding high mounting, the OLD GENTLEMAN offered him all the riches of the world, if he'd fall down and worship him. 'T would n't do: the SAVIOUR said 'No; but a Quaker who was standing by, took the OLD KNICK up: 'Friend BEEZLEBUS,' says he, 'I'll take thy offer!' He did so; and there's been no scursity of money among your folks sence that time!' . . . 'Honors are easy' with sundry of our correspondents. We perceive that, among others, the '*Mail-Robber*' was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge University, at the late 'commencement' of that institution. 'Served him right;' he *deserved* it. We have 'known things of him' that would have brought this visitation upon him before, had we chosen to mention them. 'Justice, though slow, always overtakes,' etc. The proverb is something musty. . . . We must be permitted to doubt whether '*bally-ragging*,' as poor POWER used to term scolding, is the 'easiest way' for our New-Haven friend, to whose favor we recently alluded. 'Many men of many minds.' A spoonful of molasses will catch more flies than a quart of vinegar; and 'an inch of laugh is worth an ell of moan, in any state of the market.' 'The vices of the times, the vices of society, the vices of literature, require rigid scrutiny and fearless censors.' Very likely; therefore 'Pay away at them!' say we; but excuse us from monopolizing our pages with gloom,

groutiness, and grumbling. . . . We have omitted to notice the superb annual engraving for the subscribers of the 'Apollo Association,' recently put forth by that popular institution. The subject is VANDERBYN's celebrated picture of 'CAIUS MARIUS on the ruins of Carthage.' The engraving is in line, by S. A. SCHOFF, a native artist, and forms one of the finest specimens of art in its kind ever produced in this country. . . . Mr. PRENTICE, the well-known Louisville Journalist, is 'down upon' a 'gentleman of some smartness who rejoices in the euphonious name of POX,' (a correspondent of ours spells it 'Poh!') for terming CARLYLE, in one of his thousand-and-one MAC-GRAWLER critiques, 'an ass.' The Kentucky poet and politician thus rejoins: 'We have no more doubt that Mr. EDGAR A. POX is a very good judge of an ass, than we have that he is a very poor judge of such a man as THOMAS CARLYLE. He has no sympathies with the great and wonderful operations of CARLYLE's mind, and is therefore unable to appreciate him. A blind man can describe a rainbow as accurately as Mr. POX can CARLYLE's mind. What Mr. POX lacks in Carlyleism he makes up in jackassism. It is very likely that Mr. CARLYLE's disciples are as poor judges of an ass as Mr. POX is of CARLYLE. Let them not abuse each other, or strive to overcome obstacles which are utterly irremovable. That Mr. POX has all the native tendencies necessary to qualify him to be a judge of asses, he has given repeated evidences to the public.' 'Nervous, but inelegant!' as Mr. ASPEN remarks in 'The Nervous Man.' . . . CAN any native citizen of 'The Empire State' peruse the forceful paper under this title, in preceding pages, without a feeling of natural and just pride? For ourselves, born, bred, and educated upon the soil of New-York, we cannot read it without a thrill of gratification, that our 'lines have been cast in pleasant places,' and that we have so 'goodly an heritage.' . . . WE do not know when we have been more 'horrified' than on reading the following in a London journal: 'Two natives of the cannibal islands of Marquessa have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage one of their fellow-passengers asked them which they liked best, the French or the English? 'The English!' answered the man, smacking his lips; 'they are the *fattest*.' 'And a great deal more *tender*,' chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth as sharp as a crocodile's!'. . . 'The Exile's Song,' with the note which accompanied it, came too late for insertion in the present number. It will appear in our next. . . . THE story of 'The Tobacco-Quid' is as old as the seven hills. What a silly thing it is, to give new names and a new *locale* to an 'ancient MILLER,' and at the same time vouch for its entire authenticity and originality! 'O git ebut!' . . . READER, did you ever see a small puppy bark at an elephant in a menagerie, whereat the dignified beast did n't even deign to flap his leather-apron ears? Did you ever see a stump-tailed ape sporting a Roman toga? And have you seen the 'Annihilation of DANIEL WEBSTER' by CRAZY NEAL, in a recent newspaper piece of his? Mr. NEAL thinks the great orator and statesman a *humbug*! He is a judge of the article. . . . If the 'Stanzas to Mary' are a 'little after the style of WORDSWORTH,' we can only say that the WORDSWORTH school is not a grammar-school:

— 'Upon my brow  
Glooms gathers fast and thick,'

is not unlike 'Cats eats mice,' or 'Shads is come!' . . . SEVERAL communications, among them 'Chronicles of the Past,' Number Two; 'Evening Hymn'; 'The Deity,' etc., will receive attention in our next.

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THOMSON'S ABBRIDGEMENT OF DAY'S ALGEBRA FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. — DAY'S Algebra has sustained a high reputation during a period of fourteen years; a fact sufficiently evinced by the sale of more than forty large editions. In appropriateness of arrangement, perspicuity of expression, and adaptation to the purposes of instruction, whether public or private, it stands, we believe, unrivalled. The highest praise which can be bestowed on a school-book is, that 'it is its own teacher.' By commencing with points so simple that any child of ordinary ability can comprehend them, and advancing step by step, removing every obstacle when it first presents itself, and conducting the student gradually into the more intricate parts of the science, the author makes him master of the subject while he is yet scarcely aware of its difficulties. The exactness of definition and clearness of illustration which characterize Mr. THOMSON'S 'Abridgement' together with the exclusion of the answers to the problems, (a course indispensable to an independent scholar,) are especially commendable. The method also of completing the square by multiplying the equation by four times the coefficient of the higher power of the unknown quantity, and adding to both members the square of the coefficient of the lower power, avoids the introduction of fractional terms, and strikes us as an improvement. The most weighty objection to DAY'S Algebra has been its paucity of examples. This defect is remedied in the 'Abridgement,' the number of examples being nearly twice as great as in the original work.

## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES.'—Here is a volume of some three hundred pages, containing upward of seventy prayers, designed to meet all conditions of mankind, and all the wants of humanity. The author, Rev. WILLIAM JAY, of England, has aimed to be very plain and simple in his diction, since prayer admits of no brilliance, and rejects studied ornament. He has not substituted finery for elegance, nor the affectation of art for the eloquence of feeling; but has wisely avoided a strained, inflated style, unintelligible to the ignorant, lamented by the pious, and condemned by the wise. This is as it should be. It is remarkable that in the Bible no prayer is recorded, in which the figure employed is not as familiar as the literal expression. An appendix is added, containing a number of select and original prayers for particular occasions; short addresses, applicable to certain events and circumstances, and which the reader may insert in their proper place in the main prayer, or use at the end of it. A work like this, from a competent pen, may supply with many families an important desideratum. The volume is published by Mr. M. W. DODD, Brick Church Chapel, opposite the Park.

'THE WYANDOTTE, OR THE HUTTED KNOLL,' is the title of Mr. COOPER's last work, recently published by Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, in two well-executed volumes in the pamphlet-form. It embodies legends of the sufferings of isolated families during the troubled scenes of colonial warfare, which are distinctive in many of their leading facts, if not rigidly true in the details. We gather from the prefatory remarks of the author, that in these volumes he has 'aimed at sketching several distinct varieties of the human race, as true to the governing impulses of their educations, habits, modes of thinking, and natures.' How this aim has been accomplished, we are quite unable to say. We trust however that the friend who transported the work from our table into the country, will at least repay us for the gratification of which he has deprived us, by returning it when he is through with it, that we may be ourselves enlightened, and enabled to enlighten our readers, concerning the character of the work.

THOMPSON'S HISTORY OF LONG-ISLAND.—A second edition—revised and greatly enlarged, and included in two handsome volumes—has just appeared, of Mr. B. F. THOMPSON'S history of Long-Island, from its discovery and settlement to the present time. The work embodies many interesting and important matters, connected with the first settlement of our country and its colonial and revolutionary history; and includes notices of numerous individuals and families, and a particular account of different churches and ministers. In short, the indefatigable author has availed himself of every source of authentic and valuable information which could add to the interest or usefulness of his work; which we should not omit to mention embraces two large and well-executed maps, and is illustrated by numerous lithographic engravings of edifices and other objects of interest on the island; and including the author's 'counterfeit presentment.' Messrs. GOULD, BANKS AND COMPANY are the publishers.

'THE KAREN APOSTLE.'—Messrs. GOULD, KENDALL, AND LINCOLN, Boston, have issued in a handsome little volume, 'The Karen Apostle, or Memoir of KO-THAH-BYU, the first Karen convert; with Notices concerning his Nation. By Rev. FRANCIS MASON, Missionary to the Karens.' The first American edition is revised by Prof. H. J. RIPLEY, of Newton (Mass.) Theological Seminary. The work is 'sent forth in the hope that the interest which has been felt in behalf of the Karens may be deepened, and that the cause of missions to the heathen in general may be promoted by the striking proof of the power of the gospel exhibited in its pages.' The work is illustrated by maps, in part from manuscript, and by one or two well-executed engravings on wood. The specimens of Karen literature appended to the volume do not afford a very exalted idea of the writings of that sect; nevertheless, they possess a certain interest in the connection which they sustain in the volume.

NEW MUSIC.—We have before us, from the extensive and popular establishment of Messrs. JAMES L. HEWITT AND COMPANY, Broadway, 'Woodside Waltz,' by Miss MARION S. MCGREGOR; 'Grand Austerlitz March and Quickstep, arranged as a Duet, for the Piano-forte,' by GEORGE W. HEWITT; 'The Alpine Horn, a Tyrollean,' by JOHN H. HEWITT; and 'Robin Buff, a Ballad,' the music by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL.

'WHEN THOU WERT TRUE.'—This is a very charming Song; the words by F. W. THOMAS, Esq., the music by JOHN H. HEWITT, inscribed to Mrs. ROBERT TYLER, and just published by JAMES L. HEWITT AND COMPANY, Broadway. If the noble-looking portrait upon the title-page represents Mrs. TYLER, she is justly entitled to the praises with which the journals have teemed, touching the grace and beauty of her person. The following are the words :

## I.

When thou wert true, when thou wert true,  
My heart did it so impress on thee,  
And the depths of my eyes are blue,  
Of a more beautiful tint than thine;  
The mirror of the moon is but a glass,  
The candle is as whose light she lives.

## II.

But when doubts came, my troubled breast  
Was like that lake when winds do blow,  
Hermit-like thou, in a lonely wood,  
Hermit-like only in robe and flower,  
That forest sun obscures her dawn,  
And reigns the eben-vieged Night.

## III.

Again that chaste moon shall shine,  
When stars are set within the lake,  
Which, like that eye, is at heart of thine,  
Can any true image take  
More, art thou like memorial-stone,  
Is now a memory alone.

'ALHALLA, OR THE LORD OF TALADEGA: A TALE OF THE CREEK WAR.'—Thus is entitled a narrative poem by HENRY ROWE COLCRAFT, better known as HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Esq., an old correspondent of this Magazine. The story turns upon the contests of the Muscogees, their exertions, their discomfitures, and their final fall. It opens at a distant northern point, within a short period after the close of the Creek war, and occupies two days and nights in its action. Its style is a union of the dramatic with the narrative and descriptive; a conjunction well adapted to the character of the story and the nature of its personages. There are appended to the main poem a few selected miscellanies, among which we recognize three or four clever effusions, originally given to the public in these pages. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

'THE NEW PURCHASE.'—Our task for these departments of the KNICKERBOCKER was completed, when we received from Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, a native novel, in two volumes, entitled 'The New Purchase; or Seven and a half Years in the Far West.' By ROBERT CARLTON, Esq. We have not found leisure to read one of its pages; but if we may judge of its merits from the encomiums of two or three of our contemporaries of the daily press, it should prove a work of the most sterling attraction. To say that 'MARY CLAVERS' must 'look to her laurels,' there being an equally gifted laborer in a kindred field, strikes us as very high praise. We hope, but doubt, to find *that* precaution in any degree necessary.

'USURY: THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.'—The pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER were mainly in the hands of the printers, when we received the newspaper folio entitled as above. We are left but space therefore barely to state, that this essay on usury differs entirely from the usual mode of treating that subject, in that it does not rely on the *penalties* for the repression of the evil, but proposes to root out its existence by a practical, beneficent mode of removing the temptations to, and occasions for, usury. It is for sale at BURGESS AND STRINGER'S, corner of Ann-street and Broadway.

NEW WORKS FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS.—We have before us several excellent publications, which came too late for notice in the present number. Among them, we may mention three entertaining volumes from the press of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, '*The Court of England*,' from 16:8 to GEORGE the THIRD; '*Nature and Revolution*,' or the Second Advent; the beautiful '*Illustrated Prayer-Book*' series of Mr. HEWET; and PRABODY'S *Dartmouth College Address*. These publications, with others which we lack space even to mention, will be adverted to in our November number.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

No. 5.

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## THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE are those who reject the idea of a future state; or, at least, who deny that they ought to be convinced of its reality, because reasoning, in the method of the sciences, does not appear to prove it to them; although they acknowledge how natural it is for man to anticipate a future existence. I have thought that such persons might be included in a similitude like the following. Let us suppose a young bee, just returning from his first excursion abroad, bearing his load of honey. He has been in a labyrinth of various directions, and far from his native home; winding among trees and their branches, and stopping to sip from numerous flowers. He has even been taken, by one bearing no good-will to the little community of which he is a member, and carried onward, without being permitted a sight of the objects which he passed, that he might estimate aright his new direction. Notwithstanding, he is winging his way with unerring precision to the place where his little load is to be deposited. Not more exactly does the needle tend to the pole, than the line he is drawing points toward his store-house. But in this he is governed by no such considerations of distance and direction as enable the skilful navigator so beautifully to select his way along the pathless ocean. He has no data, by reasoning from which, as the geometrician reasons, he may determine that his course bears so many degrees to the right or so many to the left. He has never been taught to mark the right ascension of hill-tops, nor to estimate latitude and longitude from the trees. He is governed in his progress by that indescribable and mysterious principle of instinct alone, which, although developed in man, produces its most surprising effects in the brute creation. But here, as he is going onward thus swiftly and surely, by some creative power a vast addition is made to his previous character. All at once he becomes a reasoning being, possessed of all the faculties which are

found in the philosopher. He is endowed with judgment, that he may compare, and consciousness and reflection, to make him a metaphysician. Nor is he slow to exercise these newly-acquired faculties.

Among other things, his consciousness tells him that he is impressed with a deep presentiment of something greatly desirable in the far distance toward which he supposes his course to be fast and directly tending. Perhaps he has a memory of the place he left, of the business there going on, and of the part which he is taking in it. Probably his strong impression is, that he is fast advancing toward that place; that he expects the greeting of his friends of the swarm. Possibly he finds his bosom even now beginning to swell in anticipation of the praise which shall be bestowed on his early manifestation of industry and virtue. Perhaps his recollections are more vague; and accordingly his consciousness only tells him that he thinks of something requiring him to urge onward in that particular direction, but of which he realizes no very definite idea.

But here Reason interrupts him: 'Why are you pursuing this course so fast? I see nothing to attract your attention so strongly.' 'I am going to a place lying this way,' says the bee, 'where I can deposit my load in safety, which I am anxious to do quickly, that I may return for another.' 'But,' says Reason, 'what evidence have you that the place lies this way?' Here Philosophy whispers: 'You should not act without evidence; it becomes no reasonable creature to do so;' but Reason continues: 'There are many points in the horizon beside that you are making for; and I see not why one of them is not as likely to be the place as another.'

This rather staggered the bee at first; for he had no recollection of courses and distances taken, by a comparison of which he could prove his true direction; but suddenly he said: 'Why, I am so strongly impressed that this is the course, that I cannot doubt it.' 'But what signify your strong impressions,' says Reason, 'if they are not founded on any evidence? Were you ever led to such a place as you seek by the aid of *impression* alone?' 'I never was,' said the bee; for in fact he had never before been out of sight of the place where he was born. 'Then again,' says Reason, 'I ask what is your evidence?' And Philosophy again, as a faithful monitor, replies: 'Bee, you must not act without evidence.'

The bee could hardly add any thing more. Had his experience been greater, and his reflection deeper, he might have answered, that there are principles in the mind pointing to certain conclusions, and seeking to establish certain beliefs, of which those principles are at once the evidence and the source; and that the impression which now seemed so clearly to point out his course was one of this class. But in the exercise of his young faculties he had not yet arrived at that height of philosophy which could lead him to recur to such principles. He had never come to distinguish between those impressions which have taken possession of the mind by chance, and those which Nature herself has prepared to aid the very

weakness of reason. No wonder then, that thus sore pressed by Reason, he seemed to find himself at fault.

Whether these mental conflicts were sufficient to suspend his course entirely, or whether, like a prudent bee, he resolved to act as if nature were right and reason were wrong until he knew nature to be wrong and reason to be right, I am not able to say. But I could not fail to reflect, that if he did finally arrive at the place whither he had been directing his course, he would probably quarrel with all the arrangements in the tree.

It would not occur to him, for instance, why such particular art should be observed in constructing the cells of the comb as the bee has ever been known to observe. Why must they always be made with just six sides to them, and no more? Why could they not, upon occasion, be constructed with three or four sides, or even round, equally as well? Surely a curve is more beautiful than a combination of straight lines, with angular points to disturb the mind; and variety is undoubtedly essential to all harmony. But if six sides are to be preferred, why not have the same number for the roof and floor? and why should they be always constructed with one particular inclination? These and other rules, which the bee has hitherto followed with such admirable but unconscious wisdom, his uninstructed reason would be slow to deduce from obvious first principles. He would perhaps be no better a mathematician than man himself, with whom centuries succeeded one another before he had followed the discursive and mazy track to the point whence is seen the just and convenient architecture of the bee.

We can hardly suppose that under such circumstances he would not become a confirmed skeptic; rejecting all truths which his peculiar reasonings would not demonstrate; and failing by reason to demonstrate those truths which to him are of the greatest consequence. All this would not be because he had reason, nor because he exercised it, but because he exercised it imperfectly. And yet he would seem to use it very much as some modern philosophers recommend.

## II.

WHEN the merchant who trades abroad is about to launch upon the ocean the ship which contains perhaps the whole of his fortune, he is naturally anxious as to what may be its fate while entrusted to the winds and waves, and is solicitous to provide, so far as he can, against the possibility of ruin by its loss. His course is therefore to go to the insurance office, inform the agent what he is about to do, and ask for indemnity against risk.

The insurance office was established for the express purpose of alleviating such disasters as his would be, should his fears be realized, and his case is taken into immediate consideration. The agent regards the route of the proposed voyage, and the seas over which the ship is to pass; the season of the year in which she sails, and the storms that are commonly incident thereto; he deliberates on the propriety of insuring, and if the risk be not too great, fixes the premium to be paid by the merchant. Upon the receipt of

this sum, he gives him a writing, binding the company in case the vessel does not arrive safely at the destined port, to pay to the merchant the estimated value of the ship and cargo.

Now the sum which the company receives on this occasion is but a small part of what they may be obliged to return, and which they must pay to the merchant in case the ship insured does not arrive at the end of her voyage. Yet by such transactions as these neither the company is impoverished nor by his loss is he who adventures undone. The company is not impoverished, because in the whole extent of its transactions it receives from those who do *not* lose as much as its funds are diminished by those who *do*. The loser himself is not undone, because by contributing his share, and enabling the company to carry on its mitigating operations, he becomes, upon his loss, entitled to a full portion of relief. And indeed in this manner it happens that loss falleth lightly upon many, rather than heavily upon few; and those who, to the benefit of mankind, would trust their all to be carried down to the sea in ships, are not deterred therefrom by the fear of possible ruin.

When the astronomer, for the convenience of the navigator, in enabling him to ascertain his place upon the trackless ocean, determines what will take place at immense distances from our earth, and calculates at what exact though distant periods of time the satellites that revolve about Jupiter may with the telescope be ascertained to pass through the planet's shadow, his conclusions are all founded on a knowledge of causes, and of their methods of operation. The observations of KEPLER and HERSCHEL, and the sublime reasonings of NEWTON and LAPLACE, founded on fact or on axioms, and tending to pertinent conclusions, are all concerned in these useful calculations. Not so in proceedings like those to which we have referred. There parties act not more from their knowledge of causes than their ignorance of them. Neither the insurer nor the insured knows what favorable winds may waft the ship prosperously on her voyage, nor what tempestuous seas may threaten her with destruction. Did the one know that in the end she would be lost, he would not insure. Did the other know that she would arrive safely at the end of her voyage, he would not desire to be insured. But while the one has hopes and the other fears, yet both are ignorant. They are able, by the judicious exercise of the faculties which God has given them, to adopt a course which, without impairing the welfare of the one, shall tend to secure the safety of the other.

The principle which in these cases determines the insurer whether to insure, and if so at what premium, is a principle upon which the pursuit of happiness very often requires us to act. This principle is, that where a case is under consideration where particular causes cannot be taken into account, we are most strongly to expect such an event as has happened or as we know will happen, in the greatest number of possible cases; unless some particular reason appears which we are certain should make us expect a different result. The principle has a deep foundation in the nature of the human mind;

and nowhere is the mutual adaptation between the mind and the external world more clearly seen. Properly applied, it teaches man to look for an existence beyond the grave.

For, in the first place, we find it *necessary* that he should desire immortality. The prospect of annihilation must always strike the mind with horror. By nature it is capable of conceiving, of appreciating and desiring, future as well as present happiness. Its ideas and desires cannot be bounded by a day or a year, but extend onward, without the possibility of arriving at a limit. Whenever therefore the imagination is presented with a termination of enjoyment, however distant in the field of duration it may be, the mind at once starts back with a feeling of present unhappiness.

It is especially the case that this desire will not allow the mind to be consoled for the supposed termination of its existence by the possession of some other enjoyment. The object is something which cannot be supplanted by any other. It is indeed the mind's susceptibility to be gratified by its connection with other objects, which is the foundation of this desire. It desires continued existence in proportion as it feels the loveliness by which it is surrounded, and of the actions which it is invited to perform. It never so much feels the vanity of any pleasure as when that pleasure is about to terminate. Very far then must the possession of other enjoyments be from compensating for the want of this! Nay, so much livelier as is the joy which the present seems to offer, so much severer will be the pang when the mind looks forward to futurity.

The hurry of novelty and the splendor of dazzling objects may induce temporary forgetfulness, but forgetfulness is not consolation; and of little worth must be that freedom from misery which is only in proportion as the mind loses its activity. It is indeed in some degree to run into the very evil we dread, to escape the consciousness of knowing we must be subject to its consequences. Beside, in spite of such means the mind will often be aroused to a more painful remembrance of its mortality. The opiates which for a time may lull, are yet preparing morbid sensibilities to be restless under the oblivious influence, and to awaken at length to a more acute feeling of the pain that has been suppressed. Yet who can believe there is a single faculty in the mind which must ever desire, without rational hope, and whose despair must be without solace?

Of most of the affections which are implanted in the heart of man, we can discover the end and scope by an observation of them in particular. And of these, where do we find one whose nature is to fix itself on an object for whose attainment one cannot rationally hope, and for whose denial he cannot be consoled? If not in possession, the mind commonly cherishes an expectation of obtaining it. If this seem impossible, the desire reverts to something else, upon which it fixes itself while the mind as soon becomes indifferent to the possession of the former. However long, however deeply, any affection may have been fixed, and however well-founded the hope, or well enjoyed the possession, in which it has been cherished, yet the blow which severs it rarely inflicts a wound too deep to be

healed. Time gradually soothes; other objects invite; till at length the sigh called forth by Memory is 'pleasant yet mournful to the soul.' Now by what application of these principles of probability are we required to believe that the desire for immortality is an exception to the universality of the rule we have been exhibiting? All other affections, attachments, and desires we find to come within it. Love, filial affection, fondness for glory or wealth, patriotism — all tend to constitute a moral system which should be capable of happiness. If there be an exception to the rule, it is the desire for immortality. But if there *be* an exception, how does it happen that we find such long-continued uniformity? We are ignorant of any particular difference in the case, which should make it an exception. How then can we doubt?

If desire be fixed on an object for a time unattainable, the faculty of enjoyment is meanwhile increasing in power, and preparing the mind for a livelier relish of what has been withheld. When it is attained, there is also the influence of contrast to enhance the consciousness of enjoyment. Even grief at severest loss, when softened by time, adds a pleasing interest to contemplation. But after what lapse of time shall the mind's horror at annihilation be softened into mournful complacency? What present pleasure, hope being expelled, can be contrasted with former pain produced by the prospect of annihilation, without renewing that pain in the mind? And to what purpose would the power of enjoying the prospect of immortality be increased, if the prospect itself be hid in the blackness of darkness?

### III.

If we might imagine the time when all mankind, proceeding on the supposition of the total want of evidence that the soul is immortal, had lost that glorious and animating hope, which is indeed the ground of all others, to what state of despair must we not imagine them to be reduced? What more total overthrow of every principle of action could possibly be conceived? How many things are there in this world which man was made to love? How many actions, how much noble labor, invite men to their performance, offering a full reward? How interesting to the virtuous mind to behold their array! How exciting to its energies, to anticipate the results to which it may attain! There are forests to be removed, fields to be cultivated, marts to be established, cities to be built; roads and artificial rivers are to be constructed, and fleets sent forth upon every sea, to bring together the productions of every handicraft, and the fruits of every clime. While this is going on, the mind is also to be employed in bringing the great agent-power to bear on the whole in the most efficient manner. Earth and air, fire and water, are to be brought in subjection, and made to yield their mighty assistance in the gigantic work which man has to do. The force of gravity and of expansion is to be guided upon engines of wood, of iron, and of polished brass, and these, with strokes and evolutions of wheels, cylinders, and pistons, and with every strong, every gentle, every delicate and complex movement, must be made

to imitate the works of men's hands ; but with such prodigious force and rapidity, and yet with such nice exactness, as shall infinitely outvie them all. The mind of man itself is to be wrought up to a higher state of perfection. Colleges and other seminaries of learning are to be founded, and books are to be written ; the secrets of nature are to be laid open, and pictures of them to be presented to every man's view. The darkness of ignorance and barbarism is to be chased away, and the light of science and virtue to be let in upon the mind. Improvement is continually to be advanced, and humanity is to be raised higher and higher toward that eminence of perfection whose peaks rise one above another, over broader and more extended regions.

This is some of the work which man has to do ; and with what delight in the employment of his faculties, and with what gratifying prospects of the ends to be attained, does he address himself to the task ! In the glow of his ardor, he encounters difficulties, grapples with burdens, and exults in the exercise of his powers, as he advances in the accomplishment of the 'prize of the high calling' before him. And what is it which encourages him in all this ? which is the foundation of his exultation ? Strike from his mind the belief in its endless existence, and every thing becomes worthless. How short is the time of action which this world affords, compared with the endless future ; how strong the desire to range through that future ; and oh ! how deep the despair, if that great desire be without hope ! Tell me not there are those who disbelieve in any future state of the soul, who yet preserve their cheerfulness and equanimity ; who interest themselves in the concerns of life, and are as active as others in its pursuits. Can any experience convince us that these have a source of enjoyment equal to that which blesses his expectation who anticipates a triumph over death ? Can a part be equal to the whole, or the finite compared with the infinite ? If men have been able to fix their affections alone on that which earth affords, it is not because the things of this world have swelled to the full compass of the soul, but because she has been cast down from her sphere, and her aspirations trampled in the dust.

To the infidel, Nature must wear a repulsive aspect ; for *why* should she create a phantom joy, which must soon vanish for ever ? The pleasantness of spring, the voice of early birds, these should be to him the emblems of mourning, the music of a dirge. To him, the sun and stars are but torches, to light him to regions of eternal darkness and silence. God in His mercy preserve us from a belief such as his !

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THE 'RICH POOR MAN : ' A FRAGMENT.

Now whether he be poor or rich,  
Is one to him — he cares not which ;  
In sweet simplicity he lives,  
Happy in what the present gives.



## A N E V E N I N G H Y M N .

BENEATH the star-lit skies,  
Treading the dew-gemmed sod, I look to Thee,  
FATHER ALMIGHTY! and these tearful eyes  
Through mortal shadows would thy glory see!

My spirit long hath bent  
To earthly idols, while Faith's single eye  
Gazing upon the treasures thou hast lent,  
Turns from its goal beyond the glowing sky.

Ingratitude hath chilled  
Affection's gushing fountain, till it flows  
Sluggishly onward, like a stream distilled  
Where blackened rocks and gathered sands oppose.

And Hope renews her flight  
Only to mourn her desolate return;  
Since not beyond the veil of mortal night  
She strives the land of beauty to discern.

And Love hath forged its chain—  
A glittering band that dazzles to subdue!  
The thirsting captives in its lengthened train  
Turn from the fount of Heaven to earthly dew!

And Thought hath bent its wing  
From its high journeying, awhile to sit  
Within its gilded cage; a captive thing,  
Pleased with the trifles that before it flit.

And from the harp of life  
Grief hath her wild, discordant measures wrung;  
She saw death conquer in the fearful strife,  
And on the air her notes of sadness flung.

Even as the withered flower  
Looks up for evening's damp, reviving breath,  
So in this calmly bright and solemn hour  
My spirit struggles with the bands of death.

From thy resplendent throne  
Eternal Father! grant one lucid ray  
Upon the path which I must tread alone,  
Unless thy smile illumine the clouded way.

To thy returning child  
Bend a propitious ear! Accept my prayer,  
Through CHRIST the crucified, the undefiled,  
Whose cry of anguish rent the midnight air.

And now the stars look down  
With softer glances, and the dew-drops roll  
With ringing melody from night's pale crown:  
These are Thy smiles to my awakened soul!

## THE DOOMED SHIP.

BY ROBERT L. WADE.

THERE WAS much of bustle and activity, and hurrying to and fro, in the streets of the usually quiet little town of Salem, on a fine October morning, 1740. The sun had not yet risen, but the eastern horizon, in token of its approach, was stained with a faint crimson hue, and a few of the most brilliant gems that deck the firmament were yet burning brightly in the broad expanse above. The morning had long been looked forward to with anxiety. The colonies were yet in their infancy, and every unusual circumstance had a tendency to create excitement; but to us of later times it may seem strange, and perchance cause many a one to smile, when he reads, that all this busy stirring was occasioned by the expected departure of a packet-ship.

This vessel, which was called the 'Countess of Pembroke,' after the sister of the sweet bard of Arcadia, was one of two owned by a company of London merchants, who regularly twice a year sent out one to the colonies, freighted with such matters as were in demand at the time, receiving in payment principally the produce of the country; always by shrewd calculation and management succeeding in getting the latter at very low rates, while their own goods seldom failed of bringing high prices. No particular ports were selected on this side of the Atlantic for the regular destination of the packets of this company, for the proprietors preferred sending them to whatever place promised the best market at the time; and therefore it was a matter of uncertainty altogether with the colonists where to look for the next arrival. The 'Countess of Pembroke' and her sister packet, however, had now put into Salem harbor six consecutive times; and as this was a period when the most perfect harmony existed between those of the mother country and her bantlings, the New-Englanders took as much pride in the shipping and naval matters of Britain as did their brethren under the more immediate protection of the crown. The consequence was, in this case, that the good people of Salem and its vicinity had a strong liking for these two vessels, and had begun to consider them as belonging particularly to their own community; and when reports several times spread through the town, that Newport, New-York, and Boston, and several other places, had held communications with the company, with a view to having the voyages of the sister crafts terminate at each of their respective ports, and that the owners had suffered serious thoughts to creep into their minds to the same effect, they were not slow or scrupulous in venting their indignation at what they termed acts of meanness in the other towns, and resolved, with jealous eyes, to guard against what they deemed an

invasion of their rights and privileges. These feelings, however, were forgotten in the all-absorbing interest created by the rapid approach of the time set for the departure of the ship. For two or three weeks it had been bruited throughout the adjacent country, that on such a morning the 'Countess of Pembroke' would sail for England, wind and weather permitting; and now when that day had dawned, beautiful and bright, and with every prospect of a happy commencement of the long voyage, (such voyages were *long* then,) the streets of the town were filled with active people, and all the wharves and house-tops, and in fact nearly every point from which a good view of the harbor could be obtained, was covered with interested spectators.

With the early morning tide the ship had hauled out some little distance into the stream; and now, as the sun was just lifting itself above the verge of the horizon, and pouring down its floods of golden light, her yards were covered with seamen, busily employed in loosing her sails and preparing for departure. At her peak the old ensign of England was fluttering in the clear morning breeze, while from her main top-gallant mast a long dandy red-and-white-streamer was dancing gaily upon the air. Alongside, attached by the painter to the rope-ladder which hung down from the bulwarks, a small boat was rising and falling upon the slight swell of the waters; and at the foot of the steps of the principal wharf floated another, containing four oars-men, who were waiting with all possible patience to take the captain off, who as yet had not made his appearance.

An hour, two hours, rolled away; the ship still swung at single anchor; the captain's gig still remained at the wharf; but those in it had now become quite uneasy at his protracted absence, and manifested many signs of impatience, in addition to giving vent to their feelings in their own peculiar way:

'The cap'un's on a lee-shore and going to pieces,' said one; 'I heard as how there was a false beacon up to decoy him on.' This joke, which had reference to the 'ladye-love' of their commander, was immediately understood by all, and received with a shout of boisterous laughter, which had the effect to restore good humor for the time being.

Upon the land the crowd had greatly augmented. As day advanced, the numbers had increased upon the scene; and now in every direction the eye encountered countless human faces, some turned toward the water and the gallant craft that sat upon it like a duck, and others partly back upon the town, to catch the first glimpse of the tardy officer. It was a matter of wonder and much speculation with the multitude, as to the cause of his non-appearance, an hour after sunrise having been the time appointed for the departure of the ship; and two full hours having passed beyond the time, many began to fall into the belief, in spite of themselves, that it boded no good for the anticipated voyage.

'I do n't like this,' muttered one to his neighbor, with an ominous shake of his head; 'I fear some ill may befall our pretty vessel,

which Heaven avert! before she casts anchor in the Thames. They should have been prompt, and started at the time set — at the very minute. No good comes of tardiness. Why, friend Gibbon, I heard of a vessel once, that her owners intended to despatch from Cork to Leghorn, and gave notice that she would sail on just such a morning, at just such an hour. Well, the morning came, and something was the matter; either the ship was not ready, or her cargo not all aboard, or her passengers out of the way; at any rate, she could n't go, and so they postponed the start for three days; and when the time came, she did n't sail for six hours after.'

'Well, and what then?' rejoined his hearer, with a careless and unconcerned expression on his countenance, seeing that the croaker had come to a stop in his story, and was looking at him out of one corner of his eye, with a sort of mysteriousness that he could not account for; 'well, and what then?'

'What then!' repeated the other, in a loud tone, as though astonished at this response; and then sinking his voice to a husky whisper, added, 'Why, she was never heard of after she left port. What do you think of *that*? — eh?'

'Why, that she was either wrecked, or burned, or captured by pirates, or something of the kind,' coolly replied the other.

'Umph!' rejoined the first speaker, not very well satisfied with his success in the benevolent endeavor to excite the apprehensions of his neighbor; 'there was a ring round the moon last night; and hark 'ee, they say there was something seen off the harbor, too, about midnight.'

'Do they though?' answered the other, with apparent interest; 'and pray what was it?'

'I do n't know exactly,' was the reply; 'I have n't heard the particulars; but my son Tom heard from the Boston wagoner, who got it from the uncle of one of the fishermen who came up, that a light, a bright light, was seen for more than an hour, away off upon the water.'

'Poh! nonsense, Jenkins! you're a fool!' impatiently exclaimed the other; 'you've got a silly, superstitious, old woman's notion into your head, that something or other is going to happen to the ship, because the captain's detained ashore, and she did n't start at just the moment she was expected to. As to the captain, I can tell you where he is, and what the matter is with him. I heard the messenger, who was sent down to the boat a little while ago, tell one of the men, that he was at the counting-room of the agent, fixing his papers. He sent word that he would be down by the waterside at ten o'clock. And as to yonder brave craft, I have n't the least doubt that she will have a quick and safe run home, and that we shall see her again in this harbor a great many times, unless indeed some of those mean scamps down in Boston or off at New-York, manage to get her bringing-up place altered. She is a good, strong, staunch vessel; sails fast and don't labor much; has got an excellent crew, a first-rate captain, who will make her walk through the water like a shark, and a jewel of a mate. I tell you what it is,

friend Jenkins, away with all your gloomy fears and your ugly prognostications! I wish with all my heart a safe and speedy run to the 'Countess of Pembroke.'

'That is all very well, neighbor Gibson,' replied the other, not at all disposed to look upon the brighter side of the picture; 'I wish as heartily as you, that the Countess may get home safe, and if wishes would carry her there safe, she'd have no lack. But that does not alter matters in the least. Good wishes, all the good wishes in the world, won't carry her home; and I'll tell you what it is, signs and things are against her. Look you there; see how it is clouding up.'

The man who had been addressed as Gibson turned his gaze upward as the other ceased speaking, and saw that it was indeed as he said. A few straggling clouds had hung upon the distant edge of the horizon nearly all the morning; and now, taking a start from their stationary position, were moving along up the surface of the sky, with huge dark banks of the same following close in their wake. A few had already reached the bright luminary of day, and spread a thin mantle of mist over its burning face; but these were not sufficient to dim materially its glory, and the rays of light and heat pierced through like sharp and glittering daggers. Yet it was not so clearly evident that those huge dark masses, which were now slowly and gradually rolling to the zenith, would become as transparent when stretching before the dazzling orb as their pioneers; and many were the eyes that were fixed anxiously upon the sharp circle of the horizon, watching as they fondly hoped for the last ominous platoon of mist.

At that moment a whisper run through the crowd, and the whole of that vast forest of human forms was swayed to and fro like the tall trees of the woods, when the strong wind bears down upon their wide-spread ranks. A shout then rung upon the air; all stood upon tip-toe, swinging themselves backward and forward to catch the first glimpse of the commander of the ship, who was said to be coming down to the wharf, in company with the agent.

He was soon in the midst of the crowd; and as it fell back on either side as he advanced, to give him a clear passage through, many hearty huzzas rung out upon the bracing air; many in kindly tones bid him 'God speed' upon his voyage; all which awakened the most grateful feelings of his heart, and in some instances, where his eyes fell upon a familiar countenance, elicited a return of hearty and sincere thanks; while all, from the very chambers of their hearts, wished him a speedy and safe return. Arrived at the steps, at the foot of which his boat still lay in waiting, he turned and looked back upon the little town he was on the point of leaving, perhaps forever, and upon the dense and almost countless multitude, which had assembled for a last farewell; then raising his hat from his head, he waved it once and replaced it, which action was immediately followed by a startling cheer of hundreds of voices. The agent of the London Company, who had accompanied him thus far, now prepared to take leave of him, and giving him his

hand, whispered, while shaking it for the last time, a few parting instructions. This done, they separated; the agent falling back a little and gaining a position where he could watch conveniently the departure of the vessel, and the captain hastily descending the few steps which led down to the water. As he set one foot upon the gunwale, he halted a moment and raised his eyes toward the sky; and as he watched the gathering clouds, and noted the position of the wind, there was a slight knitting of the brows, a compression of the lips closely together, and a sparkling of his dark eyes to be discerned, which gave evidence that the appearance of matters were not exactly as he could have desired. This, however, was but momentary; for his face immediately resumed its usual calm expression; and stepping down into the boat which rocked beneath his heavy tread, he seated himself at the stern, giving command by a nod to the men to shove off; and then the little craft made its first leap forward, and the glassy surface of the water was broken by the regular dip of oars.

A few long and steady pulls sufficed to carry the boat alongside the ship, when she was suffered to float along under the counter, until opposite the rope-ladder hanging down the side. Rising then from his seat, he made two strides to the bows, and without awaiting till the boat was as close in as the men intended to have had it, he sprang off and caught the steady rope in his hand. Unfortunately his feet missed both of the rounds upon which he had expected to alight; and such a heavy weight as his body falling suddenly upon so small a rope as that which he held in his hand, proved too much for it; one strand cracked and untwisted; another and another; then, to the horror of all within sight—and every eye upon the shore and aboard the ship and boat, was upon him—it parted, and he fell heavily into the chilly element, breaking the surface with a fearful sound, and the waters closed over him as he sunk.

Such a cry now rang forth from the lips of every man, woman, and child of that vast collection, that one would have thought it sufficient to have roused the very monsters of the deep. Ashore, everything was in confusion, and nearly all dismayed. There was shouting from one to another, to do this and to do that; there was running to and fro, from one point to another; some were calling out to put off in boats, and others to throw off planks and casks, and logs of wood, and every thing that would float; but all to no purpose; all were giving orders and none obeying them. Some two or three indeed there were, who with more presence of mind had abstained from joining in the uproar, and had upon the first alarm jumped into a little skiff that lay alongside the wharf, and were now half way to the ship. Those aboard and in the boat, however, being used to accidents and dangers incidental to a seaman's life, participated not in the least in the fears of their friends ashore. They knew that their captain was an excellent swimmer, and that he would rise in a moment or two, when they had no doubts or apprehensions of his rescue from a watery grave. Those, there-

fore in the boat poised their oars, ready to strike off at the second toward the spot, wherever it might be, in which he should appear. The others aboard busied themselves in throwing out spars, casks, and barrels, hen-coops, and every thing that they could lay their hands upon, that would sustain his weight in the water, to assist him in getting aboard.

In less time than I have occupied in its description, all this occurred; yet short as it was, short as was the interval between his sinking and reëpearance, it was a period of the most fearfully anxious interest. Eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of his head; and there were conflicting feelings at work within each bosom; feelings of doubt, and hope, and fear, and worse than all, a suspense that was torture. At length, to their great joy, the waters were parted a few yards from the spot where he sunk, and once more they caught sight of the object of their interest.

Was that not a shout of heart-felt gladness that then startled the echoes for miles around? Rising confidently upon the treacherous waves, as though this was his own peculiar element, he brushed the water from his face, and then struck out boldly for the ship. At the same instant the men in the boat, with a hearty cheer, simultaneously dipped their oars, and one strong pull sent the little skiff nearly a third of the distance that intervened. On board, too, more spars were thrown over, and no means were neglected to ensure his safety. Just then one of the sailors of the ship, who had thrown over every thing that he could get hold of that would float, and who had gone down into the cabin in search of something else, appeared at the bulwarks with a large heavy chair in his arms. Disregarding the expostulations of his mates, and the cries of those in the boat that enough had been thrown out, and without taking the slightest notice of its probable course, he hurled it with all his strength into the air.

'God save him now!' ejaculated many, while a half-suppressed cry of terror escaped the lips of others, as they watched its rise, and saw that the direction it was taking was such that it must inevitably strike the struggling man, or the water very near him. Shouts of warning, and cries of, 'push away, quick!' and the various sounds that would naturally occur at such a moment, filled the air, and drew his attention to the impending danger. He saw and comprehended all in a second, and with desperate effort struggled to move, though it were but a yard from the spot in which he then was. Alas! his efforts were in vain. Steadily up into the air it held its course, until it was directly over the swimmer, and the force that hurled it was expended, when it seemed to hang for a second or two, as though to give warning, and then fell with fearful rapidity. Down, down it came! None could help him now! With its full force it struck him on the head, and with a groan that went to the hearts of all who heard it, he again disappeared.

It is impossible to find words adequately to describe the consternation that prevailed at this melancholy accident. In contrast with the previous manner of expression, it displayed itself not in noise

and confusion, but all seemed suddenly petrified with horror, gazing motionless and in silence at the point where the unfortunate man was last seen. For ten long and dreary minutes, this fearful stillness was unbroken by any sounds, save those of the waves leaping gently over one another, and the rushing of the breeze. Weary were the watchings for the rise of the commander of the gallant ship. When they again saw his form, a few hours after, (rude grappling-irons, constructed on the spur of the moment, having been successfully used,) the seal of death was upon his brow.

Of the whole of that vast company, so interested were they all, scarcely one had left the scene; and now, when the dripping corpse of the unfortunate captain was carried on shore, and borne up to the house of the agent of the ship, as they opened to the right and left to give passage to those who carried him, many eyes were filled, and cheeks were wet with genuine tears. One and another now began to whisper among themselves, and wonder what would be done with the vessel, now that she had lost her captain; whether she would be detained long, or until another commander could be obtained, or the first mate promoted to the office; what the agent's intentions were, and whether or not it was probable that he would order her round to Boston, and try to make a more successful start from that place. These, together with speculations upon the weather, and the probability of a storm, for now the aspect overhead was threatening, formed the staple of conversation of the assembled townsfolk for another hour, when it was whispered through the crowd, and afterward spoken loudly, that the agent had altered the day of sailing to that day week, when she would sail for England, under the charge of the first mate. Nobody, however, appeared to possess authentic information relative to this matter; each one who was questioned confessed that he was told so by a friend, who had got it from another, who in his turn had received it from somebody else.

But these rumors were speedily verified by a party who had constituted themselves a committee to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the reports, and had marched up in a body to the counting-room of the agent. These now returned and announced that the counting-room was locked up, the agent being probably up at his house superintending the necessary arrangements for the reception of the body of the captain; but upon the door was affixed a paper, on which was written in his own hand-writing the sum and substance of what they had heard. There being now no occasion for remaining together, the crowd began to disperse, at first slowly; but at the expiration of fifteen or twenty minutes a few stragglers, who had stayed behind to take a long, last look, for the time being, of the ship, were alone left of all the hundreds that had so lately filled the place.

That night one of the most terrific storms that ever visited New-England broke over Salem, and the surrounding country and towns, for miles and miles around. Although it was late in the year, it was accompanied by the most fearfully vivid lightning and appalling thunder. Rain and hail poured down in torrents; and the winds, as



though the effort to break their chains had but increased their anger, united in sustaining such a conflict, that the effects of it were visible for weeks after. The waters of the harbor were lashed into perfect fury. Several small fishing craft were sunk at their moorings, or parted their cables and drove ashore. Boats lying at the wharves, or in the dock, were dashed in pieces against each other, or carried up high and dry into the streets of the town. A small brig which was anchored above the 'Countess of Pembroke,' loaded and ready to sail for New-York, was struck by lightning and consumed by fire in the sight of many whose fears would not suffer them to attempt to sleep, and who spent a portion of the long and dreary hours of the night in straining their eyes to catch glimpses of the ship, when the lightning for a few seconds at a time rendered it visible, without an effort being made to stay the progress of the flames. The good ship herself suffered severely. Though her anchors held her firmly, yet her spars and rigging were injured. Her foretopmast was snapped early in the storm, as though it had been a pipe-stem, and several of her upper spars were cracked. A fishing schooner, which had arrived only an hour before dark, and had not hauled up to the wharf, parted her cable, and in driving toward the shore came in contact with the ship, running her bowsprit up into her fore-rigging, and staving in the bulwarks of the 'Countess of Pembroke,' with the force of the concussion. The town also suffered much. Several houses were blown down; chimneys without number were shattered, to the imminent danger of house-tops and whatever might be in the streets; roofs were lifted up and carried away; and the spire of one of the churches was struck by lightning. But fortunately the fire was extinguished by the rain before it had acquired much headway. Nor did the country escape the general devastation. Old trees, which had braved the storms of a century or more, were torn up by their roots, as though they had been but the saplings of a summer's growth; some were struck by lightning, and others whose prongs and roots had struck too deeply into the earth to be severed from that relationship, had their massy limbs and branches broken off, and otherwise suffered severely. It was in fact a storm of fearful power. None remembered ever to have witnessed such a night; and many and many months, ay, and years too, elapsed ere its equal visited the place.

Not to draw out this narrative to a tedious length, the time intervening between the morning after the storm and that appointed for a second attempt to carry the ship out may be passed over, with merely the remark that the unfortunate captain was during that period followed to his grave by a large concourse of friends; for his many virtues had won esteem, and all who knew him felt that in his untimely end a tie of tender relationship had been severed. The morning came; not like the other, bright and beautiful, with a clear, fresh breeze careering over the water, filling the sails, toying with the numberless flags and streamers upon the little craft in the harbor, and the different flag-staffs in the town, and gladdening the hearts of the voyagers and their well-wishers with the prospect of

getting well off the coast; but dark, gloomy, and ominous. The whole of the broad blue canopy of heaven was shut in by one wide-spreading cloud, immovable and impenetrable, indicating the close proximity of snow. The ship had been put in complete order; but her new commander, though naturally elated at his unexpected promotion, yet felt a heavy responsibility weighing down his spirits, and a presentiment that some evil was about to befall the idolized 'Countess of Pembroke' and her crew.

Upon the shore the crowd assembled to witness her departure was if possible more dense than before; but not now, as then, rose shoutings and cheerings and well-wishings. All, alas! felt that silence was the most appropriate for the occasion; and every individual preserved it.

At the appointed hour the signal of sailing was given. The anchor was weighed, the sails filled with the chill north wind, and slowly the gallant ship stood down the harbor. Soon cries from many mouths announced that a new object of interest had been discovered; a large crow was seen hovering over the ship, now rising and now sinking, and flapping its black funeral wings over it. In those days of superstition an incident like this was, in the absence of every other sign, sufficient of itself to create consternation and dismay. In this instance, when so many omens of evil had occurred, it may well be supposed that the appearance of the dark messenger did not tend to allay the fears and misgivings of the town's-people. The motions of the bird were watched by all with intense interest. After hanging over the ship, or sweeping round for ten or fifteen minutes, now flapping so far away as to create hopes of its disappearance altogether, and then returning again to crush those hopes in the very bud, it finally settled down slowly, and alighted upon the main truck, where it remained until the ship herself was lost to the sight of all, save those who had trusted themselves to her strength, and that 'Eye that never sleeps.'

Slowly the multitude dispersed, with many shakings of the head and doubtful looks, with many whisperings among themselves, and many misgivings of the heart, that they had taken their last look of the gallant bark.

A MONTH had rolled away since the departure of the ship, when one night the inhabitants of Salem were aroused from their beds, to behold a strange sight in the heavens. It was that of a large ship, apparently under full sail, with every yard braced up, and every square inch of canvass spread to its full extent; but from every point, from deck to trucks and from stem to stern, wide lurid flames of fire were streaming up, with fearful and appalling brilliancy. For two more nights the same scene was witnessed, with this difference on the third, that the ship was seen to go down very suddenly below the horizon in the height of the conflagration, instead of fading away gradually, as on the two previous nights. It 'was an honest ghost' of THE DOOMED SHIP. The 'Countess of Pembroke' was never heard of more.

## T H E   D E I T Y .

BY MISS MARY GARDINER, OF SHELTER-ISLAND, SUFFOLK COUNTY.

BENEATH the quenchless light  
Of the broad day-god's life-imparting ray,  
Wrapt in the gloomy clouds of mental night  
That round him thickly lay,  
The ancient Persian bowed, and at that shrine  
Worshipped the glorious effluence as divine.

THOU! whose creative voice  
Called from the depths of chaos form and might,  
Bade at a word unnumbered worlds rejoice  
In that effulgent light;  
Sun of the Universe! to THEE I bow,  
Almighty God! list to my humble offering now!

Before the stars of night  
In circling systems moved through yonder sky,  
THOU! from Eternity's unmeasured height,  
Wrapt in immensity,  
Beheld the earth chaotic solitude,  
And ages roll away in their infinitude.

Can human thought explore  
The boundaries of THY kingdom, or define  
Mid all the orbs that sweep the blue vault o'er  
Those that remotest shine?  
E'en Science pauses in her proud career,  
Furls her tired wing and sinks o'erwhelmed to Earth's low sphere.

Before her glancing eye  
The clouds of ignorance have rolled away;  
She calls the lightning from its throne on high,  
And marks the planet's way;  
Bids the frail bark o'er Ocean's bosom glide,  
And from her mystic cells rolls back the heaving tide.

And in her search sublime,  
Measures the sunbeam in its trackless flight;  
Earth yields her secrets, and both space and time  
Are subject to her might:  
E'en from the unseen air the mysteries flee,  
But THOU! Eternal ONE! no searching can find THEE!

THY voice of majesty  
Throughout creation's wide expanse is heard;  
In the low South-wind's fitful melody,  
The music of the bird;  
When by the tempest-breath the clouds are riven,  
And the loud thunder peals through the deep vault of Heaven.

And in the measured chime  
Of low waves dashing on the sunny shore,  
The streamlet's flow in the bright southern clime,  
The cataract's loud roar,  
The hollow moan of the restless sea,  
When the storm-spirit sweeps on pinion swift and free.

And to the human soul,  
 Speaks not THY still small voice in accents strong?  
 Bidding Remorse like scorching lava roll  
 Its fearful tide along;  
 Blighting and withering all that yet is fair,  
 As blasting winds that sweep upon the desert air.

And when the burning tears  
 Of heart-felt penitence before THEE fall,  
 And from thick gloom and agonizing fears  
 Ascends the fervent call;  
 THY voice of mercy bids Hope's angel form  
 Shine like a beacon-light amid the wild night-storm.

It soothes to calm repose  
 The fitful quivering of the spirit's lyre,  
 And falls, as rain-drops o'er the dying rose,  
 On passion's wasting fire;  
 It bids us hasten o'er Life's waters home,  
 As summer breezes call the bird o'er ocean's foam.

Lo! in yon darkened room  
 Glad angels wait to bear a soul away;  
 Death waves his pinions, and the fearful tomb  
 Opes to receive its prey;  
 Low, dirge-like music stirs the troubled air;  
 Hushed is each voice, each breath, for THOU, O God! art there.

Swift o'er the marble brow  
 The cold dews gather; oh! what hand shall guide  
 The trembling spirit on its passage now  
 To regions yet untried?  
 Raise the dark veil hung o'er that mystic land,  
 And light the wanderer's path from time's receding sand?

The starless night of thought  
 Was lit at Mercy's shrine with purest ray,  
 And heavenly truth so long, so vainly sought,  
 Shone forth in its mid-day;  
 As angels tuned their harps to higher strains,  
 And rose the star of peace o'er Bethlehem's hallowed plains.

Then the INCARNATE came,  
 Veiling his God-head in the human form;  
 Not with the clarion's voice, the trump of fame,  
 The earthquake and the storm:  
 He came — the living God, creation's King!  
 Humble, despised, unknown — joy, 'peace on earth' to bring!

Oh! fearful was the hour  
 When Vengeance poured on his devoted head  
 The wrath of ages, and stern Death had power  
 His fiery shafts to shed;  
 The sun his radiance veiled in midnight gloom,  
 And woke to life and light the tenants of the tomb.

Mysterious Three in One!  
 My spirit bows, by matchless love o'erwrought;  
 Thyself all-knowing yet by all unknown,  
 Beyond the height of thought!  
 Justice and Mercy in thy works combine,  
 As o'er the raging flood the glittering rain-bows shine.

THOU watchest o'er the birth  
 Of every flower that springs to bloom and die,  
 The sparrow falls not to the breast of earth  
 Unnoticed by thine eye ;  
 And suns and systems at thy glance have passed.  
 As withered leaves are swept before the wintry blast.

And when the voice of Time  
 Shall chant the death-dirge o'er Earth's ruined fanes ;  
 When the archangel's voice in tones sublime  
 Shall echo o'er her plains ;  
 Unchanged, unchanging, THOU shalt rise o'er all,  
 While Nature's face shall rest beneath Oblivion's pall.

## MIND OR INSTINCT.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE MANIFESTATION OF MIND BY THE LOWER ORDERS OF ANIMALS.

'In some are found  
 Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
 That man's attainments in his own concerns,  
 Matched with the expertness of the brutes in theirs,  
 Are ofttimes vanquished and thrown far behind.'

COWPER.

THE cultivation of the intellectual endowments of man has raised him to such a degree above the other orders of animated existence, that he claims the exclusive possession of the Thinking Principle ; forgetting, while he surveys the monuments of human intelligence, that they are but the evidence of his advancement from the savage state ; and that while he remained in that primitive condition he might be considered, in fact, as many degrees below his present position in point of mental capacity, as above that of the most sagacious animals ;\* forgetting also that had he continued in a state of nature, like some of the tribes of Africa or America, leaving others to judge of his intelligence from the rude vestiges of his civilization exclusively, they could scarcely attribute to him more intellect than they would to the beaver, or even to the ant.

Animals, unlike men, do not improve materially in different generations, because they generally require no artificial means to promote their happiness ; neither have they the gregarious principle to the same extent as man ; but some of those which have, exhibit the extraordinary intelligence which will presently be cited.

The object of this inquiry is to ascertain, by the examination of facts, whether the principle called INSTINCT manifests the same intellectual qualities as MIND, without having any reference to its *moral* attributes. It is not claimed that each one possesses that rare combination of mental properties which distinguishes the human species ; but merely that there is a similitude in the intellectual operation of memory, in men and in animals ; the same of abstrac-

\* The term 'Animals' will be confined to orders below Man.

tion, of imagination, and of reason or judgment, though possessed among all in different degrees, and under different modifications.

The word *Instinct* is employed to designate the exhibitions of animal nature in their endless varieties. It is a principle which performs the same office in regulating their conduct, that the mind of man does in directing his. It is usually defined, an inward persuasion, a spontaneous impulse, prompting animals to provide for their safety, and administer to their wants; but in certain cases the term has been ennobled by the substitution of sagacity, intelligence, cunning, when the gleamings of intelligence have been too certain to be misunderstood. The truth is, as of the human mind, we know nothing of its essence, of its ultimate nature; and our investigations, as in mind, must be limited to a knowledge of its properties or qualities.

This inquiry, then, will be confined to the intellectual qualities of Instinct; and if, from facts carefully examined, it can be deduced that an animal remembers, we must from necessity concede to his instinct the quality of memory; or if he exhibit an exact knowledge of means and their end, by applying the means to effect the end, we must attribute to his instinct the quality of judging; and the same of other instinctive operations.

It is important for even a tolerable elucidation of this subject, to present the utmost number of ways in which the manifestations of instinct are analogous to the manifestations of mind, as exhibited by the human race; and in doing this, no apology is deemed necessary for the introduction of numerous instances from Natural History, and from common observation.

#### I. OF THE MEMORY OF THE PRINCIPLE CALLED INSTINCT.

**ILLUSTRATIONS.**—In autumn, says HUBER, honey has been placed in a window, where the bees resorted to it in multitudes. It was removed, and the shutters closed during winter; but when opened again on the return of Spring, the bees came back, though no honey remained; undoubtedly they remembered it; therefore an interval of several weeks did not obliterate the impression they had received.—*Selections from Em. Nat's, but entitled Buffon's Nat. Hist., Vide V., 137.*

A sailor who had been strolling round Wombwell's menagerie, loitering here and there to identify some of the animals with those he had seen in far distant climes, was attracted by the strange noise of a tiger, who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack sought the keeper, to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which became more boisterous the nearer he approached the animal. The keeper replied that the behavior of the tiger indicated either that he was vastly pleased, or annoyed; upon this the sailor again approached the den, and after gazing at the animal a few moments, during which he became frantic with seeming rage, discovered him to be the same animal brought to England under the special care of the weather-beaten tar. Jack was now as delighted as it appeared the tiger was in recognizing his old friend, and he desired to enter the den, for the purpose as he said of 'shaking a fist' with the beautiful animal. The iron door was opened, and Jack was permitted to enter. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the creature appeared almost insupportable.—*London Journal. Buff., II., 88, a like case.*

A dog one afternoon was passing through a field near Dartmouth, England, where a washer-woman had hung her linen to dry. He stopped and surveyed one particular shirt with attention; then seizing it, he dragged it away through the dirt to his master, whose shirt it proved to be.—*Buff., I., 290.*

Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, having dismissed the keeper of one of his elephants, the animal refused obedience to any other, and finally escaped to the wild herd. Ten years afterward the old keeper of the elephant found him in a keddah, and he instantly submitted himself to him.—*Buff., N. H., II., 190.*

We need seek no clearer evidence of memory in its purest sense, than these instances afford. They are the strong arguments of fact, and need but a momentary examination. Instances however can

be found, in which the memory of instinct is even more powerful and retentive than the memory of mind. The homeward flight of the carrier-pigeon is a consecutive remembrance of places; and who, unaided, could retrace his steps for hundreds of miles, after one outward passage? Instances of local memory are familiar to all. The fox remembers his burrow; the bird her nest; the bee its hive; for, if they did not recall the fact of having occupied these places before, they would be found as frequently in the burrow or hive of another as their own; whereas common observation teaches the contrary. The parrot also, and the jay, have been noted for their memory. The cat and the pet sheep distinguish their favorite in the family from day to day; while the dog welcomes the return of his master with manifestations of remembrance as conclusive as the remembrance of the child or the wife.

Our knowledge of the qualities of instinct is derived from actions only; of mind, from words and actions. But these qualities can be inferred as legitimately from the latter, under proper restrictions, as from both; and if we should investigate the properties of mind from the actions of men exclusively, we could not arrive at them with any greater certainty than we can at the properties of instinct.

From the above illustrations, (if they were needed,) the conclusion is irresistible, that Instinct remembers; and all the phenomena of this memory are identical, both in analysis and synthesis, with the phenomena of memory in the human mind. No shade of distinction can be taken, except it be in the degree of strength; and on these terms, while the mass of animals would fall below man, some would rise above him.

## II. OF THE PROCESS OF ABSTRACTION BY INSTINCT.

**ILLUSTRATIONS.**—The beavers begin to assemble in the month of June or July, in order to form a society, which is to continue for the greatest part of the year. They arrive in numbers from every side, and presently form a company of two or three hundred. The place of meeting is commonly the place where they fix their abode, and this is always by the side of some lake or river; if it be a running stream, which is subject to floods and falls, they then set about building a dam, or pier that crosses the river, so as to form a dead water in that part which lies above and below. This dam or pier is often four-score or an hundred feet long, and ten or twelve feet thick at the base: the part of the river over which this dam is usually built, is where it is the most shallow, and where some great tree is found growing by the side of the stream. This they pitch upon as proper for making the principal part in their building; and though it is often thicker than a man's body, they yet instantly set about gnawing it down.—*Buff.*, II., 24. **NOTE.**—This is fallen across the stream. They then sharpen stakes, and fix them in the bed of the stream, the upper end resting against the tree.

The fox usually digs his hole in the edge of a wood, or the side of a bank; and in the vicinity of a farm-house. He chooses a dry and secluded spot, preferring a sandy soil.

The tigress, to oppose the daring invaders of her den, braves every danger. On such occasions she pursues the spoiler with an enmity the most inveterate; and he, contented to lose a part in order to save a part, is frequently obliged to drop one of her cubs. With this she immediately returns to her den, and again pursues him; he then drops another; and by the time she has returned with that, he generally escapes with the remainder.—*Buff.*, II., 81.

By the process of abstraction, facts are separated from their original relations, and some of them contemplated apart from the rest. For example: a stream is considered with reference to its width, depth, and rapidity, or rather each property in its turn. In the familiar instance of the fox, we invariably find his burrow in a dry and secluded place; and in a sandy or earthy soil, unless it be in natural crevices. From these facts the inference necessarily results,

that he had examined the location with reference to each of these requisites separately; unless instinct can entertain two questions at the same instant, which is above the power of mind; otherwise, his habitation being destitute of one of these essentials, would be useless, and the poor fox be doomed to toil in blind experiment, until chance directed him to a place which combined these and numerous other elements of convenience which the dainty creature might desire, and of which we can have no knowledge.

The beaver, in selecting a site for his dam, furnishes a stronger and more interesting specimen of the abstract reasoning of instinct. The depth, width, and rapidity of the stream; banks sufficiently high to prevent an overflow; the tree upon its edge; the vicinity of food, and materials for their work; all these are to be considered in turn; and if any of these requisites are deficient, a new place must be sought. If instinct proceeded at random, the multitude of disadvantages would preclude success; their labors might be cast away upon a stream too deep and rapid, or too wide, or in a barren region. But it is asserted that instinct spontaneously impels all animals to the end they seek; than which nothing can be more irrational. It is endowing them with a principle which leads unerringly to results that man might fail to ascertain by the aid of science. It is in effect endowing them with a principle higher than mind; partaking something of *DEITY* itself. When man's attention has been arrested by their ingenuity or intelligence, he has passed them over as the workings of mysterious instinct; and indifference has led him into such absurdities. We have seen, on the authority of naturalists, that the beaver's dam is always found at a place which furnishes certain natural advantages. Let us now institute a comparison. A student wishes to study Algebra; we next see him with a slate, algebra, and pencil in hand. The three, with reference to the end designed, make but one object or means; and the inference is natural, that he had abstractly considered the office and necessity of each. On the other hand, the beavers announce their intention of building a dam, by assembling in June and forming a company. We next see them cutting a tree to fall across the creek. The tree, and the width, depth, and nature of the bed of the stream, make but one object or means, as in the other case; and the inference is equally natural and necessary, that they had abstractly considered these elements of fitness, before they selected this particular site, in preference to another.

Comparison is also involved in this selection of a place; and in the execution of the work, reasoning upon the relations of things, as distinguished from a consecutive consideration of their properties. Figure, motion, rest, space, and number are abstract terms. A case in number only has been referred to. It would be a singular supposition, that the dam did not know the number of her offspring, if the proof, from the well-known habits of the tigress, could not be furnished.

Again: the eagle builds her nest on the most rugged cliff, and in a region scarcely inhabited by man, her only formidable enemy.



She might find a lofty cliff, with the plains below teeming with population, or an uninhabited region without a cliff; neither of which would answer; and to determine whether a given place combined these requisites of safety, she must consider it with reference to each of these properties separately; which would be the simple process of abstraction. The arrangement of objects into genera and species being a higher process, and the useful result of abstraction, the inquiry might be extended to ascertain, if possible, whether animals ever exhibit such classification in practice.

It is a matter of common observation, that the fox in his excursion will run through a flock of sheep, among cattle, or swine, or birds; but the human species, of whatever sex or age, and dogs, of whatever size or variety, he never approaches; and if he suddenly encounters either, he turns with alarm. By this it appears that he attributes hostility of feeling to the human family; and a disposition not very amiable to the canine species, his hereditary enemy. But horses, sheep, and oxen he considers inoffensive, and trusts himself freely among them.

Judging from actions, (to which we are confined,) the manifestations of instinct in the cases cited, are exactly analogous to the manifestations of mind, under similar circumstances; and had man exhibited such conduct, we should without hesitation pronounce it the consequence of abstract consideration. Now, since we know nothing of the ultimate nature of mind, or of instinct, and hence cannot establish a fundamental distinction between them; and since the manifestations of both are alike, in view of similar premises; it follows, that we can no more deny the quality of abstraction to one than to the other.

### III. OF THE IMAGINATION OF THE PRINCIPLE CALLED INSTINCT.

IMAGINATION is regarded as one of the highest of the mental faculties; but since it is manifested in thought rather than in actions, an additional difficulty is presented of discovering the exhibitions of this quality, by animals. It will therefore be a doubtful undertaking, to furnish proof that instinct is endued with this creative ability 'to fabricate images of things that have no existence;' and an approximation only can be expected.

The young dog exhibits his native fierceness while shaking a stick; does he not for the time raise an image of some other animal with whose properties he invests it? The same of a cat, while in the act of crouching and springing to seize a pebble. On a kindred principle, the mere boy rides his willow pony, and the infant Miss hushes her doll to sleep.

The proximate causes of playfulness in youth are the pictures raised in the mind by the fancy or imagination. This faculty, says Kaimes, 'is the great instrument of recreation.' The mind is exhilarated by the cheerfulness with which surrounding objects have been invested by its touch; and the sports of childhood, together with the gayety of youth, are mainly referable to its activity. It is not uncommon to discover the boy and his spaniel

at play with a ball as a go-between. The beautiful animal, with open mouth, pricked up ear, and eyes sparkling with vivacity, now eagerly watches every motion of the ball, and of his play-mate, and now seeks for either or both, in their hiding-place. It would be difficult to determine from their actions, which exhibited the quickest perception, the most ingenuity, or the most ardent relish for the amusement. A similar playfulness is seen in most young animals. The manifestations are alike in both; hence the causes cannot be very diverse.

The birds of the air constantly change their habitations in the same latitude, as well as migrate from South to North, and back again. If they did not picture to themselves images of other regions, more beautiful, more abundantly supplied with the means of subsistence, and more agreeable in climate, where is the motive to change? Hunger with them is a motive to exertion, and danger, to flight; but they could have no conception of another place, unless by imagination they might, from the scenes around them, picture another, with more of such parts as were desirable, and less of such as were not; and this would be an inducement to depart; but if they could picture no such prospect, the principle of self-preservation would prompt them to remain. To fabricate such a picture is the exact office of Imagination, and is its best definition.

A bright and still summer morning fills the mind with pleasant images, and the effect is cheerful looks and conduct. The matter-of-fact man, however, with little imagination, would be indifferent; while the poet would surrender himself to the inspiration of the scene. The birds also 'sing out their thankfulness,' and express enjoyment of the scene, by their merry notes. The very formation of song seems to be an imaginative art. On the other hand, a dull morning not only hushes the vocalist of the grove, but fills the mind with unpleasant reflections. And as Imagination 'bodies forth the forms of things unknown,' we are seized with uneasiness, and perhaps with melancholy.

Animals are known to dream, from physical indications during sleep, especially the dog. We see him agitated in every limb, and uttering low, angry growls. He sees nothing in reality; but the imagination must have created images in his instinct of real scenes, probably of conflict, as his movements would lead us to infer. The fact that some animals dream is as well understood as that the phenomena of dreaming are treated in intellectual philosophy as some of the singular results of our mental constitution.

We are forced to see the analogies between the manifestations of mind and of instinct; and any candid observer will find it as difficult to detect a distinction, (except in the degree of power,) as to prove that these analogies do not exist. The strong and uninterrupted current of analogies in animal life, also, which subsist between man and the various species of animals, furnishes an indirect support to the views hitherto advanced. They have the senses, natural affections, and propensities, in common with man. In some they excel. They are 'hurt by the same weapons, and

warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer.' They have also bone, muscle, and nerve; the vital fluid, and the organs of circulation, operating in such as possess them, on the same principles as in man. They have the brain; and so situated with reference to the organs of sense as to derive their knowledge of external objects by the same physical agencies that he does. They experience hunger and thirst, pleasure and pain; and some of them exhibit courage and fear; pride, anger, envy, jealousy, and hatred: others,

'Attachment never to be weaned or changed  
By any change of fortune: proof alike  
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;  
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small  
And trivial favors, lasting as the life.'

The existence of these functions, properties, appetites, and passions is freely admitted; the proof being drawn from physiology on the one part, and their actions on the other; and yet it is as evident, and as easy to prove, that an animal remembers as that he hears; that he exercises reason in given cases, as that he sees; and as easy that he has imagination, as that a majority of the human race possess it, seeking for the proof in their actions exclusively.

Let us now consider for a moment the manner in which a knowledge of external objects is attained. The eye is directed, for example, to a dangerous animal. Its image is imprinted upon the retina of the eye; and this impression having been conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, which is the organ of the mind, the mind has then a perception of the animal; upon this perception, reflection ensues; of its power to destroy; its menacing attitude; the necessity and means of escape. A dog likewise directs his eye to the same animal; an image is formed upon the retina of his eye, and this being conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain, which, by parity of reason, is the organ of the principle called instinct; instinct also has a perception of the animal. The modes thus far are perfectly analogous; but here inquiry has rested; and man absolutely denied that instinct could make a rational use of the perception, which he could not deny it had obtained. He did not or would not reflect, that if the DEITY had bestowed upon animals an eye of wonderful mechanism like his own; an optic nerve and brain, and a principle to take knowledge of impressions conveyed to it by the organs of vision; together with all the other senses requisite for perception; some of them most delicate, others most powerful; there was no reason why he should render them nugatory by denying to this principle the ability to reflect upon such perceptions and arrive at conclusions. He did not consider that the dog discovered the object in question to be dangerous as quick as he did; and exhibited this conclusion by fleeing as soon as he; but insisted, in the face of unyielding facts, that a blind, unfathomable impulse urged the creature to escape, while the man arrived at the same determination by a most simple process of reasoning.

In another and concluding number, the reason or judgment of the principle called Instinct will be considered at large.

## O C T O B E R .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'Twas robin and the wren are down, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.'

BRYANT.

## I.

WHERE is the summer-light? — alas!  
It shines upon the land no more;  
No leaf-shade spots the withered grass,  
No fountain sings upon the shore;  
Gone are the days of golden June,  
Gone her sweet dews at night-fall cool,  
And the young leaves that knew her moon,  
Float sere and reddened in the pool.

## II.

No spice-fed airs are here, to stir  
The flowers which they so lately fanned,  
No murmur but the wind-smote fir,  
Or ground-birds chirping on the sand;  
Too meekly brief was summer's light,  
Too fleetly sweet the tints she wore,  
Yet they are gone, and dusky night,  
And autumn, sadden hill and shore!

## III.

I heard a bird in yonder glen —  
It sang with all too gay a heart,  
For ere I sought the wild again,  
The cold had warned her to depart;  
Afar beyond the southern bound  
Where wind of autumn never grieves,  
She sings in some sweet isle, around  
Whose shore the soft blue ocean heaves.

## IV.

No snow-charged tempest there shall chide  
The forest by the silvery deep:  
No wintry whirlwind there shall ride,  
To break the sweet sea's summer sleep;  
Though cold and brief the northern day,  
The noon-tide lingers longest there,  
Merry with winds that fling the spray  
High in the fresh, brisk ocean air.

## V.

Leave me and the cold north forgot,  
While autumn paints the woods again,  
For sweeter than a fresher spot,  
Is the sad beauty of the glen!  
I'll gaze far through the thickening night  
While the leaves rustle o'er my head,  
Muse on the days which once were bright —  
Feel that they all are cold and dead!



in land, which enabled him to smoke his pipe at the ale-house in a very leisurely way ; and here perhaps he laid the foundation of his influence, by the fascination of his social powers, his practical democracy, his cordial familiarity, and his uniform system of *treating* all alike. He slurred over his ignorance very handsomely by being fluent on all public topics, and by a display of what his fellow-citizens denominated 'good common sense.' Such was the '*Influential Man*.'

Quog was a maritime place, at least pretty near to the salt-meadows on Long Island, and carried on a vigorous trade in clams, eels, cockles, horse-feet, fish of various kinds, and wild duck. The inhabitants were unlearned, and so were their ancestors before them, down to the first settlement. There was no occasion for this ; they might have been highly educated to a man, had they desired learning, and that too without money and without price. There was a source of revenue among them, which could be instantly developed, richer than could be derived from creeks, bays, and fishing-grounds in a century. They might have varied the intervals of toil with the delight of books, whereas in the existing state of things there was not so much as a bible or an almanac to be found along the whole shore. Some philanthropists in a remote part of the town undertook to abate this ignorance, and to make the people of Quog wise. These however resented this meddling impudence with great fury, and raised up such a storm of prejudice and bad feeling as had never been known to rage within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It was a very dangerous experiment on the part of the minority ; the 'judicious Hookers' among them were fain to acknowledge that the attempt was ill-judged and premature. There were town-lands belonging to the town of Quog to the amount of some thousand acres, lying in their state of natural wildness, without fence, but capable of producing good crops, and being richly cultivated. From so much waste ground but a small and partial benefit fell to the share of each inhabitant. The imagination of the philanthropist loved to picture those extensive plains, which now stretched as far as the eye could reach, without tree or shrub, in one melancholy extent of barrenness, converted into rich farms, covered with waving harvests, and giving sustenance to men inured to the noblest of all labor, the culture of the soil. There was now indeed one pleasing, picturesque sight, of which the eye never wearied ; multitudes of cattle, dotting the plain in large companies, quietly grazing, or standing in reflective attitudes, almost as if they were painted on the canvass. Seen at a little distance, on the naked plain, and relieved by no near object, these variegated groups would cause the eye which loves the beautiful or picturesque to dance with rapture. The air of quietude and repose diffused over these dumb creatures, recalls to the mind every picture of rural happiness, the fondest we have conceived in dreams, or read of in the lucubrations of the poets.

It was desirable to dispose of these lands for a moderate price, and convert the revenue into a fund for the education of every child

in the town of Quog. There were a few who had long anxiously reflected on this subject, and brought every plausible argument to bear upon the inhabitants. They should relinquish no privilege, they should reap inconceivable advantages for themselves and their posterity, and education should shed down its blessings upon all; in short, nobody could foresee what a revolution would take place among the people of Quog, if they would but sell the town-lands. There was no use however of stirring up the matter. Uncle Billy said it should not be done; no, never, *never*, while his head was above ground; and 'if he *said* so, it would have to be so.'

Years passed away, and still the light of education had never dawned on that benighted people. They were yet addicted to their old pursuits, spending most of the time in taking eels and clams, and seemed not to have a single wish beyond satisfying their present hunger. They sent their cows to pasture on the great plains; and this was a heritage which their fathers enjoyed, and which, in spite of all modern reform, they meant to transmit undiminished to their children. Mr. William Pine grew fonder of the bottle as he grew older, and was held in more affectionate respect. He threw out his disjointed philosophy with a most unstudied air, during the interval of his whiffs; and whether on general politics, or local measures, his sentiments crept abroad, and formed a standard of opinion for the whole town of Quog. So subtle a thing is *influence*. It is not riches, it is not talent, it is not eloquence; it is the *je ne sais quoi*.

At last the reform party, who had kept quiet a good while, with a forlorn hope of a better state of things, expecting moreover in the course of nature that it would please divine Providence to remove out of this mortal life their obdurate neighbor, began with a very cautious foot to stir up the old project of selling the town-lands. They talked very indefatigably, but in a gentle, subdued tone, with all their neighbors, smoothing down their asperities of temper, and presenting the subject in a great many plausible lights. Nor did their labor seem wholly in vain. Those who listened urged nothing in reply, and were even willing to acknowledge that what they had stated 'was all well enough.' These good reformers persevered in their peripatetic philosophy, and even flattered themselves that they had obtained a good position, and had got a lever adjusted with which they would move the mountain of old prejudice, and get rid of that terrible stumbling-block in the way of all good measures, that blind and ignorant, but *influential* old man!

The crisis had now come, when, according to their judgment, it would be judicious to bring into play their new strength, and test the whole matter by a public vote at the next meeting of the town. In the mean time, they spared no pains to seek out the most violent opposers, to reason with them emolliently; and to spread out, simplify, and explain the subject to those of extreme stupidity. At last a great many said that they were well enough satisfied, and 'thought it like enough that they would vote for the measure.' The 'friends of education' held a caucus, which was attended with great animation and rubbing of hands. A committee, appointed for the pur-

pose, presented the draught of a school-house on an improved plan. Public opinion seemed to have become so leavened by these new and enlightened views, as to leave scarcely a single doubt of the most unqualified success. One could mention three or four who were wavering; another a half a dozen who had made up their minds; another a dozen who declared expressly that they would vote for the measure. All this diffused encouraging smiles over the faces of the members, and led many of them to declare boldly that they could have carried their point some years ago, if they had only thought so; that it only required tact, management, and perseverance; and that they had vastly overrated the importance of the Influential Man.

What had hitherto produced as much popular effect as any thing at the town-meetings, was a patriotic song, composed by Uncle Billy Pine, which will serve to show the literature of Quog, and which was frequently sung with great zest, and an overpowering chorus:

'So when the Session it came around,  
All for to make laws for our town,  
We made our laws, and thus did say,  
You shall not take our common rights away:  
Ti de id lo, ti de a!  
You shall not take our common rights away.

'Now gentlemen, we are in duty bound,  
To support the common rights of old Quog town;  
And this we will do until doom's-day,  
For we will not give our rights away.  
Ti de id lo, ti de a!  
For we will never give our rights away!'

The jingle of the above song, which consisted of a good many verses, and which was thoroughly learned by all the population of Quog, still sounded in the ears of the 'friends of education,' and they sincerely hoped that by the time of the approaching contest it would be forgotten.

The day at last arrived, the important day, and the townsmen, for want of a better covering, were assembled to vote beneath the open sky. The reform party were there in full force, and with an adequate degree of spirits. When other business had been transacted, the chairman said:

'Gentlemen, it is proposed to sell the town-lands; those who are in favor of this measure, will please signify it by holding up their hands.'

Then it was that the orator of the above party, being loudly called upon, spoke out. He was a thin-faced man, pale and agitated with the importance of his message, which he desired to present in the most translucent way; for he knew the benefits of education, having come to that benighted region from the very heart of New-England, where its blessings are as free as air. 'My respected friends,' said he, 'we want you all to be satisfied in your own minds. It doos seem to be a pity that all this land should lie idle, when you might just as well sell it for thousands of dollars, and have the money in your own pockets; or what is a great deal better, edicate



your children with it. Just kēount up what it would come to, if there's any of you acquainted with arithmetic, and you'll find there's plenty, kalkalating only the interest, for all purposes of eddication. And what good do you gēit ēout of it nēow? Why every man sends his kēow to pastur', and it's mighty *poor* pastur', that's a fact. (*Cheers.*) Wal, I s'pose some folks will say the poor man and the rich man get served both alike, for when the mashies are mowed, both have the same right. That is n't so, my respected friends. For the rich man can afford to send four times as many hands, and carry off four times as much hay. (*Cheers.*) Now the time doos seem to be come to remedy this evil, and to get a fair distribution of the proceeds. We do n't *want* to 'take your rights away,' my christian friends; we want to give every man his *own* rights. I've got reason to think that many of you look at this matter in the right light, sence it's been set before you, and made all plain; and this speaks much for that wonderful nat'ral-born intelligence which is common to the people of Quog. (*Cheers.*) *Nēow* is the time to decide this matter; that's the only fault, that you 've been a-thinkin' about it too long; but my friends, you can make up for lost time; put your shoulder to the wheel, and whatever you do, do it nēow! *nēow! nēow!*

This praiseworthy speech produced considerable sensation on the ground. One said it was reasonable enough; another said he could n't pick any flaw in what the speaker had set forth; another declared he was a smart man. In short, a very general buzz of approbation ran through the assembly; and the slow dawn of intelligence beginning to break gradually over the faces of those present, gave evidence that 'the cause' had never before made such a long stride in the town of Quog. The question was now about to be taken, when somebody requested the chairman to 'hold on a minute; it was well enough to hear all sides first; and may be Uncle Billy had got a word to say.' The reform party looked a little frightened, as they had augured very favorably from not having discovered the 'Influential Man' upon the ground. He had only retired to the bar-room, however, and held himself in readiness as soon as the proper moment should arrive. He now edged his way up to the tribune, with a smiling, rubicund face, and swinging his hat around, 'Boys,' said he, with a gay, familiar tone, 'do n't you hold up your hands for no such thing. Now you've got something to give to your children when you die, and they can't spend it, nor run away with it. Let the aristocrats get hold of the money, and they'll put it into their pockets, and then see where you'll be; the plains, mashies, money, all gone. That aint all. The next thing they'll do will be to sell your fishing-privileges; (*great excitement*;) and when you go upon the grounds you'll be druv off. What'll you do then? No clammin', no eelin', and no pastur' to feed your cow onto. That's what it'll nat'rally lead to. Now you see, I'm an old man, and know how these things work; but by ——! I won't stand by, not while my gray hairs is above ground, and see your rights taken away. So hold on to your rights, boys! hold on to your rights!'

A shout arose, a triumphant shout, from the whole mass, the above Doric eloquence having turned them completely about. Who would have thought that the aspect of things could become so changed? But this comes of having the last word. Pleasant smiles were diffused over the face of Uncle Billy; and the meeting being now ripe for the question, it was put, and the inhabitants, as it were with one voice, decided that the town-lands should remain 'just as they were.' The philanthropists departed from the ground wofully chap-fallen, amid the jeers and calumniations of the crowd; and the old chorus met their ears from the tavern-doors and windows as they passed:

'I HEARD a song the other day,  
Made in old Quog, as they do say,  
And all the tune that they could play,  
Was to take our common rights away.  
Ti de id lo, ti de a!  
To take our common rights away!'

It is a good maxim never to despair; and perseverance in a just cause will at last accomplish its most difficult ends. For the present generation it is to be feared that nothing can be done. Their case is indeed peculiar. They never will sell the town-lands until they get education, and they never will get education until they sell the town-lands. Thus the matter stands; and it grieves me to say, in conclusion, that never was the pall of ignorance more dark than that which hangs at this moment over the benighted regions of Quog.

F. W. S.

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## T H E   B R O K E N   V O W .

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— 'Sue was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all.'

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He has learned a sad lesson! he trusted away  
A heart that loved wildly, but oh! how sincere!  
He deemed that such happiness could not decay,  
But the full-flowing fountain has shrunk to a tear.

He thought that the sun, which at morn shone so bright,  
Would surely shine on, till the star-light appeared;  
But sorrow came down on the cold wings of night,  
And all his best feelings were trampled and seared.

The being he worshipped, as angels adore,  
The bird he had nestled so close to his heart,  
That one! oh, no other can ever restore  
The joys of his Eden; from her he must part!

He must strive to forget her, and never again  
Send a dove to the world with the hope of return;  
He must close every portal but sighing and pain,  
In a bosom that sorrow can never unlearn.

J. T. F.

*Boston, Oct., 1843.*

## CHRONICLES OF THE PAST.

## NUMBER TWO.

THE application of names to places is often a matter of mere fancy, without a semblance of appropriateness. The belligerent little State of Rhode-Island, for example, bears no more likeness to the Isle of Rhodes, from which it takes its name, than does a West Indian war-club to the queue of a Chinese mandarin. The Bay State is no more the State possessing a bay, than are half the sea-board States in the Union; nor has Connecticut any more claim to the river which enriches her meadows, nor Vermont to the green-sward of her hills, than has Massachusetts to the one, or Western Virginia to the other. Far more mal-apropos, however, than all we have mentioned, is the application of *palmetto* to the chivalrous land of nullification, since neither on upland nor lowland, rice-field nor cotton-field, saving only the dwarf specimens upon the sand-banks of Sullivan's Island, is that fantastic tree of the tropics to be found any where within the State. In truth, as a general thing, there is neither character nor cleverness in the application of names to places; and he who should form his notions of the different sections of our country from the appellations they have received, would be much in the condition of Bossuet's student of history, who had taken for his text-books Gulliver's Voyages and Rabelais's Pantagruel.

There is, however, *one* notable exception to the general fact. New-Hampshire is rightly and truly designated the Granite State. Not only in the bare sides of her stupendous mountains, and the broad bases of her rugged hills, does she partake largely of this firm conglomerate, but in her people also she seems to have compounded no small share of the hard material. Stern, unbending, indomitable, with physical frames like the gnarled oak, and characters rough as the huge boulders upon her soil, New-Hampshire may boast a race of men unequalled for energy and endurance by any other in the world. It would seem as if the old Saxon legend, which makes Tor, the war-god, hew the first man, with hammer and chisel, out of a block of stone, and give him life with a flash of lightning, were fully verified in these hardy sons of the mountains; for they are almost literally men of granite, with electric spirits. It has been my fortune, in a not uneventful life, to have travelled over many portions of the world's surface, and to have seen much of human manners and character; and I can truly say that I have always returned to the barren soil of New-Hampshire with a higher respect and a warmer love for the rude virtues of her sons; and it is now my firm belief, should the day ever come, which may Heaven avert! when dissensions will rend asunder that great charter of our freedom, the

Constitution, that Liberty, like the bird we have chosen for her emblem, scared from her resting-place in the capitol, would find her last and secure home among the dwellers on the hill-sides of the Granite State.

This is not equally true, however, of every portion of New-Hampshire. Along the southern borders of her territory the spindle and shuttle have introduced a race who are strangers to the simple virtues of her husbandmen; so that even they, tempted by the lucre of gain, have sadly fallen from the primitive plainness which was once their most enviable characteristic. Neither upon the rich intervals of the Connecticut, where wealth comes unattended by her handmaid labor, will you find the true specimens of her stalwart yeomanry. It is in the distant up-country only, among the townships far removed from the bustle of the manufactory and the crowd of the market-place, that the rough husbandmen of the hard soil, the sterling democracy of our degenerate age, are to be sought and known. There they dwell, the honest country-folk of by-gone days, undisturbed by the changes which time brings over other portions of the world, contented lords of the heritage of their fathers.

Whether it is to be attributed to some peculiarities of climate or of soil, or to some one of those other thousand influences which are ever operating upon the physical frame, it is certain that the maximum of bodily size and human life, over a considerable portion of the Granite State, is at a higher standard than in any other part of our country. It is capable of being demonstrated by the student of history, that more of pure, unadulterated Saxon blood runs in the veins of the backwoodsmen of New-Hampshire, than in any other class of our people; but whether this has any thing to do with the fact we have stated, cannot of course be determined. That fact, however, is established beyond a doubt; and he who would see a peasantry of sturdier frames and greater age than is to be found elsewhere in the whole world, may find them scattered over the rough soil and along the narrow valleys of the White Mountains. Six feet in height, and one hundred and sixty pounds in weight, make elsewhere a man above the customary standard; but in New-Hampshire scores of young men, from six feet two inches to six feet five, and weighing a hundred and ninety pounds, never deem themselves above the ordinary size. I have in my mind's eye at this moment ten young men, who would weigh two hundred pounds, *without a single ounce of surplus flesh*, and I doubt not thousands over the State could be found to match them in every way.

The portion of the State of which this is peculiarly true, lies north of the Winnepisseogee lake. It is a country of all others most uninviting to the farmer, and one wonders what could have tempted its first settlers to have selected it as a home. Huge rocks, tumbled from the mountains, lie thickly scattered over the tillage-ground and pastures; ledges, bare or covered with dark green moss, run for miles often through farms and homesteads; precipitous banks and abrupt precipices swell and break over the whole landscape; and the entire country is ploughed with deep ravines, and barren with a

scanty soil, beyond what any description can convey. To the lover of nature, indeed, it is a country full of beauty. Those old hills, black with forests of Norway pine, lying like the sleeping guardians of the beautiful lake by their side; and those rustic cottages, scattered along the narrow valley which the retreating waters have left between themselves and the mountains; and finer than all, the numerous water-falls that leap and dash and gurgle onward over scaur and precipice and wooded cliff toward the Winnepisseogee, which seems waiting like some gentle mother to welcome her joyous children to her bosom; are well worth the journey of many a long mile to the scenery-loving tourist. But the people are poor. Toiling from year to year with unceasing industry, they gain from the hard soil a bare livelihood, from youth to old age. Happy indeed in their poverty; contented, unaspiring, and satisfied if the last days of December shall find them no poorer than they commenced the year, and the produce of the farm has proved sufficient to pay the tax of poll and parsonage, and yield a sufficiency for the winter's store.

The features of the country strike the eye accustomed to a more dense population as singularly unique. One may travel those roads, winding through the mountain passes and along the high palisades, for days, and see neither village nor hamlet, nothing indeed but the low, unpainted houses, sometimes prettily covered with jessamine and ivy, but more often bare of all taste or adornment, saving the solitary lilac-trees which stand in the corners of the court-yards, or the old scented thorn-bushes by the side of the door. Looking down sometimes from an elevation he has gained, they seem to the traveller, those cottages, like martins' nests, dotting the curving shores of some beautiful bay; and again from some deep ravine, they appear like fairy domicils, perched high on the cliffs and ramparts of the mountains. Interspersed in every few miles are the district school-houses and the parish churches, the one almost invariably standing upon the fork of two or more roads, and the other crowning the summit of the highest hill attainable by horse and vehicle. And then the country tavern, whose long shed and sanded hall give surety to the stranger and his beast of a comfortable noon-tide baiting; or, in the more solitary townships, where the places of entertainment are few and far between, the quiet nook by the forest road-side, where the dipper hangs beside the overflowing water-trough, and the guide-board measures out the long miles between him and his evening resting-place; each and all objects of pleasant recollection to the traveller, as he muses upon his journeyings in after life.

The effect of a mountain atmosphere upon the health and spirits of mankind has long been known to the medical faculty, and has been treated of by its most distinguished writers. Its equal tendency to the extension of human life, however, naturally as it seems to follow from the other, has been entirely overlooked. And yet this is as capable of satisfactory demonstration as any fact connected with the animal economy. Nor is this the only fact of interest in

regard to this subject, which presents itself to the attentive and accurate observer. It is also capable of proof, that up to a certain distance from the equator, the length of life increases in a steady ratio with the degrees of latitude. In some recent statistics which have been carefully taken, and which upon their completion will be given to the world, it has been ascertained that the average length of human life is thirteen per cent. greater in the mountain districts of New-Hampshire than it is upon the sea-board country of Massachusetts or Maine; fourteen per cent. greater than in New-York or Pennsylvania; seventeen per cent. greater than in Virginia; and twenty-two per cent. greater than in any State south of the parallel of thirty-five degrees. There are indeed other causes to be taken into the account, to which we cannot now refer, which are every where recognized as having an important influence upon the *physique*, if not indeed upon the *morale*, of the human race. But entirely aside from these, the principle of an increasing age directly following a diminishing temperature, can be most satisfactorily shown; so that the rough mountaineer of New-Hampshire has as much right to calculate upon the good old age of eighty-six, as has the lordly planter of the Sea Islands to the premature decrepitude of three-score.

This extreme old age to which the agriculturalists of New-Hampshire attain, is perceptible to the most casual observer. Over the whole country we have described, evidences of the truth of this force themselves upon his attention, wherever he goes. The old man of seventy-five years still mows his swath in the summer, and bends his sickle in the autumn, with the elastic vigor of the prime of manhood. The barn rings with the heavy strokes of the flail, swung in alternate succession by the veteran and his grandson. The cozy couple, who could tell you stories of their own experience in revolutionary days, ride each Sabbath morning side by side upon the pillioned saddle to the house of God. The simple head-stones in the church-yard also, though they may often record the premature decay of some bright blossom of the social circle, more frequently point out the resting-places of those who were gathered to their graves like the shock of corn that cometh in in its season. In the town of Moultonborough, for example, where the population scarcely reaches to thirteen hundred souls, no less than forty-four persons have died since 1833, *whose average ages were ninety-eight years*. Of these forty-four, twenty-six had exceeded a century, and the youngest of the band was cut off at the premature age of eighty-seven. 'Think of that, Master Brook!' But the oldest of the group, he who was for many years the banner-veteran of our worthies, and whose memory, we opine, will still be foremost for many years to come; he, our hearty Scotchman, whose monument rises by the church-yard gate, he, unshrinking, undismayed, stood erect under the accumulated weight of *six score and seven full-told years!*

Brave old DONALD McNAUGHTON! thrice honored be thy memory! Year after year didst thou live on in the very greenness of decrepitude; and though old Time filched one by one the glories of thy

manhood, it mattered little, so long as listeners would come to thy long stories of the feats of daring at Louisburg and the Plains of Abraham! Thou type of graceful covetousness, thou realization of penurious modesty, it irks me to think that thou, at the last, malgré thy unwearied care and long delay, shouldst have been forced to pass the Lethean stream in leaky Stygian wherry! But Death took thee unawares; and he whom thou hadst so long defied, impatient of the delay, and distrusting perchance his skill to meet thee in open day, stole upon thee in thy midnight slumbers, and carried thee, a poor forked shape, unresisting because unconscious, to the pale kingdom.

The history of Donald McNaughton's life would be replete with worldly wisdom. Commencing life a 'puir bairn,' to use his own phrase, though at the time to which he alluded he must well-nigh have completed his fiftieth year, by unremitted industry and careful economy he amassed a fortune, remarkable in a new and unproductive country. Up to his one hundredth year he labored daily in the field, and his best workmen could seldom surpass him in the amount of labor. Even at that age it was not the decrepitude of years but of an accidental injury, which laid the old man by, and to the very day of his confinement, which preceded his death but a single week, he personally superintended all the business of his homestead. At the distant market-town in the coldest winter weather; at the polls on every day of election through the 'sleety dribble' and miry roads of earliest spring; at church and funeral, auction-sale and country gathering, he was ever the foremost man. Indeed in all matters, whether of state or church, public or private, he prided himself upon his superior sagacity; and not without reason. Shrewd, careful, far-sighted, firm in the tenacity with which he held, and cool in the manner with which he expressed, his opinions, he retained over three generations the undisputed sway of a superior man.

The secret of the great age to which he attained was in contravention of all the principles of dietetics. No man was ever more imprudent in his diet, or in his exposure to the weather. He was, however, habitually cheerful; a consequence rather than a cause of his continued healthfulness; and no war-worn hero ever better loved, by the fireside of the wintry night, or under the summer shade of his broad roof-tree, 'to count his scars, and tell what deeds were done,' than did old Scotch Donald. How well I remember the lighting up of his bright hazle eye as he would commence in his broad highland accent some tale of flood or field; and how readily we boys would quit the game of cricket or marbles, to listen to a story of the wars by old 'Gran'fth McNaughton!'

Nor was it in narrative alone that the old man excelled. No man better loved a ready joke, and no man better turned one, than did he. I remember a pedler one day riding up to his door, the poor beast he bestrode being laden from shoulder to haunch with the variety of wares which he had to dispose of. Greatly to our surprise, old Donald met him at the door with a most cheerful greet-

ing, for we well knew that pedlers were his utter abomination, and, offering him a chair, inquired what he had to sell. 'Oh, every thing, Sir; every thing,' replied he of the packs; 'ribbons, silks, calicoes, combs, thimbles, needles, scissors, gloves, belts, sewing-silk — every thing, Sir, every thing! What will you have?' 'Got any grind-stones?' asked the old man. 'Oh, no Sir, I came a horse-back.' '*Ah, I thought you came a foot!*' was the reply, uttered in a tone and manner that sent the poor hawker out at the door with a speed that no maledictions could have effected.

For many years Mr. McNaughton was the only justice of the peace in the town where he resided; and a history of the cases which came before him, and of his decisions thereupon, would furnish a new chapter in civil jurisprudence amusing enough. Whatever may have been the landmarks in law which influenced those decisions, it is certain that they generally gave satisfaction, and were considered by the parties in dispute as final beyond resort. Nothing gave the old man more satisfaction in his judicial capacity than to puzzle the lawyer, for we had but one in the county in those days, by the decisions he pronounced, and his frequent reply to the objections urged. 'So ye dinna ken my reasons, ye say, Mr. Bartlett, for the decision I mad' to-day? Weel, weel, I ken them mysel', an' that's a sufficient in the law, nae doubt!' became almost proverbial in the mouths of the people. I remember two men being brought before him upon a charge of stealing the poultry of a poor widow, who lived in the outskirts of the parish, for whose conviction, Esquire Bartlett, from some personal pique, had made extraordinary efforts. The men had been taken the night previous about ten o'clock, one in bed and asleep, the other sitting up by his kitchen fire. There was but little evidence of their guilt, and the advocate had to make the most of every circumstance, in order to show a semblance of justice in binding the men over for appearance at a higher tribunal. Of course the situation in which each was found was strongly insisted upon as a proof of guilt; and while one was awake at the dead of night, stung by remorse for his crimes beyond the power of sleep to quiet, the other was shown to be even more deep in iniquity, by the utter indifference he manifested in going to sleep upon his pillow, after the perpetration of the horrible deed. Without perceiving the inconsistency of the two parts of his argument, the lawyer rested his case, and waited for the decision, which the old justice was not slow in giving. Calling the two culprits before his chair, he arose and said: 'I dinna ken what lawyer Bartlett would ha'e a mon do, at ten o'clock at night. Gin he sits up by his fire, he is a rogue for sure; an' gin he gang to bed, he is nae honest mon! Here, you John Wilkins, you may gang free this time, only never let me hear you sitting up ayont ten at night again; and you, Sam Wilkins, you may gang free too, gin you promise ne'er to shut your e'en till eleven o'clock, whenever you rob a hen-roost!'

Although Donald McNaughton was the oldest man in the town, yet there was not after all that visible contrast between him and his



associates, which a stranger would have expected. At that day, the minister who sat above him in the pulpit, and who, though he did not preach, still deemed himself able to do so, and the deacon who administered the sacramental ordinance, were both nearly a century in age. Of the former, one of that staunch little band of clergymen, who, from the time the constitution was accepted up to the close of the administration of Jefferson, stood manfully on the democratic side, and lived, and preached, and prayed for the people's rights, we have many anecdotes to relate at another time. If any man ever deserved a record in the hearts of freemen, it was he, the faithful pastor, the unswerving champion of the truth; and though it is a long time since

‘ His labors all were done,  
And the work he loved the best,’

yet it is fitting to call up from the past the spirits of those who won for us the liberty we enjoy.

But the Deacon, good old Deacon Richardson, was in political sentiment, as in every thing else, the very antipodes of the minister. He too, however, was a veteran of the war of the Revolution; and the stories he told, though not equal in interest to the old Scotchman's, were yet not without their merit. Of his years, the Deacon was the most agile person I ever saw; and up to the age of ninety-four, would mount his horse, and ride over hill and dale to church or tavern, with the speed of a reckless plough-boy. Indeed he had a physical frame which seemed never to feel the effects of old age; one of those lean, tough, shrivelled bodies that wilt early, but decay late, and which, however seared by increasing winters, still cling to life, like the last leaf to the tree. At fifty years the good Deacon looked as old, and felt as old, as he did forty years after. Through Saratoga, and Monmouth, and Breed's Hill encounters, he had escaped unscathed; and but for the untoward fall of the last forest-tree he ever chopped, there was no reason apparent why he might not have lived through another century. Cheerful, merry, and frolicsome as a lamb at midsummer, the dapper little centenarian would frisk about among the matrons and spinsters at our country parties, like the licensed beau of a boarding-school. But with all his partialities for the sex, the Deacon was never married. Why this was so, no one could ever tell, unless, from a habit of stuttering, which nearly overcame him when he was embarrassed, he found it difficult to get out words enough for a proposal. And yet there were those among our lone damsels, who, one would have thought, would have eked out the sentence when it was once fairly begun, for the solitude of no man had ever more commiseration from the gentler sex than did his.

Speaking of the Deacon's stuttering habit of talking, reminds me of a reply he made to some brethren of the church, who had been deputed to converse with him upon his known disaffection to a new clergyman, whom the parish were about to settle. The *real* objection which he had to the minister was never known, but the *avowed*

one was the inferior mental endowments which the sermons he had preached showed him possessed of. This he urged upon the committee from the church, and this they in turn combated and denied. At last, finding the Deacon's objections to be indomitable, beyond the hope of removing, one of the brethren said: 'Well, Deacon Richardson, let us grant you all that you say, still I think you are wrong. We must not expect a man of first-rate abilities in our little congregation. We must be content with one of moderate talents. You know the Bible says, that 'one star differeth from another star in glory.'

'Humph!' replied the Deacon, 'I sh-sh-should n't care if you would give us a *st-st-star*, but we do-do-do n't want a *lightning-bug*!' The minister was settled over the flock, however, and the old man lived to overcome all his objections, despite his naturally obstinate disposition.

Although Deacon Richardson was possessed of many excellent traits of character, he was by nature rather inclined to an eager grasping after wealth, a disposition which his solitary state greatly confirmed and increased. For the last twenty years of his life the attainment of wealth seemed to be his ruling passion, and he went on, adding farm to farm, and mortgage to mortgage, until it began to be feared that he would live to gain possession of all the property in town. Apropos to this: I remember that a Methodist clergyman, who had spent the night at my father's house, addressed a little boy, (who happened to be passing while he was performing his ablutions at the 'sink' by the door,) and received his answers somewhat in this wise, greatly to the amusement of all within hearing:

MINISTER. Little boy, what is your name?

BOY. John, Sir.

MINISTER. John what?

BOY. John Berry, Sir.

MINISTER. Don't you think it is time for you to be thinking about your soul, my boy?

BOY. Sir?

MINISTER. Don't you think it is best for you to be making preparation for a future state? Is it not time for you to be thinking about *another world*?

BOY. Yes, Sir; I think it is time, for father says Deacon Richardson's *going to have all there is in this world*!

But the Deacon has long gone to his last home, and far be it from us to recall his foibles, 'or draw his frailties from their dread abode.' He did many a kindly act, and the blessing of the fatherless rested upon his head.

But we have wandered from our subject, and it is too late to resume it now. We believe there is much in that sterling democracy of New-Hampshire, much of real gold, though it lack the guinea's stamp, which has never been revealed to the world. Not only can all that we have claimed for the *physique* of those hardy yeoman be incontestably proven, but it can be shown with equal

clearness, that in intellectual endowments and moral qualities they are seldom equalled and never surpassed. And if, in some simple sketches of these people and their progenitors, we can illustrate a page in our national history which is yet unwritten; if we can impress upon our own age the worth of those who lived before us, not for themselves alone, but to achieve our independence; if we can show what they were who framed the charter of our freedom, and what they would be now in the agitations of this hurrying age, what they did and what they would have us do, our 'chronicles' will not have been written in vain.

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SUNDAY AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

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BY REV. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

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'Tis good for us to rest to-day,  
And keep the precept well;  
'Tis good in village church to pray,  
At warning of the bell.

'Tis good in fair and noble towns,  
By brilliant thousands trod,  
Or where the forests wear their crowns,  
To stay and worship God.

'Tis good upon the bounding seas  
To pray with soul and lip;  
God sees the sailor on his knees,  
Aboard the merchant ship.

And *here*, where our forefathers sleep,  
Who crossed of yore the waves,  
'Tis good the Sabbath day to keep  
Among their ancient graves.

'Tis good to dwell where they have dwelt;  
'Tis good a while to stay  
And pray at altars where they knelt,  
As they were wont to pray.

Though from our rites the thoughtful eye  
May wander where are seen  
The tokens of the dead that lie  
In ranks of summer green:

Who, while we wait upon the Lord,  
That blessings may distil,  
For us, their sons, keep watch and ward  
On yonder silent hill:

We (as did they) in pilgrimage  
Lean on these Sabbath hours;  
Theirs, in each past eventful stage,  
O present God, be ours!

## THE TOP OF NEW-YORK.

BY S. W. MANSFIELD.

THREE frosts in succession; and now, with extra flannels, a day that was omitted last summer is dropped down here by mistake; and nerves that were braced up to a fine tone collapse to a broken fiddle. Men rush at the soda-shops, looking daggers at each other, and women go careless of corsets, and showing their natural color. Coal falls off again; ice-creams go up; NIBLO has another 'crack night;' the beggars are happy, and so am I.

Do you remember your first julep? The gradual mounting to the brain, like the rush of joy to a sick heart that takes it doubtfully; the quick grouping and glancing of thought from your ideality; the uncorking of fancies bottled in your teens; and at last a sudden ballooning of the whole head, that brings out the stars, and the heavens opening, with angels passing to and fro, (Broadway always, after a julep,) and you forget the dun of the morning, and the girl that jilted you last night out of a week's passion. You forget her as such, but you remember, rather you repeat, the heart-flutterings of the first night; the hand gently withdrawn of the second; the delicious half-embrace (interrupted) of the third; and the fourth, body, soul, and lips, all melting innocently together, with pulses and Fahrenheit mounting the hundred! If after that she gave you the kiss coyly at the door, with ears up like an antelope's, and said it was very naughty, you remember that her dress was too airy to be disarranged; and ah! she's only timing you a little; and so God bless her forever!

Not that such things happen; never. But the julep makes you think so. Well, do you remember the charming confusion of that first julep; its beautiful bewilderment; (I premise, of course, that it surprised an unbrandied stomach;) and would you like to repeat the sensation, without breaking your late pledge? 'Juleps be hang'd!' says you. Very well, you are in trouble to day. Your wife made you get up first, and the world rolls the wrong way with you; the sun rose in the west, you say. Exactly so. It rose to me, no'th-west and a point off, only yesterday. (Lobster salad for supper; ten devils and a young one for bed-fellows, and the universe knock'd into a cocked hat; saw it myself; every star went past my window; took an observation in the morning: sun in the north-west; the needle running round like a kitten after its tail, and the earth bound to the north star! Fact! Nobody knew it but me; but it's all right now.) Well, the sun rose in the west; your children teething, perhaps, and the nurse has a child of her own, just arrived; and you think it probable that your wife has eloped with her cousin, who urged you to marry her. Are any of these

things so? — or, worst of all imaginings, have you *breakfasted badly*? Then, Sir, *Come up to the top of New-York!*

If you have strained your eyes, looking up, half a life-time, take the stair-case, the easiest way in the world of getting up in it, and look down, or overlook, as you like. We have a cream left, and a dash of curacoa that colors better than strawberries. Come up, Sir, and open your lungs to the original element; quick! or you'll be carried away with the rush. A dam across Broadway for half an hour would gather a Waterloo army.

Well, here you are; sit down, Sir, and don't shout, or you will have a park-full looking at you, and probably an alarm of fire. Let the people pass. We have been through the play, and found that the farce in real life is the only tragedy. Keep your heart fresh, my young boy, and away from shilling seductions. Pass on, children; we can't 'make believe' sufficiently to-day, and will just overlook you a little. Fix your eye, Sir, upon that baboon coming out of, a flue, till your nerves steady a little, and think what a sweep of mind he must have after the confinement of a chimney. You observe, the world is neither before us nor behind, for we are atop of it. How the eye blunders about amid the sea of house-tops, and what variety of chimney architecture not meant for the eye! Now and then a spire points up, like the stray pines of a southern barren, and outside are the tops of the shipping, hedging in the city like bayonets. Farther on, the white sails dash about in all directions, sweeping past each other with the untouched precision of a street-walker, bowing gallantly with a touch of the beaver. The steam-ferries cross with the straight-forward bearing of a militaire, as though they took no pleasure whatever in the goings-on; and here and there, with sails all out, top-gallantly, a tall ship moves among the crowd, with the emphasis of royalty.

Rather airy, up here! The cream of those small seas in the harbor has cooled the breeze for us, and the light over all, unless the sun-spots have grown since, is the unmixed original of the first day. The groaning of the streets comes up softened occasionally with a shout, or merry laugh, like a mocking-bird's in a menagerie; and overhead, a few clouds float about, idle to all appearances, yet each one is doing its errand of the morning, with a perfection far beyond your particular range. Some are rolling over and over in the sunshine; some just touching and parting, like women with dresses too large to salute; and in the upper heavens, a few long fellows, like ships upon the sea, are scudding in an entirely different direction. Just as you are up or down in the world, Sir, will the wind carry you.

Having looked about us, you may laugh or be sad, as you please. I advise neither; but there below us is the material, from the smile to the tear, and thousands of hearts now leaping to one or the other. Some perhaps at this moment making their first exclamation in the world, to large points of admiration from the just-made mother; and some dropping a last broken word upon the bounds of another world. Between these points are the variety of interjec-

tions, the oh! ah! pish! pah! hurra! and Hallelujah! that make up human life.

There has been a lull for a while; and now New-York has dined, and the soft pattering of feet tells us that beauty is thronging down the pavé, to settle the dinner, and the pleasures of the evening.

Has your brain cooled? Take that glass, and tell me if the archangel Gabriel has unsexed and fallen—into Broadway. How elate that motion, as though she were walking on a mountain-top, and as the whole world were beneath her, but not too far for her to be a part, and the glory of it! Beauty and grace go with her, like sunshine playing on a fountain. One who has just passed is sunning his heart in the delusion that she looked at *him*. Poor fool! Her thoughts are not promenading. Some things in this world are rather riddlesome—rather. You would not say that sorrow had touched her heart, and that passions are coiled there like serpents sucking her very life-blood; some half-dead with gorging, and some casting their coats for new life and vigor. Lost? As the star that is falling, which nothing but the hand of God can stay! Follow her home, and as the street-look is laid aside with her scarf, how sad that face! Calm and still, with now and then a faint smile flashing over it; but sheet-lightning, my dear Sir, for with her the storm had passed. The flash shows the cloud, to be sure; and to-morrow's sun may nurse it into more thunder; but these are unpleasant reflections. We should not have looked down.

There comes another, whose heaven is in another part of the universe, separate entirely. She needs study, like an old painting; but even with that, you never would know her, unless you were of the same Heaven. Her sweet voice would be like any other, with a difference that you would wonder at, but never understand.

And now the up-towns have gone up again, and night comes on, with the stars out in the upper heavens, and the lights as stars below. Between two heavens will not do, when either can be reached.

'Ride *up*—Broad-w-a-y!' The boy has music in him. Good night to the Top of New-York!

JULIAN.

#### T H E B I R T H - D A Y .

ANOTHER year is added to thy life,  
 And it hath left its impress; we can see  
 The change that one short year hath worked in thee;  
 In thy full eye, with deeper meanings rife,  
 And in thy form—a scarce expanded flower,  
 Just blushing into perfectness. Thy words,  
 The mingled melody of warbling birds,  
 Express maturer thoughts and deeper power,  
 And they too mark the change. O! may the day  
 That prompts these simple lines, ne'er bring the truth  
 That hearts like thine, in changing from their youth,  
 Can change in their affections; that I may  
 Keep it as now, from other days apart,  
 Shrined like a second Sabbath in my heart!

R. S. CHILTON.

## THE EXILE'S SONG.

I HAVE sat in chambers rich and high,  
 When the haughtiest brow was smoothed in smiles,  
 When kindness warmed proud Beauty's eye,  
 And Art displayed its softest wiles;  
 But the forest wild was my delight,  
 At dawning gray and gathering night;  
 More joy had I in my leafy hall,  
 Than in fretted roof and storied wall.

I have knelt at the incense-shrine of Praise,  
 When a thousand voices chanted deep,  
 When the organ pealed, and the torches' blaze  
 Saw some in triumph, some to weep;  
 But higher rites have I partaken,  
 When Heaven with the tempest's wing was shaken,  
 When the forest blazed, and the lightning's dart  
 Quailed all but the wandering exile's heart.

In climes of softer air I've been,  
 And sat in bowers when the rose was blown,  
 When the leaf was yet in its freshest green,  
 And with one to love till then unknown;  
 But deeper raptures I have felt,  
 When by her rocky couch I knelt,  
 Who crossed for me the stormy main,  
 Content in one fond heart to reign.

A. M.

## THE ELEMENTS OF A RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

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'BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.'

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WHAT are the elements and traits of a religious character? What combinations of virtue and excellence, of principle and attainment, enter into and form a character which answers to our conception of religion? We think we can recognize and judge of such a character when it appears before us as the result of a process, and therefore our first thought is, that it would be easy to describe such a character. We know and can respect such a character when we see it, and therefore we might say it could not be difficult to tell how it is to be formed, and of what elements and traits it must be composed.

But indeed it is not easy to describe a religious character, nor to tell, on the moment, the combination and proportion of its virtues, nor to analyze its parts. It is not easy, because character is of itself a wonderful and a mysterious creation; its springs are hidden, its processes are secret, its foundation and development do not admit of close observation, and the power with which it impresses us is rather realized than understood. And then the religious elements of a character only increase the difficulty of exhibiting its construc-

tion and its power. And then again there has grown up such a difference of estimate, such a variance in opinion among men, as to what religion is, what it enjoins, what it allows, what it approves, that we may indeed number it among the acknowledged impossibilities, to portray the ideal of a religious character to the satisfaction of any large number of persons. What different models are held up for our imitation! As we trace back the burthened history of two thousand years, we perceive that very different traits have been insisted on, and various excellences required. Stress has been laid upon one or another virtue; illustrious homage has been offered in different generations to characters quite in contrast with each other. Indeed, the civilized world now reveres alike some departed worthies as joined in the communion of saints, who if on earth together would have mutually denied each other's claims to any measure of regard.

Call up from their graves the departed worthies of their own day, the robed and transfigured memorials of distant times; let the long line of the revered dead pass in imagination before you, and as they pass, read their titles. The difference between a smile and a tear, between martyrdom and a triumph, between a smile of joy and a pang of agony, between a feast and a fast, is not greater than the difference in model and standard of character in those whom we agree in calling religious men. The saint from the dreary caverns of Africa leads the line. His bones start from his attenuated skin; even the skin is worn away from his knees by frequent prayer; his body is wasted by fasting, watching, and scourging: he has been the companion of beasts, the prey of vermin; he has seen it may be for half a century no human face or form. There was the standard of a religious character for him, and for his age. Next in the line is the monk; renouncing what is good, and commanding what is wicked; possessing the virtues of a cloister, and the fancied holiness which has made itself necessary to supply the place of real holiness. And then the monk was accounted worthy. But with his well-kept vows, and the well-worn record of his prayers, the monk retires into shadow with the saint, and a saint of a different aspect fills the eye. He comes as a dignitary of the church, bowed down with gold and jewels; with armies at his command, and holiness for his title. His garments are suffused with the odor of incense; millions fall prostrate and do reverence even to his feet with a kiss. He is anointed in life, and canonized at death. He lived in a gorgeous palace, he sleeps in a costly shrine. But while the pilgrim is on his way to that shrine, another ideal of the religious character passes before the mind; and then there appears before the eye one who is called a pious and godly man. He is the Puritan of ancient days. He comes with sad and austere looks, yet with a kind and tender heart, only we do not see the heart, because he wishes to be known by the face, which his close-cut hair brings into full view. A laugh to him is mockery; luxury is but a feasting of the adversary of souls; amusement is impiety; outward ceremonial is blasphemy. The offices of religion in one perpetual round,



cases of conscience, large and little volumes of dry divinity, and rigid family government, are the sacrifices which he offers to God. He leaves his home that he may thus worship. He raises his psalm of deliverance in the wilderness, and at death he rests beside the roots of a forest-tree in a grave not without a memorial. And he was the religious character of his day. And as the shades of the departed fall back into mystery, we find ourselves surrounded by groups of the living, who arrange themselves under the different standards which they recognize for the religious character.

These standards might fitly be inscribed with the mottoes, 'Morality, Ordinances, Faith;' for from the one or the other of these titles come the different models for the religious character. Practical goodness, cheerful, kind and ready sympathy for the suffering, uprightness in dealing, blamelessness in example, these constitute the highest religious character for some. The observance of seasons or rites, the literal fulfilment of the terms of ordinances, is the great essential for the completeness of religious character to others. Then justification by faith, an embrace of doctrinal formularies, a fixed and constant and unresisting submission to a covenant which suspends mercy, is the standard for others. These are the prevailing standards of a religious character now. Of course, if they exist, they are in some quarters insisted upon, and the differences must constantly appear in the various estimates formed by religious persons. These diverse standards have likewise been chosen in the light of experience, of long experience, and in full view of all those ancient models which we have contemplated.

Now from this survey of the strange contrasts presented to us, as exhibiting the ideal of a religious character in different places and generations, and among us now, we might at first judge that there was in reality no true standard, but that it was all a matter of fancy, combined somewhat with the aspects and emergencies of society; that a religious character was no fixed, well-ascertained, and established existence. Yet, after all, this standard has been by no means so diverse as it would seem. For a deeper search proves to us, that the same qualities of heart have been seeking for expression by the most widely different manifestations. Change the skin and drop the body with its worn knees, its sordid or its golden robes, its rigid features, or its gay smiles, and the elements of Christian excellence, if they exist, will appear the same in all, divested of the local peculiarities of age and generation. Indeed, true Christian goodness, excellence of character, is like the water, the emblem of renewal and grace; water, as diffused over the earth, differing every where by elevation and clime. Here it is frozen into mountains of ice, there it issues as boiling vapor from the earth; it is scanty and brackish in the desert, profuse and clear in the green woods; here it is borne along in torrents; there it trickles in dancing rills; here it is buried in deep wells, there it oozes from full fountains; every where it is different, but every where it is water, and every where it is the element of life. Such

is goodness, true excellence of character every where, apart from the peculiarities of age and clime.

Now by all this we are helped in discerning the elements of a religious character. The common consent of men amounts to little more than an allowance that a religious character must be formed out of a common character by two processes; the one a process of denial, the other a process of culture. And this indeed is the key to our whole subject, the solution of the great question which we have proposed, as to the standard of a religious character. There is an element of denial, and an element of culture, in a religious character; that is, a human character is made religious by renouncing something, and by attaining something. A religious character is to be formed out of a common character with some new materials; it is to part with something of its earthly organization; something of passion, weakness, and low desire, and to endue itself with something of heavenly grace and essence; turned from darkness unto light, from the power of Satan unto God.

Self-denial and culture, renunciation and attainment, are the two great processes by which a religious character is to be formed, and which, when applied, decide its elements. Yet there is a work which precedes and accompanies these processes, and that work is discipline; discipline, the agency which forms a religious character. The first essential then in a religious character is, that it be the subject of discipline; of discipline varying in the intensity of its struggles; in the difficulty, the amount, the protraction of its efforts, according to the natural differences of individuals, but always discipline; self-knowledge and self-control, strong in its formed purpose, resolute in pursuing it. A religious character was never of spontaneous growth, nor acquired unconsciously. It is known to the heart through all its stages. It is based upon spiritual convictions; it crosses many natural wishes; it embraces prospects which lie beyond the grave. These are elements of thought, of action, of life, which never come by chance, or by mere good influences around an individual. They vary in degree and strength in individuals, but are conscious possessions to all who share them. Self-discipline is a work which summons all our faculties, purposes, knowledge, resolutions, and efforts; it has its weary hours; its seasons for starting anew with quickened strength and zeal.

The prominent feature of a religious character is, that it has been the subject of discipline; that it is itself the result of discipline; has been wrought upon, formed, and established by discipline. In such a character we expect that every element shall declare effort and principle. The man or the woman, called religious, must bear about them the proof that they are what they are, as the result of an intention. We expect to see in a religious character distinctions and differences which we do not look for in the common standard of character. Nor only this; we expect also that these differences should appear as the results of a good purpose well-endavored; a foundation, a life, a growth, consecrated by high intentions to the highest uses and for the highest aims. This is a

truth which cannot be too strongly urged or insisted upon. A religious character ought to strike every one as the result of conscious effort; a work begun and in progress; a diamond in the process of being polished in the only way in which it may be polished, by other diamonds. Discipline, visible in its intention and work, this is the first of all essentials. This discipline will be strongly marked by two processes, a process of self-denial, and a process of culture; of renunciation and attainment. Of the fruits of these processes a religious character must largely partake; yet it is scarcely possible to describe in particulars the entire operation as it appears in the result.

The long and almost uniform opinion of men is right in judging that a religious character should present evidence of self-denial and self-restraint; should have renounced something of pleasure and desire; should have mortified some affections, and wrestled with some infirmities. Of the measure of this denial, each honest conscience must judge for itself. The great end of it, the sole reason for its necessity in an individual character is, that the law of the spiritual life may be obeyed, by the right exercise of the highest faculties and aims of the human heart. All indulgence inconsistent with this consecration is sin, and must be restrained. Yet who can decide the measure of this indulgence or restraint for another? A large ecclesiastical body has lately decided that dancing is inconsistent with a religious character. Whether this opinion is true or false, can be decided only by each individual for himself; by his own knowledge whether this or that amusement makes him frivolous and trifling, or whether it is only a momentary relaxation, enjoyed and then forgotten.

Now it is evident that the Almighty does not need nor require at our hands any self-denial or restraint of any kind, considered by itself, independently of its uses. Self-denial is of value only because of its influence on the character. So that we must ask ourselves what is the *reason* for self-denial in any given case, what is the *nature* of it, what the *degree* of it, what the *result* of it? Then shall we learn that in a religious character there has been a struggle between the lower and the higher nature, and that in all the parts and stages of that struggle, passion and sense have been denied; and denied for what? Not for a sour or morbid sanctimoniousness, but for the sake of a calm and meditative rest of the spirit, that unseen realities, and spiritual convictions, and noble purposes, and heavenly hopes, may have power over the character.

And as to the second process, of which a religious character is to show the visible results, the process of culture: this may appear in many traits, and graces, and actions, so as to distinguish a religious character from a common character. The elements of that culture are affections and duties, motives and convictions. The same strife between the higher and the lower nature which is begun in self-denial, is pursued in spiritual culture. The heart searcheth after the means of improvement and progress: and they are found near to us; in the lowly duties of common life, in the opportunities of a

day, in the necessity which our uniform experience presents, for acting from principle if we would act aright. Self-culture, in all its highest and most comprehensive processes, is the condition by which Christian elements of character are to be acquired. Of course, virtues and graces, tastes and affections, are to be valued and preferred in proportion to their relative excellence. Piety and love, which express the applications of the two great commandments, are to be cherished, cultivated, and manifested. He who is truly and earnestly pursuing these two processes of renunciation and attainment, will acquire through his own experience a better knowledge of the elements of a Christian character than any creed or covenant can teach him. The opposing systems, the controverted dogmas, the various usages and ceremonies of Christian sects, will have but little importance for him; and he will feel that there are two parties which he is to satisfy — God and his own soul.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

## I.

SING of her heroes' deeds, ye harps  
That long in Erin's halls have hung!  
Give to the world their mighty names —  
Give to their glorious deeds a tongue!

## II.

Clime of the South! whose seven hills  
Uphold the fount of Genius, where  
To drink large draughts, from every land  
The votaries of art repair:

## III.

Thou hast a list of time-tried names;  
Some truly great were born of thee:  
Some with their iron heel stamped out  
The last sad spark of liberty.

## IV.

One land the Grecian madman boasts,  
Another claims the conquering Swede;  
One, echoing back the name of TELL,  
Holds up her hands from fetters freed!

## V.

Yet brightest on the lists of fame,  
Bright with the glory Virtue gives,  
Enshrined within a nation's heart,  
Our PATER PATRIÆ ever lives!

## VI.

No tear-stained laurels bind his brow,  
No bleeding land has cursed his birth;  
A world's proud meed hath given him place  
Above the honored names of earth.

## S K E T C H E S   O F   E A S T - F L O R I D A .

## N U M B E R   T W O .

## M Y   L A S T   N I G H T   O N   G U A R D .

I WAS flat on my back, trying to count a small group of stars in the zenith of that part of heaven which overhangs St. Augustine, taking my observation by the camp-fire, from a pine board, with the 'stub-shot' for a pillow ; the six feet of Bravo were disposed of in the same manner ; and Boag and a few Spaniards were radiating in the zodiacal circle, of which the fire was the centre. The duties of our profession had not been so severe that day as to forbid our sitting up ; but then it was much easier to lie down, at least so thought the Spaniards, who take every thing the easiest way possible ; and Boag was deep in the invention of a new whirling contrivance for the making of egg-nogg, and chose to give himself up exclusively to the concentration of mind necessary for that purpose. Some one had thrown out, rather lazily, that it was 'very warm,' and he reckoned 'the alligators would stick their noses out to-night ;' and another had remarked, with considerable effort, that 'alligators or not, it was just right and could n't be better ;' and this seemed so much the sense of the majority, that no one cared to heat himself with any argument upon the subject ; and each one wandered off on his own private speculation.

It was that kind of night that seals up the lips like twilight. Warm, perhaps to a fault, and yet a change of two degrees would have drawn our cloaks over us, and we should have complained of the cold. The fire was a mere companion, that could talk to us without the effort of conversation ; and in the absence of French perfumery, the smell of the pitch kindling was quite passable, and that of the orange-wood pretty much like any other. But the night was *not* like any other ; common enough there, but not within the scope of any imagination that dates north of thirty-five degrees. The air was nowhere in particular, unless you might suppose, from the solemn tone of the pine woods, that the sea-breeze which went out in the morning was on its way back ; but a feather thrown up would probably have wandered about for a while, and then balanced itself upon my nose, and I should merely have seen a strange star in the heavens ; olden philosophers have done worse. But I did n't throw up a feather ; too much trouble. Overhead, all was bright and still ; no shooting-stars, nor any thing of a quarrelsome nature ; and not a cloud to be seen, in a sky that has no clouds for mere shading purposes ; and though a stranger, standing on the sea-wall, would have guessed a storm, from a flash seen occasionally in the haze lying on the eastern horizon, there was no storm to be ; merely the playfulness of the Gulf Stream that is sometimes seen from that coast.

In the lower part of the city, a dog was howling out some unimaginable irritation, perhaps only to indicate that something should be said upon such an occasion; or perhaps the hoot of a porpoise disturbed him; or more likely, it was *too* still for him; he could n't bear it. If I had fallen asleep, I should have dreamed of being outside some ruined city, and the cry of that dog sounding up through the narrow streets, like a man talking through a trumpet, would have been the howl of a hyena or jackal; and with fallen columns and moonlight, it would have sounded very well in a 'letter from our foreign correspondent.' But in Augustine, it was only a dog, and just like any other dog, that sometimes fancies itself very unhappy, and howls out its inspired misery in baying the moon. Beyond all doubt, dogs may be poetical. There are all varieties of dog; and it would be strange if in such a mixed breed there were not a poet-species, in a race that takes madness so easily. The dog excepted, one would have called it very still at first thought, but on listening, there was a great deal of varied music going on; one voice after another coming to the ear from the innumerable land and water fowl, making up a kind of opera, in which each one appeared to speak very much at random; and that, I take it, is the peculiar beauty of operas. Amid a great variety of short interjections, queries and answers, some were talking entirely to themselves, as it seemed, and others appeared to have a domestic, 'keep away' kind of expression in their remarks, arising probably from some member of the family's being too assiduous in his attentions; or perhaps they had dined badly, and so got up a quarrel to improve their digestion. No doubt there are unknown griefs, as well as unwritten poetry, in all animal life. Whatever the cause, there was an irritability and a nervous restlessness in the waters and salt-grass, that larger animals of two legs, who dine when they please and as they please, understand much better than I can tell.

Over all these inconsistencies of a night so beautiful, swept like a minute-gun the sound of the third wave breaking on Anastasia Island; and on the other side, the forest, as aforesaid, which had hundreds of miles of even tree-tops on which to get up its 'voice of the night,' answered back in the same earnest and solemn manner. No fingering, or tugging at the bellows, in all this organ-izing, which was quite as good as could be made to order.

All this (and if any one wonders what it has to do with the incident to follow, he has read novels in vain,) all this had 'come and gone' through my mind, unconsciously, like a glass of congress-water elsewhere; and I turned to the stars as usual, before shutting up for the night. 'Very tolerable,' said I to myself, thinking of the night, 'and not to be sneezed at.' (No taking cold in that climate) 'One, two, three; the sides of an equilateral triangle, and the square of the hypotenuse bisected in the middle,' and so forth. Q. E. D.; there we are, the fourteenth; that is, the very 'particular star.' We had agreed that she — that is, that we — would look at the same star, and not to blunder upon different stars, which would be very awkward, and, a thousand miles distant from each other, could not

be connected without some waste of sentiment on the passage. We had selected one in a group which had to be theorized geometrically before the bright particular one could be identified. The idea of her looking miscellaneously at the north pole and I at the south, and each expecting the requisite titillation of sympathy! We were not to be duped into any such latitudinal delusion!

I had found my star, and was looking very hard at it through the tube of one hand, while the other was brushing off mosquitoes, when a gun reported itself about two miles distant; and directly another, and another; after which the enemy appeared to be entirely used up, and the engagement over.

The guard were asleep, and coming gradually to my elbow, I intimated to Bravo that there was a disturbance at the North Post. He gave the alarm to his comrades, who, one by one, came very slowly to the consciousness of an Indian alarm. Then of a sudden muskets glittered in the moon-light, belts were strapped, primings looked to, and the sentries received orders to fire at any, the least whisper, that was not perfectly intelligible and satisfactory. Bravo started for the city; and now we began to hear the tramp of the horse as they clattered up to the point of alarm. There were five hundred Charleston volunteers in the city, ready for the first show of fight or frolic; and in half an hour every man in town who had a musket or rifle, was on his way to do battle against—nobody knew what. There was much tramping, and shouting of 'Where are the rascals?' 'Which way?' 'Clear the track for the big gun!' 'Down with the red devils!' etc.; all which passed over, after a little, and the people went back again, with a keen relish for hot suppers, and a highly exhilarating sense of their increased importance. It was not, however, so trifling a matter; and upon more than one occasion during the war, the feeble and aged repaired to the fort for security. Indians had been seen near the town only a few days previous; several bold murders had been committed on the Picolata road; and the tracks of parties almost daily seen by the escort sent out between the two places. But this, if I remember aright, was the first experience of the town in this new kind of excitement.

After an hour or two Bravo returned with the fact, as he alleged, that an Indian had been seen and fired at; and the sentry thought he saw several more, but they would n't wait for the people to come and shoot them. The people had gone to bed again, assured that no Indian would show himself *there* again; and as to the southern post, it was only necessary to reflect that Corporal Bravo had command there, and turn over to unwinking repose; 'for gentlemen,' said Bravo, 'I have not thought proper to alarm the town with my views upon this matter; though it is perfectly plain that an odd Indian was sent to that post to attract attention that way, while the main body of the enemy is undoubtedly in our neighborhood, and we shall receive the first attack. Every man will sleep with one eye open, and his hand on his musket.' As the Indians might be within hearing, the speech was received with silent applause; but

there were quite a number of severe and very rapid gesticulatory engagements, showing what would probably be done in the course of the night. Boag and myself stood apart. We were out of favor. Our exploit as 'officer of the night' had something to do with it; and any one who likes the fag-ends of every thing will be glad to learn that we arrived safe at our quarters under the protection of the corporal, who had missed us from the camp. On retiring that night, that is, laying myself out on a board, I went down, step by step, into a very deep sleep; and although I was threatened with a 'lock-up' in the fort, and a court-martial trial, it was found impossible to make me understand that I was wanted 'on guard,' and another man was posted in my place. There was also an 'incident of travel' that had soured the 'complainants' exceedingly.

In marching down from the fort, a day or two previous, the corporal stopped at his house for a moment, and Boag and myself walked on, turned the next corner, and went direct to the camp. The corporal and guard, on resuming their march, missed us, and presuming that we had deserted, went half a mile out of their way to the house where they expected to find us. Some of my friends happened to be lounging on the balcony when the guard came up, and replied to their inquiry for us, that we were not there. Bravo insisted that we *were*, and he would find us, and made one step to that effect, when one of my friends, who has a very quiet and effective manner for such occasions, stepped before the door-way and remarked, in his ordinary tone, 'You can't come in, Sir.' The corporal stopped, with one foot up, lifted the pan of his musket, shook up the powder, looked up and down the street in a speculating way, and then stalked off with his men, having decided that the speculation was a bad one. They found us at the camp, target-shooting, but were too much chagrined to join us, and vented their spleen in a noisy discharge of Spanish and Minorcan, in which both seemed equally offensive.

My name was not on the sentry-list for to-night; but upon the grounds now mentioned it was determined that I should be posted; and accordingly at three o'clock I took my stand about a hundred yards from the camp-fire, and soon beat a short path in the sand, where I was to walk out the hours of the night. The night ought to have been very dark and cloudy, with high winds, and a thunder-storm. I should have liked it much better; but it was not. On the contrary, the light of the moon in that latitude is sufficient to make a common newspaper type quite readable, and I was in the full blaze of it. But directly before me was the deep shade of the forest; so near, that by lengthening my walk a little I could have stepped into it, as from a lighted room into midnight darkness; and this gave enough of the mystical for the most imaginative sentry. The 'voices of the night' had died away one by one, leaving only the solemn roar of the sea and the pine-tops, and the wash of the tide, as it swept up occasionally into the long grass of the marsh. Once in a while, perhaps at a great distance, there would be a sharp, snappish cry, which I would stop a moment to analyze, and occasionally a



splash, which might be an alligator crawling in from a night ramble ; but to all these noises I had been previously hardened. However it may seem to the very romantic, it is not, after all, a very pleasant thing to stand in a bright light, where an enemy can approach within pistol-shot of you, or perhaps give you his first notice by a stab direct. The matter-of-fact probability, the *expectancy*, in this case is not so pleasant ; and to one who has never been in just such a position, it would be amusing, the first night or two, to observe the increased circulation of blood, and the lively and exhilarated condition of body ; far beyond a salt-water bath, and with nothing of the chill of it ; on the contrary, very warm. Then the quick turn at the end of the walk, not knowing what may have taken place since the last facing ; the Lot's-wife look over the shoulder ; and all the time an acuteness of hearing that at last embraces a whole roar of small noises, surging and dashing like so many breakers.

I had been out about an hour, and was in something of a glow in this respect, when from the swamp side there came a sudden crashing. I halted, brought my gun to a half-bearing, and looked ; nothing to be seen, but directly again, crash ! — crash ! — CRASH !

'Halloo !' said I, forgetting the *militaire* for a moment, and then resuming it with a blush, (I *know* I must have blushed,) cried out very boldly, 'Who comes there ?' No answer, and nothing to be seen. I took out a small opera-glass and swept over a range of half a mile. Nothing moving, but the shade of the forest was so deep that any thing short of a bonfire *might* have been there, and I should never have seen it. All being still again, I resumed my walk, making it much shorter than before ; and with very peremptory turns, half laughing to myself that any body should dare to approach a man with such a musket, and such a step, when again came the crash ! crash ! CRASH ! and much nearer than before. 'Fury !' said I to myself ; and I gave out the challenge, calling the corporal of the guard at the same time, with a rapidity that would have astonished a Frenchman. But there was no answer, and the whole camp was asleep.

This was a little too much. 'Man or devil !' I shouted, 'if you make one more step forward, I'll blow you to atoms !' and upon the last word, as a kind of bravado, as it seemed, came two more heavy crashes. Although considerably heated, I was at the same time very cool, and aiming carefully at the noise, I blazed away ; a double charge of powder, a large musket-ball, and fifteen buck-shot. There was a rustling, and something like a fall, and then all was still again. I blew out the barrel, and with one eye on the marsh, was ramming down cartridge for another shot, when Boag came down, shouting like a madman : 'Where are they ?' said he, looking all ways at once. 'There !' said I, ramming away, 'there ; don't you see them ?' 'Whoop !' said he ; 'now I have 'em ;' and aiming miscellaneously, he sent his ball almost any where in that direction, and gave another whoop that might have been taken for 'the real Indian.' My second cartridge followed immediately, and another was ready, when Bravo and his men marched down in battle array. 'Halt !'

with a voice of thunder; 'make ready, take aim, fire.' and a whole volley was poured into the marsh. Boag was in raptures, and did n't wait for orders; but now, in charging for the next round, we discovered for the first time that the enemy did n't return the fire. Boag suggested that they might have crept round to the left wing, and proposed that we should fire in that direction; but that was considered rather promiscuous for a military operation. We sent out scouts, however, who went very short distances each way, but far enough to discover that all Augustine was close by; the horsemen taking the road, and those on foot coming cross-lots, crying out to us to hold on, and not fire till they came up; and making in various ways a vast display of courage, properly proportioned to the distance. The horsemen came up first, and made a furious charge upon the marsh, and all the people received orders not to fire in that direction till the *cavalry* returned. The day was now breaking, and the marsh was scoured for half a mile; but the enemy—had disappeared; not an Indian was to be seen; but wandering about, in a very distracted manner, was a young heifer, dangerously wounded, and close by lay her aged mother. She had received a musket-ball, and 'expired without a groan.'

Boag would have it that he saw Indians, and swore that he winged one of them, for he heard him *yell*, as did the guard, who knew all about Indian yells, and myself, who did not; but in a free country people will think as they like; and as they have dined, or been called out of bed to the consultation, will be the difference of opinion. Others in my position had been suddenly sick, and variously afflicted, to avoid duty. I had not; but this last *chef d'œuvre* *did* the thing effectually. From that day I was considered impracticable.

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S E E D   O F   C O N T E N T M E N T .

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FROM THE GERMAN.

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SINCE Fate in her simple wisdom  
Has passed me unfavored by,  
I let the blind wheel of Fortune  
Roll on without a sigh.

Still blest with humble fruition,  
Disdained I the proffered store;  
Nor to the current of youthful days  
Did memory wander more.

Free from corrosive repining,  
From discontentedness free,  
I knew that to-day's enjoyment  
A source of to-morrow's would be.

W F F.

## T O A F A Y R E P E R S O N N E

U P O N S H O R T A C Q U A I N T A N C E .

BY JOHN WAINES.

I

I MAY not, would not, quite forget  
 The hours I pass'd with thee —  
 'T were death to say, 'I love;' and yet,  
 Silence harder seemeth me.

II.

Ah no! I never could forget  
 Those words of joy, from thee!  
 They say thou lov'st another — yet  
 How bright thy beam o'er me!

III.

They say thou art 'a sad coquette' —  
 Yet how to doubt a smile,  
 In which Day-dawn and Eve are met  
 For Fraud — if this be Guile!

IV.

And then thine Eye! of morn's grey hue  
 Kindling with beams of wit —  
 If it's deep glories prove untrue,  
 Let all be false, like it!

V.

'Let all be false!' — How hath this thought  
 Found life within my heart? —  
 Is this a change thy spell hath wrought,  
 Thy spirit could impart?

VI.

I may, I can, I must forget  
 Those golden hours with thee:  
 Half-lovers were we ere we met,  
 Such could we no more be!

VII.

Forever be forgot, the day,  
 The form, the voice, the eye —  
 Since thou thyself art ta'en away,  
 Take, take thy memory,

VIII.

Thy dewy fragrance from my heart;  
 Thy Genius off my mind;  
 Thine untold Grace, the thrill, the dart —  
 Leave not a dream behind!

IX

Then shall my soul — like mountain lake  
 The tempest hath plough'd o'er —  
 Its diamond shield reluctant take,  
 And Heaven reflect once more!

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

## Harry Harson.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

LEAVING Michael Rust buried in death-like slumber, the result of intense mental anxiety that had denied his body that repose which it required, we must turn to one destined to take an active part in the succeeding events of this history; and who, on that same evening, was employed in a manner directly the reverse of that of Rust. That man was Harry Harson.

Seated at a table in his own room, with every feature puckered up into a very hard knot, the combined result of thought, perplexity, and anger, he was poring over a number of papers, occasionally pausing to scratch his head, or breaking out into an exclamation of displeasure, not unfrequently accompanied by a hard thump on the table, as something met his eye which excited his indignation in a peculiar degree.

It was past midnight; three good hours beyond the time, at which he usually retired to rest. All indications of bustle and stir in the streets had long since ceased, and not a sound was heard, except the occasional tread of a belated straggler, hurrying to his home; the sharp ticking of the clock, and the plethoric snoring of Spite, who made it a rule never to go to bed before his master; and who, being a methodical dog in habit, and an obstinate one in disposition, could not be induced to depart from old usages. As each successive hour was heralded by the voice of the clock just mentioned, Spite rose, looked at the time-piece, then at his master, as if to say, 'Halloo! old fellow, do you hear that?' gaped; sauntered round the table, and resumed his former position, each time lessening the distance between himself and the fire, as its embers gradually crumbled to ashes. Still, Harson continued his occupation; tossing over, examining, and studying the papers and letters, in utter disregard of hints and admonitions. Apparently, he became more troubled as he advanced in his investigation. His brow contracted; his breath came thick and fast; the color deepened in his cheek; his eye kindled, and more than once he threw the papers impatiently on the table, and rising up paced the room with rapid strides. This occurred at intervals, during the whole evening, until finally, he came to a letter which caused his anger to boil over. Starting to his feet, and clasping his hands, he exclaimed: 'Good God! shall such things be? and wilt Thou not protect the innocent, and punish the guilty?'

'But why ask?' added he, suddenly: 'I know, that even now,

through channels which were least dreamed of, justice is working its way to the light. Confirm me, great God!" added he, fervently, "in my purpose of seeing right done; and grant that I may never swerve from my course, until that purpose is accomplished!"

Had the culprit against whom he uttered this invocation and prayer heard the muttered threat which succeeded it, and witnessed the kindling face and stern, determined eye of the person who had uttered them, his heart, had he been a man of ordinary mould, might have sunk; but as the culprit in this case was no other than Michael Rust, who had no belief in an hereafter; who entertained suspicion against all men, and who never yielded his point under any circumstances; it is possible that it would have produced no other result than increased watchfulness, increased determination, and bitter hatred.

"I have read of such schemes as these," muttered Harson; "but I never expected to have anything to do with them myself—never. Can there be no doubt that these came from Rust," said he, turning them over in his hand? And is there no doubt that he is at the bottom of all this villainy? The letters certainly bear a different name from his; but such things are common; and Ned says that he can produce proof of it. They can scarcely be forgeries, vamped up to obtain money from me; for many of them were written years ago; and bear post-office stamps, whose dates correspond with the dates within."

He stood at the table, thus talking to himself, and turning over the letters, until his eye rested on one written in a delicate hand, and indorsed, "Mary Colton to Henry Colton." Harson opened it, mechanically, and ran his eye over it. It was very short, and breathed a heart broken by some grief which was only alluded to, but not mentioned. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR HENRY: With all others, hope has darkened into despair; but I will not give up yet; I cannot. It would kill me, if I did. Go on, my dearest Henry; make all efforts. I feel that you have done all that can be done, and that all means have been tried without success; but even yet, do not cease; and I will pray for you, and bless you, for your disinterested kindness; and God will reward you.

"Yours, affectionately,

MARY COLTON."

"*Disinterested kindness!*" muttered Harson; "*God will reward you!*" Yes, "Henry Colton," God *will* reward you! Sooner or later, the reward always comes; and you'll get it. Yes, if I live, "Henry Colton," it shall be my especial business to see that you receive it!" "But," said he, looking at the clock, "enough of this. It would almost make a young man gray to wade through the details of such villainy. An old man like me must spare himself. I've had enough for one dose; so I'll sleep on it, and take the rest in the morning. Ha! Spite," said he, stooping down, and patting the dog; "better be a good, honest dog, like thee, my old cur, than a man with such a heart as some have. The temper's a trifle, Spite; so do n't be worried about your's, for your heart's right, my old dog! There's no double-dealing about you.

I don't know whether God blesses an honest dog, or not; but I believe he does, in some way or other. Come pup, I'll not keep you up longer.'

Saying this, he gathered up the papers, and placed them in a small box, which he locked, put under his arm, and followed by Spite, left the room, for the story above. He paused, and listened at a door at the head of the stairs; then turning the knob so as to make no noise, he went in. It was a small room, having a thick rag-carpet on the floor, and a dressing-table covered with white muslin, standing between the windows, whose curtains were as white as snow. In one corner was a bed. On a chair, at the side of it, lay a child's clothes; and in the bed itself was a girl, of about five years of age, with her light hair streaming over the pillow like a web of gold. There was little trace in her face of the outcast whom he had taken from the streets but a few weeks before; for the thin cheek had filled up, and the flush of health had succeeded the paleness of suffering and illness. Her eyes were closed, and their long lashes drooped over her cheek; but she did not sleep soundly; for once or twice she muttered to herself, as Harson bent over her: 'Come, Charley; we've been looking for you a long time. Come!'

'She's dreaming of the boy,' thought he; 'but be of good heart, my poor child; we'll find him yet.'

He leaned down, until his gray hair mingled with her bright locks, pressed his lips to her forehead, and went quietly out into the entry, where his presence was greeted with no little satisfaction by Spite, who had been shut out, and was becoming somewhat testy at being kept in the dark.

It was not long before Harson, with a thick counterpane up to his very chin, was sleeping as soundly in his own bed as Spite was under it.

What dreams hovered around the old man's pillow, or whether he had any, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that when the morning sun broke through a small opening between the window-curtains, flinging a long, thin streak of gold across the carpet, Harson was still sound asleep; and it is quite uncertain how long he might have continued so, had not the same ray of sunshine, in its passage across the room, fallen directly across the centre of the right eye of Spite, who had been drifting about the apartment since day-break; and who now vented his disapprobation of the liberty taken, in an irritable yelp.

Harry sat up in bed. 'What ails thee, pup?' said he, rubbing his eyes.

Spite, however, was not in a communicative mood; but walked to the door, and seating himself, surveyed the knob with great attention. Harson rose; threw on a dressing-gown, and going to the door, let him out, shutting it after him.

He then went to a basin, as portly and capacious as himself, dashed nearly a pailful of water into it; bared head, neck, and shoulders, and plunged them in. Out he came, very red in the

face, with water dripping from nose, and chin, and eye-brows. Then in again he went; and then followed such a rubbing, and puffing, and blowing, and spouting, that he seemed like a young whale at his gambols. This ceremony being repeated some half dozen times, and the same number of towels having dried him, he proceeded to dress himself.

It might have been observed, however, that during the whole time, his thoughts were wandering; for he walked to the window, with some article of apparel in his hand, and stood looking into the street, in a state of deep abstraction; and then, drawing a long breath, continued his dressing, as if it had struck him that he was neglecting it. Then again he seated himself on the side of his bed, and sat for some minutes, looking on the floor.

'It's terrible, terrible!' said he, 'but it's not too late to remedy it. Thank God for that!'

Putting on one thing after another, sometimes upside down, sometimes getting his feet in his sleeves; then thrusting an arm in the wrong side of his coat; tying and untying his huge white cravat half a dozen times, and enveloping the half of his face in its ample folds; doing every thing wrong, and rectifying his mistakes with the greatest gravity, and without the slightest appearance of impatience, Harson finally found himself fully established in coat and jacket, with no other mistake than the trifling one of having buttoned the lower button of the last article into the top button hole. Having duly surveyed himself in the glass, to see that all was right, without having detected his mistake, he went out.

He stopped at the door of the child's room. His footsteps had apparently been recognized, for it was ajar; and a pair of bright eyes were peeping out to welcome him.

'Annie, is that you? Ha! child, you're a sad sleepy-head. You'll lose your breakfast. This won't do — this won't do. Spite was up long ago.' He shook his finger at the child, who laughed in his face; and then, flinging the door open, showed herself fully dressed.

'Wrong, Harry; wrong, wrong again,' said she, springing out, and addressing him in the familiar manner that he always liked: 'I am dressed.'

The old man took her in his arms, kissed her cheek, and carried her down stairs; and did not put her down until they were in the room below.

'Come, Harry, there's breakfast; and there's your seat; and here's mine,' exclaimed she, leading him to the table. 'Martha has got here before us,' said she, shaking her head at a demure-looking woman of fifty, in a faded cap, with a rusty riband round it, who was already seated at the table, preparing the coffee. 'Here, Spite — come here.'

Spite was not a dog given to the company of children. He was by far too old, and sedate, and dignified for that; but there were occasions on which he could unbend, and these fits of relaxation generally came over him just at meal-times, when he permitted the

child not only to pat him, but even to uncurl his tail. Doubtless the sight of the creature-comforts which garnished Harry's table had its effect in producing this change, although it is possible the knowledge that the child devoted fully half of her time to supplying his wants, (a thing which his master sometimes neglected,) may have had its weight. Obedient at any rate to the summons, Spite hopped from a chair on which he had been seated, and placed himself at her side, watching every mouthful she swallowed, and licking his lips with great unction.

Harson's breakfast-table was, as the neighbors said, (particularly the poor ones, who now and then chanced to drop in at it,) enough to awaken an appetite in a dead man; and if dead people are peculiarly alive to hot coffee and mutton-chops, and hashed meats, and warm cakes, and fresh rolls, like snow itself, and all these things set off by crockery which shone and glittered till you could see your face in it; and table-linen without a speck or wrinkle in it, there is little doubt but that a vast number of departed individuals must have found their mouths watering at exactly half past seven each morning; that being the precise hour at which these articles made their daily appearance on Harson's table. But certain it is, that whatever may have been its effect upon them, it had little upon Harson; for he scarcely touched any thing, nor did he bestow his usual attention on those about him, but sat sometimes with his eyes fixed on the cloth, sometimes staring full in the face of the old house-keeper, who looked at the ceiling, and on the floor, and in her cup, and coughed, and hemmed, and fidgetted, and grew so red, and confused, and embarrassed, that before Harson was even aware that he was looking at her, to use her own expression, 'she thought she should have dropped.' But this was only of a piece with all the rest of his actions, during the morning; for to all remarks or questions, his only answer was an emphatic 'humph!' a species of reply to which he particularly devoted himself during the meal; and it was not until he observed the others had finished their meal that he hastily drank off his coffee at a draught, and rose from the table.

'You need not remove the things now, Martha,' said he, as the rattling of the crockery announced that this process was commencing. 'The noise disturbs me. I wish to be alone for a short time; and after that you can do as you please.'

The house-keeper made no reply; but went out, taking the girl with her, and leaving Harry to his meditations.

That these were neither pleasant nor composing, was quite evident; for after walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, and muttering to himself, he finally stopped short, and apparently addressing Spite, for his eyes were fixed upon him, and Spite returned the look, as if he supposed that he was being consulted, he broke out with:

'What am I to do? This matter on my hands; and Ned, poor Ned, kicked adrift by the old man, and Kate breaking her little heart about *him*; and her father quietly led by the nose to the devil. There's no doubt about it; that fellow Rust's at the bottom of it



all; and no one except me to unravel this knot. God bless me! it bewilders my brain, and my old head spins. But Annie, Annie, my poor little child! if I forsake thee, may I never prosper! How now, Spite?’

This exclamation was caused by a somewhat singular proceeding on the part of Spite, who, after looking at him as if deeply interested in the tenor of his remarks, suddenly uttered a sharp bark, and bolted from his chair as if shot from a gun. The cause of this movement was soon shown in the person of a man dressed in a very shabby suit of black, with a beard of several days’ growth, who stood just inside the door, and who, after a familiar nod to Harson, asked:

‘Is all the family deaf except the dog?’

‘When a man enters a stranger’s house, it is but proper to knock,’ said Harson, sharply.

‘Did you want your house battered about your ears?’ inquired the stranger; ‘for I *did* knock, until I was afraid it might come to that. Perhaps you’re deaf, old gentleman; if so, I’m sorry for you; but as for your d—d dog, I wish he was dumb. I can scarcely hear myself speak for him.’

This explanation cleared from Harson’s face every trace of anger; and silencing the dog, he said: ‘I did not hear you; and yet I am not deaf.’

‘Well, I made noise enough,’ said the other. ‘Is your name Henry Harson?’

Harson answered in the affirmative.

The stranger took off his hat and stood it on a chair; after which, he thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a letter. ‘That’s not it,’ said he, throwing it in his hat; ‘nor *that*,’ continued he, drawing out a handkerchief, which he rolled in a very tight ball, and transferred to another pocket.

‘I’ve got a letter somewhere, *that* I know. It must belong to the mole family, for I put it uppermost, and it’s burrowed to the very bottom; d—d if it has n’t! Ah! here it is,’ said he, after a violent struggle, bringing up both a letter and a snuff-box. The former, he handed to Harson, and the latter he opened, and after applying each nostril sideways to its contents, took a pinch between his fingers, returned the box to his pocket, and seating himself snuffed deliberately, all the while eyeing the breakfast-table, with a fixed, steady, immovable stare.

The thread-bare, poverty-stricken look and hungry eye of his visitor was not lost on Harson, who, before opening the letter, glanced at the table and at the stranger, and then said: ‘It’s early; perhaps you have not yet breakfasted, Mr., Mr., Mr —’

‘Kornicker,’ said the stranger.

‘Kornicker, Mr. Kornicker. If so, make yourself at home and help yourself while I look over this letter; no ceremony. I use none with you. Use none with me.’

It was a tempting sight to poor Kornicker; for there stood the coffee-pot steaming away at the spout; and the dishes, far from

empty, and such rolls as he was not in the habit of meeting every day; but mingled with all his defects of character, was a strong feeling of pride which made him hesitate, and it is probable that pride would have carried the day, had not Harson, divining something of his feelings, added:

'Perhaps it's scarcely civil to ask you to the table, when I have left it myself; but I should not stand on a trifle like that with you; and I hope you'll not with me. Those rolls are excellent; try them.'

He said no more; but going to the window, broke the seal of the letter and commenced reading.

Left to himself, Kornicker struggled manfully; but hunger got the better of all other feelings; and at last, drawing his chair to the table, he commenced a formidable attack upon its contents.

'So you're with Michael Rust,' said Harson, after he had finished reading the note, going to the table, and standing opposite Kornicker.

Kornicker's teeth were just then engaged in a severe struggle with a roll, and he could do nothing but nod an affirmative.

'Who is he?' inquired Harson; 'what's his profession?'

Kornicker swallowed his roll, and kept it down by half a cup of coffee; and then said:

'As to who he is; all I know is, he's sometimes an old man; sometimes he is n't; sometimes he wears a red handkerchief on his head, and sometimes he don't; but who he is, or what he does, or where he goes to, or where he comes from, or who he knows, or who knows him, curse me if I know. That's all I can tell you, Sir. He's a mystery, done up in the carcass of a little, dried-up man, of a d—d uncertain age. May I trouble you for the milk?'

'Humph!' said Harson, in a very dissatisfied tone, at the same time passing the milk; 'and yet you are in his employ?'

Kornicker nodded.

'It's strange,' muttered he, 'quite strange.'

'D—d strange,' said Kornicker, burying his face in a huge coffee-cup, 'but true,' continued he, setting it down.

'True,' repeated Harson; 'true that you are in his employ; are in the habit of daily intercourse with him; attend to his concerns; see him constantly, and yet do not know who he is?'

'Partly correct, partly incorrect,' quoth Mr. Kornicker, pushing his cup away. 'I'm in his employ—correct. I know nothing of him; correct again. As to the rest—incorrect. Sometimes, I do n't see him for weeks; sometimes I have something to do—often nothing. I never know when he's going, or when he's coming back.'

Harson stood quiet for some time. 'This is all very strange. Do n't you know who are his acquaintances, or associates?'

Kornicker shook his head.

'Who comes to see him?'

'Nobody.'

'Do you never hear him speak of any one?'

'Never heard him name a soul, till the other day he named Enoch Grosket, and to-day you.'

'Do you know nothing of his mode of life, or intentions, or plans, or whether he's honest or dishonest, or how he lives, or where his money comes from, or what his family is?'

'Nothing,' said Kornicker. 'Indeed it never struck me till now how much there was to know on the subject, and how little conversant I was with it.'

'Shall I tell you who he is?' asked Harson.

Mr. Kornicker replied, that any information in his then unenlightened state would be acceptable.

'Well, then, he's one of the veriest villains that ever disgraced human nature. He's ——'

'Come! come! none of that! hold up, old gentleman!' interrupted Kornicker, sitting bolt upright; and grasping the handle of a coffee-cup with a somewhat hostile tenacity. 'I've just been eating your bread, backed by not a little meat, and no small quantity of coffee, and therefore am under obligations to you; and of course, a quarrel with you would be greatly against my stomach. But you must recollect, that Rust is my employer. What I eat, and drink, and snuff, comes out of his pocket; and although he was small in some matters, yet he helped me, when it required a good deal of salt to save me; my fortunes were not only at an ebb, but they'd got to dead low tide. I'm bound to stand up for him, and I'll do it. I've no doubt he's the d—dest rascal going; but I'll not hear any one say so. If I do, damme. So no more of that. Come, come,' said he, after a somewhat hostile survey of Harson's person, 'you do n't look like the man to make a fellow regret that he's broken your bread.'

Quizzical as was the look of Kornicker, and vagabond as he seemed, there was something in the open, blunt manner in which he defended even Rust, that found an answering note in the bosom of Harry, and he said:

'No, no, I am *not*. You're an honest fellow; but I suppose there's no harm however in wishing you a better employer?'

'No, not at all,' said Kornicker, after a minute's reflection; 'I often wish *that* myself; but,' said he, with a philosophical shake of the head, 'some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and I was n't one of them; mine must have been iron; and I'm rather inclined to think that there must have been no bowl to it, for it always held mighty little.'

There was a mixture of comicality and sadness in the tone in which he spoke, which left Harson in doubt in what strain to answer him. At last he drew a chair to the table; leaning his two arms upon the back of it, and surveying his guest attentively, he asked: 'What's your business, if I may be so bold?'

'Law,' replied Kornicker, leaning back. 'I'm the champion of the distressed; see widows and orphans righted, and all that sort of thing. It's a great business — devilish great business.'

'And is Michael Rust a lawyer?' inquired Harson.

'No, I attend to that part of his concerns. He's a mere child in matters of that kind; but devilishly wide awake in others; but come, old gentleman,' said he, suddenly breaking off, 'I'm to thank you for a breakfast; now let's have an answer to the letter. It's time to be off.'

Harson glanced at the letter, and then said:

'Do you know the contents of this?'

'Not a word of them,' replied Kornicker.

'Nor what it's about?'

'No. Rust is neither confidential, nor communicative,' replied Kornicker. 'So, what you've got to say say in writing. I don't want the trouble of thinking about it, or trying to recollect it.'

'Humph!' said Harson. 'There's nothing here requiring a great stretch of either. He wants me to meet him at his office, on very particular business; a request somewhat singular, as I never laid eyes on him in my life.'

'Quite singular,' ejaculated Kornicker.

'But I *know* much about him; and *that* leaves me no desire to be more intimate with him. What do you think of it?'

'I think you're in luck,' replied the other; 'you're the first that ever was asked inside the door since I've been there. Several very nice, pleasant fellows of my acquaintance, have dropped in occasionally, and although his office is nothing to brag of, d—n me if he did n't invite them to air themselves in the street, and not to come back! It was quite mortifying, especially as I was there at the time.'

'What did you do?' inquired Harson.

'You've never seen Rust, you say?' said Kornicker, in reply to the previous question.

Harson answered in the negative.

'Well, Sir, if you *had*, you would n't ask that question. I looked out of the window, and held my jaw—that's what I did; and that's what I'd advise *you* to do in the same trying circumstances. But come, Sir, give me the answer.'

Harson, after a moment's thought, said: 'It is n't worth while to write. Tell him I'll come, or send some one. You can remember that?'

Kornicker replied that he thought he could; and taking up his hat, and shaking hands with Harson, and favoring Spite, who was examining the quality of his pantaloons, with a sly kick, he sallied out toward Rust's office.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

'COME, Spite,' said Harson, when his visitor was gone, 'we must be up and doing. This is not a business that can be trifled with. The longer we put it off, the tighter will the knot be drawn. Stop, until I get the papers.' Leaving the room for a moment, he returned fully equipped for walking; with a huge handkerchief wrapped

round his chin, and his broad-brimmed beaver pulled tightly down over his forehead. 'Now my cane, Spite, and we'll see if we can't get to the bottom of this devilry. We're embarked in a good cause, my old pup, and must n't give up. Now then! it's a glorious day; the air's bracing, and will make your old bones quite young again. Hey! what spirits you're in!' said he, as Spite, elated at being associated in so important a matter, after wriggling his body in a most convulsive manner, by way of expressing his satisfaction, finally fell over on his back, in an abortive effort to perform a hilarious pirouette on his hind legs. 'Never mind, old fellow,' said Harson, 'pick yourself up; accidents will happen to the best of us. I warrant me you'd have done it better ten years ago; do n't be down-hearted about it. We're going to see old Holmes; and when you and I and old Holmes are thoroughly at work in sifting this matter, why Rust had better look sharp. Hey, Spite?'

Thus talking to his dog, or whistling to himself, or exchanging a cheery word with an acquaintance as he passed, the old man trudged along, followed at a very staid pace by his dog, who since his late unsuccessful effort, had fallen into a very serious mood, notwithstanding all the efforts of his master to raise his spirits and to banish the recollection of it from his mind.

The person whom Harson sought was a little antiquated man, who had buried himself among his books, and spent his time in burrowing in out-of-the-way corners of the law. He had wormed his way into all its obsolete nooks, and haunted those regions of it which had become deserted, and as it were grass-grown from long disuse. By degrees he had slunk from a practice which had once promised to be large; and a name which had once bid fair to shine brightly in the annals of the law, gradually grew faint in memory, as its owner was missed from those places where the constant rush of the crowd soon wears out any impress made by those who are no longer seen. But there were times when the old man looked out from his den, and prowled among those who had crowded in his place; and there were times, (but those were on rare occasions, when some exciting case would be on the carpet,) when an old man would steal into the court-room, with a bundle of papers under his arm; and would take his seat at the table among the counsel engaged in the case; sitting silent throughout the whole; speaking to none; taking no notes; watching the witnesses with his dim eyes; studying the faces of the jury; occasionally referred to by the other counsel; but taking no part in any discussions until the evidence was closed, and the cause was to be summed up; and then, to the surprise of all, except the bench and a few of the oldest of the bar, rising to address the jury; commencing in a low, feeble tone, and apparently sinking with infirmity, until by degrees his dim eye became like fire; his faint voice like the clear ringing of a bell; his eloquence as burning as if flowing from the lips of manhood's prime; his sarcasm withering; his logic strong, clear, fervid, and direct; no loitering; no circumlocution; no repetition: what he had to say he said *once*, and only once. Those who missed it then

waited in vain for something of the same nature to explain it; it never came. His object was before him; and he hurried onward to it, sweeping every thing before him and carrying all with him. And when he had concluded, as he gathered his papers and left the court, the elder members of the bar would say among themselves: 'Old Holmes is himself again;' and the younger ones wondered who he was; and as they learned his name, remembered dimly of having heard it as that of one who had lived in by-gone days.

His office was not in the business part of the town; but in a quiet, shady street, which few frequented, filled with huge trees, and so quiet and out of the way that it seemed like a church-yard. Thither Harson bent his steps; and it was not long before he found himself in his office.

It was a large, dim room, with high shelves filled with volumes and papers, reaching to the low ceiling. Long, dusty cobwebs hung trailing from the walls: the very spiders who had formed them, finding that they caught nothing, had abandoned them. The floor was thickly carpeted; and a few chairs were scattered about, with odd volumes lying upon them. Upon a table covered with a green cloth, were piles of loose papers, ends of old pens, torn scraps of paper, and straggling bits of red tape. Altogether, it was a sombre-looking place, so still and gloomy, and with such a chilly, forbidding air, that it seemed not unlike one of those mysterious chambers, which once abounded in antiquated castles, and tumbling-down old houses, with a ghost story hanging to their skirts; or which some ill-natured fairy had doomed to be shut up for a hundred years; and the little thin dried-up man who sat in the far corner of it with every faculty buried in the large volume on his knees, looked as though he might have dwelt there for the whole of that period. Had it been so it would have been the same to him; for in that dim room had he spent the most of his life, immersed in the musty volumes about him; now and then coming to the surface, to see that the world had not disappeared while he was busy; and then diving again to follow out some dark under-current, which was to lead him, God knows whither. What was the world to him? What cared he for its schemes and dreams and turmoil? The law was every thing to him; home, family, and friends. God help him! a poor lone man, with kindly feelings, and a warm, open heart, which might have made a fireside happy; but now without a soul to whom he might claim kindred. Many respected him; some pitied him, and a few, a very few, loved him. There he sat day after day, and often until the day ran into night, delving, and diving, and pondering, and thinking; a living machine, working like a slave for his clients; alike for rich and poor, the powerful and the friendless; beyond a bribe; too honest to fear or care for public opinion; strenuous in asserting the rights of others, and never enforcing his own, lest he might give pain to another. God help him! I say. He was not the man for this striving, struggling world; and perhaps it was well for him that in his murky pursuits he found that contentment which many others wanted. Yet he never freed his mind from its tram-

mels, and looked abroad upon the wide world, with its myriads of throbbing hearts, but he found in it those whom he could love and could help. God help *him*, did I say? Rather, God help those who warp and twist the abilities, talents, and wealth which are showered upon them, to unholy purposes; who make the former the slaves to minister to deeds and passions at which human nature might blush; and the last but the stepping-stone to selfish aggrandizement, or the nucleus around which to gather greater store. Pity *them*, but not *him*; for although but a pale, thin, sickly being, with barely a hold upon life, with scarce the strength of a child, growing old, and withered, and feeble without knowing it; yet was he all-powerful, from the bright, bold spirit that animated him, and a soul stern in its own integrity, which shrank from nothing except evil; and blessed was he, far above all earthly blessings, with a heart ever warm, ever open, and in which God had infused a noble share of his own benevolence and love to mankind.

It is no wonder then that Harry Harson, when he stood in the presence of one in heart so akin to himself, paused and gazed upon him with a softened eye.

'Holmes, Dick Holmes,' said he, after a moment, 'are you at leisure?'

The old lawyer started, looked wistfully up, contracting his dim eyes so as to distinguish the features of the person who addressed him, and then doubling down the leaf of the book which he had been reading, rose and advanced hesitatingly until he recognized him.

'Ah Harson!' said he, extending his hand quietly; 'honest old Harry, as we used to call you,' continued he, smiling; 'I'm glad to see you. Few save those who come on business cross my threshold; so *you* are the more welcome. Sit down.'

He pushed a chair toward him, and drawing another close to it, took a seat, and looked earnestly in his face. 'Time does n't tell on you, Harry; nor on me, *much*,' said he, looking at his attenuated fingers; 'still it *does* tell. My flesh is not so firm and hard as it used to be; and I'm getting thinner. I've thought for some months past of relaxing a little, and of stealing off for a day to the country, and of rambling in its woods and fields, and breathing its pure air. It would quite build me up; perhaps you'll go with me?'

'That I will, with all my heart,' said Harson; '*that* I will; and right glad am I to hear you say so; for it's enough to break down a frame of iron to spend hour after hour in this stagnant room, poring over these musty books.'

Holmes looked about the room, and at his volumes, and then said, in a somewhat deprecating tone:

'I've been very happy here. It does not seem gloomy to me; at least not *very* gloomy. But come; I'll walk out with you now. It does me good sometimes to see what is going on out of doors; if I can only find a person I care for, to keep me company.'

He half rose as he spoke; but Harson placed his hand on his arm, and motioned to him to keep his seat.

'You made a mistake this time,' said he, in a good-natured tone, and beginning to fumble in his pockets; 'business brought me here to-day; business, and a desire to follow the suggestions of a clearer head than mine.'

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket the package of letters, and placed it before the lawyer.

Before you examine these, I must tell you what they are about. Perhaps you won't believe me, but these letters will confirm every word I say. You must hear my story, read them, and then tell me frankly and fairly what to do; not only as a lawyer, but as a friend. I shall need your advice as both.

'You shall have it,' said Holmes; 'go on.'

The tale which Harson told was sufficient to arouse every feeling of indignation in the lawyer. As Harson went on, Holmes became excited, until, unable to control himself, he rose from his chair and paced the room, with every honest and upright feeling in arms. He forgot every thing but the deep wrongs which were recited. Debility and age were trampled under foot; and his voice, clear and loud, rang through the room, scorching in its denunciation of the wrong-doer, and bitter in its threats of retribution. Then it was that the spirit showed its mastery over the clay, and spurning the feeble form which clogged it, shone forth, strong in its own might, a glorious type of the lofty source from which it sprang. But suddenly he sat down; and passing his hand across his face, said in a feeble tone: 'I am easily excited now-a-days, but I will command myself. Go on; I will not interrupt you again.'

As he spoke he placed his arms on the table, and leaned his head upon them; and this position he maintained without asking a question or making a comment, until Harson had finished speaking; and when he looked up, his face had assumed its usual quiet expression.

'Do these letters prove what you say, beyond a doubt?' he asked.

'I think so.'

'And why do you suppose them to be written by Rust? The name, you say, is different.'

'I had it from a person who would swear to it. By the way,' added he, suddenly, 'I have just received a letter from Rust. I'll compare the writing with those; that will prove it.'

He took the letter from his pocket, and placed it beside the others; and his countenance fell. They were as unlike as possible.

Holmes shook his head. 'You may have hit upon the wrong man, or you may have been purposely put on a false scent. There certainly is no resemblance between these,' said he, carefully comparing the two; 'not even in the general character of the hand.'

Harson could not but admit the fact. It was too evident.

'Look over the whole bundle,' said he. 'There are at least twenty of them. If this is a disguised hand, it is possible that he may have betrayed himself in some of the others.'

The lawyer went over the letters, one by one, carefully comparing them; but still the character was the same. All of them were in the free, flowing style of a good penman; while the letter which



Harson had produced was written in a bold, but stiff and ungraceful hand.

'Where did you get this?' said Holmes, pointing to the one which Harson had received from Kornicker.

'It was brought to me by a clerk of his this morning.'

'Then you know him?' said Holmes.

'I never saw him in my life.'

'Have you ever had any business with him through others?'

Harson shook his head. 'Never.'

'How do you know that the person who brought this letter was from Rust?' inquired he.

'The letter proposes an interview. If it is n't from him, the cheat would be found out when I go.'

'How long have you been ferreting out this matter?'

'Several weeks.'

'Have you worked in secret, or openly?' inquired Holmes.

'I kept the matter as quiet as I could,' replied Harson, 'because I did n't want him to get wind of it, and place obstacles in my way; for I supposed that he was the man; but still, I was obliged to employ several persons, of whom I know little.'

'Then this Rust is the man, you may rely on it,' said Holmes, in a positive manner. 'He has discovered that you are busy, and is startled at it. Depend on it, this wish to see you has something to do with your present movements.'

'I thought so too,' said Harson, 'and shall go there this morning.'

'I'll go too,' said Holmes; 'and the sooner we start the better.'

'Thank you, thank you,' said Harson, stretching out his hand; 'the very thing I wanted.'

The old lawyer said no more; but after fumbling about his room for his hat and great-coat, and having succeeded, without any great difficulty, in putting on the last, (for he had no idea how shrunken and attenuated he was, and it was large enough for a man of double his size,) and supported by Harry's steady arm, they set out.

'Stop a minute,' said Harson; 'we've shut Spite in. There'll be the deuce to pay if we leave *him*. Come, pup.' He opened the door; and Spite having leisurely obeyed his call, they resumed their walk.

THIS TO THEE. LUCY.

WHEN like the ripples of some troubled lake,  
Each year shall hasten to its lingering end,  
That chord in Memory's sweet-toned harp awake,  
Which thrills responsive to the name of Friend!  
And oh! whate'er shall be thy future lot,  
In sunshine or in shade, forget me not!

Whether thou dwellest in the busy mart  
Ceaseless caressed by pride, and pomp and power,  
Or circlest the ambition of thy heart  
Within the lowly cot and rustic bower,  
'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'  
Still, still my prayer shall be, 'Forget me not!'

## NATURE'S MONITIONS.

AN EXTRACT.

OH! who hath not, in melancholy mood,  
 Musing at eve in some sequestered wood,  
 Or where the torrent's foaming waters pour,  
 Or ocean's billows murmur on the shore;  
 Oh! who hath not in such a moment gazed,  
 As heaven's bright hosts in cloudless glory blazed,  
 And felt a sadness steal upon his heart,  
 To think that he with this fair scene must part!  
 That while those billows heave, those waters flow,  
 Those garnished skies resplendent still shall glow,  
 He, that once watched them, will have passed away,  
 His name forgot, his ashes blent with clay;  
 Unlike those glittering orbs, those quenchless fires,  
 Ordained to roll till Time itself expires.

## GRAVE THOUGHTS ON PUNCH.

It was a nice remark of the distinguished French General Moreau during his residence in this country, that the next thing in the world to a shock of cavalry is the English word, *WHAT!* There exists in it an irresistible abruptness, that frequently puts to flight at once the whole array of thoughts of the foreigner whose nerves are assailed by it. 'I can stand,' said he, 'any thing better than your word, *WHAT!* It is impossible to reason against it; I seem to have nothing to do, when I hear it, but to submit!'

It certainly is one of those short words of power, one of those words of pistol-shot energy, that characterize our grand tongue and give it originality and force. It is a word to conjure with; and has many a time raised Truth out of the depths of the heart of the double-dealer: it is a word of defence—and not unfrequently has it overturned or repulsed in one utterance the half-formed scheme of some wheedling knave endeavoring to make a confederate, or nefariously to win the heart of a pretty girl. May you and I, dear Editor, never hear from lips we love, in the overwhelming accents of astonishment and of disappointed hope, the English word, *WHAT!*

The word at the head of my Essay, and which by the way I mean to make the subject of it, is another of these short English words of great strength and pith. This carries however no disfavour with it; no discourtesy; nor does it raise up one association that is otherwise than bland and attractive to the mind: and yet how forcible is it, alike in sound and in effect! Let us listen to it — *PUNCH!* — To the ear of my Imagination it is altogether irresistible! How impossible to parry it! what a possession it takes of the faculties, and how entirely it seems to get the better

of one ! Then how intrinsically, how essentially English it is in all the strength and vigour of the tongue ! — PUNCH ! Turn the word into the French, and behold how pitiable is the effect — *ponche* !

Now it is a curious fact in the Natural History of Liquids, that a similar and not less remarkable result occurs in the noble beverage which this short word is intended to designate ! 'Try over the whole continent of Europe and wheresoever else the English language is not the vernacular, try I say to get PUNCH, and it invariably comes out *ponche* or something still more despicable ! I have essayed it repeatedly and have always found the result the same ; and yet I am neither a young, nor an inexperienced, nor, if you will allow me the word, an *inextensive* traveller !

On the other hand, the moment you recross the channel and 'set foot upon the sacred soil of Britain,' or come home quietly to our own unassuming United States and lay your hand upon the right ingredients, out of the sound of any foreign language, the mixture succeeds as a matter of course, and at once becomes virtually and essentially, PUNCH — PUNCH proper ; PUNCH itself ; in short, PUNCH !

' Tout Éloge d'un grand homme  
Est renfermé dans son nom ! '

The native merits and distinctive propriety of the word being thus established ; before I enter into any consideration of the drink itself, I cannot refrain from chiming in with the general feeling of the day on this side of the Atlantic so far as to observe, how incontestably this proves the mutual interest and common origin of 'the two great nations ;' and should the dark day ever arrive, when letters shall be obliterated ; printing forgotten ; and language lost ; it is still consolatory to reflect, that a mutual and inborn affinity between the two last representatives of 'the MOTHER and DAUGHTER' might be satisfactorily shown and most agreeably demonstrated by means of *two lemons ; four tumblers of Croton or filtered spring water ; one of double refined loaf sugar well cracked ; and one of old Rum !*

Gentle Reader ! hast thou carefully dwelt over this list of ingredients ? Are earth, air, fire, and water, more dissimilar in their elementary properties than are Lemon, Sugar, Water, and Rum ? and has it ever before occurred to thee, to what supernal brightness of original and fortuitous Genius thou must have been indebted for this astonishing combination ? Art thou alive to the grandeur of the original conception ? Alas ! the name of the architect of the Temple of Ephesus might as well at this epoch be sought for as that of the author of this stupendous compound, but the irrefragable word which is universally attempted to be attached to it indicates beyond the shadow of a doubt the land that claims the honour of his birth !

I am writing to thee from the attic of the house in which I have my abode. — Canst thou tell me the name of the first artificer who planned the building of a second story ? who first contemplated or imagined STAIRS ? or changed the tent and the cabin into the

fabrick of diversified flights? The scheme of this was taken from the invention of the Beaver — But where throughout the animal creation was the instinctive indicator to the man who first conceived the thought of PUNCH?

NEWTON by the fall of an apple is said to have determined the Theory of Gravitation: how vast and limitless in it's application has been the discovery! Yet is the whole but the elucidation of one principle or element of knowledge — while four different and antagonistic elements associate and are made to combine homogeneously in the glorious beverage of PUNCH!

DAVY, in his wonderful invention of the Safety Lamp, went with it completed in his hand from the laboratory to the mine, and found his reasoning true! Throughout the terraqueous globe his achievement is cited as the conquest of abstract Science over Physics. But vain is all abstract reasoning here; all distant experiment; all knowledge of the gases; all study of the powers of repulsion; — here four palpable and repulsive reasons are placed in presence of the chemist and philosopher, and the irresistible argument of all is — PUNCH.

These are hints for reflection to thee, Gentle Reader, in the quiet and solitary concocting and brewing of thy Pitcher, during the two hours that thou shalt diligently pour it from one glass receptacle into the other. When all is finished, and thy star hath proved benignant to thee; and thy beverage shall have become like the harmony that steals away thy heart; gushing from four musical instruments where the sound of neither predominates; — then drink to the memory of the great original Genius who planned and inspired thy joy; and forget not to favour, with a passing thought, the verdant Spirit who would gladly be Thy Companion; and who here subscribes himself, Thy Friend,

JOHN WATERS.

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### H E R N A M E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE fragrant odor of the perfumed flower,  
The plaint of one who doth his pain confess;  
The farewell whispered in the shadowy hour,  
The thrilling sound of love's impassioned kiss:

The seven-hued scarf that o'er yon field the cloud  
A trophy leaves to the triumphant sun;  
A trancing strain, now lost, now faintly heard,  
The twilight hum that tells the day is done:

The accent of some voice remembered well,  
The glorious ray that crowns the western sea;  
The secret wish that maiden may not tell,  
The first sweet dream of sleeping infancy:

A far, faint choral chant; the wakening sigh  
The Memnon gave to morning's glance of flame;  
All that thought hath of beauty, melody,  
Less sweet is, O! my Lyre! than her sweet name!

M. E. E.

## THE STORY OF ABUL CASSIM'S SHOES.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN TURKISH.

It is related that there once resided in Bagdad a very wealthy man named Abul Cassim, who was celebrated for his avarice and parsimony. So strong was his ruling passion that he could not even be prevailed upon to throw away his old shoes, but whenever it became urgently necessary, he would have them stitched at a cobbler's stall, and continue to wear them for four or five years. So finally, they became so heavy and large that it was proverbial in that city to say that a thing was 'as clumsy as Abul Cassim's shoes.'

Now one day as this man was walking in the bazaars of Bagdad, a friend of his, a broker, informed him that a merchant from Aleppo was just arrived, bringing some bottles for sale. 'Come,' added he, 'I will get them for you at a low price, and after keeping them a month or so, you can sell them again for three times as much as you gave, and so make a handsome profit.' The matter was soon arranged between them; Abul Cassim bought the bottles for sixty dinars, and after employing several porters to carry them to his house, he passed on. He had also another friend, a public crier, whom he likewise happened to meet, and who told him that a merchant from the town of Yezd had some rose-water for sale. 'Come,' said he, 'I will get it for you now at a low rate, and dispose of it for you some other time for double the amount.' So Abul Cassim was prevailed upon to buy the rose-water also, and on reaching home he filled the bottles with the water, and placed them on a shelf in one of his apartments.

The day following, Abul Cassim went to a bath, and while undressing himself, one of his friends going out saw his old shoes, and jokingly said: 'Oh! Cassim, do let me change your shoes, for these have become very clumsy.' Abul Cassim only replied, '*Inshallah!*' if God wishes; and continuing to undress himself, went into the bath. Just then the *Cadi*, or judge of the city, came to the bath, and undressed himself near to Abul Cassim. Some time afterward Abul Cassim came out of the inner room of the bath, and when he had dressed himself, looked for his shoes, which not finding, but seeing a new pair in their place, he thought his friend had made the change that he desired; so putting them on, he returned to his house.

When the *Cadi* came out of the bath, and had put on his clothes, he asked for his shoes, but lo! they could nowhere be found; and seeing, close by, the old ones of Abul Cassim, he naturally concluded this latter person had purloined his. So the *Cadi* was greatly enraged; and ordering Abul Cassim to be brought before him, he accused him of stealing shoes out of baths, imprisoned him two or three days, and fined him.

Abul Cassim on his release said to himself: 'These shoes have dishonored me, and I have been severely punished for their sake;' so with revengeful feelings he threw them into the Tigris. Two days afterward some fishermen, on drawing their seines out of that river, found a pair of old shoes in them, which they immediately recognized as those of Abul Cassim. One of them remarked that perhaps he had fallen into the river; and taking the shoes in his hand, carried them to Abul Cassim's house, and finding its door closed, he threw them in at a window which was open. Unfortunately the shoes fell on the shelf where the bottles of rose-water were ranged, so that it was thrown down, the bottles broken, and all the rose-water was lost.

When Cassim returned to his house, he opened the door and beheld the loss he had sustained. He tore his hair and beard with grief, wept aloud, and charged the shoes with being his ruin. To be free from farther misfortune on their part, 'I will bury them,' said he, 'in a corner of my house, and then all will end.' So the same night he arose and commenced digging a hole in a corner of his dwelling; but his neighbors hearing the noise, thought he was undermining their house; and rising in affright, they complained to the governor of the city, who sent and apprehended Cassim, and threw him in prison, from which he was released only on the payment of a fine.

After this Cassim returned to his house, overwhelmed with grief, and taking his old shoes, he threw them into the sluice of a neighboring caravansary. In the course of a few days, the sluice being stopped, it overran its banks, and workmen having been called to clean it out, lo! Cassim's shoes were found to be the cause of the inconvenience. So the governor again threw him in prison, and fined him to a large amount.

Abul Cassim, now perfectly in despair, took his old shoes, and after washing them clean, laid them on the terrace of his house, with the intention, after they were well dried, to burn them, and so put an end to all shame and misfortune on their account. But it happened that while the shoes were drying, a neighbor's dog passing over the terrace saw them, and mistaking them for dried meat, took one in his mouth, sprang from one terrace to the other, and in doing so let it fall. The neighbor's wife was *enciente*, and as she happened to be sitting at the foot of the wall, the shoe fell upon her, and in her alarm she was prematurely brought to bed. Her husband, in great anger, complained to the governor, and Abul Cassim was once more thrown into prison and made to pay a fine.

Abul Cassim now tore his hair and beard with grief, and accusing the shoes of being the cause of all his misfortunes, he took them in his hand, and going before the Cadi of Bagdad, related to him all that had befallen him. 'I beg you,' added he, 'to receive my declaration, and I hope all these Mussulmans will bear witness that I now break off all farther relation between me and these shoes, and have no longer any thing to do with them. I ask also a certificate showing that I am free from them, and they free from me; so that if

henceforth there are any punishments or fines to be incurred, questions to be asked or answers to be given, that they may take them all upon themselves.

The Cadi, much amused with what he heard, gave the desired certificate, and added a present to Abul Cassim. Behold in this tale to what misfortunes the avaricious subject themselves !

TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

BY E. W. ROOKWELL.

I.

BRIGHT stranger from the South ! who with the cool  
Light airs of Summer visitest the sweet  
Soft twilight that o'erspreads the shaded pool,  
And the young river-flowers that faint with heat :  
Welcome art thou to the cold North again,  
With thy dark glossy hood, and emerald wings ;  
And pleasant be thy way along the glen,  
Where the brown wood-thrush in the thicket sings,  
Or where to prostrate trees the nodding wild flower clings.

II.

Thy silver beak, which late from Southern flowers  
Sipped God's good bounty, here, where green leaves meet  
And shed their coolness through the long sweet hours  
Of the bright noontide, shalt find blooms as sweet ;  
The juicy clover in the meadow-grass  
Shall give thee honey from its crimson cells,  
And thou shalt take, where curling eddies pass,  
Thy supper in the dewy mountain-bells,  
When the meek evening-wind amid the forest swells.

III.

Waters shall catch thine image ; thy green wings  
Fanning with music the sweet forest airs,  
Shall bear thee where the reddening wood-rose springs  
Amid the moss and sunshine. Thou shalt fare  
Upon the glossy seeds when they are ripe  
On their long stems, beside the streamlet's bed,  
And on thy scarlet jacket thou shalt wipe  
Thy shining bill when thou hast freely fed  
Upon the river-plum and mountain-cherry red.

IV.

Welcome thou art unto my lattice ; here  
In safety thou may'st smooth thy velvet hood,  
And sip the summer-sweets without a fear,  
With the sweet winds thy gentle sisterhood.  
Ay ! thou art welcome ; nor would I in vain  
Take lesson from thine own meek history ;  
But when the hazy summer comes again  
To these wide woods, may'st thou no stranger be  
Among those friends which are my best society.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE POLITICIANS, A COMEDY: in Five Acts. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. pp. 118. New-York: Printed for the Author.

POEMS ON MAN, IN HIS VARIOUS ASPECTS UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. In one volume. pp. 112. New-York: Printed for the Author, and for sale at WILEY AND PUTNAM's and other metropolitan Book-stores.

THE CAREER OF PUFFER HOPKINS. Published in the 'serial form,' from the office of the 'BROTHER JONATHAN.'

IN a notice some four years since in these pages of the 'Motley Book' \* by the author of the above-named productions, we expressed our conviction, and gave the grounds for our belief, that Mr. MATHEWS had mistaken his vocation; that he exhibited a mind capacious enough of vague dreams and dim similitudes of humor, but that there was no naturalness in his descriptions, and no distinctness in his pictures; that his observation of men and things was cursory and superficial, and that his style was of such a character that the reader was often led to doubt whether he always affixed any very precise idea to the language which he employed. We excepted from these remarks, we remember, a serious sketch or two of the writer, 'The Potters'-Field,' and 'The Unburied Bones,' as evincing a degree of spirit and pathos, which justified us in counselling him, if he must needs write, to confine his literary efforts to that species of composition. Since the period to which we have referred, Mr. MATHEWS has continued to write and print, with great industry and perseverance, what he must have considered works of humor and satire; but we are sorry to be compelled to add, without exhibiting the slightest improvement. Like MICHAEL CASSIO, Mr. MATHEWS, when he sits down to pen, ink, and paper, 'sees a mass of objects, but nothing *distinctly*.' He has a large grasp of small things, without selection and without cohesion; his ideas, if they may be *called* ideas, are often diffuse, pointless, and apparently aimless; and it is impossible for any intelligent reader to resist the conclusion that his 'wit's diseased,' in one sense, at least. Let us take, as an illustration of the justice of our animadversions, the 'Comedy' whose title stands first at the head of this notice. From the strutting boldness of the language in the preface, the reader is led to conclude, evidently with the author, that an 'American dramatist' has at last arisen, who is to present the proof that 'America contains within itself material quite adequate for any class of literary productions;' that there is 'no lack of materials for comedy in our country and among ourselves;' and that here we have a dramatic attempt which is to furnish 'countenance to the cause of true National Literature.' In consonance with Mr. MATHEWS's own opinions of his 'Comedy,' is his modest request that nobody should 'interfere with his privileges as its author, or prevent him from deriving such emoluments from its representation as are equitably his due.' Probability rather

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\* See the KNICKERBOCKER for December, 1858.



favors the conclusion, we think, that no person ever did! The writer adds, also, that he 'would be greatly rejoiced' if the play should be 'the thing' to awaken the National Legislature to a 'realizing sense' of its duty in the matter of international copy-right! Such is the character of the introduction to the public of the 'Comedy' before us. Now for a taste of its quality.

The first act opens with a dialogue between a political candidate and his 'chum' touching 'the use of a church-bell' to bring out the voters, who are to be wrought upon by an announcement of the fact that 'the steeple is in the hands of their party,' whose ticket is to be 'spread on the weather-cock.' After a discussion of various modes of catching voters, which we should be glad to have the reader see, but which we must 'respectfully decline' to quote, we come to the annexed characteristic specimen of our author's wit. Stand aside, reader; for the text says: 'Enter BOTCH:'

BOTCH. Have you heard this rumor, Sir?

GUDGEON. What rumor, for Heaven's sake? They haven't bought up all the large flags in the ward?

BOTCH. No, Sir.

GUDGEON. Have they got in a new barrel of beer? or hired Blaster, the popular trumpeter? I spoke to him myself last night. They have n't engaged Murphy's two starved horses, that always operate so on the popular sympathies and bring up so many voters!

BOTCH. None of these, Sir!

GUDGEON. What then, Botch? Be quick — what then?

BOTCH. Why, Sir, the Brisk party is going to use the belfry of the church to distribute tickets from, and they intend to employ the sexton to read prayers every morning of the election from the small window in the steeple.

GUDGEON. This must be counteracted: it will have an overwhelming effect. We shall have the whole religious community moving against us in platoons, pew by pew!

BOTCH. Something must be done, Sir; I see clearly something must be done. What shall it be, Sir?

GUDGEON. Yes, something must be done.

BOTCH. Certainly; something must be done.

GUDGEON. What then, in the name of Heaven, shall it be? Could n't we get Glib to climb the steeple above the window and deliver an harangue? It might do away with the evil influence of the proceedings below, and give us a tremendous ascendancy at once.

BOTCH. I doubt whether Mr. Glib would undertake it, even if he could snatch a notary's commission from the weathercock, as the chances of being made a martyr of by stoning would be considerable.

In the fourth scene there is a new effect given to stage song-singing, by a Mr. BLANDING, one of the characters, which should neither be lost to dramatic writers, theatrical persons, nor to 'the world.' A fragment will suffice, we suspect:

BLANDING. (*From within.*) Fol-la — my heart — andino — has gently — sa — felt — allegro — allegro — sweet Kate — piano — the sharp and sure revenge of fate — La-mi-fol-sa.

CRUMB. The fit is coming upon him.

BLANDING.

*Oh smile upon the gloomy seave  
That bears me to a gloomier grave.*

That goes badly in andante — so-fa-me-fi-so.

BLANDING.

*And fly — too slow — and fly — allegro — allegro,  
And fly with me. Prestissimo.*

CRUMB. (*Breaking in.*) Heigh-ho! how is this, Sir? Are you trying to set a runaway match to music?

BLANDING. I beg your pardon, Sir — but —

CRUMB. You may well do that, and the pardon of the whole city council, if you please. Meditating a rhymed elopement with Miss Brisk, daughter of John Brisk, candidate for alderman of the ward! Why this is an audacious breach of ordinance.

Pass we now to the second act, wherein we find Mr. and Mrs. GUDGEON engaged in a remarkably humorous colloquy. He informs her that a committee has been appointed to 'have his own portrait of his individual self, ROBERT GUDGEON' taken; whereupon, among other things, Mrs. GUDGEON is led to remark, that now she has a presentiment that his election is safe. To which, 'thus then GUDGEON:'

GUDGEON. And so have I. Some great event is clearly at hand. We have had a meteor the other night that whizzed round the sky, like a large Catharine-wheel; then there has been a

school of sixty whale cast ashore off Barnegat; and the Rain-King, only last week, caught a storm on a lightning-rod, and held it there two days, notwithstanding the entreaties of the neighboring county, that was suffering sorely under a drouth. What do these things mean? what do they refer to? The approach of the comet foretold in the Farmer's Almanac; or, it may be so, (for I recollect the birth of my father's five-legged calf, in Danbury, was brought on by an early sun-rise,) the election of Robert Gudgeon as alderman.

Is not the wit of this undeniable? Does it not 'fortify like a cordial?' Yet it is not more striking than the humor of many other portions of the 'Comedy;' not more so indeed than several passages in the third act, especially in the dialogue between CROWDER and the committee-men, concerning the means by which the candidate is to recommend himself to his constituents, though it were to 'run a sewer through his pocket (!) and drain it to the last cent.' The committee do not 'sit' in their room at a tavern without 'creature comforts.' Observe: the landlord is called:

LANDLORD. (*From without.*) Coming!

CROWDER. We want your bill. That will bring him up with it, short and quick.

LANDLORD. (*From without.*) It's e'en a'most made out; only a few items to add.

*Enter LANDLORD.*

CROWDER. Come, read it off, jolly Job Works, in a good clear half-price voice; by particulars, and it's cash on the nail. Begin!

LANDLORD. That I likes; 'four sperm candle'; Nothing like the ready metal; 'Two quarts beer, with snuffers.'

CROWDER. Well, he has a fine throat of his own; it smacks of the spigot.

LANDLORD. Room-hire, cigars, and two juleps, with benches.

CROWDER. Well.

LANDLORD. A small pig with lemon.

CROWDER. A pig with lemon!

LANDLORD. Two plates pickled beans, two rolls twisted bread, and beer extra.

CROWDER. Beans, bread, and beer!

LANDLORD. Six lobster and two pound sage-cheese; likewise a splendid pork-pie made of chops.

CROWDER. A splendid pork-pie made of chops!

LANDLORD. And a suet pudding.

CROWDER. Nothing else?

LANDLORD. Nothing else.

The landlord declares, in answer to a little grumbling, that 'the things' named in the bill were 'sent down for' from the committee-room by way of the chimney, in a stone-bottle 'as big as my two-fist,' which struck his cook, 'poor hunch-back JENNY, in the small, or rather I should say in the big of her back, as she was stooping over a dish of *prawns* (?) for Tom Lug!' CROWDER pays, of course, in the usual way; but his rival is not to be outdone by such liberality. He 'bears a charmed life:' for Mrs. GUDGEON has 'told him to buy fresh chick-weed and goose-grass to carry in his pocket, because they say it draws voters!'

But enough. If our readers desire more of Mr. MATHEWS' 'Comedy,' they must seek it elsewhere. We have selected the liveliest passages we could find; for there is a calm placidity of emptiness, diversified with a bustling inanity of thought, in other portions of his performance, which we have small desire to illustrate by examples; since they would not fail to produce at least twenty yawns to a page; a soporific that neither watchman nor sick-nurse could support.

We come next in order to the poems on '*Man, in his Various Aspects under the American Republic*;' a very comprehensive title to much incomprehensible rhyme with little reason. As a poet, Mr. MATHEWS cannot reasonably expect to take the exalted order of rank which he holds as a dramatist. That indeed were expecting quite too much! To use the illustration of a nautical critic, his plan of writing verse would seem to be, to 'fire away with the high-soundingest words he can get, whereby his meaning looms larger than it is, like a fishing-boat in a fog.' Where there is such a ground-swell of language, there can be no great depth of ideas. Yet there *are* good ideas in some of the lines in these ten-score of pages, borne down though they be, and almost smothered, with words. For the most part, however, the volume presents but a farrago of crude expressions, ideas, and pictures, some poetical and others 'quite the reverse,' aggregated

in a rude and undigested mass. The writer treats, under nineteen divisions, of Man as child, father, teacher, citizen, farmer, mechanic, merchant, soldier, statesman, etc.; and from some of these we propose to select a few examples of Mr. MATHEWS's thoughts and style poetical. The following stanza is taken from the advice given to 'the father' of an infant:

'A soul distinct and sphered, its own true star,  
Shining and *axled* for a separate way.'

An 'axled soul' is good, as POLONIUS would say; but it is not much better than one or two equally original expressions which ensue:

'BE thou a Heaven of truth and cheerful hope,  
Clear as the clear round midnight at its full;  
And he, the Earth beneath that elder cope —  
And each 'gainst each for highest mastery pull:  
The child and father, each shall fitly be —  
Hope in the evening vanward paling down,  
The one — the other younger Hope upspringing,  
With the glancing morning for its crown.'

The writer counsels 'the citizen' not to 'overstalk' his brother, but to show in his mien 'each motion *forthright*, calm, and free; ' and he farther advises in the words following, to wit:

'FEEL well with the poised ballot in thy hand,  
Thine unmatched sovereignty of right and wrong:  
'Tis thine to bless or blast the waiting land,  
*To shorten up its life or make it long.'*

In the annexed stanza there is an assortment of similes, the like of which one seldom encounters in so brief a compass. The lines are addressed to 'the farmer; ' and we are acquainted with several excellent persons among that indispensable class of the community, to whom we should like to hear Mr. MATHEWS *read* them! It would be a 'rich treat' to hear their opinion of such pellucid poetry:

'WHEN cloud-like whirling through the stormy State  
Fierce Revolutions rush in wild-orbed haste,  
On the still highway stay their darkling course,  
And soothe with gentle airs their fiery breast;  
Slaking the anger of their chariot-wheels  
In the cool flowings of the mountain brook,  
While from the cloud the heavenward prophet casts  
His mantle's peace, and *shines his better look.'*

Cloud-like revolutions stopping on the highway to slake their chariot-wheels in a mountain-brook! If that is n't 'original poetry' we know not what is. Now the opening of the piece from which the above stanza is taken we have no doubt is considered by the writer quite inferior to it; but to our conception, the nature and simplicity which it preserves for a moment are worth all the striking figures to which we have alluded. 'The mechanic,' whose business is to 'shape and *finish forth* iron and wood,' comes in for his share of rythmical counsel:

'LET consecrate, whate'er it strikes, each blow,  
From the small whisper of the tinkling smith,  
Up to the big-voiced sledge that heaving slow  
Roars 'gainst the massy bar, and tears  
Its entrail, glowing, as with angry teeth —  
Anchors that hold a world should thus-wise grow.'

Observe the felicitousness of the foregoing poetical terms. The 'tinkling smith,' and the 'big-voiced sledge' *roaring* against an iron bar, and tearing out its *entrails* with *angry teeth*! Could appropriateness and power of metaphor reach much beyond this? 'Not good,' we suspect. We thought to have given our friends, 'the merchants,' a lift with Mr. MATHEWS's moral instruction; but we can only remind them, with his assistance, that

'Undimmed the *mas* should through the trader shine,  
And show the soul *unbabied* by his craft.'

'Next comes the soldier,' to whom Mr. MATHEWS thus addresses himself:

'With grounded arms, and silent as the mountains,  
Pause for thy quarrel at the *marbled sea*.'

'Marbled sea' is good; as good as 'the mobled queen.' It might perhaps assist the effect a little, if the reader knew what it meant. Possibly the writer knows; yet we doubt it. The next stanza presents a cloudy vision of the sublime obscure:

'THOU' sleeps the war-blade in the *amorous* sheath,  
And the dumb cannon stretches at *his leisure* —  
When strikes the shore a hostile foot — out-breathe  
Ye grim, loud guns — ye fierce swords work your pleasure!  
And sternly, in your stubborn socket set,  
For life or death — *your hilt upon the stedfast land*,  
Your glance upon the foe, thou sure-set bayonet,  
Firm 'gainst a world's shock in your *fastness* stand!'

'The statesman' is not less felicitously 'touched off' than the soldier:

'DEEPER to feel, than quickly to express,  
And then alone in the consummate act;  
*Reeps not the ocean, nor the free air tills*,  
But keeps within his own peculiar tract:  
Confirms the State in all its needful right,  
Nor strives to draw within its general bound;  
For gain or loss, for glory or distress,  
The rich man's hoard, the *poor man's patchy ground*.'

'Hold, enough!' doubtless exclaims the reader. Yet could we go on to the end of the volume with just such 'poetry' as this. We must ask the farther attention of 'the curious' to be directed to the work itself, while we proceed to glance for a moment at the production last cited at the head of this notice.

The swelling prelude to *The Career of Puffer Hopkins* is kindred in assumption and manner with the preface to the 'Comedy,' to which we have already adverted. 'CERVANTES, SMOLLET, FIELDING, and SCOTT, to say nothing of more recent examples,' are modestly invoked, to show that the author cannot justly be charged with caricaturing. We yield the point, without the examples. A caricature always bears some resemblance to an original; but Mr. MATHEWS's characters have *no* originals. They are in no respect *vraisemblant*. Take his whole catalogue of names, (in themselves *so* 'funny!') his 'Hobbleshank,' 'Piddleton Bloater,' 'Mr. Gallipot,' 'Mr. Blinker,' 'Mr. Fishblaas,' 'Attorney Pudlin,' 'Mr. Fyler Close,' 'Alderman Punchwind,' 'Mr. Shirks,' 'Counsellor Blast,' 'Dr. Mash,' 'Mr. Bust,' 'Mr. Flabby,' etc.; analyze them, if possible, and tell us if any one of them ever had any thing like a counterpart in 'the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth?' Are they any more distinctive, *internally*, than 'the pie-faced man,' or the man 'with features like a dried codfish suddenly animated,' *externally*? 'Not a jot, not a jot,' will be the reply of every one who attentively scans them. The death of 'Fob' partakes in a good degree of the pathetic, and justifies the counsel which we gave the writer in our notice of 'The Motley Book.' It is however as evidently suggested by kindred scenes in the writings of DICKENS, as is the writer's raven and coffin-maker's apprenticeship. We have not the space, had we either the leisure or the inclination, to attempt a notice in detail of 'Puffer Hopkins.' We say 'attempt,' because it defies criticism. It has neither plot nor counterplot; neither head nor tail. Memory, it has been well said, is the best of critics; but we doubt if there be a scene or part of a scene, in the entire work, that could be segregated and recalled by the recollection of the reader. Aimless grotesqueness; the most laborious yet futile endeavors after wit; and a constant unsuccessful straining for effect; are its prominent characteristics. Take up the book, reader, open it *any where*, and peruse two pages; and if you do not acquit us entirely of undue depreciation in this verdict, place no faith hereafter in our literary judgment. Let us open it at random for an illustrative passage or two. In the following, Puffer (after receiving a lecture on political speech-making, in

which among other things he is told to 'roll his eye-balls back under the lid, and *smell of the chandelier*, though the odor is n't pleasant!') is thus farther instructed :

'It's best to rise gradually with your hearers; and, if you can have a private understanding with one of the waiters, to fix a chair conveniently, a wooden-bottomed Windsor, mind, and none of your rushers; for it's decidedly funny and destroys the effect, to hear a gentleman declaiming about a sinking fund, or a penal code, or the abolition of imprisonment for debt, up to his belly in a broken chair-frame. As the passion grows upon you, plant your right leg on one of the rounds, then on the bottom, and finally, when you feel yourself at red-heat, spring into the chair, waive your hat, and call upon the audience to die for their country, their families and their firesides; or any other convenient reason. As Hobbleshank advanced in his discourse, he had illustrated its various topics by actual accompaniments; mounting first on his legs, then the bench, and ended by leaping upon the table, where he stood brandishing his broken hat, and shouting vociferously for more oysters.'

There are other suggestions; such as having 'immense telescopes constructed, and planted where they could command the interior of every domicile in the ward, and tell what was in every man's pot for dinner six days in a week;' together with a 'great ledger, with leaves to open like doors, on which should be a full-length likeness of each voter, drawn and colored to the life,' even 'down to his vest-buttons, and a mote in his eye!' Who shall say that *this* is n't 'genuine humor?' Here too is 'a touch of nature,' such as Mr. MATHEWS delights in. An electioneerer or 'scourer' of the wards visits a theatrical 'lightning-maker,' (a highly *probable* character,) at his laboratory, where the following witty dialogue ensues :

'This profession of yours,' said Puffer—he dared not call it a trade, although the poor workman was up to his eyes in vile yellow paste and charcoal-dust—'this profession, Sir, must give you many patriotic feelings of a high cast, Sir.'

'It does, Sir,' answered the lightning-maker, slightly mistaking his meaning; 'I've told the manager more than fifty times that lightning such as mine is worth ninepence a bottle, but he never would pay more than fourpence halfpenny: except in volcanoes; them's always two-quarters.'

'I mean, Sir,' continued the scourer, 'that when you see the vivid fires blazing on Lake Erie; when Perry's working his ship about like a velocipede, and the guns are bursting off, and the enemy is paddling away like ducks; is not your soul then stirred, Sir? Do you not feel impelled to achieve some great, some glorious act? What do you do, what can you do, in such a moment of intense, overwhelming excitement?'

'I generally,' answered the lightning-maker, with an emphasis upon the personal pronoun, as if some difference of practice might possibly prevail, 'I generally takes a glass of beer, with the froth on.'

'But, Sir, when you see the dwelling-house roof, kindled by your bomb-shells, all a-blaze with the midnight conflagration: the rafters melting away, I may say, with the intense heat, and the engines working their pumps in vain; don't you think then, Sir, of some peaceful family, living in some secluded valley, broken in upon by the heartless incendiary with his demon-matches, and burning down their cottage with all its outhouses?'

'In such cases,' answered the lightning-maker, 'I think of my two babies at home, with their poor lame mother; and I makes it a point, if my feelings is very much wrought up, as the prompter says, to run home between the acts to see that all's safe, and put a bucket of water by the hearth. Is n't that the thing?'

'I think it is; and I'm glad to hear you talk so feelingly,' answered Puffer Hopkins; 'our next mayor's a very domestic-minded man; just such a man as you are; only I do n't believe he'd be so prudent and active about the bucket on the hearth.'

'At this, the lightning-maker smiled pleasantly to himself, and *unconsciously thrust a large roll of brimstone in his cheek.*'

Oh, for a modern schepen, to laugh himself to death at this fine 'burst' of nature and of wit! Holding both his sides, how would he guffaw at that brimstone mistake! 'How can you make me laugh so, when I am so sick?' Well, well; it is funny, certainly; but wait until you read this fragment of 'burning satire' upon the political press :

'AN *'Extra Punchoon,*' pretending to give late news from the Capitol, but containing, in reality, Flabby's long-expected reply. 'Capitol! capital!' cried Mr. Fishblat, as he hurried on; 'Flabby called Busts a drunken vagabond, in the *Punchoon* of Wednesday week; Busts called Flabby a hoary reprobate, in Monday's *Bladder*, and now Flabby calls Busts a keg of Geneva biters; says the bung's knocked out and the staves well coopered. Capital! This alludes to a threshing, in front of the Exchange, in which Busts had his eye blacked and a couple of ribs beaten in.'

But we must draw our notice of Mr. MATHEWS's 'writings' to a close. We cannot do so, however, without again inviting the attention of our readers to the 'works' themselves, if they are desirous to partake in a yet larger degree of the kindling effect of his unique wit and humor, and to render *full* justice to 'the American Boz.'

THE POETS OF CONNECTICUT; WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. Edited by Rev. CHARLES W. EVEREST. In one volume. pp. 468. Hartford: CASE, TIFFANY, AND BURNHAM. New-York: KNICKERBOCKER Publication Office.

HONOR to Connecticut for the 'bright names in song' to which she has given birth; and honor to Mr. EVEREST for the faithfulness and good judgment with which he has discharged his editorial function, in the large and exceedingly beautiful volume before us. Few of our readers can be aware of the number and high character of the poets of America who first drew breath in the 'Land of Steady Habits.' The catalogue 'deflours us of our chiefest treasures' in poetry; numbering as it does, HALLECK, BRAINARD, PERCIVAL, PIERPONT, PRENTICE, HILLHOUSE, HILL, SIGOURNEY, ROCKWELL, and others scarcely less known to fame, and whose effusions are endenizen'd in the national heart. The volume presents a brief historical account of the poetical literature of Connecticut, from its commencement to the present period. The writers are arranged in the order of birth, as being less invidious, and as better comporting with the design of the editor. In the department of biography, the sketches have been made as complete as possible, in the case of deceased writers, while in those of the living, the principal facts of personal history are carefully preserved. The editor has judiciously confined his critical duties to the mere pointing out of a few characteristic traits of each author's verse, refraining from especial eulogy or censure. The volume is in all respects a valuable contribution to our national literature, and deserves, what we cannot doubt it will receive, a circulation commensurate with its merits. It is beautifully printed, upon large, clear types, and embellished with a fine vignette-engraving of the city of Hartford and Connecticut river.

ABBOTTSFORD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Edinburgh: ROBERT CADELL. London: HOULSTON AND STONEMAN. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

WE have already twice spoken of this most *perfect* edition of the works of the immortal SCOTT; but as the numbers reach us in succession from abroad, and the fine taste and profuse liberality of the publisher are more and more revealed, we are continually tempted to descant upon merits and beauties which we could wish our readers throughout the Union and the Canadas could *personally* appreciate. We have before us at this moment the series complete to the thirty-second issue; and how many illustrations does the reader suppose are included in these numbers? No less than *five hundred and fifty*; varying, in each number, from sixteen and eighteen to twenty-four. These illustrations, too, are in the very finest style of the art of engraving, whether on steel or wood. There is nothing omitted that *can* be illustrated, in any of the great 'Northern Magician's' works. The first painters in England are employed to paint from nature the originals of all the principal scenes; these are transferred to steel by the most eminent engravers in Europe; and the same faithfulness is apparent in all the principal portraits, which are so numerous and authentic, as to leave nothing to be desired in this department of the work. Add to this the fact, that every *thing* to which any especial interest attaches in the novels is pictorially presented, with a kindred care and correctness; and that the fine texture and dazzling whiteness of the paper and beauty of the printing are unsurpassed; and the reader will have some idea of the comparative *cheapness* of a work like this, when informed that each number costs but two shillings and sixpence sterling! The edition will contain, when completed, more than *two thousand engravings*, on steel and wood, and of the highest order of excellence. Indeed, the landscape engravings on steel will of themselves form a splendid series of an hundred views, illustrative of the novels.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.—In briefly noticing, some months since, the decease of WILLIAM ABBOTT, Esq., late of the Park Theatre, we promised again to advert to his career in England and this country; and the perusal with which we have recently been favored of an exceedingly entertaining autobiography of this excellent actor and accomplished gentleman, has 'whetted our almost blunted purpose.' We learn from a brief obituary in the London 'Gentleman's Magazine,' that Mr. ABBOTT was born at Bath, England, in 1788, and began his theatrical career in that city, whence his varied talent caused his being transported to Covent-Garden Theatre, at the age of twenty-four. He remained there twelve years, continuing all the time to grow in reputation. In social life, his house at Knightsbridge, near London, was long the scene of meetings in which good taste and refinement increased their attraction, by being blended with less ceremonious pastimes, and the constant flow of fanciful recreations. Thus he traversed a flowery time until 1824, when ambition tempted him to become the lessee of the Dublin Theatre. He lost money by the speculation; and his next move was to Paris, where with an English company he entertained the Parisian public with *éclat* for two years. In the French capital his enjoyment of society was of a very gratifying kind; and he spoke the language with so much purity as to escape all the usual inconveniences attendant upon foreign disclosure. In 1828 he returned to Covent-Garden to enable Miss FANNY KEMBLE to appear as JULIET with an adequate ROMEO. Subsequently, untoward events of a pecuniary nature, connected with the management of one of the minor theatres of the metropolis, induced him to try his fortunes in America. The professional and social qualities which had won for him reputation and friends in his own country, gained him both in this, in an equal degree; while the same experience as a manager attended him here that was 'his destiny' abroad. The Charleston (S. C.) Theatre, the management of which he assumed, proved worse than valueless to his interests; and at the time of his death he had resumed his place upon the boards of the Park Theatre, where he had always given ample satisfaction to the public. He was the author of several successful dramatic productions in England, and was known on both sides of the Atlantic as a gentleman of fine literary taste and acquirements.\* He was a person of the most gentleman-like manners, cheerful disposition, ready wit in the play of conversation, and possessed a kindly and liberal heart. Few men were more welcome to society, or more entertaining within its bounds. He was full of anecdote; and the humorous stories of the stage found in him a most amusing reciter. He had also the song, the jest, or the repartee, which never failed to add mirth to the festive board. Above all, shone the unclouded cheerfulness of his nature, over which even his own misfortunes apparently never suffered a shadow to pass; and that good-will toward others which defied the taint of envy, (either in private life or in an envious profession,) which was happy in contributing to happiness, and would not tread

on a worm, or even injure an enemy. 'Such,' says our London contemporary, 'was WILLIAM ABBOTT, who for many years was a popular favorite in the principal theatres of London, and who performed the second class of characters better than any actor we ever saw. His walk too was unconfined. In tragedy, not of the sterner sort, he was graceful and impressive; in genteel comedy, equal to any of his contemporaries in that line; in the more unlicensed exuberance of farce, a laughable and jocular actor; and in all, he was ever perfect in his part.'

We proceed now to select a few passages, almost at random, from the delightful manuscript volume to which we have referred; a work which we have no doubt will speedily be in the hands of a publisher, since it cannot fail to prove one of the most various and entertaining books of the season. We commence our extracts with the annexed sketch of personal misadventure, which will remind the reader of the somewhat similar scene in 'The Antiquary' of SCOTT. The *locale* is Tenby, in South Wales, opposite the Devonshire coast:

'WHAT vivid recollections throng my mind, when I recall the perilous situation in which I was once placed there! It was my constant custom, whenever I had a character of importance to study, to wander on the 'Sands' in front of the town; not like DEMOSTHENES, with a pebble in my mouth, but seating myself on some jutting rock, listen to the roar of old Ocean in storms, or watch its gentle undulations, like an infant rocking itself to sleep. On one occasion I pursued my path greatly beyond all former wanderings; passed each inlet I encountered, and again emerged on the broad Sands; and on turning, the town met my eye, and appeared, although three miles distant, to be almost within my grasp. The waters kept at a respectful distance, while I reclined upon an isolated rock, not unlike a rude arm-chair. Like another CANTER, I wanted to see if the waters would dare approach me. My mind was full of 'meditation and the thoughts of love;' and many a *chateau en Espagne* was peopled with delightful visions of air-born spirits, paying homage to my towering theatrical genius! Casually turning round, to my utter confusion I saw the water laving the base of a high projecting rock which intercepted my return. I felt that no time was to be lost. I rushed back, and knee-deep, cleared the obstacle. Another, still more formidable, stood before me. Beyond, the golden Sands, tinged by the beams of the setting sun, gave life and hope; at my feet lay despair and death. Not a soul was in sight; and the opposing obstacle that separated me from the path by which I could reach the town, was rising perpendicularly from the deep. I was young in years; and in an instant all my previous life flashed upon me, in one dreary perspective. No escape, no hope! DEATH himself stood before me! The very rocks on which I had so often gazed with a romantic delight, now oppressed me with terror. Grim visages with demoniac smiles started into life from the surrounding cliffs, to mock my helplessness. The roaring waves, dashing upon the sharp rocks, uttered a voice of fearful warning. Despair was almost at its height, when suddenly my nerves became iron. I rushed to the opposing rock; I reached, and how I know not, a fearful height; I clung to some stunted brushwood, which found a frail hold in the fissures of the rock. One point of safety was visible, but as I attempted to reach it, loose particles crumbled and rolled beneath my feet, and I heard the crackling of the branches. The yawning gulf was ready to receive me! One last effort, one convulsive spring, enabled me to reach the desired refuge; and although in comparative safety, I sat there shaking with terror, and watched the rapid approach of the waves, which, although fortunately not violently agitated, covered me with the 'salt sea-foam.' The excitement prevented my feeling the cold, though I was wet to the skin. The heavens were calm and blue above, and the stars shone in all their splendor; but the restlessness of the waters, through the dim obscurity, kept me in perpetual agitation. For hours I remained in this situation; at length the early morning dawned upon me, and the receding tide lifted a weight from my heart.'

Many of our readers will remember sundry anecdotes, from theatrical persons and works upon the drama of 'ROMEO COATES,' of Bath, England. 'MR. ABBOTT gives a very amusing account of the manner in which this *soubriquet*, which attached to the subject of it throughout his life, was obtained:

'THOUGH an unmitigated ass, he was the lion of the day. He came from one of the West-India islands, was very wealthy, and on all occasions wore brilliants of the first water. In a place like Bath, where *ennui* will step in occasionally, he was a godsend. He was followed,



courted, fooled to the top of his bent. The sprigs of fashion 'drew him in' to give at the York Hotel the most expensive entertainments; and at one party, when I was present, they insisted upon his mounting a table covered with decanters and glasses, to give a specimen of his skill in the small-sword exercise, and display his figure to the best advantage. One of the party, *Bacchi plenus*, became his opponent, and the result was, the destruction of a most superb chandelier. His face was like a baboon's, and the twistings and distorted attitudes into which he threw himself were alike indescribable and irresistible. One pleasant morning there appeared an announcement in the theatre-bills which shook the city of Bath to its foundation. It was like the precursor of a volcanic eruption: '*Romeo, by an Amateur of Fashion!*' The doors were beset at an early hour in the afternoon by those who had failed to secure places at the box-office. Box-admittance was paid by crowds of gentlemen, to enable them, by jumping over, to secure places in the pit. Men of rank and distinction did not disdain to occupy seats in the gallery. The fever of excitement was at its pitch, when the gentle Romeo appeared, dressed in the most fantastic and absurd style, in consonance with the advice of his fashionable friends. He wore diamonds to the value of thirty thousand pounds! I was one of his instructors, and entered into the joke with a keen relish for the ridiculous. It was hardly to be expected that his acting would be tolerated by the true judges of art, and I was obliged to be dressed for the character, in order to finish the part. But no! The appetite of the audience grew by what it fed on; and when the dying scene came, a tremendous burst of mock enthusiasm rang from all parts of the house, and he was universally *encored*. He bowed most graciously, while Juliet (Miss JAMIESON) was lying on the stage, not dead, but literally 'in convulsions' of laughter. Oranges were thrown upon the stage, with a request that the actor would not hurry, but refresh his energies before he recommenced his death. He kissed his hand to the ladies in graceful acquiescence with their wishes, and deliberately proceeded to suck two oranges! His second death was infinitely more extravagant than the first, and drew down repeated and prolonged bravos, and a second *encore*, which however was not complied with. Showers of bouquets now fell upon the stage, and closed one of the most extraordinary dramatic exhibitions I ever beheld in a regular theatre.'

A singular circumstance is mentioned by Mr. ABBOTT as having occurred to a professional friend of his at Bath, named SIDLY. It is authenticated beyond all peradventure. 'Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer-cloud, without our special wonder?'

'He was quietly seated in his arm-chair, at his lodgings in Beaufort-square, after his return from the theatre; his wife had retired to her bed-chamber, adjoining their drawing-room; while he remained, for the purpose of reading over a character for the ensuing evening. His mother resided a short distance from London, and, so far as he knew, was at the time in perfect health. His mind was not preoccupied with the thoughts of home, and an unusual calmness pervaded his spirit. After reading a passage, and trying to see if he had mastered it, he raised his eyes, and on a chair opposite sat his mother, smiling benignantly upon him. His agitation was extreme. He hastily turned round, and saw that the door was closed. He struggled to speak, but his lips were sealed; and with a beating heart and hair erect, he rushed to the bed-side of his wife, and in broken sentences, and with thick-starting perspiration rolling down his face, he detailed what he had seen. His wife endeavored to persuade him that it was all a dream; and to convince him, quietly walked into the drawing-room, and found the apartment precisely as she had left it, the fire burning and the candles lighted; but nothing could do away the illusion; and in two days afterward poor SIDLY received the intelligence of his mother's death at the very hour of the occurrence here narrated. He seldom referred to the circumstance, and never without deep and melancholy emotion.'

LISTON, the great comedian, as most readers are aware, was an inveterate wag. He was never more happy than when successful in making a fellow-actor lose his 'power of face' upon the stage. Mr. ABBOTT relates a pleasant anecdote of one of his efforts in this kind:

'In Newcastle, under the management of STEPHEN KEMBLE (who played the part of Falstaff without stuffing,) LISTON on one occasion took the character of Pizarro. When he is lying on the couch, ROLLA enters, apostrophizes his defenceless situation, and then rouses and drags him in front of the stage. Judge of the surprise of the actor, at finding one half of LISTON's face painted in imitation of a clown! This portion of his features was of course studiously turned from the

audience, who were indulged only with the simple profile. Rolla burst into a fit of laughter, and rushed instantly from the stage, to the great scandal of the audience, who had not the slightest suspicion of the cause of such ridiculous conduct.'

Our excellent friend JOHN WILSON, that most mellow of vocalists, once gave us a similar anecdote of LISTON. In the play of 'Guy Mannering,' he is deputed to relieve the suffering Lucy Bertram. He places a well-filled purse in her hand, which he clasps cordially in his own, while she looks up in his face, her eyes brimming with tears of gratitude at relief so unexpected. On the occasion alluded to, a remarkable change was observed in Miss Bertram's face, when the purse was handed to her. She shrank back, and struggled, as if to liberate her hand from his grasp: and after looking imploringly at his imperturbable face for a moment, she found relief in a sort of hysterical laughter, which was very far from bespeaking the emotion of the character she represented. Instead of a purse, LISTON had placed in her hand a large *raw oyster*, as cold as ice, and *pressed* her acceptance of it in a way that was irresistible! There ensues a comparison between those different but equally matchless *artistes*, Mesdames SIDDONS and O'NEIL, which we have reason to believe expresses the general verdict of the time:

'FROM all my recollections of Mrs. SIDDONS, it would be absurd to attempt to draw a parallel between her performances and those of Miss O'NEIL; the unapproachable grandeur and dignity of the one and the feminine tenderness and endearment of the other exhibiting widely different expressions, not formed by the same code. You approached Mrs. SIDDONS with a feeling of awe, bordering on reverence. With Miss O'NEIL, all your hopes and fears were excited, and certain to meet with a response. Her bursts of agony and distress agitated every nerve, and would plunge her audience in tears; while the power of SIDDONS would choke your very utterance, and deny you all relief. What Miss O'NEIL required in strong expression, she made up in exaggeration. Every nerve was strained, and her whole frame convulsed; in short, her great fault was exuberance; yet nothing could be more quietly (though distressingly) beautiful, than her performance of 'Mrs. Haller.'

The reader should have *heard* Mr. ABBOTT present the subjoined 'limning from life,' and *seen* him imitate the snuff-taking of the noble tragedian. The story loses much of its force in being transferred to paper. The anecdote is of HARLOWE, who painted the celebrated trial-scene of 'Henry the Eighth,' in which the KEMBLE family figured so conspicuously:

'HE had, by his ill conduct, lost the esteem of his great master, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, who was the intimate friend of JOHN KEMBLE; and the latter had in consequence resolutely refused to sit to him for his portrait as 'Cardinal Wolsey' in the picture alluded to. 'Mrs. SIDDONS and CHARLES and STEPHEN KEMBLE had sat to the artist, but the great tragedian was immovable. At length a friend of the painter (Mr. THOMAS WELSH, the celebrated singing-master,) who had received many marks of attention and kindness from Mr. KEMBLE, and who had great confidence in the force of his influence with him, waited upon Mr. KEMBLE at his residence in Great Russell-street. He was shown into the library, and was most cordially received: 'My dear TOM, to what am I indebted for the favor of this visit?' 'My dear Sir, I come a humble suppliant to you, and I really do n't know how to commence.' 'Well, well; make excuses for your modesty: and then, my good friend, come to the point.' The commencement was auspicious; but the first plunge in a cold-bath is always hard to take. 'I assure you, Mr. KEMBLE, I feel most grateful for your kind reception; and if I could only hope the favor I am going to ask —' 'Pooh! pooh! you know, Tom, I always told you, from a boy, there was nothing you could ask of me that I would refuse you. Now say what it is you wish; consider it as done; and I really am very much occupied; so, to the point, to the point, Tom.' 'Oh, Sir, you have made me the happiest person in the world. Will you be kind enough to sit to Mr. HARLOWE for your portrait?' In an instant a deep cloud passed over the noble countenance of the great actor; and deliberately taking up his snuff-box, he applied a large pinch to his nose, and quickly replied: 'My dear Tom, I'll see you d—d first!' Notwithstanding his denial, however, the Cardinal is one of the best portraits, and was caught only by occasional glances from the orchestra, during Mr. KEMBLE's performance.'

At Edinburgh, Mr. ABBOTT would seem to have attained great popularity. He mingled in the best circles of the Northern metropolis, and was for some days a guest of Sir WALTER SCOTT. He narrates many pleasant anecdotes connected with his engagements in 'Auld Reekie'; and among them is the following, which is capital:

'I HAD no personal knowledge of STEPHEN KEMBLE, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a circumstance which happened when he was manager of the Edinburgh Theatre. The exiled family of the Bourbons were residing at the Palace of Holyrood, and great respect and attention were shown by the nobility in the neighborhood to the unfortunate descendants of a long line of kings. Mr. KEMBLE thought the patronage of the Comte D'ARTOIS, afterward CHARLES the Tenth, would be a source of great attraction. Application was made at the palace, and with success. His Royal Highness left the selection of the play to the manager, who fixed upon 'Henry the Fourth,' for the purpose of exhibiting himself in his own popular character of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. One can scarcely conceive a duller play for a Frenchman, almost ignorant of the English language, and wholly unable to enter into the subtleties of such a being as the Fat Knight. The great desideratum, however, was obtained. The house was crowded, and the manager was satisfied. His Royal Highness bore the infiction in a most exemplary manner, and retired amidst the respectful greetings of the audience. A week had hardly elapsed, when KEMBLE (probably not from any selfish motive, but with the laudable view of affording some amusement to the illustrious exile,) again presented himself at Holyrood, and suggested another visit to his theatre. The Comte D'ARTOIS received him most graciously; indeed, it was not in his nature to do otherwise, for he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Europe. He declined the invitation, however, in nearly the following words: 'I am vava mosh oblige, Monsieur KEMBLE; it was vava nice, indeed; I laugh mosh; *but von sosh fun, it ees enoff!*'

This dubious compliment of the Count is not unlike the praise awarded by a polite French officer to a battalion of rather inferior provincial volunteers in England. He was pressed for his opinion, which he gave as follows: 'Gentlemens, I'av seen de Garde-Royal and de Garde-NAPOLEON; I'av seen de Russ and de Pruss; *but by Gar! I'av nevere see such troops as dese!* — *no, nevere!*' With the two passages annexed, the one describing an annoyance to which popular actors are not unfrequently exposed, and the other the tricks of which they are sometimes made the subjects, we take our leave of Mr. ABBOTT's 'experiences' at Edinburgh:

'In passing through the gallery at Holyrood, where the miserable daubs of the Scottish kings are exhibited, I was accosted by a legitimate cockney, whom I discovered to be a traveller for some furniture-maker's establishment. He had not been long enough in his vocation to acquire the shrewdness for which that class of persons are celebrated, but made up in unsophisticated simplicity what they possess in assurance. He recognized me immediately, having, as he said, 'frequently seen me at Covent-Garden Theatre;' and without any extra ceremony he fastened himself upon me. When he came to the portrait of MACBETH, he turned quickly round upon our cicerone, and said: 'Lord bless you! that's not a bit like him; for I saw JOHN KEMBLE do it, and it isn't so much like him as the moon is like a Cheshire cheese.' But the climax of his sage remarks occurred when the old woman came to the spot where DAVID RIZZIO was murdered, and pointed out the stain of his blood, which still remains, and which neither time nor soap, she said, would ever efface. Our cockney rubbed his hands with delight, and said: 'Why, my good woman, I'll give you some stuff that will take it out in half an hour!' . . . One morning I lounged into the box-office, which was crowded with persons taking places; and on looking at the play-bill of the night's performance, I saw the tragedy of Isabella announced, 'Carlos by Mr. ABBOTT, with his celebrated hornpipe in fetters, as performed by him at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden!' This was one of the practical jokes of my friend MURRAY, (who married a sister of THOMAS MOORE.) He had given the printer directions to strike off some half a dozen bills of this stamp, for the purpose of raising a laugh against me.'

Soon after the retirement of JOHN KEMBLE from the London stage, a great event, and well described by Mr. ABBOTT, that great tragedian gave a memorable dinner to some eighteen or twenty of the most distinguished members of the *corps-dramatique* of Covent-

Garden Theatre. Among the guests, also, was TALMA, of whom we have this graphic account:

'On this occasion we had a fine trait of the tragic powers of TALMA; not a bombastic display of French acting, but a grand and simple narrative of facts, connected with that frightful epoch, the French Revolution. He himself was suspected, watched; and his profession alone saved him from the blood-hounds who were on his track. During the most terrific period, he did not dare to sleep at his hotel, but lived in the outskirts of the metropolis; and when called in town by his professional avocations, he would steal like a culprit to the gate of his residence, and in an under tone inquire of the old Swiss porter the bloody news of the day. On one occasion he was told that some thirty or forty of his most intimate friends had that very morning perished by the guillotine. Feeling that the crisis of his own fate had arrived, he went tremblingly to the theatre; and during the performance the overwhelming anguish of his soul was relieved only by the tears coursing down his cheeks; and the very expression of which feeling every moment endangered his life. There was a cold, creeping chilliness about the hearts of all present as he spoke, which was perfectly thrilling; and not a sound was heard till he had ceased.'

Here is a brace of anecdotes of an absent-minded brother-actor, which will perhaps 'agitate the risible organs' of some of our readers:

'HENRY,' in 'Speed the Plough,' was a character in which he had gained some reputation. At the closing scene of the play, he rushes into a wing of the castle, which is in flames, in quest of papers likely to disclose the secret of his birth. He returns in fearful agitation, with his right hand concealed in his bosom, and which in fact should contain the bloody *dénouement* of the plot, a towel dipped in blood, *alias* rose-pink, and a knife, also properly stained for the occasion. The climax of his speech ran thus: 'In vain the angry flames flashed their vengeance around me! Among many other evidences of blood and guilt, I found *these*!'—producing his fingers and hand! He had entirely forgotten the essential accompaniments. . . . His first appearance was before, Mr. DIMOND had quitted the stage, and who enacted the part of 'Belcour' in 'The West Indian.' In the scene with his sister the débutant should say: 'Are you assured that Mr. BELCOUR gave you no diamonds?' The question however was rendered thus: 'Are you assured that Mr. DIMOND gave you no BELCOURS?'

Such errors, we believe, are not infrequent upon the stage. The reader will perhaps remember the blunder of the Ghost in Hamlet, on one occasion; who, instead of saying that the 'knotted and combined locks' of the young prince would 'stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' reversed the terms in this ludicrous manner: 'Your twisted and combined locks shall stand up straight, like forks upon the *fretful quillcops*.' A single passage more must close our extracts from this delightful autobiography. It is a short story, touching 'the immortal TOWNSEND, the delight of Bow-street officers, the favorite of Royalty, and the dread of all coachmen and flambeau'd footmen:'

'I THINK I see him now, with his flaxen wig, his low-crowned hat, long gaiters, and half-Quaker suit, 'discoursing most eloquent music.' It was a source of great amusement to the young sprigs of nobility to extract from him in conversation some of his most characteristic slang expressions; nor did Royalty itself disdain to be amused at his expense. About the period of the connection between the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. JORDAN, public opinion was rife on the subject. His Royal Highness was at the opera, surrounded by the world of fashion; and when he encountered TOWNSEND, who was on duty there, he said, in his brusque, off-hand manner: 'Ah! Townsend, Townsend, how d'y'e do, Townsend?' 'Why, your Royal Highness, pretty bobbish, I thank you,' replied the functionary. 'Well, Townsend, what news, what news?' 'Why, nothink, your Royal Highness, of any consequence.' 'Oh, nonsense! nonsense! The people must have something to talk about.' 'Why then, if your Royal Highness pleases, the talk is principally about you and Mrs. JORDAN.' The sailor-prince was here a little thrown 'aback.' 'Never mind, never mind; let them talk; I don't care.' Observe the simplicity of the answer: 'Your Royal Highness is a d—d fool if you do!'

The foregoing is the result of a merely casual dipping, here and there, into the teeming pages of Mr. ABBOTT's manuscript volume. Whoever the fortunate publisher of the work may be, he may calculate with certainty upon its acquiring instant popularity.

'THE DIAL' for the October quarter is a very excellent and lifeful number of that greatly-improved journal. Among the articles which most attracted our attention and admiration, are the 'Youth of the Poet and Painter,' 'A Winter Walk,' an essay on 'The Comic,' and the 'Letter' of the Editor to his correspondents. The first of these papers is characterized by several thrusts of a trenchant satire. We should rather infer, from the recorded 'experiences' of the writer, that when he first entered college, his bump of reverence for collegiate institutions and men of learning could hardly have been developed. Hear him, how he saith :

'I SAW that in reciting our lessons to the conceited tutors, who think College is the Universe, and the President Jupiter, they had the impudence to give us marks for what we did, as if we, paying them for so much aid in our lessons, were therefore to be rewarded by them with a couple of pencil scratches. I found we were treated, not only as machines, but to be set up or down, at the discretion of these tutors, who had merely to scratch down a mark, and thus decide our fates. This foolery I felt I could not agree to.' 'I found here no scholars whatever. Some young men deficient in grace, were wearing out the elbows of their coats, in getting by heart some set lessons of some little text-books, and striving which should commit them the most perfectly to memory. This perfection lay in the point of a tutor's pencil, and was at last decided on by the votes of a band of professors, who loved wine and puddings better than literature or art, and whose chief merit lay in keeping their feet dry.'

Perhaps 'these be truths.' Certain it is, that the annexed passage partakes of the veritable. It is a 'picture in little' of the morning routine of a briefless lawyer ; and the sinner has many a counterpart in this metropolis of Gotham :

'IN the morning, you enter your office at half-past eight, read the paper till nine, and then, if you feel able, walk as far as the court-house. There you are provided with a seat by the sheriff, and cold water by the deputy-sheriff. You next stare at the Court, consisting of one or more judges, twelve jurymen, a criminal or civil case, four baize tables, and a lot of attorneys. You next begin to make motions, which consists in getting a case put off, or put on, as you happen to feel, and run your eye over the docket, which is kept at the clerk's table, in a ledger, for the accommodation of the county, and the clerk's family. If it is your case which comes on, you open your eyes wide, talk a great deal about nothing, and dine with the bar. Occasionally you will feel sleepy after dinner, but awake yourself by smoking a cigar, or driving into the country.'

Here is an extract which will be appreciated for its graceful diction, the love and observation of nature which it displays, and the pensive train of thought which its tone engenders :

'TO-DAY has been pure golden sun-shine since morning ; and how the day-god played with the trunks of the trees, as if the forest were one great harp ! In the morning, as I sat among golden-rods, under the shade of a pine, where on every side these sunny flowers grew, it seemed as if the sunlight had become so thickly knotted and intertwined with the roots and stems of the plants and grasses, that it could not escape, but must remain and shine forever ; yet the pine tree's shadow, at sunset and before, fell long across the place, and the gay light had fled, like the few bright days of life, which fly so rapid by. The old tell us we are young, and can know nothing of life ; to me it seems I have lived centuries, out of which I can reckon on my fingers the days of pleasure, when my heart beat high. I fancy there is a race of men born to know only the loss of life by its joys ; to live by single days, and to pass their time for the most part in shadowy vistas, where there is neither darkness nor light, but perpetual mist. I am one of these ; and though I love nature, the river, the forest, the clouds, she is only a phantom, like myself, and passes slowly, an unexplained mystery, like my own consciousness, which shows through a want of perfect knowledge. I see myself, only as what I do not know, and others, as some reflection of this ignorance, an iceberg among other icebergs, slowly drifting from the frozen pole of birth to the frozen pole of death, through a sunny sea.'

Well pleased should we have been to accompany our observant and thoughtful essayist, when he fetched his 'Winter Walk.' Mark his delicate appreciation of the little accessories of the season. We thank him for awakening vivid glimpses of the past, that go strait to the fresh scenes of boyhood :

'THERE is a slumbering subterranean fire in nature which never goes out, and which no cold can chill. It finally melts the great snow, and in January or July is only buried under a thicker or thinner covering. In the coldest day it flows somewhere, and the snow melts around every tree. This field of winter rye, which sprouted late in the fall, and now speedily dissolves the snow, is where the fire is very thinly covered. We feel warmed by it. In the winter, warmth stands for all virtue, and we resort in thought to a trickling rill, with its bare stones shining in the

sun, and to warm springs in the woods, with as much eagerness as rabbits and robins. The steam which rises from swamps and pools, is as dear and domestic as that of our own kettle. What fire could ever equal the sunshine of a winter's day, when the meadow mice come out by the wall-sides, and the chickadee lisp in the defiles of the wood? The warmth comes directly from the sun, and is not radiated from the earth, as in summer; and when we feel his beams on our back as we are treading some snowy dell, we are grateful as for a special kindness, and bless the sun which has followed us into that by-place. This subterranean fire has its altar in each man's breast, for in the coldest day, and on the bleakest hill, the traveller cherishes a warmer fire within the folds of his cloak than is kindled on any hearth. A healthy man, indeed, is the complement of the seasons, and in winter, summer is in his heart.' . . . 'In winter we lead a more inward life. Our hearts are warm and merry, like cottages under drifts, whose windows and doors are half concealed, but from whose chimneys the smoke cheerfully ascends. The imprisoning drifts increase the sense of comfort which the house affords, and in the coldest days we are content to sit over the hearth and see the sky through the chimney top, enjoying the quiet and serene life that may be had in a warm corner by the chimney side, or feeling our pulse by listening to the low of cattle in the street, or the sound of the flail in distant barns all the long afternoon. No doubt a skilful physician could determine our health by observing how these simple and natural sounds affected us.'

We commend the following to those who seem to think that a thorough love of the comic or the burlesque argues an ill-regulated mind or a perverted taste. That there *are* such persons, the reader who has done us the honor to peruse our late confabulations with correspondents, will not need to be informed :

'A PERCEPTION of the comic seems to be a balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure. It appears to be an essential element in a fine character. Wherever the intellect is constructive, it will be found. We feel the absence of it as a defect in the noblest and most oracular soul.' It insulates the man, cuts down all bridges between him and other men. The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, is a pledge of sanity, and is a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities into which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A man alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him.'

In the subjoined, which we take from the 'Letter' of the Editor, already alluded to, may be seen one beneficial result of the 'hard times,' which, driving men out of cities and trade, forced them to take off their coats and go to work on the land, which has rewarded them not only with wheat, but with habits of labor :

'SPECULATION is no succedaneum for life. What we would know, we must do. As if any taste or imagination could take the place of fidelity! The old Duty is the old God. And we may come to this by the rudest teaching. A friend of ours went five years ago to Illinois to buy a farm for his son. Though there were crowds of emigrants in the roads, the country was open on both sides, and long intervals between hamlets and houses. Now after five years he has just been to visit the young farmer and see how he prospered, and reports that a miracle has been wrought. From Massachusetts to Illinois, the land is fenced in and builded over, almost like New-England itself, and the proofs of thrifty cultivation every where abound.'

There is much less of the new style of verbal affectations in the present than in preceding numbers of 'The Dial,' and it is just in this proportion the more readable and attractive. We see something indeed of 'externality,' 'reaction inward,' 'unitive ideas;' and certain compound terms, which are meant to be forcible, but are only foolish; such as 'flesh-meat' for meat, 'foot-tread' for tread, and other the like words; but they are scarcely worth mentioning; the infrequency of their occurrence being a sufficient proof of the decadence into which they are already falling.

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'MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND.'—We have in three handsome volumes, from the press of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, an accurate memoir of the Court of England, from the Revolution in 1686 to the death of GEORGE the Second. The work proceeds from the pen of JOHN HENEASE JESSE, author of 'Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the STUARTS.' There are numerous and fruitful themes of instruction and warning in these volumes; lessons which have not been lost upon the world, and which are of especial interest to the citizens of a republic; aside from which, the details of the private history of some score of eminent persons, who left their impress on the eras in which they flourished, must needs have attraction for the general reader, who may only peruse them with an eye to lively entertainment. We observe, by the journals of the day, that the work is heartily welcomed and duly appreciated by the public.

## T H E D R A M A .

**PARK THEATRE.**—We congratulate the friends of the drama upon the bright auspices under which this establishment has commenced the present season. Those who have long predicted the downfall of things theatrical, and the utter extinction of the legitimate drama, find but little in the present aspect of affairs at this house to flatter their spirit of prophecy. So long as we continue upon the civilized side of barbarism, so long will a true taste for the drama remain with us. It is the natural food of an intellectual society, and as such will be cherished wherever that society exists; the vagaries of fashion on the one hand, and the railings of fanaticism on the other, to the contrary notwithstanding.

**Mr. WALLACK.**—The engagement fulfilled by this gentleman, after an absence of some years, proved to his admirers that the vigor and vivacity of his acting have lost none of their former charms. In those personations which he has long since made his own, he displayed the same excellence which ever characterized his performance. To say that Mr. WALLACK stands at the head of melo-dramatic actors, is not awarding him full praise. He is immeasurably beyond all rivalry in this branch of the art. Melo-dramatic performances by other artists bear about the same relation to the chaste acting of tragedy that the art of scene-painting in water-colors does to that other art which embraces alike the power of tracing upon canvass the most delicate as well as the most magnificent works of nature, in the bold and imperishable figures of a MICHAEL ANGELO or a CLAUDE LORRAINE. The outlines, the sketchy prominences, of the landscape are what the best of the melo-dramatic actors have delineated; but WALLACK has gone a distance beyond them, and added a grace and a finish to the picture, of which his subjects were before thought incapable of receiving. And yet Mr. WALLACK is no tragedian. With the high regard which we entertain for his talents, we have never seen them exerted in tragedy, without lamenting their sad misdirection. In the enviable station which he occupies as the first melo-dramatic actor of the age, fearless of rivalry, he should be satisfied, and consider the dignity of third-rate tragedian as entirely beneath his ambition.

**Mr. MACREADY.**—Sixteen years ago the American public were first gratified by the performance of this great tragedian—great even then; and those who remember the peculiar character of his style at that time, have recognized it again with all its beauties improved by long study and practice, and not entirely devoid of blemishes. Mr. MACREADY's acting presents the effect of great study; it shows the result of sound judgment, and bears witness to the absence of all feeling. Great as was EDMUND KEAN, and great as is the subject of this notice, in the same department of the drama, never were two artists, on or off the stage, more completely the antipodes of each other. KEAN, all soul; reckless of art, and apparently despising even the most common and long-received rules and usages of the stage; rushed before his audience, embodying as he advanced the very soul of the character which he had put on with his dress; warming with it, *feeling* the sensations which he expressed; with

‘A broken voice, and his whole function sultry  
With forms to his conceit.’

There was no study there; nothing farther than the mere committing to memory of the words of his part. He identified *himself* with the character, and for the time *was* that character, to all intents and purposes; entering into its sensations, and actually *feeling* its joys and its sorrows. And what are the effects of such *acting*? Let those whose tears have flowed at his bidding, answer! KEAN did not create admiration; he awakened *enthusiasm*. Mr. MACREADY is so chaste and perfect, so artificial, to use a cant term, that *admiration* is the usual feeling which he creates. His acting is like a beautiful piece of mechanism, where every wheel and spring performs its perfect work. There is no jarring, no clog, to mar the exquisite regularity of its movements. But it is a piece of machinery, after all. It is man's work, to say the best of it. The power which KEAN possessed was no more a merit to the man, as being the work of study, than the genius of BYRON was a creation of his own. Nature made him an actor—a thing of feeling; and he could not shut within himself the rays of that divine influence. It could not be cribbed, narrowed down, or fashioned by study, but it shone forth in all its native effulgence—dazzling and unshaded. Therefore it is fairly maintained, that the high station which Mr. MACREADY occupies as the first tragedian of his time is more to his honor than would be the same position, if

gained for him by nature alone. The profession to which he belongs has reason to be proud of its head. He has done more to elevate the drama to its true position than any of his contemporaries, if JOHN KEMBLE alone be excepted. We have observed during this engagement of Mr. MACREADY's many new and beautiful readings, many striking effects, and many bold points, which together with the unusual care and fitness in the 'dressing' of the stage, will form the subject of some future notice. We can foresee much benefit that is to grow out of his visit to the American stage. We can already perceive the good effects produced both upon the actors and the stage-manager by Mr. MACREADY's first engagement at the Park; and we sincerely hope that any suggestions which he may be induced to make, may be liberally and promptly acted upon. c.

APROPOS of the foregoing: Here is our friend the 'MAIL-ROBBER,' with a most timely and apposite paper, in his

### FIFTH POETICAL EPISTLE.

TO J. VANDENHOFF, ESQUIRE, OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON.

MACREADY's come! I met him, just at dark,  
Crossing the yard these Yankees call 'the Park :'  
Full on his figure gleamed th' obtrusive gas,  
As I beheld the 'great tragedian' pass;  
His decent person, neatly built and straight,  
His air abrupt and grenadier-like gait;  
His Irish face, which doth not much resemble  
The more expressive front of KEAN or KEMBLE,  
All for an instant, as my glance they caught,  
Brought you and either green-room to my thought.

From him I turned my meditative gaze,  
Where through the trees the play-house lanterns blaze;  
But not the multitude that nightly throng  
To feast their ears with Ethiopian song,  
Nor all the gaudy neighborhood around,  
Where nuts and noise and courtesans abound,  
Nor all the glitter of the gay saloons  
Where oyster-lovers ply their midnight spoons,  
Nor all the crowd of coaches waiting nigh,  
Could check my mind's involuntary sigh.  
Alas! how dwindled from her brighter years  
The buskin'd nymph, the goddess-queen appears,  
Who deigned a little while in yonder dome  
To fix her throne, her altar and her home;  
Securely trusting in a land so young,  
Whose native speech was her own SHAKESPEARE's tongue,  
To see restored the glories of her reign,  
And other GARRICKS born, *this side* the main.

Delightful dream! delightful as untrue;  
POOR DRAMA! this was no domain for you.  
Here never shall return that early time  
When the fresh heart can vulgar life sublime,  
And all the prose of our existence change  
By magic power to something rich and strange;  
Not here, among this bargain-making tribe,  
Whose tricks the Muse would sicken to describe,  
Shall the dull genius of a sordid age  
Bring an 'all hallow'n summer' of the Stage.

They grossly err this thrifty race who call  
A youthful nation; 'youthful!' not at all!  
What though some trace of the barbarian state  
Betrays at times the newness of their date;  
What though their dwellings rose but yesterday?  
The mind, the nature of the land, is gray.  
Old Europe holds not in its oldest nook  
A race less juvenile in thought and look;  
There is no childhood here, no child-like joy;  
Since first I landed I've not seen a boy:  
For all the children in their aspect wear  
The lines of sorrow and corrosive care;  
Each babe, as soon as babyhood is past,  
Is a grown man, and withers just as fast.



Oh my dear England! merry land! God bless you!  
 Though taxes, corn-laws, fogs, and beer oppress you,  
 Still, as of old, a jocund little isle,  
 Still once a year at least allowed a smile;  
 When, spite of virtue, cakes and ale abound,  
 And laughter rings, and glasses clink around.  
 Nor quite extinct is that robust old race  
 (Autumn's last roses blooming on their face,) Whom,  
 spite of silver hairs and trembling knees,  
 At Christmas-time a pantomime can please.  
 Still some bald heads adorn the lower row,  
 Green, lusty lads of three-score years or so;  
 Nor is the veteran yet ashamed to sit,  
 Three times a year, with Tommy, in the pit.

But vain your hope, ye gentle sisters twain,  
 Who hold of Passion's realm the double rein!  
 Mirth-moving maid! and thou who wak'st the tear!  
 Vain was your hope to build an empire here:  
 Not ev'n *your* slaves will freemen deign to be—  
 Fly to some region where the soul is free.  
 Find some fat soil of indolence and rest,  
 With some good-natured, easy tyrant blest,  
 Who to himself the toil of ruling takes,  
 And his own laws and his own blunders makes;  
 Leaving his people only to obey,  
 And sleep the noon and sing the night away.  
 Or waste in tawdry theatres the hours  
 Which here the service of the State devours.

Here nobler cares enlightened man engage  
 Than the poor fictions of a trifling stage.  
 Perhaps her sons th' alarmed Republic calls  
 To solemn *caucus* in her council halls,  
 Wherein her trembling destiny awaits  
 The awful issue of their high debates.  
 What time have they the ravings to endure  
 Of any mad young Prince or horn-mad Moor,  
 When Duty calls them to contrive a way  
 To pay the nation's debt—or not to pay?  
 Or when perchance upon a single voice  
 Depends an alderman's defeat or choice?  
 Why should they care to hear a greedy Jew,  
 With cut-throat air, insisting on his due,  
 When they, by far more naturally, play  
 Shylock themselves, in Wall-street, every day?  
 Yet should, by hap, a genial evening spare  
 The flaming patriot from his country's care,  
 Or Business loose his limbs and tortured brain  
 From the long thralldom of her golden chain,  
 Why then his tireless energies demand  
 A dish of knowledge, sold at second-hand:  
 With indefatigable ears and eyes  
 To look profound in lecture-rooms he tries,  
 And picks Philosophy's delightful scraps  
 From fossils, gases, diagrams and maps.  
 For Science now is easy grown, and cheap,  
 Keeps modest hours, nor interferes with sleep;  
 And much there is to wonder at and know  
 In all the 'ologies, from *aer* to *zo*.

What power against such rivalry could stand?  
 Farewell, poor *DRAMA*! seek another land.  
 Fancy ev'n now anticipates the day  
 When your last pageant shall have passed away:  
 I see, I see the auctioneer profane  
 Each inmost recess of your hallowed reign;  
 While crowds of clergymen and deacons pour  
 Your violated horrors to explore.  
 Nightly no more the magic foot-lights rise,  
 Nor oil-cloth moons ascend the canvass skies.  
 BRAGALDIS's brush, poor Queen! is dry for you,  
 Doomed now to deck the pulpit and the pew.  
 Yes; the same art which whilom could transport  
 The lost beholder to king DUNCAN's court,  
 Or bid him stand upon the 'blasted heath,'  
 Where the weird women, low'ring, hailed MACBETH,

Is now your only cheap cathedral-builder,  
 With some small aid from carver and from gilder:  
 What masons cannot build, the painter paints  
 In water-colors, to delight the saints.

'Tis true: I've witnessed in the house of prayer  
 Shows that had made a pious Pagan stare;  
 A lie bedaubed upon the walls, forsooth,  
 Where true believers come to worship Truth!  
 Lo! Gothic shafts their taper heads exalt  
 Arch above arch, and vault supporting vault;  
 Around the chancel, marble to the eye,  
 Seraphs and cherubs in distemper fly,  
 While far beyond a seeming choir extends  
 Whose awful depth a mimic window ends.  
 Through the dim panes (so well the scenes are done)  
 For ever streams a never-setting sun,  
 And all appears the work of hands divine,  
 Another Westminster — of varnished pine!  
 Nor only so; the very violins  
 Are now atoning for their ancient sins,  
 By sweetly blending with the organ's roar,  
 And winning souls as ORPHŒUS did of yore.  
 Sure, flutes and hautboys and Italian skill  
 May with fresh crowds the 'anxious-benches' fill,  
 And many a heart an orchestra may move,  
 Past all the power of preaching to improve.

Herein observe how modes and tastes recur,  
 And all things *are* precisely what they were;  
 For all the changes of our history seem  
 Infinite eddies in the sweeping stream,  
 Down which, while gliding whither we are bound,  
 Our course eternally is round and round;  
 Or why life's progress may I not compare  
 To a long passage up a winding stair;  
 We turn and turn again, as we ascend,  
 For ever climbing toward the unknown end,  
 Where one impenetrable veil of clouds  
 The aim and summit of our being shrouds;  
 And on our state bestowing but a glance,  
 We seem to move, but never to advance;  
 Ev'n as old Earth, obedient planet! rolls  
 Poised on the balanced spindle of her poles,  
 Yet duly fills her more extended sphere,  
 Circling the central orb with every year,  
 Thus we our double journey still pursue,  
 Revolving still, yet ever onward too.

Think how the stage in piety began,  
 When early players played the 'fall of man';  
 Or showed the Lord High Admiral of the Ark  
 Eyeing the clouds, about to disembark.  
 Now the Church borrows what it lent before,  
 And the just actors all her own restore:  
 Again Devotion asks the help of Art,  
 And paint and music rouse the torpid heart.  
 The self same vein which bade old bards rehearse  
 The book of Exodus in tragic verse,  
 Reveals itself in operas that mingle  
 Religious history with dramatic jingle.  
 'Moses in Egypt,' blazoned on the bill,  
 Night after night the galleries can fill,  
 While crowds of Sunday amateurs admire  
 The tale of 'David,' chanted by a choir.  
 Already, I foresee, the time is nigh,  
 When concert-rooms our worship will supply,  
 And sacred oratorios combine  
 (To suit all tastes) the play-house and the shrine.

But soft — the bell! the steamboat sails at noon;  
 Rest thee, my goose-quill, till another moon.

T. W. F.

MR. PLACIDE, the *universal* favorite, who requires not a word of praise from any one who has ever seen him upon the stage, leaves us soon, we learn, for the South-west. As an actor and a gentleman, we commend him to the especial regards of our play-going readers, and editorial and per-

sonal friends, in that meridian. Gentlemen, he is 'a trump!' Mr. CHIPPENDALE is cordially welcomed back to the Park. In his rôle, by no means a limited one, he is not second to any of his confrères. How admirably he personated the 'Intendant' in 'Werner!' It was a *faultless* performance, by common consent of his gratified auditors. The same may be said, and *was* said, indeed, and very unanimously, of his excellent representation of 'Col. DAMAS' in the 'Lady of Lyons.' Mr. CHIPPENDALE has been greatly missed, during his absence; and he 'can't be spared' again. We are glad of an opportunity to pay a deserved tribute to the talents of Mr. WHEATLEY. 'That first appeal which is to the eye' is most satisfactorily sustained by the manly person and fine features of this gentleman; and we know of no one in the profession whose improvement has been more marked. To our fancy, his performance of 'Ulrick,' in 'Werner,' was a study. The last scene won the most applause, perhaps; but the previous conception and execution of the actor, though less *outwardly* manifested, were certainly not less felicitous. As 'Icilius,' in 'Virginius,' also, Mr. WHEATLEY won golden opinions. Indeed, it seems quite certain, that with continued study and attention to the *minutiae* of his characters, this young gentleman is destined to attain a high rank in his profession. Mr. VACHE, the new Charleston acquisition, seems a very self-possessed, correct, and gentleman-like performer. All that we have seen him essay, has been well sustained. His success is no longer doubtful.

'AMERICAN THEATRE,' BOWERY. — We have nothing but abundant success to chronicle of this spacious establishment. It has been crowded nightly, we are informed, to its utmost capacity, by admiring audiences, to witness the representation of SHAKESPEARE'S heroes and heroines by Mr. HAMBLIN, and that gifted actress, Mrs. SHAW. This *fact* sufficiently bespeaks the *character* of the personations of these two popular performers.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC. — Full, every night, of wide-mouthed laughers, who go grinning homeward 'by the light of the moon' or the gas-lamps. What could we say more? The only thing necessary to add is, 'Go early, if you desire to enjoy with comfort the capital acting of MITCHELL, in the amusing travesty of 'MACBETH,' the charming voice of Miss TAYLOR, or the clever personations of WALCOTT.'

THE CHATHAM. — 'E'iah! yah! yah! — e'look-o'-ere!' JAMES CROW, Esquire, has recently delighted his 'friends and fellow-citizens' at this commodious and well-appointed establishment, which has partaken, during the month, of the general prosperity of theatricals in the metropolis. Mr. BURTON, a low comedian, formerly of Philadelphia, followed him in his round of characters, with satisfaction to his admirers; and 'at this present writing,' YANKEE HILL is amusing crowded audiences with his unique representations of 'down-east' life and manners.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — It is many years since we first perused the thoughtful '*Vision of Mirza*.' We have been pondering it again this wailing autumn evening; and as we read, we remembered how many companions, who went hand-in-hand with us through the valley of youth, had entered upon the bridge which spans the stream of time, and one after another disappeared in the ever-flowing tide below. Amidst the beating of the 'sorrowing rains' against the window-panes, and the fitful sighing of the night-wind, we thought of *One* who held with Nature an affectionate fellowship, and who loved this melancholy season as a poet only could love it; of one who stepped upon that bridge at the same moment with ourselves, but who, while yet in the first stages of his journey, growing weary and faint with the toil and strife, reached with gradually-faltering pace one of the concealed pit-falls, and was 'lost for ever to time;' leaving his companion *alone*, to press on toward the dark cloud which ever broods over the onward distance. Strange power of memory!

'In thoughts which answer to our own,  
In words which reach the inward ear  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
We feel his living presence here!'

*Something* there is in the autumn season which reaches back into those recesses of the spirit, where lie the sources whence well out the bitter or the sweet waters; recollections of the hopes, the fears, the sorrows and the happinesses, of our incomprehensible being! Enter with us,

reader, upon MIRZA'S Bridge, and listen to the teachings of this matchless allegory of the mysterious shepherd :

'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide and sea rise out of a thick mist at one end, and again lose themselves in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what discoverest thou on it?' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, I perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay close together toward the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but then their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

'I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by, to save themselves. Some were looking toward the heavens, in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.'

The misty expanse which was spanned by this bridge opened at length, it will be remembered, at the farther end; where, thronging the Islands of the Blessed, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and 'interwoven with shining seas that ran among them,' were seen 'innumerable persons, dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers;' and there was a confused harmony of singing-birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. 'Gladness,' exclaims the rapt dreamer, 'grew in me, upon the discovery of so delightful a scene! I longed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats!' But there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that were opening every moment upon the bridge. Happy are they who can say, in the fullness of faith and hope, 'Come the hour of reunion with the loved and lost on earth! and the passionate yearnings of affection shall bear us to that blessed land! Come death to this body! — this burthened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body! — and to the soul, come freedom, light, and joy unceasing! — come the immortal life!' . . . THE 'Tale' of our Zanesville (Ohio) friend is too long for our pages. It is well written, however; and especially the third chapter, which describes the progress of a Yankee pedler through the 'Buckeye State,' thirty-five years ago. But for the injunction of the writer, we should have ventured to appropriate this chapter entire. The 'cute trick' upon the *honest* farmer was capital, and a fair *quid pro quo*. It was not better, however, than the following, which is equally authentic. A gentleman from New-York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it 'a doubtful case;' but added, that if it *was* collectable at all, a tall raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the room, would 'annoy it out of the man.' Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account. 'Wal, 'Squire, 't an't much use tryin', I guess. I *know* that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out o' Bunker-Hill monument, as to c'lect a debt o' him. But any how, 'Squire, what'll you give, s'posin' I do try?' 'Well, Sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you — yes, I'll give you *half*, if you can collect it.' 'Greed!' replied the collector; 'there's no harm in *tryin'*, any way.' Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont-street, encountered his enterprising friend: 'Look o' here!' said he,

'Squire, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was 'short'; if he *wasn't* home, I could n't get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after goin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you!' says I; so I sat down on the door-step and sot all day, and part o' the evenin'; and I begun airly *next* day; 'not about ten o'clock, he g'in in. *He paid me my half, an' I 'gin him up the note.*' . . . We invite the attention of our readers to the following spirited lines. We shall be glad to hear again from the writer, when he returns to his 'several places of abode.' He tells us that his physician, 'after giving him a little of every thing in his shop, and doubly jeopardizing his life by a consultation, has advised a change of air.' We shall less regret his temporary indisposition, if we can be made the recipient of his pleasant letters from the Southern Springs. In the stanzas annexed, not unmix'd with one or two felicities, are several fine pictures. The chant pealing from the choir of the North Winds; the fierce armies of the pole issuing from their battlements of snow to ravage the fair fields of the temperate regions; the hail-stones beating the march of Winter on the hollow trees; and the snow falling silently in the garden of the dead; all these are poetical conceptions, graphically expressed:

## WINTER.

BY THE REV. HENRY OF SHARONDALE, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

And art thou coming, Winter!  
In thy wild and stormy might  
To cast o'er all earth's lowly things  
Thy pale and withering blight?  
Ay, he for he comes o'er the dark, dry wold;  
I feel his breath—ah me! how cold!  
He wears the same wild, hoar, white brow  
Which he wore when in his prime;  
And he sings th' same stern, wailing song,  
Which he sang in the olden time.  
The same hoar frost on his beard he fell—  
Ah! ha! old Winter! I know thee well!

Thou art coming, icy Winter!  
To tell the same sad tale,  
Of bright things passing from the earth,  
With sigh and moan and wail.  
Of fair flowers fading one by one,  
As the sun beamed on the sun;  
A gentle fire in the hearth it peals out,  
Will thy, and full of woe,  
As march thy fierce escalions forth  
From their battlements of snow.  
A requiem, too, o'er pale Summer's form,  
Or the deep war-cry of the gathering storm!

Thy cohorts with their night black plumes  
Shut out the bright blue sky;  
All nature in ruins the fast decay  
Of Summer's blazonry;  
Now murmuring low, now shrieking wild,  
She sorrow over herd, in chill,  
The lips of the prating brook are sealed,  
And the sun-birds have flown  
Away, away to some bright land  
To thee and thine unknown;  
And even man in his pride grows pale,  
And trembles at thy fierce assault.

The trumpet rings through the mountain pass,  
With a faint, cold halloo;  
And the hail-stones drum on the hollow trees,  
With a mournful rat-tat-tat;  
Oh spare, in thy fearful marches, spare  
The fruitful field and the gay pasture!

But the fierce battalions, filing on,  
Nor heed nor hear my cry;  
And I scarce for the fair and flowery field  
Swells th' under the dark and troubled sky;  
And showers of icy javelins fall,  
The only answer to my call!

Put not a flag of truce hence out  
Thy steel folds on his brow;  
And the snow-cold dew lies in light plateons  
Thou art in the dark and troubled sky;  
And now, like the shades of murdered flowers,  
They seek the earth in countless show-ers.  
They fall on the mountain's deadly height,  
In the dark ravine they fall,  
And o'er the distant cities lie,  
They spread their radiant pale;  
That white as snow, like a winding sheet,  
Is spread over forest and field and street.

On the storied monument it falls,  
Be it but the stupid verse,  
And covers all the high and low  
With one unsculptured hearse.  
Methinks it lies more lightly on  
The grave of the broken-hearted one.  
The folds of a Babylonian new  
The village spind, the thistle;  
And see it dresses the old yew-tree  
As if with a young bride;  
With an ermine cloak it wraps the plain,  
And shuts the blast from the growing grain.

Come on! come on! old Winter!  
Spring wears a winning smile,  
And Summer has a belling art  
To charm and to bewile;  
And Autumn is in beauty dress;  
But thy rough form I love the best!  
Thou hast met me of late ago,  
Of children's days, the day;  
Oh, who'd'st break by th' old fire-side—  
Of friends now passed away;  
Albeit to me thy accents drear  
Tell that *Liz's* winter draweth near!

THE *'Tribune'* daily journal finds the October number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* 'well filled with readable and pleasant papers, upon a gratifying variety of topics;' its 'Literary Notices extended and interesting;' and 'its Editor's Table admirably filled, as usual, with whatever is light, graceful, and pleasing.' We hold ourselves bound to be duly grateful for praise so much beyond our deserts; but we cannot permit the young associate-editor of that print, howsoever prompted, to misrepresent us, as he has done, in the notice from which we derive the encomiastic tributes we have quoted. We are accused of 'going out of our way' to attack the writings and the fame (Heaven save the mark!) of the author of '*Puffer Hopkins*;' and of being actuated in this by a spirit of malevolence and personal pique. We choose, for the nonce, to occupy space which we could much better employ, in opposing a *point-blank denial* to this charge. Such a course is not

the wont of the KNICKERBOCKER; a fact no better known to our readers themselves than to the absent senior editor of the 'Tribune,' with whom for ten years and upward we have walked hand-in-hand in the support and encouragement of such native literature as was worthy of the name. Were this Magazine accustomed to be swayed in its judgments by private pique, its adverse opinions would need no corrective; its 'sneers' would be impotent; its 'satire' unavailing. No; our sin consists in exposing, without fear, favor, or hope of reward, the literary pretensions of one who has no claim to be regarded as an 'American author;' who has foisted upon the community such works as we have elsewhere considered; and whose efforts to establish a literary reputation are of a kind to heighten rather than to lessen the effect of his uniform failures. We are gravely told, that this writer has 'just conceptions of what an American literature *ought* to be; of the mission of the American writer,' and so forth. We have had and have nothing to say of his 'conceptions' of what our literature should be, nor of his ideas of literary 'missions;' but we have had something to say of his *performances*, and of the manner in which they have been presented to and received by the public; and for this reason, and this alone, are we accused of being actuated by private prejudice. But so it has always been. 'Tell these small-beer littérateurs,' says CHRISTOPHER NORTH, 'that they are calves, and sucking calves too, and they low against you with voices corroborative of the truth they deny.' We should like to know whether *all* who hold our own opinions touching 'Puffer Hopkins' and the other 'writings' of its author are *also* actuated by 'personal pique.' If so, there is a goodly number of us! 'Fore Heaven,' as DOGBERRY says, 'we are all in a case;' for we can truly say, that we never heard an individual speak of these productions, who did not agree with us *entirely* in the estimate we had formed of them. 'Personal pique!' Was it this which led the kindly 'Boston Post' to pronounce 'Puffer Hopkins' 'about as flat an affair as it ever tried to wade through?' and the 'Poem on Man' a 'mere pile of words,' in which even poetical thoughts were 'completely spoiled by verbiage?' Was it this which prompted our own lively 'Mercury' to say that Mr. MATHEWS had 'no more humor than a crying crocodile,' and that his short-lived *Arcturus* 'died of a lingering' 'Puffer Hopkins?' Was it this which caused a monthly metropolitan contemporary to declare, that his writings were 'characterized by an air of pretension, and an eternal succession of futile attempts at humor, which at once disposed the reader to dislike him and his works?' Was it 'malevolence' which prompted the publishers of 'Behemoth,' (over whom the writer had 'come the evil eye,') when they saw his proposals for a 'new edition,' to advertise *their's*—'four years old and complete'—at half the money? Was it 'personal pique' which caused the house whose name appears as publishers on the title-page of his last work, to complain that it had previously been used by him without their consent, and to object to its being again employed?—on the ground, too, that they did not desire their names to appear upon any of his productions? Was it 'malevolence' which suggested a new title-page, at the publisher's expense, from which their names might be omitted? As well might 'the disaffected' upon whom a humorous 'work' of the author had been inflicted abroad, be accused of acting from 'personal pique' in deciding that for them at least 'one such fun, it was enough!' *Æsop* is dead, but his frog is still extant; and if we were not at the end of our tether, we could 'illustrate this position' to the satisfaction of every body save Mr. MATHEWS himself. As it is, we take our leave of him, with no fear that he will write less creditably, and no hope that he will print less frequently, than heretofore; for such is his *cacothikes scribendi*, that we verily believe he would be an author, if he were the only reader in the world. Indeed, we even hear of *another* edition of his writings, 'at the risk of the owner,' to be sent forth from his stereotype-plates, by our friends the HARPERS! We had intended a word or two touching Mr. MATHEWS's position in the 'Copy-right Club'—for we hear there are two sides to *that* matter—but we wish well to a cause of which this Magazine was the earliest, and has been a constant advocate, and to Mr. MATHEWS's efforts in it; and if he is to prepare an address to the public, we earnestly hope that it may be clear, simple, and direct, as becomes the plain truths it should present; and that 'giants, elephants, 'tiger-mothers,' and curricles, angels, frigates, baronial castles, and fish-ponds,' will be carefully excluded from its arguments and its expostulations. By the by: this reminds us that we have an error to correct, alike unintentional and immaterial. It was at the Society Library, *not* the Tabernacle, that Mr. MATHEWS's great lecture on copy-right was delivered. On this point, the following passage from an editorial paragraph in the 'New World' may be deemed pertinent by many readers, and *impertinent*, perhaps, by one or two: 'The 'Tribune' accuses the KNICKERBOCKER of mistaking the Tabernacle for the Society Library, as the place where Mr. MATHEWS delivered his lecture on copy-right to a beggarly account of empty benches, last winter, after placarding the town with the fact that 'the author of 'Puffer Hopkins' was to be heard and seen at that place. But is the *fact*

altered by this trifling error? Was there not a 'capacious edifice' almost empty, and tickets numbered as high as twelve hundred, and not fifty persons in the room?—and half of those 'dead heads?'—as dead as the lecturer's? If this is denied, it can easily be *proved*. . . . Wx are obliged for the kind wishes and intentions of our friend and correspondent 'F. ;' but he must allow us to say, that his '*Sketch of Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell*' embodies many anecdotes of that learned and eccentric person, which are already familiar to the public. The story of the semi-black man is 'as old as the hills.' The following, however, which we segregate, is quite new, at least to us: 'JARVIS, celebrated no less as an artist than as a pleasant social companion, walking one sultry summer morning with a friend down Murray-street, encountered the Doctor, with a pound of fresh butter upon a cabbage-leaf. 'I'll lay you a small wager,' said he to his companion, 'that I'll cross over on the sunny side, and engage the doctor in conversation, until his butter has melted completely away!' No sooner said than done. JARVIS entertained him with *inquiries* upon abstruse themes, which Dr. MITCHELL took great delight in answering in detail, as well as the objections which JARVIS occasionally urged against the correctness of his conclusions. Meanwhile, the butter dripped slowly away upon the walk, until it was utterly wasted. The waggish painter then took leave of the Doctor, who now for the first time glanced at his cabbage-leaf, exclaiming: 'You've almost made me forget my errand, JARVIS; I started to get some fresh butter from WASHINGTON-market!' . . . Wx shall venture to hope that in declining the '*Stanzas to my Boy in Heaven*' we shall give no pain to the bereaved author. The *feeling* of the lines is itself eloquent poetry; but their *execution* is in certain portions marked by deficiencies in rhythm and melody. Will the writer permit another to express for her the very emotions which she evidently depicts with her 'heart swelling continually to her eyes?'

'Twas nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
Thy bat, thy bow.  
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;  
But where art thou?  
A corner holds thy empty chair,  
Thy playthings idly scattered there  
But speak to us of our despair.

'Even to the last thy every word,  
To glad, to grieve,  
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird  
On summer's eve;  
In outward beauty undecayed,  
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
And like the rainbow thou didst fade.

'We mourn for thee, when blind blank night  
The chamber fills;  
We pine for thee, when morn's first light  
Reddens the hills:  
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,  
Are changed—we saw the world through thee!

'And though, perchance, a smile may gleam  
Of casual mirth,  
It doth not own, whatever may seem,  
An inward birth:  
We miss thy small step on the stair;  
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;  
All day we miss thee, every where.

'Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,  
Fond, fairest boy!  
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
With Him in joy:  
There past are death and all its woes;  
There beauty's stream for ever flows;  
And pleasure's day no sunset knows.

'Farewell, then—for a while farewell—  
Pride of my heart!  
It cannot be that long we dwell,  
Thus torn apart:  
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;  
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,  
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee.'

THE '*Lines to Niagara Falls*' are very far from being worth double-postage from Buffalo. They are termed '*descriptive*;' but they afford about as much of an idea of the Great Cataract as the 'magnificent model' of the Falls which was 'got up at an enormous expense' at the American Museum last winter. That was a sublime spectacle! We saw it, it is true, under very favorable circumstances. The whole hogshead of water had just been 'let on,' and the wheezing machine that represented the 'sound of many waters' was in excellent wind. Indeed, so abundant was the supply of cataract, (as we were afterward informed,) that a portion of the American fall, to the amount of several quarts, leaked down into the barber's-shop below. A liasing young lady present was quite carried away with the exhibition. Some one inquired if she had ever seen 'the *real* falls, the great original?' She had not, she said, 'but she had heard them very highly *thpoken* of!' They are clever, certainly; and if their real friends would occasionally 'say a good word for them,' they would doubtless soon become very 'popular!' . . . Wx were struck (and so we recorded it at the time) with the felicitous remarks of Mr. Consul GRATTAN, on 'Saint PATRICK'S Day in the' evening. He said he could not help wondering sometimes how the dear old country looked in her new temperance dress; remembering as he did how becoming to her was the flush of conviviality and good fellowship. 'When I picture to myself,' said he, 'the Irishman of the present day seeking for his inspiration at the handle of a pump, I cannot help thinking of the Irishman I once knew, who could not bear cold water at all, unless the half of it was whisky; without which they considered it as a very depreciated currency; a sort of liquid *skin-plaster*, in comparison with the healthful circulating medium of grog and punch.' This is both lively and witty; and we do not wish to

derogate from either quality; but if the reader will permit us, we will ask him to glance at the following passage from CHARLES LAMB's '*Confessions of a Drunkard*:'

'THE waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the favor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebleness and feebleness outcries to be delivered; it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth.

— 'and not undo 'em  
To suffer WET DAMNATION to run through 'em.'

'Oh! if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake the heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purring over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.'

How many thousands in Great Britain, whose experience is here described as with a pencil of light, has FATHER MATTHEW rescued from 'slippery places,' and placed once more within the charmed circle of sobriety and virtue! . . . THE grammatical blunder recorded by 'S. T.' and 'suggested by the sixth *claw* of the constitution,' reminds us of a clever anecdote which we derive from Mr. ROBERT TYLER. The old negro who receives and ushers visitors at the President's mansion is always very precise in his announcements. On one occasion a gentleman named FOOT, with a daughter on each arm, was shown into the drawing-room with this introduction: 'Mr. FOOT and the two Miss Feet!' . . . 'CRY you mercy!' gentlemen of the long robe and of the bar; we have neither 'abused the law' nor yet 'the lawyers,' though by your wincing you would seem to say so; at least some score of law-students would, if we may judge from the communications which have thickened upon us since our last. Saving the sordid and obscure tricksters of abused law; such, for example, as may be seen any day in the week, holding their sanhedrim of babble around or within the miscalled 'Halls of Justice;' and the undignified personal bickerings of the members of the bar; nothing of a *local* character, in a legal point of view, deserves the whip and the branding-iron. The latter matter, too, is generally understood, we believe, by the public. A pair of lawyers, like a pair of legs, may thoroughly bespatter each other, and yet remain the best of friends and brothers. Our allusion to courts implied no reflection upon *Judges*. We hold in proper respect and reverence these sacred depositories of the people's rights. 'The criminal, and the judge who is to award his punishment, form a solemn sight. They are both men; both the 'children of an Universal FATHER, and sons of immortality'; the one so sunken in his state as to be disowned by man; the other as far removed by excellence from the majority of mankind.' No function can be more honorable, more sacred, or more beneficial, than that of an upright judge. With his own passions and prejudices subdued; attentive to the principles of justice by which alone the happiness of the world can be promoted, and by the rectitude of his decisions affording precedent and example to future generations; he presents a character that must command the reverence and love of the human race. . . . THE 'London Charivari,' or 'Punch,' maintains its repute—for which it is partly indebted to the high indorsement of the 'Quarterly Review,' 'Examiner,' 'Spectator,' etc.,—undiminished. It really *overflows* with genuine humor, not unmingled, certainly, with many failures. We condense from it a few items of metropolitan intelligence, commencing with an office-seeker's 'begging letter' to Lord LYNDEURST: 'MY LORD: I am an Irishman, in the direst distress. To say that I am an Irishman, is I know a passport to the innermost recesses of your soul. I want something of about three hundred pounds per annum; I will not refuse four hundred. At present, however, I am destitute, and terribly out of sorts. You will have some idea of my condition, when I tell you that I have not tasted food these six weeks, and that I am so disastrously off for clothing, that the elbows of my shirt are hanging out of the knees of my breeches! P. S. Do n't mind the hole in the bearer's trousers; he is trustworthy.' To this missive the 'noble lord' replied: 'SIR: That you are an Irishman, is a sufficient passport to my fire-side, my purse, my heart. Come; never mind the shirt. With or without that conventional ornament, you will be equally well received by your devoted LYNDEURST.' The writer 'went very often to the house of his lordship, but as



often as he went, just so often was his lordship not at home!!' Curious, was n't it? The plan of the '*Joke Loan Society*' reminds us of SANDERSON's joke-company for the *Opera-Comique* in Paris, several members of which, with due economy, managed to live for an entire quarter upon the 'eighth of a joke' which they had furnished to the management! 'The object of the institution is, to supply those with jokes who may be temporarily distressed for the want of them. The directors invite the attention of barristers to a very extensive stock of legal jokes, applicable to every occasion. The society has also purchased the entire stock of a retired punster, at a rate so low that the jokes—among which are a few that have never been used—can be let out on very moderate terms. Damaged jokes repaired, and old ones taken in exchange. Dramatic authors supplied on easy terms, and a liberal allowance on taking a quantity. Puns prepared at an hour's notice for large or small parties!' Under the 'Infantry Intelligence' head we find the following: 'The Twelfth Light Pop-guns acquitted themselves very creditably, and discharged several rounds of pellets with great effect and precision. The First Life Squirrels also highly distinguished themselves, and kept up a smart fire of ditch-water for upward of a quarter of an hour; and the Hop-Scotch Grays went through their evolutions in admirable order.' A 'commercial problem' must close our excerpts: 'How can a junior partner be taken into a house over the senior partner's head? By the senior partner sitting in the shop, and the junior partner being taken in at the first-floor window!' . . . THE eulogy entitled '*Mr. Webster's Noble Speech at Rochester*' is from the pen of an Englishman, or we have for the first time in our life mistaken the 'hand-write' of JOHN BULL, Esq. The *spirit* of the paper is not in the main unjust to this country; yet it touches with severity upon those culprit States of our Republic, that abroad are considered remarkable for their 'swaggering beginnings that could not be carried through; grand enterprises begun dashingly, and ending in shabby compromises or downright ruin;' and for their treasures, filled with evidences of 'futile expectations, fatal deficit, wind, and debts.' Cruel words, certes; but are they wholly groundless? 'Guess not!' But Sir Englishman, prithee, do n't despond—do n't be scared! Look at the progress of our western States, as evinced in the growth of their towns. Louisville, in three years, has gained eight thousand additional inhabitants; Saint Louis twelve thousand; Pittsburgh nearly the same amount; Cincinnati has erected within that period nearly three thousand houses, and gained seventeen thousand inhabitants. Four western cities have added to them nearly fifty thousand inhabitants in three years; and the adjacent country has kept pace with the towns. And the like progress is visible elsewhere. Truly, this is 'a great country!'

— 'Who shall place  
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,  
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?  
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,  
Stretches the lone untravell'd path of light  
Into the depths of ære: we may trace,  
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight  
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

— ' seas and stormy air  
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,  
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,  
Thou lauch'st at enemies: who shall then declare  
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell  
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell!'

We sometimes wish that we had been born fifty years later than it pleased Providence to send us into the world, that we might behold the ever-increasing glory of our native land. . . . The reader will be struck, we think, with the paper upon '*Mind in Animals*,' elsewhere in the present number. The writer 'has firm faith in every conclusion he has drawn. He has considered the ultimate tendencies of his doctrine in many different points; and the result is, an additional confidence in the correctness of his conviction, that one principle of intelligence is bestowed upon all created beings; modified, like their physical structure, to adapt them to different spheres.' Time is an abstract term; and as touching the faculty of abstraction in animals, the writer has a curious calendar which he kept of the time of the crowing of the roosters in his neighborhood. Having observed that they gave their midnight signal at about the same hour for several nights in succession, the following record was preserved:

AUG. 30,	11.25 P. M.	Pleasant.
" 31,	11.22 "	"
SEPT. 1,	11. 7½ "	Cloudy.
" 3,	11.27 "	Pleasant.
" 4,	12.24 "	Moonlight.
" 6,	11.30 "	Rainy.
" 7,	11.29 "	Cloudy.
" 9,	11.20 "	Moonlight.

As a new style of *crow-nometer*, this is a curiosity; but we cannot perceive that it proves any thing very conclusively. If it were in our power, however, to watch the operations of animals as carefully as our own, one could very soon place the whole question above controversy. . . . THACKERAY, the exceedingly entertaining author of '*The Yellowplush Correspondence*,' has in a late number of 'FRAZER'S Magazine' some judicious advice in relation to the *modus operandi* of novel-reading. 'Always look,' says he, 'at the end of a romance to see what becomes of the personages before you venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest one's self in a personage whom one knows must at the end of the second volume die a miserable death? What is the use of making one's self unhappy needlessly, watching the symptoms of LEONORA, pale, pious, pulmonary, and crossed in love, as they manifest themselves, or tracing ANTONIO to his inevitable assassination? No: it is much better to look at the end of a novel; and when I read: 'There is a fresh green mound in the church-yard of B —, and a humble stone, on which is inscribed the name of ANNA-MARIA,' or a sentence to that effect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings needlessly. If you had the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce you to a man who you knew would borrow money of you, or would be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some other annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introduction? So with novels. The book of fate of the heroes and heroines is to be found at the end of the second volume: one has but to turn to it to know whether one shall make their acquaintance or not. I heartily pardon the man who brought CORDELIA to life. I would have the stomach-pump brought for ROMEO at the fifth act; for MRS. MACBETH I am not in the least sorry; but as for the General, I would have him destroy that swaggering MACDUFF, or if not, cut him in pieces, disarm him, pink him, certainly; and then I would have MRS. MACDUFF and all her little ones come in from the slips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful fabrication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them perfectly well and hearty.' . . . It has pleased some late English writer to laud the conduct of Sir HUDSON LOWE, at Saint Helena, while NAPOLEON was under his 'treatment,' and as BYRON says, 'stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.' The least said on *that* point, the better. 'He was England's greatest enemy, and *mine*, but I forgive him!' said that notorious military martinet, when informed that his renowned captive was no more. This is rather rich; and almost justifies the remark of NAPOLEON, in exhibiting to an English visitor, in a copy of *Æsop's Fables* (which Sir HUDSON had sent him, among other English books) the fable of the sick lion, which, after submitting with fortitude to the insults of the many animals who came to exult over his fallen greatness, at length received a kick in the face from an ass. 'I could have borne every thing but this!' said NAPOLEON; and pointing to the wood-cut, he added: 'It is me and your governor!' A friend of ours once informed us, that at a *table d'hôte* at which he was seated in a German inn, soon after BONAPARTE's death, Sir HUDSON LOWE was announced; when nearly every person arose from the table, and 'left him alone in his glory.' . . . It is somewhat remarkable that so little attention is paid to the *clearness* of expression. Every body remembers the geographer who, in describing ancient Albany, represented it as having 'two thousand houses, and ten thousand inhabitants, *all standing with their gable-ends to the street*!' A similar error was made not long since by a western journalist, who in publishing a clever poem, remarked that it 'was written by an esteemed friend, who had lain in the grave many years, *merely for his own amusement*!' A scarcely less ludicrous *misstatement* occurred very lately in one of our popular daily journals. In describing the explosion of a brig, near the Narrows, and certain accidents which resulted from the disaster, the editor, among other items, had the ensuing: 'The only passengers were T. B. NATHAN, who owned three thousand dollars' worth of the cargo, *and the captain's wife*!' . . . BYRANT, our most eminent American poet, has entirely 'satisfied the sentiment' of our correspondent 'SENNEX's' stanzas on '*Old Age*,' in his fine lines commencing, 'Lament who will, with fruitless tears,' etc. A modern English poet, too, has recently reëxhausted the theme, in an extended string of six-line verses, from which the subjoined are derived:

'To dark oblivion I bequeath  
The ruddy cheek, brown hair, white teeth,  
And eyes that brightly twinkle;  
Crow's feet may plough with furrows deep  
My features, if I can but keep  
My heart without a wrinkle.

'A youthful cheer sustains us old.  
As arrows best their course uphold  
Winged by a lighsome feather  
Happy the young old man who thus  
Bears, like a human arbutus,  
Life's flowers and fruit together.'

We should be bound to dissent from the conclusions of 'T. R.' on the Hudson, were we to give his paper a place (which we *shall* do, with his permission,) in the KNICKERBOCKER. His *pecuniary* conclusions are right, no doubt; but his *natural* deductions are, in our poor judgment, decidedly wrong. 'Oh! mad world!' exclaims one who knows it well; 'oh! incomprehensible, blind

world! Look at the rich! In what are they happy? In what do they excel the poor? Not in their greater store of wealth, which is but a source of vice, disease, and death; but in a little superiority of knowledge; a trifling advance toward truth.' . . . We do not know who drew the following 'picture in little' of fashion's changes, (changes alike of person and apparel,) but to our mind it has the 'veritable touch and tint:' 'There is something awful in the bed-room of a respectable old couple, of sixty-five. Think of the old feathers, turbans, bugles, petticoats, pomatum-pots, spencers, white satin shoes, false fronts, the old flaccid, boneless stays, tied up in faded riband, the dusky fans, the forty-years' old baby-linen; FREDERICK's first little breeches, and a newspaper containing the account of his distinguishing himself in the field; all these lie somewhere damp and squeezed down into glum old presses and wardrobes.' . . . We have observed going the rounds of the press a paragraph which speaks of 'excitements' of all kinds as prejudicial to longevity; and citing, among other examples, the constant whirl of the stage, as a reason why theatrical persons are generally so short-lived. But the *premises* in this particular instance are *wrong*. As a class, actors attain to more than common longevity. Call to mind those who in our own era have flourished in England and in this country, in proof of the correctness of this position. And it was thus in a previous age. Look at MACCLIN. He performed the part of 'Sir Pertinax Mac-Syphophant' in his own Comedy of 'The Man of the World,' consisting of thirty-six 'lengths' or nearly sixteen hundred lines, including 'cues,' with a vigor and spirit that astonished every beholder, when he was in his one hundredth year! How old was GARRICK when he was seen for the last time as Macbeth, marching at the head of his troops (in a modern court-suit, and a well-powdered peruke!) across the blasted heath? We do not exactly remember his age, but he was 'no chicken.' . . . THERE is great beauty as well as truth in the annexed brief synopsis of the characteristics of the author of 'The Spectator.' ADDISON, says the writer, seemed at the same moment to be taken by the hand by Pathos and by Wit, while Fiction enrobed him with her own beautiful garments which Truth confined with her cestus, and Imagination put her crown upon his head, and Religion and all her band of Virtues beckoned him along the path to immortality, both in the life of the genius and the life of the soul. All the lineaments of beauty wake into splendor in his prose. It is in his essays that his muse beams out upon the reader, and calls forth all the sleeping wonders of her face. His true tragic energy is exhibited in his earnest panegyric of virtue; his true comedy is contained in the history of Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, and his true fancy in the 'VISION OF MIRZA.' He was an essayist, a tale-writer, a traveller, a critic. He touched every subject, and adorned every subject that he touched.' Do we seek for the opinions of a man of letters upon the aspect and the antiquities of the most famous country in Europe? We have his 'Remarks on Italy.' Are we fond of examining the aids which history derives from some of the obscurer stores of antiquity? We can turn to his 'Dialogues on Medals.' Are we charmed with the stateliness of Eastern fiction and the melancholy grandeur of Eastern allegory? We find it in all the allegories and visions of this charming writer. Or do we seek to be withdrawn from the cares of our maturer life into the thoughtless sports and pleasures of our youth? Who so good a guide as ADDISON, in those papers which unlock all the gentler and purer emotions of the heart? . . . Among the pleasant papers of the late ROBERT C. SANDS, which we intended to have included in our late series of his 'Early and Unpublished Writings,' was the following extract from a burlesque imitation of the literary-antiquarian 'researches,' so common some years ago. The poem was 'edited' by a celebrated cook in London, and was 'intituled 'Kynge Arthur, his Puden.' It purported to have been derived from the MS. which 'contained the original Welsh, as well as the version.' It throws great light on the gastrology of the olden time:

'Ye Kynge for Sonday mornenge bade  
Hys cooke withoute delaye  
To have a grete bagge-puden made,  
For to dyne upon yt daie.

'Ye cooke yn tooke hys biggeste potte,  
Yt 90 Hhds. helde,  
And soon he made yw water hottes  
Wyth which yt potte was fyllede.

'Hys knedynge-troushe was 60 yds  
In len-the, and 20 wide;  
And 80 kytchen wenches stode  
In ordere bye its side.

'Full 60 sakes of wheaten floure  
They emptyed in a tryse,  
And 15 Bbls. of molases,  
& 7 casks of Rhye!

This really seems somewhat common-place, just at this period; but twenty-five years ago it was a 'gem of one of the old English school of metrical writers!' . . . With perhaps as strong sympathies in behalf of the great philanthropic moments of the age as most of our readers possess, we are nevertheless sometimes inclined to wish that the liberal patrons of the great benevolent societies could now and then have a glance behind the curtains at the chief actors there. In many of these institutions true Christian principle is doubtless paramount, and the managers men of exalted

piety and worth; but there are *others* of them which, while the *names* of good men are paraded upon the 'Boards' to inspire confidence, are really directed by a set of individuals who would have done honor to the Spanish Inquisition in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Some facts have recently come to our knowledge in regard to the doings of the directors of a *soi-disant* charitable institution, which operates in this city and State for the ostensible benefit of a transatlantic colony, which, were they known to the public, as without doubt they soon will be, would pretty effectually set the seal of condemnation upon all their efforts toward collecting moneys from the benevolent, for many years to come. A friend and correspondent of ours, whose character stands above reproach, fell by chance into the hands of some half a dozen of these directors, who, among a body of thirty for the most part honorable men, usually form the quorums and do the business; and the treatment he received (these same half-a-dozen sheltering themselves the while under the sanctity of their religious body) would have disgraced a band of King PHILIP's warriors in the old Pequot war. We are no Abolitionists, technically so called, as our readers well know; nor do we take sides with either of the two great societies whose professed object is the benefit of the colored race; so that we cannot be charged with speaking from prejudice. But we *do* go for justice, for truth, for fair-dealing, and Christian principle; and when any body of men, whatever may be their standing or professions, outrage these; and worse than all, when they commit this outrage under the garb of pharisaical sanctity, we know of no reason why they should be screened from public rebuke. . . . Some kind-hearted and affectionate female correspondent, an integral portion of the girlyery of New-York, on the strength of some remarks in our last upon the universality of the tender passion, has sent us a love-tale, with this motto:

— 'ALL things seem  
So happy when they love, the gentle birds  
Have far more gay a note when they unite  
To build their simple nest: and when at length  
The 'anxious mother' watches o'er her young,  
Her mate is near, to recompense her care  
With his sweet song.'

Our fair correspondent has exalted the attractions of her heroine 'to a degree,' as the English cockney novelists have it: 'Every look of her beaming eyes penetrated to the heart; every motion of her moist coral lips gave ecstasy; and every variation of her features discovered new and ineffable beauties!' Good 'heavens!—how THEODORE *must* have felt, as he 'gradually recovered from the hurt of his fall,' (*was* his 'limb' amputated?) and found that angel 'lifting his head from his pillow, and touching his eye-lids with awakening light!' . . . THANKS to the kind '*Incognita*,' to whom we are indebted for a beautiful worsted butterfly, destined to a 'literaneous' sort of destiny! Verily, it is a beautiful fabric; so vivid and life-like in its brilliant colors, that it seems, while hanging by the thin ear of our iron gray-hound, as if about to rise and float a living blossom of the air. How deftly the Ettrick Shepherd ('the d—d Hogg!') as BALLANTYNE called him,) has limned its counterpart: 'Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting wi' folded wings on a gowan, not a yard from your cheek; and now, awakening out of a summer-dream, floats away in its wavering beauty; but as if unwilling to leave the place of its mid-day sleep, comin' back and back, and round and round, on this side and that side, and settling in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wind that lifts up your hair see refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise!' Answer us, all ye that ever *saw* a summer butterfly in the country, is not that a *perfect* picture? . . . We have a prospectus of a new series of the '*New Mirror*,' which can now be obtained in *complete* sets, weekly, or in monthly parts, 'with four steel-plates, and sixty-four pages of reading matter.' When we add, that the MIRROR has many of its old corps of writers, with several new ones, and that General MORRIS and N. P. WILLIS are also diligently laboring at the oars, we have said all that is necessary, to indicate the claims of the work. Success to ye, gentlemen! By the by: the first number of the new series had a full-length portrait, by the JOHNSTON, of the eminent and deeply-lamented painter-poet, WASHINGTON ALLSTON. If it is at all like the original, we can well believe the statement of an indignant writer in the '*Boston Post*,' who avers that 'the engraving from BRACKETT's beautiful bust of Mr. ALLSTON, in the last '*Democratic Review*,' bears no resemblance whatever to the bust itself, and might as well be called a likeness of one of the numerous JOHN SMITHS, as a portrait of the great artist.' Speaking of likenesses: we would venture to ask, what is the thing at the end of the right arm of a figure in one of the Philadelphia 'pictorial' monthlies intended to represent? Is it a hand, (no, *that* it is n't!) or the end of a tri-pronged beet or radish? It is 'a copy' from the end of *some* diverse-forked vegetable, *that* is quite clear. . . . It is a very interesting work, the History of ELIZABETH

of England, recently published by Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. Proud, powerful, and haughty as that imperial potentate finally became, her infancy was distinguished by the want of even comfortable clothing. An uncommon intellect she certainly possessed, and she had her wrongs, no doubt; but who can think of her without at once reverting to poor MARY of Scotland? After an imprisonment of nineteen years, that unhappy Queen was left alone, without counsel and without friends; betrayed by those in whom she had trusted, and confronted by the representatives of the power and majesty of England. 'But she evinced in the last sad scene of her mournful life the spirit of the daughter of a long line of kings, and exposed to the wondering world the spectacle of a helpless woman, enfeebled by long confinement, 'gray in her prime,' and broken down by sickness and sorrow, contending single-handed against the sovereign of a mighty realm, who sought her blood, and had predetermined her death.' . . . OUR entertaining correspondent, the '*American Antiquary*,' has given elsewhere some account of the stalwart citizens of a portion of New-Hampshire. They are 'good men,' no doubt, and 'honest as the skin between their brows;' but 'where two men ride a horse, one must go before.' Our friend should see a specimen or two of our western and southwestern noblemen of nature. We should like to place his hand in that of ALBERT PIKE, for example, the Arkansas poet, politician, and lawyer. His first impression would be, that in his BLACKWOOD 'Hymn to the Gods' he had been lauding his own kith and kin. We consider it a great pleasure to have encountered so fine an illustration of the '*mens sana in corpore sano*.' Having seen him once, one could not soon forget him. We should know him now, if we were to 'come across his hide in a tan-yard!' . . . OUR Salem (Mass.) friend, who complains that we 'are leagued with the Quakers against the memory of the pious Puritans,' is 'herely respectfully invited to attend' to the following hit at old COTTON MATHEW and his fellow-persecutors of that era, from the pen of a true 'Son of New-England': 'We can laugh now at the Doctor and his demons: but little matter of laughter was it to the victims on Salem hill; to the prisoners in the jails; to poor GILES COREY, tortured with planks upon his breast, which forced the tongue from his mouth, and his life from his old palsied body; to bereaved and quaking families; to a whole community priest-ridden and spectre-smitten; gasping in the sick dream of a spiritual night-mare, and given over to believe a lie. We may laugh, for the grotesque is blended with the horrible, but we must also pity and shudder. God be thanked that the delusion has measurably vanished; and they who confronted that delusion in its own age, disenchanting with strong, clear sense, and sharp ridicule, their spell-bound generation, deserve high honors as the benefactors of their race. They were indeed branded through life as infidels and 'damnable Sadducees,' by a corrupt priesthood, who ministered to a credulity which could be so well turned to their advantage; but the truth which they uttered lived after them, and wrought out its appointed work, for it had a divine commission and God-speed.' . . . To 'X. L.' of Hudson we say, 'By no means!' He is *another* 'rusty, fusty, musty old bachelor,' who lacks that 'company' which Misery is said to love. 'If love,' he commences, 'were not beneath a man, he could n't *fall* into it,' as he is so often said to do. Borrowed, dear Sir, 'to begin with!' Learn wisdom of one of your aged fraternity, whom we have the pleasure to know, who was married within a twelvemonth, in the fiftieth year of his age. He has lately been heard to observe: 'If I had known as much about matrimony twelve years ago as I do now, I should just as lieve have been married then as not!' . . . WHEREVER you are, reader, if you have an opportunity to see MACREADY in BYRON's 'Werner,' fail not to enjoy that rich intellectual repast. It is a matchless piece of acting. A friend of ours, whose experience in dramatic excellence embraces all the great standards usually referred to, tells us that EDMUND KEAN's 'Othello,' JOHN KEMBLE's 'Coriolanus,' TALMA's 'Britannicus,' and MACREADY's 'Werner,' in their several styles of merit, are the most admirable performances he ever beheld. . . . A CORRESPONDENT inquires if there is 'any more of such charming scenes' as the one we quoted from the '*Mysteries of Paris*,' in our last number. 'It was very beautiful,' she adds. Yes; there is an account of a joyous country excursion made by RODOLPHE and 'FLEUR-DE-MARIE' in the Autumn, from which we take a short passage:

'Oh! I am very happy, it is such a long time since I have been out of Paris! When I saw the country before, it was spring; but now, although we are almost into winter, it gives me just as much pleasure. What a fine sunny day! Only look at those little rosy clouds, there — there! And that hill! with its pretty white houses gleaming among the trees. How many leaves remain! It is astonishing, in the month of November, is it not, Monsieur? But in Paris the leaves fall so soon. . . . And down there — that flight of pigeons! Look! look! they are settling down on the roof of the mill! In the country, one is never tired of looking; every thing is attractive.'

'It is a pleasure, FLEUR-DE-MARIE,' said RODOLPHE, 'to see you so delighted with these nothings which make the charm of the country.' The young girl, contemplated the peaceful and smiling landscape which was spread out before her, and once more her face assumed its soft, pensive expression.'

'There!' she exclaimed; 'that fire from the stubble in those fields; see how *the beautiful white smoke ascends to heaven!* And this cart, with its two fat grays! If I were a man, how I should love to be a farmer! — to be in the midst of a large field, *following the plough, and seeing at a great distance immense woods.* Just such a day as to-day, for instance! Enough to make one sing songs, melancholy songs, to bring tears into the eyes, like *'Genevieve de Brabant.'*

There is in this artless description a fine love and perception of the beautiful in nature. . . . '*Absence of Mind*' is too *scrappy*. Its 'examples' seem collated from sundry files of old newspapers, of various dates. The man however who, in his hurry (at a late hour on a rainy day) to pay a note, took up in place of an umbrella an *old broom*, and rushed through Wall-street to the bank, with the besom over his head, reminds us of the 'absent' clergyman, who started one winter-Sunday for his church; and having nearly reached it, the wind blew his cloak open; upon which he turned about, that it might be blown close around him again: forgetting this fact, however, he continued to travel in the direction which he faced, until he arrived at his own door. Here he inquired for himself; and being told by a waggish servant that he was *not in*, he departed, with the remark that he should 'call again soon!' . . . '*The Exile's Song*,' in the present number, was enclosed in a letter from its author, A. McCRAW, of Scotland, to the late lamented Dr. TIMOTHY UPHAM of Waterford, by whose wish it is now published. It was written in this country, several years since; and was occasioned by the statement that two persons had been found in a cave in a forest on the bank of the Kennebeck river, who had sought seclusion and safety in that wild retreat. Dr. UPHAM was a gentleman of a highly distinguished family in New-Hampshire, whose mind led him to appreciate talent whenever and wherever he encountered it. Scientific and literary honors were tendered him from high sources, previous to his demise; but it pleased God to summon him to that heaven which is constantly enriching itself with the spoils of earth:

'Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
Tarn eari capitiu.'

THERE is just now quite a passion for *French Literature* in this country, and translations have not only become frequent, but very indiscriminate. Much that we see is not amiss in its moral tendency, but more is positively pernicious in its effect upon society. 'What a strange opinion the world will have of French Society a hundred years from now! 'Did all married people,' they will say, 'break a certain commandment? They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes, who lived in the friendship of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *sarate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys?' It has been well said of BERNARD, (author of '*The Innocence of a Galley-Slave*,' in our last two numbers,) that 'he is full of fine observation and gentle feeling; has a gallant sense of the absurd; and writes in a gentlemanlike style.' . . . HERE is a clever and characteristic anecdote of 'RANDOLPH of Roanoke,' related by Mr. HARVEY, a spirited (and he must allow us to add improved) *racconteur*: ROBERT OWEN told JOHN RANDOLPH that he should live to see the day when mankind would discover the principle of vitality, and of course learn to live for ever. 'Are you not aware,' said he, 'that in Egypt, by artificial heat, the people create thousands of chickens?' 'Yes,' replied RANDOLPH; 'but you forget to tell us who furnishes *the eggs*. Show me the man who can *lay an egg*, and I'll agree to your 'parallel case.' The proposition was a poser! . . . Mr. PEABODY, in his excellent Address at Dartmouth College, speaks of the tendency of our lighter literature to 'aim primarily at *impression*,' without much reference to the means adopted to secure that end. What must be think of Mr. J. H. INGRAHAM's last infliction upon the public? — his 'Frank Rivers, or the Dangers of the Town,' the hero and heroine of which are RICHARD P. ROBINSON and ELLEN JEWETT? How captivating to tastes kindred with the author's, will be the headings of the different chapters: 'The two fine gentlemen; the Meeting with ELLEN; the Consequences;' or, 'The Naval Officer; the Kept Mistress,' etc. Can there be but one opinion concerning such shameless '*literary*' expositions as this, among all right-minded persons? . . . MANY a reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, residing in the smaller villages of our country, will recognize '*The Influential Man*' among their 'fellow-citizens.' Our friend at Tinnecum has drawn from life the sketch in preceding pages, and with all his accustomed faithfulness. 'Uncle BILLY PINX' reminds us of the 'influential man' who, when RIP VANWINKLE came back from the mountains, after his twenty years' sleep, made his way through a wondering crowd of his Dutch neighbors, with his arms akimbo, and after gazing at him for a moment, shook his head; 'whereat,' says our renowned historian, 'there was a general shaking of the head throughout the whole assemblage.' . . . PARIS

has always borne away the palm in cosmetics, perfumery, fancy toilet-soaps, etc.; but we suspect that Mr. EUGÈNE ROUSSEL, late of the French metropolis, but now of Philadelphia, has the means, by importation and manufacture, to bring 'nigh us, even to our doors,' the best specimens in this kind to be found in the gay capital. His stores, at the late fair of the American Institute, were the admiration of visitors; and almost outvied the collections of our own artisan, Mr. LLOYD, of Prince-street, near the Bowery, whose perfumery, for excellence and cheapness combined, has 'won all suffrages' from the ladies. . . . We are glad to learn that the '*American Athenæum*' at Paris is so well appreciated. Its condition is already flourishing, and its usefulness and popularity gradually increasing. American books, newspapers, etc., may be sent free of expense, through the care of Mr. R. DRAPE, Number fifty-one, Beaver-street, New-York. . . . Just one word to 'F.' Do you remember the lord-mayor, who when told at his first hunting that the hare was coming, exclaimed: 'Let it come, in Heaven's name!—I'm not afraid on 't!' Have the goodness to make the application. . . . It was our intention to have offered a few remarks upon '*The Embarkation of the Pilgrims*,' the great national picture, by that distinguished American artist, WHEE, which is now open for exhibition at the Gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts, corner of Broadway and Leonard-street. We are *compelled*, however, to forego this duty, until another occasion. Meanwhile, we invite the attention of our metropolitan readers to the exhibition, as one well calculated to repay the most careful examination. . . . We receive at a late hour, from a friend in the French capital, the 'Proceedings of a Meeting of the Citizens of the United States in Paris, at the Royal Athenæum, in March last; embracing an Address upon the Literary Exchanges recently made between France and America, by ALEXANDER VATTEMARE.' We shall probably have occasion to allude more particularly to this pamphlet hereafter. . . . CRICKET, one of the fine manly games of Old England, is getting quite in vogue in this country, and excites not a little emulation between several antagonistic cities and towns. At a dinner which closed a recent spirited match in Philadelphia, our contemporary, Mr. PATERSON, of the '*Anglo-American*' weekly journal, gave the following felicitous 'sentiment':

'The bat and the wicket,  
And the good game of cricket  
Till we come to the bucket,  
When all must kick it!'

We find on our table a fervent, heart-full 'Discourse, preached before the Second Church and Society in Boston, in Commemoration of the Life and Character of their former Pastor, Rev. HENRY WARE, Jr., D. D.; by their Minister, CHANDLER ROBBINS.' We shall share with our readers, in our next issue, the enjoyment we have derived from contemplating, with our friend and correspondent, the many virtues whose memory his predecessor has left in vivid greenness and freshness behind him. . . . We have lost the letter of our New-Orleans correspondent, who asked certain questions touching a foreign correspondence with the KNICKERBOCKER. We liked the tone of his epistle very much. Write us again. Who are you? what are you? whence are you? whither are you going? and what have you got to say for yourself? . . . We hope our readers will appreciate the motives, not vain-glorious altogether, we suspect, which impel us to announce that our TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME will eclipse any previous volume of the series, we think. Looking at our literary stores, (embodying papers from all our old and favorite contributors, and embracing articles, beside, from the Dutch and the Turkish, by our correspondents at Constantinople and Rotterdam,) we acknowledge a glow of satisfaction, which we hope in due time to transfer to our readers. As for *matter*, we were never more abundantly prepared; and for the *manner*, that is to be 'in keeping.' The work is to be presented upon *entirely new type*, in all its departments; and some of the *very fine* type heretofore employed in the editor's portion of the work will give place to characters more easily perused by old and young. But 'enough said.' Wait; and 'you shall see what you shall see.' . . . AMONG many other articles filed for insertion, or awaiting examination, are the following: 'The White-House, or the Money-Ghost; a Tale told in the Chimney-corner of a Village Public-House,' from the Dutch; 'Imaginary Conversations,' by PETER VON GREY; 'Mind vs. Instinct in Animals,' Number Two; 'Ninah and Numan,' from the Turkish, etc. 'P. G.'s favor is reserved for publication, when we can find a place for it. We shall appreciate his communications. . . . SEVERAL notices of new publications, (including '*The Rose of Sharon*,' a beautiful and interesting annual, Barry Cornwall's Poems, 'Nature and Revelation,' 'The Mysteries of Paris,' and 'The Professor and his Favorites,') omitted from the present number, will appear in our next.

## LITERARY RECORD.

**GREENWOOD CEMETERY.**—A desideratum is timely supplied by a small pamphlet before us, containing the rules, regulations, etc., of the *Greenwood Cemetery*, on the beautiful Heights of Gowanus, near this city. It contains the names of the officers of the corporation, the trustees, terms of subscription, rules concerning improvements, interments, graves, tombs, visitors to the grounds, etc., with a description of some of the principal monuments already erected. It is to be regretted that the person who furnished the inscription for the monument to the beautiful Indian wife, DO-HUM-ME, did not quote the admirable verse of BRYANT more correctly. In riding through the grounds the other day, we observed that two words were added to the last line, which entirely destroy its measure and melody. The four lines in question are from that exquisite poem, '*The Indian Girl's Lament*' at the grave of her lover. We cannot resist the inclination to preserve the following stanzas in these pages, for the admiration of our readers:

'I've pulled away the shrubs that grew  
Too close above thy sleeping head,  
And broke the forest boughs that threw  
Their shadows o'er thy bed;  
That shining from the sweet southwest  
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

It was a weary, weary road  
That led thee to the pleasant coast,  
Where thou, in his serene abode,  
Hast met thy father's ghost:  
Where everlasting autumn lies  
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

'T was I the brodered mooseen made,  
That shod thee for that distant land;  
'T was I thy bow and arrows laid  
Beside thy still, cold hand:  
Thy bow in many a battle bent,  
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,  
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,  
And laid the food that pleased thee best,  
In plenty, by thy side,  
And decked thee bravely, as became  
A warrior of illustrious name.

Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed  
The long dark journey of the grave,  
And in the land of light, at last,  
Hast joined the good and brave;  
And the dashed and balmy air  
The bravest and the loveliest there.

Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid  
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray,  
To her who sits where thou wert laid,  
And weeps the hours away,  
Yet almost can her grief forget,  
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou, by one of those still lakes  
That in a shining cluster lie,  
On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky,  
A bower for thee and me hast made  
Beneath the many-colored shade.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet  
My spirit sent to join the blessed,  
And, wondering what detains my feet  
From the bright land of rest,  
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear  
The rustling of my footstep near.'

In the fourth line of the fifth stanza, thus far transferred to the marble, the words '*the fair*' have been interpolated, in the inscription to which we have referred. The error is attributable to one of two causes; an ambition to 'gild refined gold,' or unpardonable carelessness.

**'THE SLEEP RIDER, OR THE OLD BOY IN THE OMNIBUS.'**—If the '*Man in the Claret-colored Coat*' had kept his promise, we should not have been compelled to dismiss this amusing work with a few words of commendation; but it is 'all along of him,' and we wash our hands of any thing 'short-coming' in the way of duty. We have read enough to know that there is an abundant sprinkling of lively, sententious wit, and shrewd observation of men and things in the volume, and that it is as replete with contrasts and *abruptions* as any thing of LAWRENCE STERNE'S. Lieutenant WHITE, one of the Mesmerised tale-tellers of the Omnibus, unwinds an exceedingly graphic 'yarn' which was once 'reeled off' in these pages by a lamented and most gifted kinsman of the '*Man in the Claret-colored Coat*;' and there are sundry 'scenes, events, and things' recorded in a way peculiar to the writer, whose productions our readers have often laughed at, with the fullest exercise of their cachinnatory powers. The terse hieroglyphical epigraphs at the heads of the chapters have a world of meaning, most likely; but they require study! Buy the little book, and read it. It is both '*cheap and good*.'

**THE USE OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE.**—We have only space to commend warmly to the acceptance of our readers a little pamphlet from the press of Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, containing an Address delivered before the United Literary Societies of Dartmouth College in July last, by ANDREW P. PEARODY, Esq. It is a spirited defence of classical literature against the attacks of those short-sighted persons, the utilitarian or other 'reformers' of the time, who undervalue the advantages for which they offer no equivalent. The writer's remarks upon the tendency of modern literature, and of the taste for which it caters, are worthy of heedful note.



**MR. HILLARD'S DISCOURSE.**—We have before us, from the publishers, Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston, 'The Relation of the Poet to his Age: a Discourse delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University,' in August last, by GEORGE S. HILLARD. We agree in the main with the verdict of the North-American Review upon this discourse. Its diction is soft and beautiful, the style nicely polished, and marked by pictured words, glowing images, and fanciful expressions; yet, as a whole, the discourse 'lacks precision and definiteness, in the statement of the leading idea in the mind of the speaker, and a consequent defect of unity and method.' We would go as far as Mr. HILLARD, or any other American, in inculcating a love of, and reverence for, the poetical in our country; its early struggles, its scenery, and its history as a nation; but with deference, it seems to us that the Merimac may fail to kindle the emotions, in ever so patriotic a heart, which the associations connected with the Tiber might naturally inspire; nor are 'Westminster Abbey, the Alps, or the Vatican,' to be excluded from a kindred place in the mind of the true poet. We must be permitted also to doubt whether 'SRUMPHY DAVY,' as Mr. YELLOWFLUSH terms the great scientific discoverer, could have 'chosen' to be equally distinguished as a poet; or whether 'the whistle of a locomotive' has in it, *per se*, much poetry! The 'Discourse' is executed with great neatness, whether we regard it in a literary or external point of view, and will be found richly to reward the perusal to which we cordially commend it.

**NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.**—The last issue of this 'ancient and honorable' Quarterly is a very good one, although less various in the style of its papers than one or two of its immediate predecessors. The 'articles' proper are nine in number, and are upon the following themes: 'The Military Academy' at West-Point; 'Our Commercial History and Policy'; 'TALFOURD'S Miscellaneous Writings'; 'Early Laws of Massachusetts'; 'RACZYNSKI'S Modern Art in Germany'; 'The Independence of the Judiciary'; 'Autobiography of STEPPENS'; 'Despatches of HERNANDO CORTES'; and 'Dr. OLIN'S Travels in the Holy Land.' The closing article contains the usual collection of brief notices of new publications, and opens with a review of Mr. PARSON'S translation of DANTE'S 'Inferno.' We are glad to find our own opinion of this excellent performance confirmed by the liberal praise of the North-American. Passages are given from CAEY'S version, in contrast with that of Mr. PARSONS, and the palm of superiority, in poetical merit, awarded to our countryman. The poems of Friend WHITTIER are noticed with approbation; and also, in one or two instances, rather hypercritically, as it strikes us. The praise, however, is not scant: 'Mr. WHITTIER commands a vigorous and manly style. His expression is generally simple and to the point. Some passages in his poems are highly picturesque; and at times his imagery is bold and striking.' 'The Norsemen,' written for this Magazine, 'Raphael,' and 'Massachusetts to Virginia,' are pronounced 'musical, almost without fault; and the imagery and expression noble and spirit-stirring.'

'COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!'—Poultry merchants and 'cultivators' will have occasion to thank Mr. MICAJAH R. COCK (*nom de plume*) for his 'American Poultry Book,' a practical treatise on the management of domestic poultry. It bears the high commendation of the Board of Agriculture of the American Institute, as 'a work supplying a deficiency which has long been felt in this department of the agricultural library, and which should find a place in every farm-house.' The book originated in an attempt, for the compiler's behoof, to collect and embody in a methodical form all the various notices respecting the treatment of poultry in America, scattered through our various periodical publications. Scarcely any thing pays the farmer a better profit than poultry, fowls requiring little attention save at a season of the year when he has comparatively little to do; they are 'amenable' also to the attention of women, their best protectors indeed, in case the 'men-folk' are employed. HARPER AND BROTHERS, publishers.

**THE 'ILLUSTRATED COMMON-PRAYER.'**—Mr. H. W. HEWET has brought these excellent numbers to a close, and a very beautiful volume will be the result. The deserved success which has attended the work, we may presume, has led the publisher to commence an 'Illustrated Sacred History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as recorded in the Four Gospels; arranged in chronological order; with an appendix and explanatory notes.' The whole will be embellished with numerous engravings on wood, illustrating the principal events from the Annunciation to the Ascension. So far as the internal character of the work is concerned, it is only necessary to say, that it is confided to the competent care of the Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, while the previous publications of Mr. HEWET give assurance that his own department will not be neglected.

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1843.

No. 6.

## MIND OR INSTINCT.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE MANIFESTATION OF MIND BY THE LOWER ORDERS OF ANIMALS.

—  
'In some are found  
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
That man's attainments in his own concerns,  
Matched with the expertness of the brutes in their's,  
Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far behind.'

COWPER.

—  
OF THE REASON OR JUDGMENT OF THE PRINCIPLE CALLED INSTINCT.

A SURGEON of Leeds, (Eng.,) says BUFFON, found a little spaniel who had been lamed. He carried the poor animal home, bandaged up his leg, and, after two or three days, turned him out. The dog returned to the surgeon's house every morning, till the leg was perfectly well. At the end of several months, the spaniel again presented himself, in company with another dog, who had also been lamed; and he intimated, as well as piteous and intelligent looks could intimate, that he desired the same kind assistance to be rendered to his friend as had been bestowed upon himself. A similar circumstance is stated to have occurred to MORANT, a celebrated French surgeon.

A fox, adds the same writer, having entered a hen-house through a small aperture, which was the only opening, succeeded without disturbing the family in destroying all the fowls, and in satiating his appetite with part of them; but his voracity so enlarged his dimensions as to prevent his egress. In the morning the farmer discovered the havoc of the night, and the perpetrator himself sprawled out on the floor of the coop, apparently dead from surfeit. He entered, and taking the creature by the heels, carried him out and cast him beside the house. This was no sooner done than the fox sprang up and bounded away with the speed of a racer. This was communicated by the person.

A spaniel, OSSEND informs us, having discovered a mouse in a shock of corn, jumped with his fore feet against it to frighten him out; and then running quickly to the back side, succeeded in taking the mouse as he attempted to escape.

BUFFON says: 'A number of beavers are employed together at the foot of the tree in gnawing it down; and when this part of the labor is accomplished, it becomes the business of others to sever the branches, while a third party are engaged along the borders of the river in cutting other trees, which though smaller than the first tree, are yet as thick as the leg, if not the thigh, of a common-sized man. These they carry with them by land to the brink of the river, and then by water to the place allotted for their building; where sharpening them at one end, and forming them into stakes, they fix them in the ground, at a small distance from each other, and fill up the vacant spaces with pliant branches. While some are thus employed in fixing the stakes, others go in quest of clay, which they prepare for their purpose with their tails and their feet. At the top of their dyke, or mole, they form two or three openings. These they occasionally enlarge or contract, as the river rises or falls. NOTE.—Should the current be very gentle, the dam is carried nearly straight across; but when the stream is swiftly flowing, it is uniformly made with a considerable curve, having the convex part opposed to the current.

'Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum  
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt:  
It nigrum campis agmen, prædamque per herbas  
Convectant calle augusto: pars grandia trudunt  
Obnixæ frumenta humeris: pars agmina cogunt,  
Castigant que moras: opere omnis semita fervet.'

ÆNEID, IV., 402.

'In formicâ non modo sensus sed etiam mens, ratio, memoria.'—CIC.

'Si quis comparet onera corporibus earum (formicarum) fateatur nullis portione. Vires esse majores. Gerunt ea morsu; majora aversæ postremo pedibus moluntur, humeris obnixæ. Est illis Reip ratio memoria cura. Semina arrosa condunt vie rursus in fruges exeant è terra. Majora ad introitum (cavernæ) dividunt Madefacta imbre proferunt atque siccant.'—PLINY: lib. XI., cap. 30.

Many birds and other animals, BUFFON informs us, station a watch, while they are feeding in the fields. Whenever marmots venture abroad, one is placed as a sentinel, sitting on an elevated rock, while the others amuse themselves in the fields below, or are engaged in cutting grass and making it into hay for their future convenience; and no sooner does their trusty sentinel perceive a man, an eagle, a dog, or any other enemy approaching, than he gives notice to the rest by a kind of whistle, and is himself the last that takes refuge in the cell. It is asserted that when their hay is made, one of them lies upon its back, permits the hay to be heaped between its paws, keeping them upright to make greater room, and in this manner remaining still upon its back, is dragged by the tail, hay and all, to their common retreat.

These instances could be multiplied indefinitely; but more than sufficient have been cited. They prove in the first place, without need of argument, that animals have a language by which they apprehend each other. Concert of action and division of labor would be impossible without it. They also exhibit the exercise of memory and abstraction; and it now remains to ascertain whether their conduct was the result of reason.

If a person should take a friend whose arm had been fractured to a skilful surgeon who had before cured him of a similar wound,

we should infer the following course of reasoning: First, a comparison of facts, to discover whether the injury in question was like the one he had received; the ability of this surgeon over others in such cases; and the presumption that the same skill and remedies will again produce the same effects. These are the most obvious points. The dog, in the cited case, had once been healed of a broken limb by a surgeon; and having found a mate in a like situation, took him also to the same surgeon. It is evident that his conduct was as wise as the man's. The facts and actions in the two cases are parallel; and having seen that animals obtain a perception of objects by the same agencies that man does, it only remains to ascertain whether the intermediate reasoning process between perception and action were essentially the same. Now, we cannot prove directly that the mind of another passes through any process whatever; because the proof of any process of our own mind is consciousness, which cannot go beyond us; but we can infer the train of reasoning in a given case with great correctness, taking self-knowledge as a basis; and the similarity of conduct in another, in view of premises, with what our own would have been. This is the chief criterion by which much of our daily conduct is regulated, and is the most substantial proof that can be reached. Hence, we can infer with just as much certainty that the instinct of the dog passed through the process mentioned, as that the mind of the man did in the case supposed. We can also infer it with as much truth as that instinct is susceptible of the process of memory, since the proof in both cases is drawn from facts, and on the same principles.

Again: The beaver's dam is constructed at the very place a skillful engineer would have selected for a similar purpose. This choice of one place before another is necessarily founded on comparison, which is a deliberative reasoning process. It is therefore inconsistent with an impulse, which seems to be the action suggested, by instantaneous perception and reasoning; a single, inflexible propulsion in one direction; without a careful choice, and without deliberation: hence the term impulsive cannot be applied to a large proportion of the actions of animals; and having no reason for supposing the impulses of animals supernatural, or unlike human impulses, the term itself should be abandoned as vague and unmeaning. Gnawing the large tree upon the inner side, that it might fall directly across the stream, also rises above the utmost that we can understand by an inward persuasion; for it is the incipient step, and has full relation to the subsequent work of erecting a pier. We have seen that while part are cutting down the tree, another part go up the stream, cut smaller trees for stakes, and draw them to the water's edge; while still a third division go in quest of clay to prepare as a mortar. This completeness of plan, and combination of means to execute it, is wholly inconsistent with the common explanation of instinctive operations. Such exhibitions, as we have already remarked, are simply the workings of a certain principle they possess; performing for them the same office that mind does for man; and the true direction of inquiry is to the nature of its

qualities. The actions themselves exhibit comparison, a knowledge of the adaptation of means to an end, the combination of these means in regular detail to effect the end, and the still higher intelligence of future cause and effect, as evinced by the enlargement of the water passage with the rise of the stream. These actions, then, being ascertained to be uniformly the same in a great variety of cases, and manifesting the operation of an intelligent principle in every act; and being such as in man would have been in pursuance of the processes of reason mentioned; we are clearly directed to the inference (indeed no other rational one *can* be made) that they compared the advantages of different places, to enable them to select the best, having reference to the construction of a dam; that they reasoned out the plan of this dam and the adaptation of certain materials to its erection; that they reflected upon the need of its convexity, the better to resist the pressure of the stream, should it be rapid; that they considered the advantages of a division of labor to expedite the work; that they understood from experience, or arrived at the conclusion by reason, that it was safer to discharge the surplus water at one opening well guarded, than over the continuous edge of the dam; and finally they had in view the uses and purpose of this dam from the beginning; and the reasoning preparatory to each successive step was as exact and efficient, with reference to the end designed and the means to be employed, as *man's* could have been; and was conducted in much, if not exactly, the same manner; because we can conceive of but one way in which an intelligent principle thinks.

To learn, we must derive an impression of the object or event by the senses; and then interpret its meaning by a process of the understanding. The domestic animals may be taught a variety of performances, which if done by man we should not hesitate to pronounce the result of reasoning. Ravens have been taught to sing a regular piece, involving to a certain extent the same kind of apprehension, as in instructing a child in music.\* The parrot may be taught to speak. Falcons have been learned to hunt, under the influence of motives; a favorite dish being the reward of skilful services. The elephant, the camel, and the horse, in adapting themselves to the wants of man as beasts of burden, give constant proofs of intelligence and deliberation. Some of the most stupid animals apparently, have been taught a variety of feats under the stimulus of rewards, which raise our astonishment at their shrewdness and ingenuity. Imitation, if carefully considered, will be found impossible without the aid of a thinking principle. We know,

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\* Some animals are self-taught. The mocking-bird whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of the passing wheel-barrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the Canary and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions. — WILSON.

indeed, very little of any species but our own. Their language is as vague to us as the guttural tongue of the Indian; their movements are usually unmeaning, and all but their general necessities, unknown; we are profoundly ignorant of every thing but the most general manifestations of animal life; and at the same time it must be admitted that they exhibit more intelligence in adapting themselves to, and understanding us, than we do in suiting our conduct to their apprehension.

Many animals provide magazines, on which to subsist during the winter. This appears to be the result of a long process of reasoning; of which the impossibility of obtaining supplies during such period, the amount necessary, the manner of bestowing it, and the kind of provision which is not perishable, may be the most obvious. If all these points were not heeded, the consequence would be fatal. To satisfy present hunger, a simple impulse might be sufficient; but to anticipate distant wants, the exercise of an intelligent principle is requisite. The ant, the bee, the squirrel, the rat, and the beaver, are distinguished instances of this forethought.

If the argument of PALEY is sound, that contrivance forms design, and from design we infer intelligence, it applies with emphasis to all constructed animal habitations. The nests of birds, the cells of the bee, the spider's web, the mound of the ant, and the hills of the termites, may be cited. Contrivance and construction seem to be impossible without the constant exercise of a reflecting principle; while economy of labor and time indicates the correctness with which this principle directs the conduct.

Again: If the sentinel of a small party should discover an enemy approaching, he would know, should they reach the encampment, that his companions would be captured; but if he apprized them of the peril, they might escape. This is simply ascertaining the relation of cause and effect; on such conclusions he alarms his mates, and they retreat. We know that many animals not only act the same in view of similar premises, but deliberately prepare for the emergency, like a garrison, by placing sentinels on the watch: now, since their actions are uniformly the same in a great variety of cases, and exactly analogous to the actions of men under similar motives, the same inference results; that such actions in both cases were caused by a reflecting or reasoning principle; and that this principle must perform its functions in nearly if not exactly the same manner, in men and in different animals, to produce such similar conduct. As instances, parrots, jays, crows, ants, marmots, and the chamois, may be referred to.

The ancients attributed intelligence, in its purest sense, to many animals, especially to the elephant and the horse. In one of the passages quoted, PLINY, the naturalist, after describing the ingenious method of the ants, in 'shoving with their shoulders' the larger bits of grain, says: 'There is in them in very deed, reason, memory, and care;' the expression breaks out from him like an irresistible conviction. VIRGIL also observes that they are 'mindful of the approaching winter;' and he refers to their order, and division of



labor. If inquiry should be directed to that industry which accumulates not only beyond present, but even future necessities, it could be accounted for on no other supposition, than as a consequence of reasoning upon the necessity of preparing for the day of need.

Let us turn for a moment to the fables of Æsop. It is remarkable that these first attempts at moral philosophy should have come down to us with such freshness as to be almost without the marks of antiquity; and yet one of their most interesting features is the correctness, so far as we know, with which animals have been invested with their natural characteristics. We still ask

'Astuta ingenium vulpes imitata leonem?'

and are yet inclined to charge the raven with vanity for being cheated of her meat, as represented in the fable, by the flattery of the fox. We also admire the closing reproof: *Εχεις ποταζ υπαντα, τους δε γε λειπεις*. The artifice of the creature, from his well-known habits, sits upon him with peculiar fitness; and there is nothing very incongruous in allowing him to speak it out. This incites an inquiry into the nature of cunning and artifice, by which animals evade their enemies or take their prey. The fox, for example, obtains a knowledge of external things by the same agencies that man does; and makes a ready and skilful use of such perceptions to obtain some end. When pursued, he frequently runs in the bed of some shallow creek, to conceal every trace of his scent and foot-steps; or runs back upon his own track for some distance, and then branches off, to puzzle his pursuers. He evidently knows the means by which he is followed, namely, his scent or foot-prints, and he devises a plan to render them both useless. Much might be said of the artifices of different animals, to decoy and ensnare their prey. Without the aid of reason it would be utterly impossible to form such plans; and beside, from these very stratagems we infer intelligence, and intelligence is of course an intellectual emanation.

Much also might be said of the elephant: indeed, his history alone would furnish sufficient facts to elucidate the whole subject; but the unexpected length of this article prevents the insertion of only a few notices. It is said that if he has been ensnared and escapes, he is afterward very cautious while in the woods, and breaking a large branch from a tree with his trunk, he sounds the ground before he treads upon it, to discover if there are any pits in his passage.\* He exhibits the same kind of deliberation while passing a bridge. The Indians make use of him to carry artillery over mountains. When the oxen, yoked two and two, endeavor to draw up the mountain the piece of artillery, the elephant pushes the breech of the gun with his forehead; and at every effort that he makes he supports the carriage with his knee, which he places near the wheel.† An analysis of these operations would result in the same inference, that such actions were in consequence of reason.

\* Buff. II., 188.

† Ibid. II., 188.

An anecdote of a bird appeared a few months since, bearing the marks of authenticity. She had built her nest by a stone quarry, and during incubation was frequently alarmed by the blasting. She soon learned that the ringing of a bell preceded an explosion, and like the laborers, at this signal she retreated to a place of security. This feat having been discovered, some spectators succeeded in deceiving her a number of times by false alarms. The imposition however was soon detected; and she did not afterward fly at the sound of the bell, unless the workmen also retired. If this incident be true, (and there is nothing improbable in it,) reasoning, and that too of no obtuse character, is as legibly stamped upon this conduct, as if the brain had been uncovered, and we had seen, were it possible, with our own eyes its secret work.

Let us proceed with this inquiry to another point. It is a well-established principle of philosophy, that all pain and pleasure are in the mind, including of course the emotions and passions. We know that animals experience not only physical pleasures and pains, but passions both pleasant and painful; as attachment, courage, fidelity; anger, cowardice, and jealousy. Their manifestation of these pleasant and painful feelings is analogous to the manifestation of the same feelings by the human species; and it proves that they are endowed with a principle corresponding to mind, which we have seen is susceptible, like mind, of such feelings.

Some of the endowments of animals are delicate, even beyond our comprehension. The bee, for instance, is never caught in a shower; but by what agencies it arrives at the knowledge of an approaching storm, we are unable to determine; and therefore we call it pure instinct, leaving the subject as blind as we found it. The solution, however, of this question, will probably be found in the superior acuteness of its senses. We are generally sensible ourselves of a coming rain, by a change in the atmosphere; then, on the supposition that the bee has the sense of touch to a very delicate degree, the apparent enigma will be unravelled. We know also that our own senses convey to us imperfect knowledge, and that our minds serve to correct and supply their deficiencies: on the other hand, animals having reasoning powers of an inferior degree, a superior delicacy of the senses supplies to some extent the difference. They undoubtedly possess a knowledge of lesser things beyond the utmost reach of human intellect; while man possesses knowledge of a higher character, and as far above their comprehension; leaving degrees of intelligence above us, and below them, equally remote from each; for there are yet as many subjects of knowledge in the infinitely small as in the infinitely great. Nature retains her perfection, whether we descend to the atom or ascend to the universe; and the analogies of nature go to prove that the animalcule whose dimensions are below the power of the microscope, has as perfect an organization, and lives as completely, as man.

Animals seem to be as amply endowed with capacities by the Creator, for their sphere of existence, as man appears to be for his;

and the Deity as evidently designed their happiness, as man's. He has framed them after the same great outline, and with no greater difference in this respect than is consistent with difference of species. He has endued them with senses, and a principle to take knowledge of the impressions they were designed to convey; and He has placed the means of happiness within their reach, as well as given the power to reach them. This much is self-evident. As to the proof that the principle commonly known as instinct manifests memory and reason, the arguments employed may be obscure; but the facts themselves, on reflection, carry conviction to the mind. To account for these manifestations on any other hypothesis, would be impossible; and to draw any other inference from the facts would be equally impossible; and to pronounce all these phenomena the workings of instinct, a name without a tangible meaning; a designation that prohibits inquiry, because it pretends to furnish an explanation of itself; would be to rest for ever in profound ignorance of the whole subject, when truth might be reached by investigation.

All the intellectual manifestations of mind are treated under four general divisions. One of them is memory; and all we know of it is, simply that there is a principle within us that remembers. Animals likewise have a principle that remembers. If then this principle is a unit in man, and (by parity of reason) in animals, why does not the proof of this one quality carry the whole subject? Can it be asserted that any other principle remembers than the one that reasons? Can any distinction be taken between the dog's remembrance of his master on his return, and the remembrance of the wife? One is as absolute as the other. It is no matter how feeble the endowments of a man may be, he still possesses mind; its memory may be weak, and its reasoning power be confined to the most simple processes; but yet the principle is within him, and as no radical distinction can be made between the memory of the feeble and the powerful intellect, so none can be made between the memory of an animal and of a man.

That principle which remembers, abstracts, imagines, and reasons, is *Mind*.

The principle called *Instinct* remembers, abstracts, imagines, and reasons. Therefore, this principle is *Mind*.

The general deduction follows, that the same thinking intellectual principle pervades all animated existences; created by the DEITY, and bestowed in such measures upon the different species as appeared in His wisdom requisite for the destiny and happiness of each; thus establishing a scale from man to the lowest orders of animalculæ; and the successive steps downward from the man of the highest intellectual range to the man of the lowest, are no farther than from the latter to the most intelligent animal; and from him successively to the lowest in the scale of intelligence. All endued with that wonderful principle, which in man, rising above the office of providing for physical wants, expends its powers on the highest subjects of knowledge, though the final cause of this knowledge is the benefit of himself or his species, while in animals, being

more limited in its range, but perhaps more delicate in some of its powers, it may be employed, for aught we know, on important subjects of knowledge, tending to promote their own happiness, of a character so minute and intricate as to be beyond the utmost appreciation of the human mind; but yet as essential to their welfare as the most common principles of philosophy are essential to ours.

There is nothing unnatural in this theory; so far from it, it appears to be suggested by nature itself. We all have a living existence, and that existence to sustain and enjoy. The history of animals and men exhibits so many characteristics in common, and those more powerful characteristics which we have discovered only in men, merely serving to establish endowments stronger in degree, without warranting a fundamental distinction, a scale of intelligence from man to the most inferior animal, appears to result as naturally as a scale of intelligence among men, founded on their different characteristics. It may be said, perhaps, that some of these facts and arguments can be employed as well to prove a moral as an intellectual nature. Admitting this for a moment, it is by no means certain that they have not to some extent a moral sense; although our inquiry has no reference to this branch of the subject. Their endowments, like those of the tribes of Africa, neither improve nor degenerate materially; and who is prepared to say that a Goth or a Hun exhibited a nicer sense of right and wrong than a tiger or an elephant does? We know nothing concerning their secret relations. The order and harmony of the bee-hive, the ant-hill, the families of beavers, and flocks of birds; the apparent recognition by some animals of the right of property; will perhaps ever remain an enigma. Animals, on the other hand, of the same species, oppress each other no more than man does his fellow-man; and those of different species cannot act with greater ferocity toward each other, than they can find an example for in human conduct. We tread upon them without concern, and hunt them down for mere amusement. We prepare them for slaughter with a degree of indifference to their sufferings and death that is shocking in the last extreme. Let us not boast too much of our moral qualities, although the Deity did design that we should subsist in part upon flesh; although we have the marks of this design upon us, the same as the bear and the wolf, and have the sanction of the Scriptures; for although the final cause of this is wise, it is no excuse for cruelty; and probably an enlightened moral sense would teach us to abstain entirely from animal food, if we can live without it. We can no more say that animals were made for our convenience exclusively, than that the hare was made for the lion, or that the Deity would wish man should uproot every other species, than that the tiger should. The simple truth is, we are all alike creatures of the Deity, and subjects of His will. He designed all existence; He bestowed it; and His beneficent protection is extended alike over all His works; from man, the noblest of His creation, to the young ravens, whose cry He has admonished us He deigns to hear.

AQUARIUS.

October, 1843.

## B Y Z A N T I U M .

ROLL on thou Bosphorus, in wrath or play,  
 Roused by the storm, or gilded by the ray ;  
 With thy blue billows to the boundless sea  
 Roll on, like Time unto Eternity.  
 Thy empire nought shall change ; upon thy breast  
 Guilt hath no record, tyranny no rest ;  
 Roll on : the rock-built city shall decay,  
 Man sleep in death, and kingdoms pass away,  
 But thou, unbowed, shalt steal like music by,  
 Or lift thy Titan strength, and dare the sky.

Alas for proud Byzantium ! on *her* head  
 The fire may smoulder and the foe may tread,  
 Yet with heroic look and lovely form  
 She mocks the deep, unconscious of the storm ;  
 Her footstool is the shore, which hears the moan  
 Of dying waves ; the mountain is her throne ;  
 Her princely minarets, whose spires on high  
 Gleam with their crescents in the cloudless sky ;  
 Her temples, bathed in all the pomp of day ;  
 Her domes, that backward flash the living ray ;  
 Her cool kiosks, round which, from granite white,  
 High sparkling fountains catch a rainbow light ;  
 And the dark cypress, sombre and o'ercast,  
 Which hints cold sleep, the longest and the last ;  
 Each scene around this haughty city throws  
 A mingled charm of action and repose ;  
 Each feature speaks of glory wrapt in gloom,  
 The feast, the shroud, the palace, and the tomb.

Yes, thou art fair ; but still my soul surveys  
 A vision of delight, and still I gaze,  
 Proud city, on the past ; when first the beam  
 Slept on thy temples in its mid-day dream,  
 Methinks the genius of thy father-land  
 Raised his gray head and clenched his withered hand,  
 Exulting, in a parent's pride, to see  
 Old Rome, *without her gods*, revived in thee.  
 Beautiful Queen ! unlike thy high compeers,  
 Thou wast not cradled in the lap of years ;  
 But, like celestial Pallas, hymned of old,  
 Thy sovereign form, inviolate and bold,  
 Sprung to the perfect zenith of its prime,  
 And took no favor from the hands of Time.

There every glorious gift of every zone  
 Was flung before thee on thy virgin throne :  
 No breeze could blow but unto thee some slave,  
 Some handmaid ship, came riding o'er the wave ;  
 The costly treasures of thy marble isle,  
 The spice of Ind, the riches of the Nile,  
 The stores of earth, like streams that seek the sea,  
 Poured out the tribute of their wealth for thee.  
 Oh ! proud was thy dominion ; states and kings  
 Slept 'neath the shadow of thine outstretched wings ;  
 And to the moral eye, how more than fair  
 Were thy peculiar charms, which boasted there  
 No proud pantheon flaming in the sun,  
 To claim for many gods that due to One ;  
 No scene of tranquil grove and babbling stream,  
 Of vain philosophy to boast and dream,  
 Till Reason shows a maze without a clue,  
 And Truth seems false, and Falsehood's self seems true.

Oh, no! upon thy temples, gladly bright,  
The truth revealed shed down its living light;  
Thine was no champion-badge of pagan shame,  
But that best gift, the Cross of HIM who came  
To lift the guilty spirit from the sod,  
To point from earth to heaven, from man to God.

Alas! that peace so gentle, hope so fair,  
Should wake but strife, should herald but despair;  
Oh, thine, Byzantium, thine were bitter tears,  
A couch of fever and a throne of fears;  
When passion drugged the bowl and grasped the steel,  
When murder followed in the track of zeal;  
When that religion, born to guide and bless,  
Itself became perverse and merciless:  
While factions of the circus and the shrine,  
And lords like slaves and slaves like lords, were thine.  
What boots the well-known tale so often told?  
The feuds that found them frantic left them cold;  
The crimes that made them wicked made them weak,  
And bloodless might the Arab spread, and wreak  
His wasting vengeance; while the soldier slept  
The spoiler plundered and the province wept:  
Thus did thine empire sink in slow decay,  
Thus were its lordly branches lopt away;  
And thou, exposed and stript, wast left instead  
To bear the lightning on thy naked head.

Yet wert thou noble still; in vain, in vain  
The Vandal strove—he could not break his chain;  
The bold Bulgarian cursed thee as he bled,  
The Persian trembled, and the pirate fled;  
Twice did the baffled Arab onward press  
To drink thy tears of danger and distress;  
Twice did the fiery Frank usurp thy halls,  
And twice the Grecian drove him from thy walls:  
And when at last up sprung thy Tartar foe,  
With fire and sword more dread than Dandolo,  
Vain was the task; the triumph was not won  
Till fraud achieved what treason had begun;  
Till blood made red thy ramparts and thy waves,  
And one man's glory left ten thousand graves.

But in that fierce distress, and at thy cry,  
Did none defend thee, and did none reply?  
No! kings were deaf, and pontiffs, in their pride,  
Like Levites gazed, and like them turned aside;  
While infidels within Sophia's shrine  
Profaned the cup that held the sacred wine;  
And, worse than the idolaters of old,  
Proclaimed that prophet chief, whose books unfold  
The deadliest faith that ever framed a spell  
To make of heaven an earth, of earth a hell.

Yet stood there one erect in might and mind,  
Before him groaned Despair, and Death behind;  
Oh thou last Cæsar, greater midst thy tears  
Than all thy laureled and renowned compeers,  
I see thee yet, I see thee kneeling where  
The patriarch lifts the cup and breathes the prayer;  
Now in the tempest of the battle's strife,  
Where trumpets drown the shrieks of parting life,  
Now with a thousand wounds upon thy breast  
I see thee pillow thy calm head in rest;  
And, like a glory-circled martyr, claim  
The wings of death to speed thy soul from shame.  
But thou, fair city! to the Turk bowed down,  
Didst lose the brightest jewels of thy crown:

They could not spoil thee of thy skies, thy sea,  
 Thy mountain belts of strength and majesty;  
 But the bright cross, the volumes rescued long,  
 Sunk 'neath the feet of that barbarian throng;  
 While rose the gorgeous Haram in its sin,  
 So fair without, so deadly foul within:  
 That sepulchre in all except repose,  
 Where woman strikes the lute and plucks the rose,  
 Strives to be gay but feels, despite the will,  
 The heart, the heart is true to nature still.  
 Yet, for a season, did the Moslem's hand  
 Win for thy state an aspect of command;  
 Let Syria, Egypt tell, let Persia's shame,  
 Let haughty Barbarossa's deathless name,  
 Let Buda speak, let Rhodes, whose knighted brave  
 Were weak to serve her, impotent to save:  
 Zeal in the rear and valor in the van  
 Spread far the fiat of thy sage divan,  
 Till stretched the sceptre of thy sway, awhile  
 Victorious, from the Dnieper to the Nile.

Brief, transitory glory, foul the day,  
 Foul thy dishonor, when in Corinth's bay,  
 'Neath the rich sun triumphant Venice spread  
 Her lion banner as the Moslem fled;  
 When proud Vienna's sallying troops were seen,  
 When Zeuta's laurels decked the brave Eugene;  
 When the great shepherd led the Persian van,  
 And Cyrus lived again in KOULI KHAN;  
 And last and worst, when Freedom spurned the yoke,  
 And tyrants trembled as the GREEK awoke!

Now joy to Greece! the genius of her clime  
 Shall cast its gauntlet at the tyrant Time.  
 And wake again the valor and the fire  
 Which rears the trophy or attunes the lyre.  
 Oh known how early, and beloved how long,  
 The sea-girt shrines of battle and of song,  
 The clustering isles that by the Ocean prest,  
 In sunshine slumber on his dark blue breast:  
 Land of the brave, athwart whose ghastly night  
 Streams the bright dawn, red harbinger of light,  
 May Glory now efface each blot of shame,  
 May Freedom's torch yet light the path to fame;  
 May Christian truth in this, thy second birth,  
 Add strength to empire, give to wisdom worth,  
 And with the rich-fraught hopes of coming years  
 Inspire thy triumphs while it dries thy tears!

Yes, joy to Greece! but even a brighter star  
 On Hope's horizon sheds its light afar:  
 Oh Stamboul! thou who once didst clasp the sign,  
 What if again Sophia's holy shrine  
 Should, deaf to creeds of sensual joy and strife,  
 Reëcho to the words whose gift is life;  
 If down those isles the billowy music's swell  
 Should pour the song of Judah, and should tell  
 Of sinners met in penitence to kneel,  
 And bless the comfort they have learned to feel;  
 Then though thy fortune or thy fame decline,  
 Then oh! how *more* than victory were thine!

Ah! dear RELIGION, born of HIM who smiled  
 And prayed for pardon when the Jew reviled,  
 No rose-bound Houris with a song of glee  
 Strew the rich couch, no tyrant strikes for thee;  
 Thy holier altar feeds its silent fire  
 With love, not hate — with reason, not desire;

Welcome in weal or woe, thy sovereign might  
Can temper sorrow or enrich delight;  
Prepared to gild with hope our darkest hours,  
Or crown the brimming cup of joy with flowers;  
Thine is the peace-branch, thine the pure command  
Which joins mankind like brothers hand in hand;  
And oh! 't is thine to purge each worldly stain,  
Wrench the loose links which bind this mortal chain,  
Whisper of realms untravelled, paths untrod,  
And lead, like Jacob's ladder, up to God!

WILLIAM C. S. BLAIR.

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N E M A H   A N D   N U M A N .

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TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH OF SOHAÏLY, BY J. P. BROWN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

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IN the time of the Sovereigns of the Beni Ommieh, there resided in the city of Cufah a very wealthy merchant named REBI BIN JABIR; a man possessed of great good feelings and kindness of disposition. This merchant had a son of equally good qualities, in whom, as the close of his life drew near, all his hopes became centered. He named this his only child Numan; paid great attention to his education; taught him to read and write; and, in fine, instructed him in all the accomplishments of that period.

Rebi bin Jabir purchased a young white female slave, of angelic beauty, named NEMAH BINTI TEVFIK, whom he had elevated in a manner which should render her worthy to become his son's companion. This *Riski Hoor*, or object of the jealousy of the Houries of Paradise, was a sweet, tender maiden, such as the eye of the world had never seen, nor of whom the ear of the son of Adam ever heard. They grew up and were instructed together; and ere they had reached the age of puberty, these two young creatures, like the sun and moon for pure brilliancy and light, were unique for their knowledge and accomplishments; particularly the talent of music and song. In the garden of Beauty they were like two cypresses.

Their wealthy parent had erected for them a dwelling like those of the garden of Paradise, which he had beautifully painted and furnished, and where his son and the cypress-formed Nemah were wont to spend their evenings in pleasure and enjoyment. One night when he was disposed to make merry with his mistress, Nemah took an *Oad*, or Lute in her hand, and with a countenance blooming with youthful freshness and innocent modesty, sang a harmonious air.

While thus engaged, by chance, the governor of the city of Cufah, the cause of much sorrow, Hedjadj ez Zalim, or The Cruel, passed beneath their dwelling, and hearing the melodious sound of Nemah's voice, involuntarily sighed; and after listening for some time, turned to his attendants and praised the talent of the singer.



'If,' said he, 'this slave's face and form are equal to the delicacy of her voice, I will give any price for her—for a jewel of such great value. Go, learn to whom she belongs; for I desire to send her as a present to the caliph.' So, calling the chief officer of his police, he confided the affair to that master of intrigue, recommending him to be diligent and expeditious.

This man, early on the following morning, called to his aid a cunning old woman, and said to her: 'Help, oh! mother of praiseworthy conduct! Hedjadj ez Zalim has need of your services. You must inform me to whom a girl in such a dwelling belongs; how I shall be able to get possession of her; and what arrangements I must make to bring it about.'

The infamous old woman replied: 'On my head and eyes be it, if the object of your desires be among the Pleiads, on the surface, or under the earth, be it my duty to find her! So consider her as already in your possession.'

The officer conducted the old wretch to Hedjadj the Cruel, and on introducing her, Hedjadj said: 'Go to the house of Numan, son of Rebieh, and if you find that his slave is worthy of presentation to the caliph, obtain her in whatever manner you may like best, only render yourself worthy of my generosity.'

Now the old woman attired herself in the dress of a sofee, or religious devotee, of an hundred years old; and taking an ebony rod in her hand, wrapped a shawl around her head, and, bent almost double, set out on her way, crying out aloud as she passed along: 'There is no God but ALLAH! oh! these inattentive people!' Deceived by her appearance, the simple-minded who met her on the way, embraced her hands and feet, and implored her blessing and prayers.

At noon, precisely, she reached Numan's dwelling; and on wishing to pass its gate was prevented by the door-keepers. The old hypocrite said to them: 'I am a servant of God, who, having deserted the world, have no other desire than to acquire knowledge, and offer up prayers of devotion; why do you prevent my passage?'

While they were yet engaged discussing her entrance, a servant from within made his appearance, and the old woman, addressing him, said: 'Wherever I bend my steps they bring good fortune; and, as every one profits by my prayers, these door-keepers are very foolish to prevent my entrance.'

The simple-minded servant directed the door-keepers not to prevent her; and taking the old wretch by the hand, led her to Nemah, and asked her blessing. Nemah also was soon deceived by her appearance, and beside offering her every mark of respect, invited her to be seated by her side.

Scarcely were they seated, when she exclaimed: 'Let prayer-time be not forgotten; show me a retired spot where I may offer my devotions.' Nemah, like a waving cypress, hastened to serve her; spread her a carpet with her own hands, and ordered her attendants not to disturb her. The old hypocrite prolonged her prayers from noon to *akendee*, (three o'clock,) and the three o'clock

prayer to that of night-fall, without ever rising from her carpet; and by her false piety gained not only Nemah's heart, but those of all her maidens; so that they all knelt around her feet, and besought her blessing. Every night she would tell Nemah's maidens stories about pious people, and of the efficacy of their prayers.

Early one morning she arose, and asked permission to depart; and when Numah inquired where she purposed going, she replied, that it was her desire to visit some holy persons who resided in that neighborhood. In fine, she so praised them, that Nemah begged her not to refuse her the privilege of accompanying her, to beg also the blessing of the good people. The old woman answered: 'If the recompense of your visit is written on your brow (predestined), it will be easy to obtain. Inshallah! if God wills, we will obtain the object of your desires.'

The unfortunate girl put faith in her words; and after adjusting her dress, they set out on their way. Soon they reached a doorway, that of the palace of Hedjadj ez Zalim, which they entered; and putting Nemah in a vestibule, 'Stay here,' said she, 'while I go to see if the holy man is alone.' So going into the palace, she hastened to give Hedjadj news of her success; and then the accursed creature departed by another door. Hedjadj soon came to the vestibule, and for the first time beholding the beautiful creature, saw a fair maiden resplendent as the moon in her fourteenth night, and illuminating the whole universe with her splendor:

A maiden unequalled for beauty.  
The world a slave to her ringlet.  
A fresh rose from the garden of fidelity,  
And a thousand Philomels are her lovers.

Forthwith he ordered one of his officers to take a sufficient number of men for a guard, and convey the maiden to the residence of the caliph. The officer immediately got ready a litter, and compelling the wretched maiden to enter it, set out for Damascus. Poor Nemah now knew something of the cruel misfortune to which she had become a prey; her suffering and wounded heart (liver) became roasted, and her eyes wept tears of blood, on being thus separated from her lover, country, and home.

In thirty or forty days, they reached Damascus, and entering the palace of the caliph, the officer delivered the letter and maiden from Hedjadj, governor of Cufah. When Abdul Malek (the reigning caliph) saw the lovely, heart-ravishing maiden, he acknowledged her to be a perfect beauty, whom the painter of creation had drawn on the page of existence; such as the eye of observation had never seen, nor of which the ear of the imagination had never heard:

Well made, graceful, delicate, and fresh.  
Every member full of grace and splendor.  
Her lips more translucent than limpid water.  
The stars envious of her pearly teeth:  
Her moles are most beautiful to the eye;  
Rose-buds open when she smiles, and  
Jewels are scattered when she speaks.

Involuntarily the caliph became lost in love with the beautiful creature; passion reached even the centre of his heart; and the thread of power over himself escaped from his hands. Calling his chief eunuch, he ordered him to prepare apartments for her worthy of her beauty; to treat her with kindness, and to be attentive to all her wants.

The caliph Abdul Malek had a sister named Abbassah, a lady of very superior beauty, whom, in his mirth, he addressed, saying: 'Hedjadj has done us a service, which, had he sent me news that he had conquered a province for me, would not have given me greater pleasure. His present is truly worthy of my acceptance.' Abbassah answered her brother: 'May your pleasure be everlasting! Pray what kind of a present has he sent you?' The caliph handed her Hedjadj's letter, wherein she learned that he had purchased for twelve thousand pieces of gold a maiden of exquisite beauty, and offered her for her brother's acceptance. Abbassah asked permission to go and see the maiden, and gain her good-will and friendship; and, on beholding Nemah, she exclaimed that she was indeed an angel in a human form:

With so much beauty, are you a moon from the skies,  
A new species of unknown humanity?  
Truly, you merit the gift of hearts.  
One look alone at your fair face  
Is worth twelve thousand pieces of gold;  
And oh! how great is my brother's good fortune!

Now Abbassah's beauty was celebrated all over Syria, but when she became companion to the mirror of Nemah's beauty, the moon appeared eclipsed. This lady of ladies inquired for her health, and complimented her on this great good fortune, which had brought her to be the companion of so grand a sovereign as her brother. But poor Nemah only returned her kindness with a sigh, and addressing her, asked:

'Oh, fair of front! whose sweet words touch my heart, and whose ringlets adorn an angel's face, pray tell me, your hand-maiden, who sold me, for whom I was taken, to whom does this mansion belong, and what is the cause of my affliction?'

Abbassah was greatly astonished at these inquiries, and asked what they meant. 'Do you not know who sold you?—that it was Hedjadj ez Zalim, governor of Cufah, who bought you for twelve thousand pieces of gold, and presented you to the caliph?—that this is the palace of the caliph?—and that I am his sister?'

When poor Nemah heard this, she burst into tears, and wept so profusely as to wound the soul and liver of Abbassah:

The fountain of her tears overflowed;  
Her liver was like unto tulips,  
And her tears fell like morning dew.

Abbassah now perceived there must be some secret connected with Nemah; so, after endeavoring to console her, she arose and went to the caliph, and addressed him, saying:

'Oh! Emir of the Faithful! give the newly-arrived maiden a

few days' repose, and allow her time to become acquainted with her new home and companions. She is unhappy, and requires to be left to herself awhile.'

The sensible heart of the caliph was touched by the words of his sister, and he requested her to have a physician sought for, and consulted on the maiden's health. To this Abbassah replied: 'On my head and eyes be it;' and while she searches for a physician, let us return to the unhappy Numan.

Now when Numan had the misfortune to be separated from his mistress, and his beloved companion no more returned to his dwelling, his heart burnt and his eyes wept, and he bewailed her absence. His father also was much aggrieved at the loss of his son's idol. Soon the rose-cheeks of poor Numan faded like autumn leaves, and the alarmed parent sought advice of a physician. If divine wisdom guides the humble servant, the desire of the afflicted will be effected, and the object of his hopes be attained.

While the afflicted father, Rebi bin Jaber, was seated in his dwelling, overwhelmed with sorrow, suddenly a voice reached his ear, saying:

'Let him who needs an expert physician, and an able astrologer, one versed in the science of geomancy and the other hidden knowledges, appear.'

This was a man who, according to the custom of the country, proclaimed his calling in the public way. Rebi at once ordered his servants to bring the man in, and after showing him every attention, he requested of him a remedy for his son. When the learned man had felt Numan's pulse, he knew that no remedy was needed, and informed the parent that his son had not one atom of disease; but, added he, 'I perceive he is feverish from the passion of Love.'

Rebi now related to him the whole circumstance of his son's affliction, adding: 'Tell me, is his mistress dead or alive?—on this earth, or in heaven?—what is her condition?—to whose border has she become a prisoner?—and is there any means of freeing her?'

Now the physician was a perfect master of the science of geomancy; so taking his sand in his hand, he scattered and divided it; then observed its meaning; twice bent his head, and finally was confident that Nemah was in Damascus. 'Good news!' exclaimed the old man to Rebi; 'the end of this trial is lucky, though indeed the sand turns heavily. After your maiden left you, she did not pass the night in the city.'

'Since you know that she is in Damascus, pray,' said Rebi, 'throw the sand once more, so that we may know in whose house she is, and who holds her in confinement.'

The physician did as he was requested, threw another and yet another time his sand; and on examining it, added, smiling: 'Good news! good news to you! your maiden has been sent by the governor of this country to Damascus, where she now is in the palace of the caliph. With God's permission we will yet unloose this knot.'

Rebi, now greatly rejoiced, gave the physician large and costly

presents; and, in case of success, promised him all he possessed in the world. 'Provide what is necessary for the voyage,' replied the physician, 'and let us set out direct for Damascus, where we will see what God will show us.'

Soon the essentials were got ready, and they departed; and in the course of a few days reached that city, where in its very centre they opened a shop, stocking it with liquids and drugs in Keshan vases. For some days they treated all who visited them for their complaints, and so successfully cured them, that their name soon became celebrated throughout the whole city. Poor Numan, in the hope of finding a remedy for his grief, sat all day long, opposite the physician, quiet and submissive as a burning night-candle.

At length a female slave in the caliph's palace having heard of the cures performed by the physician, informed Abbassah that a person had arrived at Damascus from Irak, who had remedies for all manner of diseases. The caliph's sister was overjoyed at this news. 'Let us send and represent to this physician poor Nemah's condition; perhaps he may benefit her also.' So one of the slaves of the Harem, named Kahermaneh, was sent to his shop, and addressing the physician, said: 'I am a servant of the Harem of the caliph, and have come to inform you that his favorite maiden is ill; if you are so fortunate as to find a remedy for her, great will be your recompense.' After questioning Kahermaneh, he remarked, that the maiden had no natural disease; 'tell me,' added he, 'her name.'

'Strange!' replied Kahermaneh, 'do you treat the sick, or purchase slaves, that you ask her name?'

'Pardon me,' he answered; 'I asked the sick person's name so as to count the letters which compose it, then write some appropriate holy names on her star, and see what kind of remedies are necessary.'

On hearing this, the slave exclaimed: 'May God bless you; your talent has been proven on every science;' and so gave him the name of Nemah, adding, that her father was called Tevfik; at which he said 'God's Tevfik (assistance) will aid us.'

When poor Numan heard the name of the object of all his desires, bloody tears fell from his eyes, and he uttered an 'Ah!' full of plaintive sorrow. The physician told him in his own language,

فأش مكن خاش بائ; 'Divulge not, but be silent; rise, and hand me that vase of medicine;' which Numan obeying, he wrapped up in paper a piece of *mâjuu* (electuary), and pouring a liquid from another vase into a bottle, told him to tie up its mouth with paper, and in his own usual style, to write on it that the patient should every morning mix some of the liquid with water and drink it. This Numan having done, he delivered the medicines to Kahermaneh.

Now when Nemah saw the hand-writing of her lover, she involuntarily sprang from her seat, and hastily mixing some of the liquid, as directed, drank it off, and said to Kahermaneh, 'Your goodness has been recompensed; my heart finds great relief from this medicine; and if my complaint can be cured, it will be by this. What kind of a man is this physician?'

'He is from Cufah,' was the reply; 'is a man of extraordinary talents, and acquainted with every kind of science. He has in his employ,' added Kahermaneh, 'a youth of great beauty and gentleness;' and as she described his person and dress Nemah's eyes filled with tears, for she understood it was Numan.

While they were engaged in conversation, the caliph came to pay his maiden a visit, and Kahermaneh said to him: 'Oh! Prince of the Faithful! an expert physician has visited our city, from whom I obtained medicines which have proven most beneficial to Nemah.' On learning this the caliph was greatly rejoiced, and putting five hundred pieces of silver in a purse gave it to the maiden, bidding her send a portion of it to the physician who had benefited her. 'His labor is not lost,' added he; 'let him be diligent and attentive.' Nemah took four hundred of the pieces and gave them to Kahermaneh, and then putting the remainder into a purse, with a scrap of paper on which she had written with her own hand: 'This from Nemah, who is separated from her beloved friend, her country, and home;' then sealing it, she gave the purse to Kahermaneh, who carried it to the physician, saying: 'Thanks and blessings to you, for your remedies have proven very beneficial to our sick one, who has regained her color and strength, and her heart is rejoiced.'

The physician handed the purse over to Numan, who on beholding the hand-writing of his mistress, his senses left him, and his cypress form like a shadow strowed the ground. The physician threw rose-scented water in his face, and as his senses slowly returned, tears fell from his eyes. Kahermaneh seeing this, her liver burned within her; she also wept, and in sympathizing grief, addressed Numan thus: 'Unhappy youth, may they never smile who make you weep; pray tell me the cause of your grief.'

Oh! joy of the heart, and light of the eyes!  
 Perce's envy, and Hoore's jealousy:  
 On the mind of your breast is the dust of grief,  
 And yours must be no common sorrow.

Numan replied: 'You are more piteous and tender even than my parents. I am that unhappy youth whose companion Hedjadj ez Zalim, governor of Cufah, by means of a deceitful old woman enticed out on a visit, and sent off as a present to the caliph. This is the grief which has separated me from my home and country, and sent me forth an exile in affliction.'

'Ah!' replied Kahermaneh; 'and that beautiful creature is afflicted wholly from being separated from you.'

Now the physician offered the purse to Kahermaneh, saying: 'I have no need of money; I beg you, for the sake of my gray head, be kind to our cause; keep our secret, and if you do us a favor, until death we will not forget you in our prayers.' In fine, Kahermaneh promised to peril even her soul in their service, and to bring the lovers together.

So, taking with her some more medicines, similarly put up and labelled, this kind woman returned to the palace of the caliph, and opening the conversation with Nemah, found that she verified all

Numan had told her. 'Do you desire to see him again?' asked she. Nemah replied: 'Can you ask the sick body if it wants health, or the dying man if he wishes for life? If I can but see his beautiful face once more with mortal eyes, I would then willingly expire.'

Kahermaneh said: 'Then give me a spare suit of female clothes;' which having received, she proceeded forthwith to the physician's shop, and on putting the question to Numan whether he desired to see Nemah again, he answered, 'Yes, even if I but look and die:'

To the ardent lover no deception is wrong;  
Whatever the heart speaks must be true.  
Boundless are the ardent impulses of love:  
To die is a small sacrifice for one's beloved.

'Hasten, then,' said the good woman, 'put on that female dress, and let us set out; but the All-Just alone can fulfil your wishes.' They now took leave of the physician, and praying as they went, reached the entrance of the palace, where a eunuch asked who was Kahermaneh's companion? The reply was, that she was the sister of the caliph's favorite. When they had reached the inner gate of the Harem, Kahermaneh said: 'I cannot pass beyond this, but will wait for you here. This passage leads by ten apartments; follow it, counting as you go, and remember that *the ninth* is Nemah's, while the tenth is that of the caliph's sister. Make no mistake, and after seeing your mistress, return to this spot.'

Numan did as he was directed; passing on, and counting the apartments as he went; but from timidity and fear he miscounted, and entered the apartment of the caliph's sister, Abbassah, which was furnished with a throne-like sofa, and its walls covered with silk and brocade. It was empty, but poor Numan, half dead with fear, in momentary expectation of seeing his mistress enter, threw himself on the sofa.

Presently a stately and noble person, like the world-adorning Phœbus, entered the apartment, who to her great surprise beheld a woman seated on her sofa, who from fear did not rise up to respect her. Abbassah, for it was her, exclaimed, 'What foolish woman are you, who without my permission dare to enter thus my apartment?' But suddenly, acting according to her Hashemite generosity of character, she added, in a milder tone: 'Who are you? Come, fear not, but tell me your story.'

Poor Numan, speechless with fright, could only throw himself at Abbassah's feet, and humbly rub his face and eyes upon them. The noble-hearted woman was touched with pity, and said: 'Be not afflicted; you are in a place of safety.' Then exposing his face, she perceived he was a man; and kindly added: 'Unhappy man, what secret cause has reduced you to adopt this disguise? what misfortune has befallen you? Speak, and tell me the truth, for *النجاة في الهر* 'safety is in sincerity.' Numan, with tears in his eyes, related all his story to Abbassah; and it so touched the heart of the noble princess that she also wept, until her tears fell down on her angelic bosom, and she exclaimed: 'Oh! Numan, be

no longer afflicted, for you are safe.' Clapping her hands until her maidens came in, 'Prepare,' said she, 'a seat for me, and then, giving my *sâlams* to sweet Nemah, invite her to come to see me.'

Abbassah directed her maidens to make place; and so soon as Nemah had made her appearance, she saw Numan, and these two faithful lovers rushing into each other's arms, fell senseless on the floor. She threw rose-scented water in their faces, and when they had regained their senses, they, offering prayers and thanks for her benevolence, threw themselves at her feet. Immediately joy was on every countenance, and the maidens attendant upon Abbassah were greatly rejoiced for their companion's sake. Each drank three goblets of wine, and each taking their appropriate instrument, played a lively air, accompanying it with their voices. Even Nemah, forgetful of her past sorrows, took a lute in her hand and played an air appropriate to the occasion of her réunion with her lover.

In the midst of this display of delight, lo! the caliph came unexpectedly to see his sister; and on hearing the sound of music and song, approached her door in light step, saying, 'Barik Allah! God be blessed! what sweet sounds are these?' So soon as Abbassah became aware of his approach, she threw a shawl over Numan, and advancing to receive the caliph, prepared a seat for him. Turning to his sister, 'Pray,' said he, 'whatever your conversation may have been, continue it, and let us be a partaker of your mirth.' Abbassah forthwith handed him also three cups full of ruby liquid, which he drank; and after it had exhilarated him, she addressed him as follows:

'Oh! Emir of the Faithful! know that once in past times there was an aged man who had a heart-binding son, brought up with great delicateness and care, for whom he had purchased a maiden, who for beauty and accomplishments was the admiration of the world. These two young persons were educated and grew up together, and loved each other with the strongest affection. Now it happened that one evening when this lover and his mistress were amusing themselves in their own dwelling, the governor of that city, an unjust and tyrannical man, passed under their house and heard the sweet voice of the maiden. So, on the day following, he, by means of a vile woman, deceives the maiden, gets her in his power, and sends her as a present to the sovereign of the age. The youthful lover becomes greatly distressed on being separated from his mistress, and devotes his life to find her. By one means or other he obtains admittance to the palace in which she is confined, and they meet. In the midst of their rejoicings, and the mutual recital of the sufferings which they had experienced during their separation, lo! the sovereign of the country suddenly enters the apartment, and without a moment's delay, or making a single inquiry, draws his sword and puts them to death on the spot. This is all one can expect of an ignorant sovereign, who never inquires into the merits of an affair. But what do you think of it?'

'Stupid ignorance!' replied the caliph; 'the lovers were excusable: he should have learned their story, aided the accomplishment of their desires, and prevented future injustice.'



Abbassah exclaimed: 'Oh! Prince of the Faithful! generosity and benevolence is an inheritance of the tribe of Koraish:\* tell me, by the souls of your noble forefathers, did such an act, or such a circumstance occur during your reign, and in your own empire, what would you do?'

'I swear that when I was convinced that their condition was as you describe,' replied the caliph, 'I would bestow my favor upon them, and the deceitful governor, whose duty it was to protect true Mussulmans, I would punish for evil administration.'

Abbassah now thanked her brother, kissed his hand, and as she exclaimed, 'May your protecting shadow never pass over the heads of the innocent without rendering them justice!' drew the shawl from off Numan, and said: 'Behold, oh, Prince! the subject of my tale. This is the unfortunate youth, and this the unhappy maiden, who so cruelly was separated from her lover! Hedjadj ez Zalem treated them as I have related; and is it proper that he should endeavor to cause you, noble prince! to commit sin and injustice? Power to do good is in your own princely hands; do whatever you may deem best.'

While Abbassah was yet speaking, the two lovers threw themselves at the caliph's feet; and when she had finished, Abdul Malek, with the generosity and justice which distinguished his reign, raised them up, and taking Nemah by the hand gave her to Numan, dressed him in a robe of honor, and placed him in the highest ranks of his officers. Soon after he dismissed Hedjadj from his office, and appointed the prince in his place. To Kahermaneh he gave one thousand dinars: the sorrow which she had once felt for the lovers was turned to joy; and under the shadow of the caliph's favor she never knew adversity. As to Hedjadj the Cruel, the loss of his office rendered him miserable, and he ever after lived in poverty.

J. P. B.

#### S O N N E T

TO L. AND M. D., THE BUDS OF THE SARANAC.

An angel breathed upon a budding flower,  
 And on that breath the bud went up to heaven,  
 Yet left a fragrance in the little bower,  
 To which its first warm blushes had been given;  
 And, by that fragrance nursed, another grew,  
 And so they both had being in the last,  
 And on this one distilled Heaven's choicest dew,  
 And rays of glorious light were on it cast,  
 Until the floweret claimed a higher birth,  
 And would not open on a scene so drear,  
 For it was more of paradise than earth,  
 And strains from thence came ever floating near;  
 And so it passed, and long ere noontide's hour,  
 The bud of earth had oped, a heaven-born flower.

\* THE tribe from which MOHAMMED descended.

## W I N T E R .

STERN tyrant of the year!  
The circling hours bring thine ascendant day,  
And hill and plain, sky, sea, and stream obey  
Thy rule austere.

The conqueror's march is thine;  
Each step thou mark'st with trophies of decay,  
And with the fair earth's ruins thy proud way  
Dost thickly line.

Deathful thy scowl of gloom;  
And the soft green from tree and shrub doth pass,  
And summer's delicate flowers and twinkling grass  
Are spoiled of bloom.

Beneath thy chilling breath  
The sweet-voiced brooks, that bounded on their way  
Gleesome and frisk, as children at their play,  
Lie stiff in death.

Thou speak'st, and the blithe hum  
Of insect life, the choral measures sung  
By tuneful birds the greenwood boughs among,  
Are stricken dumb.

Earth's sceptre thou dost bear;  
And the white badge of servitude to thee  
Each crested mount, low valley, stream, and tree  
Submissive wear.

Therefore, dread power! rejoice;  
Bid the shrill winds pipe out thy triumph high,  
And ocean's glad, accordant waves reply  
With thunder-voice.

Yet, deem not, potent One!  
Though subject earth lie prostrate at thy feet,  
That, throned in universal empire's seat,  
Thou reign'st alone.

The nobler Spirit-world  
No trophies of thy prowess yields to thee;  
No flaunting banner of thy sovereignty  
Is there unfurled.

The gladsome stream of thought  
Glides fertilizing on, untamed and free,  
And tracks its bright way toward Thought's central sea,  
Heeding thee nought.

The green growths of the soul  
Their fragrance breathe, despite thy stormy air,  
And not one delicate tint their blossoms wear  
Owns thy control.

No winter blights and lours  
Where sojourneth the faithful spirit clear,  
Fruitage and bloom for it the teeming year  
Conjointly showers.

Then hail, dread Power, to thee!  
Intently gazing in thy rugged face,  
E'en there, methinks, benignity I trace,  
True kindness see.

Thou bidst me turn within  
To what, untouched of time and change, doth live,  
That, which not outward things can ever give,  
Or from me win.

One universal tomb  
May close on all earth's glorious, bright, and fair,  
But to itself still true, the Soul shall wear  
Unwithering bloom.

D. H. R.

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IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

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BY PETER VON ONIST.

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PRELIMINARY. — Sitting in the seat and looking on the scenes of youth; calling back its feelings and thinking over its thoughts; is, we may suppose, seldom pleasing to manhood. Fragments of plans; wrong but captivating views of life; dead hopes which once lived and bloomed; vast schemes dwindled like dry leaves; resolutions broken and re-broken; all covered and lost sight of, under the stream of events that is perpetually flowing into the memory, will come up, bringing a smile and a pang; and the youth of TWENTY will stand in living colors before the man of FORTY.

FORTY. Your face is full of joy, young man; are you thinking of me?

TWENTY. I am thinking of you, and therefore am I full of joy.

FORTY. I know nothing in me that should give you so much pleasure to contemplate.

TWENTY. Do you count, then, honor, wealth, benefactions, and the blessings of your country, as nothing? Do I not see your head encircled with the garland of praise? Are you not enriched with all knowledge and adorned with all graces? Is this a small thing? I would give away ten years of my life, if the space that intervenes between you and me — Now and Then — might be annihilated this instant!

FORTY. It is perhaps as well that that space cannot be annihilated or diminished. But could you spare ten years without feeling the loss? Do you suppose yourself sufficiently armed and equipped already, for the campaign?

TWENTY. On to the combat! What armor would you have, but a quick eye, a steady hand, and a courageous heart?

FORTY. By 'a courageous heart,' you probably mean animal spirits; but they will flag in a little while. Have you thought of that?

TWENTY. No, Sir, I do not mean animal spirits. I mean a bold, unshrinking heart, that goes forth to meet the world, and never faints; one which does not grow weary when it is encompassed with adversity, but looks, and hopes, and fights on, till it gains its high end. Is not that armor enough?

FORTY. It is, no doubt; so hard that it can receive and not be pierced by the darts of the enemy?

TWENTY. There is no need of its being hard. The encounter is not a battle; it is a joust, a tournament, a passage of arms. And cannot brothers and friends tilt, and still be brothers and friends?

FORTY. You regard, then, the business of life as the amusements of a gala-day?

TWENTY. No, Sir! no, Sir! These figures of speech only conceal and disguise its nature. It is neither a battle nor a play; it is labor. By the sweat of his brow must man eat his bread.

FORTY. 'Thorns also, and thistles shall spring up to him.'

TWENTY. I say, by labor must men gain the prize. See! I am standing at this moment on an eminence, from which I overlook the whole plain of life. On whatever side I turn my eyes, the landscape smiles, and the thickly-scattered objects of human desire arrest my attention, and invite my pursuit. All are fair and enticing; but my thoughts are fixed on that fairest and most enticing of all; that verdant hill-top before me. On it are the power of wealth and the respect of men; the consciousness of great actions done, of worth, or nobility; domestic affections throw their warm colors upon it; the power of making loved ones happy; the calm, quiet, fresh, dewy summer evening of my earthly pilgrimage; all that makes existence a blessing is there. Between it and me there may be much hard journeying, and many obstacles difficult to surmount. I cannot see them all from here, and do not care. But with my eye steadfastly fixed on that point, I descend to the plain, and set out on the way. What though it be toilsome? What though I stumble, or am thrust from the path, or fogs envelope me, and clouds overwhelm me? Can any thing turn me aside from the straight course? Can any mists be so dense as to shut out that golden spot from my view? And so I struggle on, through darkness and opposition, always keeping within me a brave heart and a well-braced spirit, and never relaxing my nerves, till I reach that predestined place of repose.

FORTY. *Disjecta membra* of a boy's dream!

TWENTY. But is it not so? Are you not now there?

FORTY. My dear young friend, there is a slight optical illusion in the case. That promised land of yours lies beyond the boundaries of life: the Styx rolls between.

TWENTY. I do not understand you. Beyond? Have you not reached it?

FORTY. Do I look like one that takes his rest? or these hands, as though I had left off working?

TWENTY. But you cannot now be far from it?

FORTY. To say the truth, I have no such place of happiness and

repose in view as you have mentioned. I lost sight of it soon after setting out. The darkness came down on me so thick that I could scarcely see three paces before me, and the road was so rough that I was forced to be content to pick my steps one by one, and had no time to think of the distant future.

TWENTY. I cannot believe it. There is many a lesser prize, many lower heights, in your path, to be gained, which should serve as encouragements and way-marks. I cannot believe that you have lost sight of the ultimate object of your life.

FORTY. You have odd views of things! The fact was, when with much exertion and difficulty I had gained one of those lesser prizes, a little social distinction, for example, I was so fatigued that I was glad to sit down a moment, and enjoy my acquisition. Finding it, however, not in every respect suited to my desire, I pushed on, and attained the next of those luminous points, which to you are only way-marks to a higher one beyond. From these I took a survey of the path before me; and seeing that its length rather increased than diminished as I obtained clearer views of the intervening country, and feeling at the same time my strength diminishing, and that 'courageous heart' of yours, (the hope and spirits of inexperienced youth,) growing fainter in its pulsations, I gave up the chase, and suffered myself to settle down into, and become one of, the million.

TWENTY. Oh! weak of faith and cowardly!

FORTY. Oh! ignorant and presumptuous!

TWENTY. Well; it does not become *us* to bandy names. So you are content to live for nothing?

FORTY. I live for something; for my daily bread, and for the pleasures that to-morrow, or at the farthest the next day, may bring forth.

TWENTY. And is not that living for nought? You have become an ant, whose thoughts are confined within its cell, and whose cares are centered on its single little kernel of corn. You are a fixture, a vegetable, a sensitive plant, a shell-fish. These are lying words of yours; I will not believe them.

FORTY. If you do not credit my report, you can go forward as you have proposed, and satisfy yourself by experience.

TWENTY. That will I! Go forth on wings, undeterred by timorous and hesitating counsels. I *know* it is not so. Can I not see with my own eyes?

FORTY. I fancy you see stars that are not in the heavens, and sights that are not on the earth.

TWENTY. I am not so pusillanimous and easily contented as you appear to be. My belief in the omnipotence of will and labor is firm. Yonder object have I set my eye on; and breaking through all obstructions, and deaf to all way-side seductions, I will force myself straight on, till I attain it.

FORTY. Valiantly resolved! Gallant Sir Knight! Will you take the world by storm?

TWENTY. I have told you already that it is not a battle. No passion or strife shall mingle with my motives. Good will to all

men, and success to my compeers, even though they triumph in my disappointment, shall be the feeling of my heart.

FORTY. As I said before, a very good resolution.

TWENTY. Nor is it necessary to spend the intervening years in monotonous, cheerless toil. There are a thousand social affections which spring up spontaneously in the human heart, but which wither unless fostered, cherished, and cultivated; there are social duties to be performed; and the whole man is to be polished into the form of grace and nobility. At the same time, from books and men, by the midnight lamp and in the crowded market-place, will I draw treasures of knowledge and skill; from history, poetry, philosophy, human nature; till I can instruct the judge on his bench, and the artisan in his shop; till I make myself such as men have in all ages delighted to honor, and been compelled to esteem. I will fashion my mind by the model of strength and beauty, and will enlarge the capacities of my heart, and fill it with love. In all this, my labors are ordered with principal reference to that ultimate point of which I never lose sight an instant. Men are forced to acknowledge excellence; much more will they acknowledge it when they see that it is amiable, and love it.

FORTY. It is with difficulty that I can refrain from laughter! You have such strange notions!

TWENTY. Do you call the notion of excellence strange? You will next say that virtue itself is an 'Idola!' But I tell you, there is a reality in both; I know it, for I can feel it. Nobility, virtue, respect, and happiness, are not empty names. The last, I am conscious of this moment; and if the others did not exist, I should never have had given to me this desire for them.

FORTY. Ignorance and happiness!

TWENTY. Knowledge and happiness! Why should they not go together? Will the innumerable gifts of nature ever be withdrawn? Or will the capability of receiving pleasure from them ever be taken away? Happiness does not necessarily accompany ignorance, but it *does* knowledge. And throughout the world, every man has within him a well-toned harp, whose strings nature and society and he himself strike together, making harmonious music. They are sometimes broken; but mine shall be well guarded, and will never produce discord.

FORTY. Foolish and vain!

TWENTY. And have *you* then become wise?

FORTY. I have become wise enough to know that you are foolish and your thoughts vain; I have become a full grown man.

TWENTY. You have, indeed, attained a full growth in the wisdom of those of sordid views and narrow foreheads! But can it be really so? Are you what you seem to be? I have felt, more than once, a suspicion creeping into my mind, that I might be, after all, mistaken. It must be so; and 'how art thou cast down, O my soul!'

FORTY. Be not disconsolate, my young friend; your soul is not so much cast down, as turned aside into another channel of thought and mode of existence.

TWENTY. Do you mock me, with your 'be not disconsolate?' If you speak the truth, there is nothing in life to live for. Had I not calculated well? Had I not found the means to be used in order to arrive at a certain position? I thought means and the result were connected; but you have undeceived me. Or else, I am too weak and cowardly to follow out my plans: in either case, I am of no worth in the world, and had better quit it at the outset.

FORTY. To quit the field, you think less disgraceful than to suffer defeat in a fair and manful fight?

TWENTY. The world's opinion is nothing to me, and I don't know the meaning of disgrace. Fame, you say, is an empty breath, happiness delusion, and knowledge vanity; these are the chief things that fill the minds of men, and they are false appearances. Why, then, should I value them?

FORTY. You cannot say that all life is not a dream.

TWENTY. Oh, I know it is; and therefore I will have nothing to do with it.

FORTY. You are a wild colt as yet, and kick against your traces. But the whip, the rein, and work, will soon break down that proud spirit of yours, and you will trot along obediently and patiently.

TWENTY. That shall never be; sooner will I leave the world altogether. To suffer this, you call courage! And to be a humble, docile, broken brute, you call becoming wise!

FORTY. You use names without discretion.

TWENTY. Oh, you would give it a softer-sounding designation; but the fact, though you may disguise it to yourself, cannot be concealed. Do you labor or hope for any thing but the present, or beyond the next hour? Do you not live with your eyes fixed on the ground? Do you not thread your devious and obscure way through the world, content to be unknown, and never casting a glance on the millions that surround you? What is that wisdom of which you boast, but to know that every man is a robber, and to bar your door against him; that friendship is an empty profession, and friends venial, therefore to trust no one; that all love is a youthful folly, unbecoming the 'full grown man;' therefore to guard against its approaches? This, I should say, is to live and think like the beast that perishes, and to die as the fool dies.

FORTY. You were inflated with that exhilarating gas, self-esteem; it is not very pleasant to have it escape, but you will soon be reduced to your own proportions.

TWENTY. And you would really have me think that there is no beauty or loveliness in the world? nothing worth hoping or striving for? Because I believed there was, and was filled with enthusiasm in viewing it, you say I was inflated with self-esteem. If I thought as you do, I should condemn myself, and deserve to be despised by every body like myself. You have lost sight of your high destiny, and defiled your soul, which *was* in the similitude of its MAKER, by frequent contact with the earth.

FORTY. I was not conscious of that.

TWENTY. Tell me, if you please, what was man made for?

FORTY. I have told you already; to eat of the fruit of his labors in sorrow, to write his name on the sea-sands, and to leave his place to his successor after him.

TWENTY. Think you that you do not defile your soul by such thoughts? To confine his aspirations to the snail-shell in which chance has cast him; to find all his delight therein; to call the three or four inches which his horizon bounds, the world; is *this* the chief end of man? I know not how it may be with others, but as for me, I was made for something better. I hope, I expect, to have a higher destiny!

FORTY. The chase is after shadows.

TWENTY. My chase is after real, tangible substances. I see them, and hope revives, strong and living, within me. Away! cold Doubt! I must have knowledge, respect, and happiness. No obstacles shall hinder me, and no allurements shall entice me, from my way. *My* name shall not be written on the sands: I will link it with lessons of wisdom, and grave them on the eternal rock.

FORTY. Glorious dreams, young man! glorious dreams!

TWENTY. They are sober, waking realities.

FORTY. But since you will not be aroused, I would have no one attempt to break them. Sleep on now, for the day cometh; the clear light of morning will beam on your eyes, dispersing the mists, and then you will see your duties and capabilities through a less distorting medium.

TWENTY. Call it a distorting medium if you like; but if it is the mists that make the world appear so much brighter to me than it does to you, they shall always remain before my eyes.

FORTY. Sweet dreams; but alas! they cannot last! This conversation with you has filled me, even me, with strange desires and indefinite longings. But they are all vain. It is my lot to see and deal with the world as it is, and I must be contented with my little routine of daily toil. And to remain so contented, I must hold no more communion with you.

TWENTY. You are a phantom, as of one in troubled slumber — a lying spirit; and I will never again admit you to my thoughts.

FORTY. You shall be dead to me, and I will bury you out of my sight!

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THOUGHTS AT TRENTON FALLS.

Art thou still the same,  
Or have the lapsing ages stolen away  
Thy primal beauty, or but added more?  
Beautiful stream! did thy clear waters fall  
With the same sound as now, in times remote,  
When first the sunlight shimmered on thy wave,  
Or ere the warbling of a forest bird  
Had echoed through these shades; or did'st thou run  
In level quietness, till thy smooth bed  
Was broken up by the strong hand of Change?  
Or did the sinking Deluge leave thee here,  
To fill this broken gorge?



## THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I HAD a vision, love, last eve,  
That thrills my very heart with fear;  
I could not wish to see thee grieve,  
Or wring from manhood's eye a tear:  
But in this dream, I saw thee weep  
As never man had wept before:  
I would not dream the like, if sleep  
My wearied eyes ne'er shadowed o'er!

Methought I saw thee, bending low  
Above a pale and shrouded form;  
A wreath of cold December's snow  
Flung out upon the freezing storm  
Hath more of beauty, warmth, and life,  
Than this white piece of marbled earth!  
'How,' thought I, 'have the war and strife  
Of passion in *its* heart had birth?'

I saw thee raise the snowy shroud  
That veiled the features from my view;  
I heard thee strangely weep aloud,  
Then slowly recognition grew  
Within my soul; *my* body lay  
All still and wan before me there,  
Robed for the tomb, while slow decay  
Was painted on the forehead bare!

I saw thee press the icy brow,  
Whilst I revolted at the scene;  
That lifeless clay I hated now,  
But longed against thy heart to lean.  
But wo unto that gentle heart!  
Had it but deemed my spirit near,  
I felt that agony would start  
The cold and deadly drops of fear.

I thought if spirits thus were freed  
From dust which weighed their pinious down,  
Their destiny were bright indeed,  
If joy unmingled e'er was known.  
But I was chained unto thy side,  
While still this truth seemed strange to me,  
Though ever by thee I should glide,  
I was invisible to thee!

I strove to lift the veil which hides  
The progress of immortal birth;  
The thin partition that divides  
The world of spirits from the earth;  
I longed to bear thy spirit up  
To flash around the golden throne,  
But then, stern Death's embittered cup  
Must first be drained by every one!

Yet still I hovered by thy side ;  
 My wings thy very garments brushed,  
 Whilst thou but knew I lived and died,  
 All else within the tomb was hushed.  
 With dreams of earth a sense was blent  
 Of some neglect of duty there,  
 And oh ! I thought my punishment  
 Was greater far than I could bear !

How oft I heard thee breathe my name  
 In tearful accents, sad and low,  
 Then suddenly thy voice exclaim,  
 ' A ministering angel thou !'  
 Still swaying thus from sphere to sphere,  
 My spirit knew nor peace nor rest,  
 Till daylight broke that vision drear,  
 And saw me weeping on thy breast !

*Cincinnati, 1843.*

## THE VENUS OF ILLE.

RENDERED FROM THE FRENCH OF P. MERIMEE BY THE TRANSLATOR OF 'THE GALLEY SLAVE.'

BY JOHN HUNTER.

AFTER a long day's journey, I descended the last of the Canigou mountains, and although it was now past sunset, I distinguished in the plain beneath me the houses of the little village of Ille, toward which I was now directing my course.

'You know,' said I to the Catalonian who acted as my guide, 'you know, I dare say, where Monsieur Peyrade lives?'

'Do I know?' exclaimed he, 'I know his house as well as I do my own; and if it was not so dark, I could point it out to you now. It is the handsomest in Ille. Ah! he has got the money, Monsieur Peyrade has; and he is going to marry his son to one richer than himself.'

'Indeed! and will this marriage take place soon?' asked I.

'Soon! I'll be sworn the fiddles are already engaged for the wedding. It may be to-night, to-morrow, or the day after, for aught that I know. It will take place at Puygarey, for it is Mam'selle de Puygarey, whom young master is going to marry. Ah! there will be fine doings, I can tell you!'

I had a letter of introduction to Monsieur Peyrade from my friend Monsieur de P—. 'This gentleman,' said he to me, 'is a very learned antiquary, extremely hospitable, and will take great pleasure in showing you all the ruins and relics of art for a dozen leagues around.' I had consequently counted upon him, to visit with me the environs of Ille, which I knew to be rich in ancient monuments, as well as those of the middle ages. This wedding, therefore, of which I now heard for the first time, seemed likely to interfere with my plans.

'I shall be an intruder,' said I to myself; 'but as my visit has been already announced by Monsieur de P——, it will be necessary for me to present myself.'

'Monsieur,' said my guide to me, as we reached the plain, 'I will wager a cigar I can guess what you are going to do at Monsieur Peyrade's.'

'Indeed,' said I, handing him a cigar, 'that will not be so very difficult to guess. At this time of night, when one has travelled six leagues in the Canigou mountains, the principal business I think will be supper.'

'Oh yes, but I mean to-morrow. Come now, I will bet that you have come to Ille to see the idol. I guessed as much when I saw you drawing the likenesses of the saints of Serrabona.'

'The idol! what idol?' the word had excited my curiosity.

'How! have you not heard at Perpignan, that Monsieur Peyrade has found an idol buried in the ground?'

'You mean a statue of terra-cotta, or clay?'

'No, no, of copper, real copper, and there is enough of it to make heaps of sous. She will weigh as much as the big bell of a church. We found her buried deep in the ground, at the foot of an olive tree.'

'You were then present at the discovery?'

'Yes Sir; Monsieur Peyrade told us—that is Jean Coll and me, about a fortnight ago—to root up an old olive tree, which had been frozen last year, for the weather you know was very cold. So you see as we were at work, Jean Coll, who went at it with all his might, gave a blow with his pickaxe, and I heard a *bimm*, as if he had struck on a bell. What's that? said I. We dug away, and dug away, and presently saw a black hand, which looked like the hand of a dead man, stretching forth from the earth. I was frightened, and ran to Monsieur: 'There are dead men, master,' said I, 'under the olive tree! We had better send for the priest!' 'What, are you talking about dead men?' said he. He comes to the place, and no sooner sees the hand than he begins to cry out like mad, 'An antique! an antique!' You would have thought he had found a treasure. And so to work he goes with pickaxe and hands, and with such a hearty will that he did as much as Jean and I together.'

'And at last what did you find?'

'A large black woman, more than half naked, saving your presence, Sir, all of copper; and Monsieur Peyrade told us that it was an idol of the heathenish times—of the time of Charlemagne, may be!'

'Ah! I see what it is; some good virgin in bronze from a ruined convent.'

'A good virgin! ah! yes indeed. I should have known it soon enough, had it been a blessed virgin. No, no; it is an idol, I tell you; you can see that well enough by its looks. It stares upon you with its great white eyes. They say it will stare you out of countenance. One is forced to cast down his eyes when he looks at it.'

'White eyes? no doubt they are inserted in the bronze; this must be some Roman statue.'

'Roman! that's it; Monsieur Peyrade said it was a Roman. Ah! I see you are a learned man; just such another as he.'

'Is it in good preservation? perfect?'

'Oh yes, Sir, nothing is wanting. It is handsomer, and better made than the bust of Louis Philippe of painted plaster, which stands in the town-hall. But for all this, the face of this idol does not please me. She has got a wicked look; and in fact, she is so.'

'Wicked? why what trick has she played you?'

'Not exactly on me; but you shall hear. Four of us went to work to set her upright; and Monsieur Peyrade, he too must pull at a rope, although, worthy man! he has n't much more strength than a chicken. With a good deal of trouble we at last got her straight up. I took a piece of tile to keep her steady, when *putratas!* down she comes headlong, all in a heap. I sung out: 'Take care below!' but not quick enough, however, for Jean Coll had n't time to pull out his leg.'

'And was he injured?'

'Broken smack off was his poor leg, as if it had been a bean-pole. Sacristi! when I saw that, I was furious. I wanted to break the idol to pieces with my pickaxe, but Monsieur Peyrade would n't let me. He gave some money to Jean Coll, who is still in his bed, though it is a fortnight since this happened; and the doctor says he will never walk as well on this leg as on the other. 'Tis a great pity, for he was our best runner, and, next to young master, the best tennis-player in the country. Monsieur Alphonse Peyrade takes it very much to heart, for he always played with Coll. Oh! it was a beautiful sight to see them send the balls up! *Paff—paff*—they never touched the ground.'

Conversing in this manner, we entered Ille, and I soon found myself in the presence of Monsieur Peyrade. He was a little old man, still ruddy and active, with powdered hair, a red nose, and a gay and jovial air. Before opening the letter of Monsieur de P——, he installed me at a well-spread table, and introduced me to his wife and son, as an eminent archeologist who was going to draw forth Roussillon from the state of oblivion in which the indifference of the savans had so long left it.

While eating with that fine appetite which the keen mountain air imparts, I studied the appearance of my hosts. I have already spoken of Monsieur Peyrade; I may add that he was vivacity itself. He chattered, ate, jumped up, ran to the library, brought me books, showed me prints, poured out wine for me; in short, he was not a moment in repose. His wife, who, as most of the Catalonian women are after the age of forty, was rather fat, and seemed to be a substantial country dame, wholly taken up with the affairs of her household. Although the supper was sufficient for at least six persons, she ran to the kitchen, ordered pigeons to be killed, had fritters made, and opened I know not how many pots of sweet-meats. In a few moments the table was loaded with dishes and

bottles, and had I only tasted all that was offered me, I should certainly have died of indigestion. Still, at every dish which I declined, there were fresh apologies. They were 'afraid I did not find things to my liking at Ille. They had so few resources in the country, and Parisians were so hard to please!'

During all this bustle and turmoil, and running to and fro of his progenitors, Monsieur Alphonse Peyrade remained motionless as a post. He was a tall young man, of about six-and-twenty, with handsome, regular features, but totally devoid of expression. His figure and athletic appearance accorded well with the reputation he bore throughout the country, of being a first rate tennis-player. He was dressed this evening in an elegant manner, his clothes being made to resemble exactly the engravings of the last number of the *Journal of Fashion*. But he did not seem to be at ease in his dress. He was as stiff as a pike-staff in his velvet collar, and when he turned his head, it was only by a movement of his whole body. His large sun-burnt hands with their short nails contrasted strangely with his costly coat; they were the hands of a laborer issuing from the sleeves of a dandy.

Although he examined me from head to foot, with great curiosity, which my character as a Parisian had probably excited, he addressed to me but a single question during the whole evening; which was to ask, where I had bought my watch-chain.

'And now, my dear guest,' said Monsieur Peyrade to me, as supper drew to a close, 'you are in my house, and are my property; and I shall not let you go until you have seen all the curiosities of our mountains. You must take some pains to get acquainted with our Roussillon, so as to do her full justice. You must have no doubts about the things we are going to show you. There are Phenician, Celtic, Roman, Arabic, Bysantion monuments; you shall see them all, from the cedar to the hyssop. I will take you every where, and not a brick shall escape you.'

A fit of coughing here forced the old gentleman to pause; taking advantage of which, I began to express to him my regret at intruding upon his family circle at such an interesting period.

'If you will only give me your excellent advice,' said I, 'touching the excursions I propose making, I will not put you to the trouble of accompanying me.'

'Ah!' said he, interrupting me, 'you mean the marriage of that boy there. This is but a trifle; it will take place the day after to-morrow. You must be present at the wedding with us, in a quiet family way; for the intended bride is in mourning for an aunt, whose property she inherits. So we are to have no merry-making, no ball. This is a great pity. You ought to see our Catalonian girls dance. They are buxom lasses, and perhaps some of them might induce you to follow the example of my Alphonse. One marriage, they say, leads to others. On Saturday, the young folks wedded, I shall be at liberty, and then we will commence our rambles. But I beg pardon for wearying you with this country wedding; you a Parisian, tired of city gayeties and festivities: and

a wedding without even a ball! However, you will see a bride; and such a bride! you must tell me what you think of her. But you are so grave and sedate a man, that perhaps you do not look at the women. But I have something better than this to show you; I will let you see something to-morrow! A grand surprise will you have, I promise you.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'but it is a difficult matter to have a treasure in one's house, without people being aware of it. I suspect I can guess what it is you have in store for me. If it is your statue to which you allude, the description my guide gave me of it has only served to excite my curiosity, and prepared me to admire it.'

'Ah! you have then heard about the idol, as they call my beautiful Venus Tur—— But I must say no more at present. To-morrow in broad daylight you shall see her, and you will then say whether I have not reason to be proud of such a master-piece. Parbleu! you could not have arrived more opportunely. There are inscriptions upon it, which I, poor ignoramus, explain after my own fashion; but a savant from Paris! You will perhaps laugh at my explanations: for you must know that I have drawn up a paper on the subject. Yes, even I, old country antiquary as I am, have launched into it. I shall make the press groan. If you, now, would read and correct my memoir for me, I should have some hopes. For instance, I am very curious to know how you would translate this inscription on the pedestal? *CAVE*—— But I must not ask any thing of you now. To-morrow! to-morrow! Not a word of the Venus to-night.'

'You will do well, Peyrade,' said his wife, 'to leave your idol alone for the present. You must see that you are preventing Monsieur from eating his supper. Besides, Monsieur has seen at Paris a great many handsomer statues than thine. At the Tuilleries there are dozens of them, and all of bronze too.'

'Here is ignorance for you! the blessed ignorance of the province!' interrupted Monsieur Peyrade. 'To compare an admirable antique with the foolish images of Costou! 'With what irreverence do my household speak of the gods!' Do you know that my wife wishes me to melt my statue, and run it into a bell for the church! The good dame would like to stand godmother to it. A master-piece of Myron, Sir.'

'Master-piece! master-piece! a pretty master-piece she has made of it! To break a man's leg!'

'Look you here, my wife,' said Monsieur Peyrade, in a resolute tone, and stretching toward her his right leg encased in silken hose, 'if my Venus had broken this leg, I should not have grieved for it.'

'Good heavens! Peyrade, how can you talk so? Luckily the man is doing well; but still I cannot take pleasure in looking at a statue, which causes such misfortunes. Poor Jean Coll!'

'Wounded by Venus, Sir,' said Monsieur Peyrade, bursting into a loud laugh, 'wounded by Venus; the rogue may well complain: *Veneris, nec præmia noris;*' who has not been wounded by Venus?'

Monsieur Alphonse, who understood French better than Latin, gave a knowing wink, and looked toward me, as much as to say: 'Do you understand that, Parisian?'

The supper at length was finished. I had not been able to eat a mouthful for the last hour. I was extremely fatigued, and could not conceal the frequent yawns which escaped me. Madame Peyrade was the first to perceive them, and observed that it was time to go to bed. Then commenced new apologies for the poor night's lodging I would have. It would not be as at Paris. In the provinces one is so badly provided, I must make allowances for the Roussillon fare. In vain I protested that after a long journey in the mountains a bundle of straw would be a delightful bed; they persisted in begging me to pardon poor country folks, if they did not treat me as well as they wished. At length I ascended to the chamber allotted me, accompanied by Monsieur Peyrade. The staircase, the upper steps of which were of wood, terminated in the middle of a corridor, upon which a number of apartments opened.

'On the right,' said my host to me, 'is the room I have appropriated to Madame Alphonse, that is to be. Your chamber is at the opposite end of the corridor. You know,' added he, with an air which was meant to be facetious, 'you know we must keep the new married couple by themselves. You are at one end of the house, and they are at the other.'

We entered a well-furnished apartment, where the first object which met my eye was a bed about seven feet long, six wide, and so high that it would require a step-ladder to clamber into it. My host having pointed out to me the bell-rope, and satisfied himself that the sugar-basin was replenished, and the bottles of Cologne water, and other appendages of the toilet, duly placed upon the table, and having asked me twenty times over if I wished for any thing more, at length bade me good night and left me alone.

The windows were closed. Before undressing, I opened one, that I might enjoy the cool night air, so delicious after a long supper. Opposite me was the Canigou, at all times striking in appearance, and now illuminated by the beams of a brilliant moon, seeming the most beautiful mountain in the world. I stood for some time gazing upon its picturesque outlines, and was about closing the window, when casting my eyes down, I perceived the statue upon a pedestal, some twenty toises from the house. It was placed at the corner of a quickset hedge, which separated a small garden from a large square perfectly level, which I afterward learned was the tennis-ground of the village. This piece of land, the property of Monsieur Peyrade, had been thrown open to the public by him, at the urgent solicitation of his son. At the distance at which I stood, it was difficult to distinguish the attitude of the statue. I could only judge of its height, which seemed about six feet. Just at this moment, two idlers of the village passed across the play-ground, pretty near the hedge, whistling the pretty air of Roussillon *montagnes regales*. They stopped to look at the statue, and one of them apostrophized

it aloud. He spoke the Catalonian dialect, but I had been long enough in Roussillon to comprehend nearly all he said.

'Ah! there you are, you slut! (the Catalonian epithet was more energetic) there you are!' said he. 'It was you, then, that broke Jean Coll's leg? If you belonged to me I would break your cursed neck!'

'Bah!' said the other, 'with what? She is made of copper, and so hard that Stephen broke his file trying to make a notch in her. It is copper of the time of the heathens, and harder than any thing I know.'

'If I had my good chisel here, (it seems he was a locksmith's apprentice,) I would soon have out those big white eyes, as I would take an almond from the shell. There's enough silver there to make an hundred sous.'

They proceeded a few paces. 'I must bid the idol good night,' said the larger of the two apprentices, suddenly stopping.

He stooped down and probably picked up a stone. I could see him stretch out his arm, throw something, and immediately a ringing sound was heard from the bronze. At the same instant, the apprentice put his hand to his head, uttering a cry of pain.

'She has flung it back at me!' cried he; and the two vagabonds took to flight, as fast as their legs could carry them. It was evident that the stone had rebounded from the metal, and punished the wag for the insult he had offered the goddess.

I closed the window, laughing heartily. 'Here is another Vandal punished by Venus! May all the destroyers of our ancient monuments have their heads broken in the same manner!' With this charitable wish I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. Near my bed stood on one side Monsieur Peyrade in his morning gown, and on the other a domestic sent by his wife, with a cup of chocolate.

'Come, get up, get up, Parisian! Why, what lazy fellows you of the capital are!' said my host, as I hurried on my clothes. 'This is the third time I have been up here. I approached your door on tiptoe: nobody stirring; not a sign of life. It is bad for the health to sleep too much at your age. And there is my Venus, which you have not seen yet. Come, swallow this cup of chocolate from Barcelona; real contraband. You can't get the like of it at Paris. You will need all your strength, I can tell you; for when you once get before my Venus you will not so easily be drawn away from her.'

In five minutes I was ready; that is to say, half shaven, scarcely buttoned, and with throat scalded by the chocolate, which I had swallowed boiling hot. I descended into the garden, and found myself before an admirable statue.

It was, in truth, a Venus, and of a marvellous beauty. She was above the common stature, as the ancients usually represented their principal divinities. The right hand raised to the level of the breast, was turned with the palm inward, the thumb and two first fingers outstretched, the two others slightly bent. The other hand placed near the hip, sustained the drapery which covered the lower part of



the body. The attitude of this statue reminded me of that of the thrower of the discus, which is designated, I know not why, as Germanicus. Possibly the artist wished to represent the goddess playing at that game.

However this might be, it was impossible to conceive any thing more perfect than the figure of this Venus; nothing more soft or more voluptuous than its outlines; nothing more noble or elegant than the drapery. I had expected some production of the middle ages; I saw a master-piece of the best period of statuary. What chiefly struck me was the exquisite truth of its form, so that one might have supposed it modelled from nature, did nature ever produce perfect models.

The hair, turned back from the forehead, appeared to have been formerly gilded. The head, small like those of almost all the Greek statues, was slightly inclined forward. As to the face, I despair of being able to express its strange character, the type of which did not at all resemble that of any ancient statue I remembered. It was not that calm and severe beauty of the Greek sculptors, which imparts by design to all the features a majestic repose. Here, on the contrary, I observed with surprise the evident intention of the artist to express in the countenance malice almost bordering on malignity. All the features were slightly contracted; the eyes a little oblique, the corners of the mouth drawn up, and the nostrils somewhat dilated. Disdain, irony, cruelty, might be read in the countenance, which was still of incredible beauty. Indeed, the more one looked at this admirable statue, the more one experienced a sense of pain that such marvellous beauty should be allied with the absence of all sensibility.

'If her model ever existed,' said I to Monsieur Peyrade, 'and I doubt if heaven ever produced such a woman, how I should pity her lovers! She would have taken pleasure in making them die of despair. There is something ferocious in her expression, and yet I have never seen any thing more beautiful.'

'C'est Venus tout entière à sa proie attachée!' exclaimed Monsieur Peyrade, satisfied with my enthusiasm.

This expression of infernal irony was perhaps increased by the contrast of the silver eyes, which were very brilliant, with the hue of blackish green which time had given to the whole statue. These lustrous eyes produced a certain illusion which almost gave the effect of the reality of life. I recollected what my guide told me, that she made those who looked at her cast down their eyes. This was in fact almost true; and I could not help feeling vexed at finding myself not quite at my ease before this visage of bronze.

'Now that you have admired every thing in detail, my dear colleague in antiquarian lore,' said my host to me, 'let us have, if you please, a little scientific conference. What say you to this inscription, which you have not yet noticed?'

He pointed to the pedestal of the statue, where I read these words:

CAVE AMANTEM.

'What do you say to that, most learned?' demanded he, rubbing his hands. Let us see if we can agree upon the meaning of this *cave amantem*.'

'But,' said I, 'there are two senses in which it may be understood. It may be translated 'Beware of him who loves you; do not trust lovers.' But in this sense I hardly know whether *cave amantem* would be good Latin. On looking at the diabolical expression of the lady, I should rather think the artist wished to put the spectator on his guard against this terrible beauty. I would therefore prefer translating it: 'Take care of yourself, if she loves you.'

'Humph!' said Monsieur Peyrade; 'to be sure that meaning is admissible; but with due deference I prefer the first translation, which however I will develop a little. You remember the lover of Venus?'

'She had a great many.'

'True, but the first one was Vulcan. Now does not this mean to say: 'In spite of all your beauty, and your proud and disdainful looks, you shall have a blacksmith, a miserable lame wretch for a lover.' A profound lesson, Sir, for coquettes!'

I could scarcely repress a smile at this far-fetched explanation.

'This Latin is a terrible language with its conciseness,' observed I, not wishing to contradict more directly the good antiquary; and I stepped back a few paces, that I might have a better view of the statue.

'One moment, colleague!' said Monsieur Peyrade, seizing my arm; 'you have not yet seen all. There is another inscription. Get upon the pedestal, and look at the right arm.'

So saying, he assisted me in climbing up. I put my arm without much ceremony around the neck of the Venus, with whom I began to be on familiar terms. I gazed at her a moment face to face, and found her on a close survey to be still more wicked-looking, and still more beautiful. I then noticed some small characters, apparently of an ancient date, engraven upon the arm. With some difficulty, and by the aid of a magnifying-glass, I spelled as follows; Monsieur Peyrade repeating after me each word as I pronounced it, with strong emphasis and gesticulation:

VENERI TVRBVL . . . .  
EVTYCHES MYRO  
IMPERIO FECIT

After the word TVRBVL of the first line, there appeared to be some letters effaced; but TVRBVL was perfectly legible.

'And what does that mean?' asked my host, chuckling, and smiling maliciously; for he rightly thought that I would not be able to make out this TVRBVL.

'There is one word here that I cannot yet explain,' said I; 'all the rest is easy enough. Eutyches Myron has made this offering to Venus, by her command.'

'Very well. But TVRBVL; what do you make of that? What does TVRBVL mean?'

'Why, TVRBVL puzzles me a good deal; I am trying to recollect some of the appellations of Venus to aid me. Let me see; what do you say to TVRBVLNTA? Venus who troubles, who disturbs? You see I am constantly impressed with her wicked expression. TVRBVLNTA; this is not a bad epithet for Venus;' added I, with an air of deference, for I was not myself very well satisfied with this explanation.

'The turbulent Venus! Venus the virago! Ah! you think then that my Venus is a Venus of the ale-houses. By no means, Sir; she is a Venus of good society. But I am going to explain to you this TVRBVL . . . . You must, however, promise not to divulge my discovery before my memoir is published; because you must know that I take some little credit to myself for this investigation. It is but fair that you gentlemen savans of Paris, who are so rich in the spoils of antiquity, should leave a few ears to be gleaned by us poor devils of the provinces.'

From the top of the pedestal, on which I still remained perched, I solemnly promised him that I would never be so base as to steal his discovery.

'For TVRBVL . . . ., Sir,' said he, coming close to me, and lowering his voice for fear any one else should hear him, 'read TVRBVLNERÆ.'

I was not a whit wiser than before.

'Listen to me,' continued he; 'about a league from hence, at the foot of a mountain, there is a village called Boulternère. This is a corruption of the Latin word TVRBVLNERA. Nothing is more common than these inversions. Boulternère, Sir, was a Roman city. I have always had my suspicions of this, but never had the proof. Now, Sir, there is the proof. This Venus was the local divinity of the city of Boulternère. And this word Boulternère, which I am going to show is of ancient origin, proves a still more curious fact, which is that Boulternère, before it was a Roman city, was a Phenician town!'

He stopped a moment to take breath, and enjoy my surprise. I could scarcely repress a strong inclination to laugh.

'In fact,' continued he, 'TVRBVLNERA is pure Phenician. TVR, pronounce TOUR; TOUR and SOUR, the same word, is it not? SOUR is the Phenician name of Tyre; I need not recall to you its meaning. BVL, this is Baal, Bal, Bel, Bul, with slight differences of pronunciation. As to NERA, this has given me some little trouble. I am strongly inclined to believe, in default of finding a Phenician word, that this comes from the Greek *nerós*, humid, marshy. This, it is true, would make it a hybrid word. To justify *nerós*, however, I will show you at Boulternère how the streams from the mountain form stagnant pools there. On the other hand, the termination NERA might have been added at a much later date, in honor of Nera Pivesuvia, the wife of Tetricus, who probably had conferred some benefit upon the city of Turbul. But, in consequence of the marshes, I prefer the etymology of *nerós*.'

My worthy friend here took a pinch of snuff, with an air of great satisfaction.

'But let us leave the Phenicians, and return to our inscription. I translate it then: 'To Venus of Boulternère, Myron, by her command, dedicates this statue, his work.'

I took good care not to criticise my learned friend's etymology, but wishing to give in my turn a proof of penetration: 'Hold there, Sir!' said I; 'allowing that Myron has dedicated something, it does not follow that it is this statue.'

'How!' cried he, 'was not Myron a famous Greek? Talent would be perpetuated in his family; and it was one of his descendants who made this statue. Nothing can be more certain.'

'But,' replied I, 'I see upon the arm a small hole; this, I think, has served to support something; a bracelet, for instance, which this Myron has given to Venus as an expiatory offering. Myron was some unfortunate lover with whom Venus was angry, and he endeavored to appease her by the offering of a golden bracelet. You must remember that *fecit*, made, is often used for *consecravit*, dedicated. They are, indeed, synonymous words; and I could give you more than one example, had I Gruter, or rather Orelus at hand. Nothing is more natural than that a lover should see Venus in a dream, and imagine that she commanded him to give a golden bracelet to her statue. Myron dedicated a bracelet to her. Afterward the barbarians, or perhaps some sacrilegious robber' —

'Ah! ha! one may easily see that you have written romances,' cried my host, giving me his hand to assist me in descending. 'No, no; Sir, it is a production of the school of Myron. Only look at the workmanship, and you must be convinced of it.'

As I make it a rule never to contradict an obstinate antiquary, I bowed with an air of conviction, and merely observed: 'It is indeed an admirable piece of work.'

'Ah! mon Dieu!' cried Monsieur Peyrade, 'here is another piece of Vandalism! Somebody has thrown a stone at my statue!'

He had just perceived a white mark a little below the bosom of the Venus. I had noticed a similar appearance upon the fingers of the right hand, which I supposed had been grazed by the stone thrown at her the preceding evening, or more probably a fragment had been detached by the concussion, and had glanced off from the hand. I related to my host the insult of which I had been the witness, and the prompt punishment which followed. He laughed heartily, and comparing the apprentice to Diomedes, wished that, like the Greek hero, he might see all his companions changed into white birds.

The breakfast bell here interrupted our classic conference; and, as on the previous evening, I was again compelled to eat the share of four. Then came the farmers of Monsieur Peyrade; and while he gave them audience, his son took me to see a new carriage which he had lately bought at Toulouse for his intended bride. I admired it in silence, and then accompanied him to the stables, where he kept me half an hour, boasting of his horses, relating their pedigree, and telling me how many prizes they had won at the neighboring

paces. At length, by a transition from a gray palfrey which he intended for her use, he was led to speak of his future wife.

'We shall see her to-day,' said he. 'I don't know whether you will think her pretty or not. You Parisians are hard to please; but every body here and at Perpignan think her beautiful. But the best of it is, she is deuced rich. Her old aunt at Prades, who died the other day, left her all her money; and no trifle either. Don't you think I am a lucky dog?'

I was grieved to see the young man so much more affected by the dower than by the amiable qualities of his future wife.

'Are you a judge of jewels?' continued Monsieur Alphonse, holding up his brawny hand; 'how do you like this? Here is the ring I am going to give her to-morrow.'

So saying, he drew from the first joint of his little finger a large ring set with diamonds, in the form of two hands clasped together; a pretty allusion, which seemed quite poetical. The workmanship was very ancient, but appeared to have been lately retouched, to let in the diamonds. On the inner side of the ring were these words in Gothic characters: '*Sempr' al te*,' that is, 'Always with thee.'

'It is a very beautiful ring,' said I; 'but these diamonds which have been added seem to have destroyed its character a little.'

'Oh! it is much handsomer as it is,' replied he, smiling. 'There is twelve hundred francs' worth of diamonds there. My mother gave it to me. It was a family ring; very ancient, of the time of chivalry. She got it from my grandmother, who had it from her's. The Lord knows when it was made.'

'It is the custom in Paris, on these occasions,' said I, 'to give a ring that is entirely plain, usually composed of two different metals, such as gold and platinum. Look, the other ring, which you have on this finger, would be more appropriate. This one with the diamonds, and the hands in relief, is so large that a glove cannot be worn over it.'

'Oh! Madame Alphonse must manage that as she pleases. I think she will be very well content to have it as it is. Twelve hundred francs on one's finger is not so bad. This little ring here,' added he, regarding the plain ring on his left hand with an air of complacency, 'was given me by a lady at Paris one Shrove-Tuesday. Ah!' added he, with a sigh of regret, 'what fine times I had in Paris two years ago! That's the place for sport.'

As we were to dine this day at Puycarey, with the relatives of the future bride, we proceeded in a carriage to the chateau, which was about a league and a half distant from Ille. I was introduced and welcomed as a friend of the family. I shall not speak of the dinner, nor of the conversation which ensued, in which I took but little part.

Mademoiselle de Puycarey was about eighteen years of age; and her slender and delicate figure formed a strong contrast with the coarse and robust frame of her affianced. She was not merely beautiful, but winning and attractive. I admired the perfect simplicity of all her movements, and the ingenuousness of her replies;

and the general expression of her countenance, which was not exempt from a slight tinge of malice, reminded me, in spite of myself, of the Venus of my host. In the inward comparison I made between them, I asked myself whether the superiority of beauty, which must clearly be conceded to the statue, did not in some degree depend upon her fierce and tiger-like expression; for energy, even in bad passions, always excites, mingled with astonishment, a sort of involuntary admiration.

'What a pity,' said I to myself on leaving Puygarey, 'that the wealth of so lovely a person should have rendered her the object of attraction to a man totally unworthy of her!'

On our return to Ille, not exactly knowing what to say to Madame Peyrade, to whom I thought it but civil occasionally to address a word: 'You are sensible people at Roussillon,' said I; 'how happens it that you are going to have a wedding on a Friday? At Paris we should be more superstitious; nobody would dare to marry on that day.'

'Oh! good Lord! don't speak of it,' said she; 'if it had depended upon me, you may be sure I should have chosen another day. But Peyrade would have it so; and we had to give up to him. It troubles me, however, a good deal. Suppose some misfortune should happen? There must be some truth in the superstition, since every body has a dread of Friday.'

'Friday!' exclaimed her husband, in a gay tone; 'it is the day of Venus! An excellent day for a wedding! You see, my dear colleague, I can think of nothing but my Venus. To tell the truth, it is on her account that I have pitched upon Friday. To-morrow, if you please, before the ceremony, we will make a little sacrifice to her; two ring-doves as an offering, and if I knew where to get a little incense'—

'Fie upon you, Peyrade!' interrupted his wife, highly scandalized at this proposition. 'Offer incense to an idol! It would be an abomination! Why, what will all the country say of it?'

'At least,' said Monsieur Peyrade, 'you will permit me to place upon her head a crown of roses and lilies:

*'Manibus date lilia plenis.'*

You see, Sir,' added he, turning to me, 'the charter is but an empty name. We have not the freedom of worship!'

The arrangements for the next day were made as follows: Every one was to be ready, in full dress, at ten o'clock precisely. After taking chocolate, we were to go in carriages to Puygarey, where the civil marriage was to be performed before the mayor of the village, and the religious ceremony in the chapel of the chateau. Then there was to be a breakfast; after which each one was to pass the time as he pleased until seven o'clock, when the two families were to return to Ille to sup together at the house of Monsieur Peyrade. The rest would follow as a matter of course. Not being able to have a dance, it was determined there should be as much eating and drinking as possible.

Since eight o'clock I had been sitting before the Venus, with

crayon in hand, recommencing for the twentieth time the head of the statue, without being able to catch the expression. Monsieur Peyrade was bustling about, giving me advice, and repeating his Phenician etymologies; he then placed a garland of Bengal roses upon the pedestal of the statue, and in a tragi-comic tone addressed prayers to it for the young couple who were about to take up their abode under his roof. About nine o'clock, he reentered the house to make his toilet, and immediately afterward Monsieur Alphonse made his appearance, squeezed into a new coat of the latest pattern, with white gloves, well polished shoes, embossed buttons, and a rose at his button-hole.

'You must take the likeness of my wife!' said he, leaning over my drawing; 'she is very pretty.'

At this moment a game of tennis commenced upon the playground, of which I have already spoken, which immediately attracted the attention of Monsieur Alphonse. As for myself, wearied with my task, and despairing of catching the diabolical expression of the countenance, I presently gave up my drawing to look at the players. There were among them some Spanish muleteers, who had arrived at Ille the evening before. They were from Arragon and Navarre, and most of them of great skill and dexterity; so that the Illians, although encouraged by the presence and counsel of Monsieur Alphonse, were soon beaten by these new champions. The national spectators were in consternation. Monsieur Alphonse looked at his watch; it was but half past nine; his mother had not yet completed her toilet; he hesitated no longer; threw off his coat, called for a jacket, and challenged the Spaniards.

Not a little surprised, I looked at him with a smile.

'We must sustain the honor of the country,' said he. I now noticed that he was in reality a handsome man. He was excited; and his dress, which occupied so much of his attention at other times, was nothing to him now. A few moments before he would scarcely have turned his head for fear of discomposing his cravat; now he thought no longer of his curled locks, or of his ruffles so neatly plaited. And his bride! in sooth, had it been necessary, I believe he would have postponed the marriage, sooner than have declined the game. I saw him put on in haste a pair of slippers, turn up his sleeves, and with an air of confidence place himself at the head of the conquered party, like Cæsar rallying his soldiers at Dyrrachium. I leaped the hedge, and seated myself comfortably in the shade of a linden tree, that I might see the game to advantage.

Contrary to general expectation, Alphonse missed the first ball. It is true it came glancing along the ground, propelled with surprising force by an Arragonian who seemed to be the leader of the Spaniards. He was a man of about forty years of age, dry and sinewy, six feet in height, and his olive skin had a tint almost as deep as the bronze of the Venus.

Monsieur Alphonse cast his racket upon the ground in a great passion. 'It was this cursed ring,' cried he, 'which cramped my finger, and made me lose a sure ball!'

He took off, though not without some difficulty, his diamond ring. I approached to receive it, but he prevented me, ran to the Venus, passed the ring over the third finger, and resumed his place at the head of the Illians.

He was pale, but calm and resolute. After this, he made not a single mistake, and the Spaniards were completely beaten. It was a fine thing to see the enthusiasm of the spectators. Some uttered shouts of joy, casting their caps into the air. Others shook hands with the conqueror, calling him the pride of the country. Had he repelled a hostile invasion, I do not think he could have received more hearty or sincere congratulations. The chagrin of the conquered party added still more to the eclat of the victory.

'We will have some more games together, my fine fellow,' said he to the Arragonian, with an air of superiority; 'but I must give you odds.'

I could have wished that Alphonse had been a little more modest; and I felt almost pained at the humiliation of his rival.

The Spanish giant seemed to feel this insult deeply. I saw him turn pale beneath his swarthy skin. He looked mournfully at his racket, grinding his teeth, and then in a stifled voice, said: '*Me lo pagará.*'

The voice of Monsieur Peyrade disturbed the triumph of his son; mine host, who had been very much surprised at not finding him superintending the getting-up of the new carriage, was now still more so at seeing him all in a perspiration, with a racket in his hand. Monsieur Alphonse, however, in haste ran to the house, washed his face and hands, put on his new coat, and his polished shoes, and in ten minutes we were in full trot, on the road to Puygarey. All the Illian tennis-players and a great many of the spectators followed us with cries of joy; and scarcely could the vigorous horses which drew us keep ahead of these intrepid Catalonians.

We arrived at Puygarey, and the marriage train were on the point of proceeding to the town-hall, when Monsieur Alphonse, striking his forehead, said to me in a low voice:

'What a blunder! I have forgotten my ring! It is on the finger of the Venus; devil take her! However, say nothing to my mother; perhaps she will not notice it.'

'Could you not send some one back for it?' said I.

'Bah! my servant remained at Ille; and I cannot trust these fellows. Twelve hundred francs' worth of diamonds; 't would be too great a temptation. And beside, what would they think of my forgetfulness? They would run their jokes upon me, and call me the husband of the statue. If it is not stolen — Luckily, however, these rascals are afraid of the statue, and dare not come within arm's length of her. Bah! 't is no matter; this other ring will do.'

The two ceremonies, religious and civil, were performed with suitable pomp; and Mademoiselle de Puygarey received the ring of a Parisian milliner, without suspecting that the bridegroom had made for her the sacrifice of a pledge of love. The party then



seated themselves at table, where they ate, drank, and even sang by turns. I pitied the bride, for the coarse and vulgar jests to which she was exposed. She, however, made the best of her situation, and her embarrassment was neither that of awkwardness nor affectation. Possibly courage comes with difficult situations.

At length breakfast terminated, and it was now nearly four o'clock: the men walked out into the park, which was a magnificent one, where they amused themselves with looking at the peasant girls of Puygarey in holyday attire, dancing on the greensward of the chateau. In this manner we whiled away some hours. In the mean time the women crowded around the bride to admire her wedding presents. Afterward, she changed her apparel, and I noticed that she covered her beautiful tresses with a cap, and hat, and feathers, for married women usually lose no time in assuming the dress which custom forbids them to wear as maidens.

It was nearly eight o'clock when all were in readiness to set off on our return to Ille. And then a pathetic scene took place. The aunt of Mademoiselle de Puygarey, who had supplied to her the place of a mother, a very aged and pious lady, was not able to accompany us to the city. At the leave-taking, she made to her niece a long and touching speech on the duties of a wife, which produced a torrent of tears, and kisses, and embracings without end. Monsieur Peyrade compared this separation to the rape of the Sabines. We at length got away, and during the journey, every one attempted to divert the bride, and make her smile, but in vain.

At Ille, supper was waiting for us, and such a supper! If the coarse jollification of the morning had shocked me, still more so now, did the vulgar jests and rude jokes of which the bride and groom were especially the subjects. The bridegroom, who had disappeared for a few moments before seating himself at table, looked pale and haggard. He drank freely every few moments, of the old wine of Collioure, which was almost as strong as brandy. As I was seated by his side, I thought proper to caution him.

'Be careful!' said I; 'they say that wine' — I hardly know what foolish speech, in accordance with the tone of the company, I was about making, when he touched my knee, and in an under tone, whispered:

'When they get up from table, let me speak two words with you.'

His solemn manner surprised me. I looked at him more attentively, and remarked a strange alteration in his countenance.

'Do you feel indisposed?' inquired I.

'No!' and he began again to drink.

Presently, amidst shouts and clapping of hands, a child of about eleven years of age, who had slipped under the table, held up before the company a pretty riband of white and red, which he had just detached from the dress of the bride. They called it her garter. It was immediately cut in pieces, and distributed among the young men, who ornamented their button-holes with it, after an old custom which is still observed in some patriarchal families.

This made the bride blush to her eyes. But her confusion was at its height, when Monsieur Peyrade, having proclaimed silence, sang to her some Catalonian verses, which, as he said, were impromptu. Their meaning, as nearly as I could comprehend them, were as follows :

'What is the meaning of this, my friends?  
Does the wine cause me to see double?  
There are two Venus's here' —

At this, the bridegroom suddenly turned his head with an air of affright, which set all the guests a laughing. 'Yes, my friends,' continued Monsieur Peyrade :

'There are two Venus's beneath my roof.  
The one I found in the earth like a truffle;  
The other, heaven-descended, comes to share with us her girdle.'

He wished to say, 'her garter.'

'My son take which you like the best;  
The Roman, or the Catalonian Venus.  
The rogue chooses the Catalan, and his choice is good.  
The Roman is black, the Catalan is fair.  
The Roman is cold, the Catalan inflames the hearts of all who approach her.'

This sally excited a hurrah so loud, and shouts of applause, and laughter so obstreperous, that I thought the ceiling would have fallen upon the table. There were but three serious faces present: those of the newly-married pair, and my own. I had a violent headache; and beside, I know not why, a marriage always makes me feel sad. This one, moreover, was not to my taste.

Some concluding couplets having been sung by the deputy magistrate, which, I must say, were quite clever, we passed into the hall to witness the departure of the bride, who, as it now drew near midnight, was soon to be conducted to her chamber. At this moment, Monsieur Alphonse drew me into the recess of a window, and with averted eyes said :

'I know you will laugh at me; but I don't know what is the matter; I am bewitched! The devil's got me!'

My first thought was, that he imagined himself threatened with some such malady as those of which Montaigne and Madame de Sévigné speak :

'Tout l'empire amoureux est plein d'histoires tragiques,' etc. I remembered, however, that these accidents only befel men of wit.

'You have drank too freely of the Collioure wine, my dear Monsieur Alphonse,' said I. 'You remember I cautioned you against it.'

'Yes, may be so,' replied he, in a lamentable voice; 'but this is something much more dreadful.'

He spoke in broken accents, and I thought him completely tipsy.'

'You remember my ring?' continued he, after a few moments' silence.

'What of it? Has any one stolen it?'

'No.'

'Well, then, have you got it?'

'No. I—I cannot get it off the finger of this devil of a Venus.'

'Indeed! you did not pull hard enough.'

'Yes I did; but the Venus—she has shut her finger!'

He looked fixedly at me with a haggard expression, and leaned against the casement for support.

'What a story is this!' said I: 'you have pushed the ring on too far. To-morrow you can get it off with pincers; but you must be careful not to injure the statue.'

'No! no! I tell you, the finger of the Venus is bent, closed; she shuts her hand; do you understand me? She is my wife, doubtless, since I have given her my ring. She will not give it back.'

For an instant, I experienced a sudden chill, and my flesh seemed to creep upon me. But a long-drawn sigh, which he gave, sent a puff of wine into my face, and all emotion vanished. 'The miserable wretch,' thought I, 'is completely drunk.'

'You are a learned man, Sir,' added the poor fellow, in a deplorable tone; 'you know all about this sort of statues; may be there is some power, some devilry, which I do not understand. If you would go and see!'

'Willingly,' said I; 'come along with me.'

'No; I had rather you would go alone.'

I left the hall: the weather had changed during supper, and the rain was beginning to fall with violence. I was about asking for an umbrella, when a sudden thought stopped me. 'I shall make a great fool of myself by going to see if what this drunken fellow has told me, is true. And beside, it is possible he wishes to play some trick upon me, to set these honest country folks a-laughing, and the least that I can get off for will be a good soaking, and an attack of rheumatism.'

I cast from the door a glance toward the statue, which was dripping with water, and then ascended to my chamber, without reëntering the hall. I went to bed, but could not get asleep. All the scenes of the past day were present to my mind. I thought upon this young girl, so beautiful and so pure, abandoned to a brutal drunkard. 'What a detestable thing,' said I to myself, 'is a marriage of convenience!' A magistrate puts on a tri-colored scarf, a priest a stole, and here is one of the finest girls in the world given up to a minotaur! What can two beings who do not love each other have to say at a moment like this, which two real lovers would purchase at the price of their existence? Can a woman ever love a man whom she has once seen make a beast of himself? First impressions are never effaced, and I am sure this Monsieur Alphonse deserves to be hated.'

During my monologue, which I have here much abridged, I heard a great deal of walking to and fro through the house, doors opening and shutting, and carriages leaving: then I seemed to hear upon the staircase the light footsteps of a number of women which were directed toward the end of the corridor opposite my chamber. They were probably the attendants of the bride, whom they were conducting to the bridal chamber. At length they all re-descended

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the staircase. The door of Madame Peyrade was closed. 'How troubled and sad must this poor girl now feel!' thought I, as I turned myself upon my bed in not the best of humors. A bachelor plays but a sorry part in a house where a wedding is taking place.

Silence reigned for some time, when it was interrupted by heavy footsteps which ascended the stairs. The steps of wood creaked loudly.

'What a booby!' exclaimed I. 'Ten to one, he will fall down the stairs.'

All became tranquil. I took up a book to change the current of my thoughts. It was a statistical work of the department, enriched by a memoir of Monsieur Peyrade upon the Druidical monuments of the district of Prades. I fell asleep at the third page.

I slept badly and awoke a number of times. It might be about five o'clock in the morning, and I had been awake more than twenty minutes, when a cock crew. Day was about breaking. At this moment I distinctly heard the same heavy footsteps, the same creaking of the stairs which I had heard before I went to sleep. It seemed strange. I tried, while yawning, to divine why Monsieur Alphonse should get up so early. I could imagine nothing that seemed probable. I was about closing my eyes, when my attention was again excited by a strange trampling of feet, with which was presently mingled the ringing of bells, and the noise of doors loudly opened; I then distinguished confused outcries.

'My drunken friend has set fire to something!' thought I, as I leaped from my bed.

I dressed myself quickly and went out into the corridor. Cries and lamentations proceeded from the opposite extremity, and a piercing voice was heard above all the others, exclaiming, 'My son! my son!' It was evident that some accident had happened to Monsieur Alphonse. I ran to the bridal chamber; it was full of persons. The first object which met my eyes was the young man half dressed, stretched across the bed, the frame work of which was broken. He was livid and motionless. His mother was weeping and uttering wild shrieks at his side. Monsieur Peyrade in extreme agitation, was rubbing his temples with cologne water, and putting salts to his nostrils. Alas! his son had been for some time dead. On a couch, at the other end of the room, lay the bride in strong convulsions. She uttered inarticulate cries, and two stout maid-servants could scarcely hold her.

'Good God!' cried I, 'what has happened?' I approached the bed, and raised the body of the unfortunate young man; he was already cold and stiff. The set teeth and blackened face expressed the most horrible agony. It was evident that his death had been violent, and that he had suffered terribly. No traces of blood, however, were to be found on his clothes. I drew aside his shirt, and perceived upon the breast a livid mark, which extended around the sides and back. One would have said that he had been enclosed within a circle of fire. My foot touched something hard

which lay upon the carpet; I stooped down and found it was the diamond ring.

I led Monsieur Peyrade and his wife to their own chamber, to which I afterward caused the bride to be conveyed. 'You have still a daughter,' said I to them; 'she requires all your care.' I then left them alone.

I had no doubt that Monsieur Alphonse had been the victim of an assassination, the perpetrators of which had found means to introduce themselves by night, into the bridal chamber. The bruises upon the breast, and their circular direction embarrassed me a good deal, for a club or bar of iron would not have produced them. Suddenly, I remembered to have heard that at Valencia the bravos are in the habit of using long sacks of leather filled with fine sand, for the purpose of putting to death those for whose murder they have been paid. I immediately recalled to mind the Arragonian muleteer and his threat; although I could scarcely believe that a few random words would have instigated him to so terrible a revenge.

I went throughout the house, seeking all over for traces of a breaking in, but could find none. I then went into the garden to see if the assassins had got in on that side, but could perceive no certain traces. The rain of the preceding evening had besides so softened the ground that it would not well retain an impression. I observed, however, some footprints deeply indented in the soil; they seemed to be in contrary directions but on the same line, leading from the angle of the hedge adjoining the tennis-ground, and terminating at the door of the house. They might have been the steps of Alphonse when he went to look for his ring upon the finger of the statue; or, the hedge being less closely planted at this place than elsewhere, it might have been here that the murderers had effected their entrance. As I passed to and fro before the statue, I stopped a moment to look at it, and I must confess I could not on this occasion behold its expression of ironical wickedness without a sense of dread; and, my head filled with the scene of horror I had just witnessed, I seemed to gaze upon an infernal deity mocking at the calamity which had befallen the house.

I returned to my room, where I remained until mid-day: I then came forth and made inquiries about my hosts. They were a little more composed. Mademoiselle de Puygarey, I should say the widow of Monsieur Alphonse, had recovered her senses. She had even had an interview with the king's attorney of Perpignan, then on circuit at Ille; and this magistrate had received her deposition. He requested mine. I told him all I knew of the melancholy affair, and did not conceal my suspicions of the Arragonian muleteer; for whose arrest he gave immediate directions.

'Have you learned any thing from Madame Alphonse?' said I to the magistrate, after my deposition had been taken down, and signed.

'The poor young creature has become completely deranged,' answered he, with a mournful smile. 'Crazy! completely crazy! Her strange story is as follows:

'She had been in bed,' she says, 'a few minutes, the curtains drawn, and every thing silent, when the room door opened, and some one entered. Madame Alphonse was then lying on the farther side of the bed with her face toward the wall. She made no movement, thinking it was her husband. In an instant the bed creaked loudly, as if it had received an enormous weight. She was greatly terrified, but dared not turn her head. Five, ten minutes perhaps—for she could form no idea of time—passed in this manner. She then made an involuntary movement, or it might have been the person in bed who made one, and she felt something in contact with her as cold as ice. These are her expressions. 'She buried herself beneath the bed-clothes, and trembled from head to foot. Shortly afterward, the door opened a second time, and some one entered, who said: 'Good evening my little wife.' Presently, the curtains were withdrawn, and she heard a struggle and a stifled cry. The figure in bed beside her seemed to raise itself to a sitting posture, and to stretch its arms forward. She then turned her head and saw, as she says, her husband on his knees upon the bed, his head as high as the pillow, in the arms of a sort of greenish-colored giant, who embraced him with great force. She says, and the poor creature has repeated it to me at least twenty times—she says, that she recognized—can you guess what?—the bronze Venus; the statue of Monsieur Peyrade! Since this piece of sculpture has been here, every body, I think, has gone mad. But I am merely repeating the narration of the unhappy lunatic. At this spectacle, she became senseless, and probably for some moments lost her reason. How long she remained in this swoon she can form no idea. When she came to herself, she again saw the phantom, or the statue, as she persists in calling it, immovable, the lower part of the body in bed, the bust and arms extended forward; and between the arms, her husband lifeless and motionless. A cock crowed; on which the statue got out of bed, let fall the dead body, and departed. Madame Alphonse pulled the night-bell, and you know what followed.'

They brought in the Spaniard; he was composed, and defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind. He did not deny the speech I had overheard, but explained it, by saying that he only meant that on the morrow, when he was rested, he would beat his antagonist a game of tennis. I remember, that he added, 'An Arragonian, when insulted, does not wait until the next day for revenge: had I thought Monsieur Alphonse meant to insult me, he would have had my knife in his body on the spot.'

They compared his shoes with the print of the footsteps in the garden; the shoes were much larger. Beside this, the innkeeper with whom the man lodged, testified that he had passed the whole of the night in rubbing and giving medicines to one of his mules that was sick. It was also proved that this Arragonian was a man of good character, and well known in the neighborhood around, which he visited every year for purposes of traffic. He was accordingly released, with an apology for his detention.

I had almost forgotten the testimony of a domestic, who was the

last person that saw Monsieur Alphonse alive. At the moment he was about going to his wife's chamber, he called to this man, and in an agitated manner, asked him if he knew where I was. The domestic replied that he had not seen me; upon which Monsieur Alphonse gave a heavy sigh, and remained for more than a minute without speaking; he then exclaimed, wildly: '*Come on, then! the devil must have carried him off too!*'

I asked this man if Monsieur Alphonse had on his diamond ring when he spoke to him. The domestic paused before replying: he at length said, that he believed not; but that he had not paid particular attention. 'But,' added he, correcting himself, 'if the ring had been on his finger, I should doubtless have noticed it, for I believed that he had given it to Madame Alphonse.'

While questioning this man, I felt a little of the superstitious terror which the deposition of Madame Alphonse had spread through the house, creeping over me; but observing the king's attorney looking at me with a smile of peculiar meaning, I refrained from farther inquiry.

A few hours after the funeral rites of Monsieur Alphonse, which so closely succeeded those of his marriage, had been performed, I made my arrangements to quit Ille. The carriage of Monsieur Peyrade was to convey me to Perpignan. In spite of his feebleness and distress, the poor old man insisted upon accompanying me as far as the garden gate. We walked in silence, he leaning heavily on my arm, and dragging himself along with difficulty. At the moment of our separation, I cast a last look upon the fatal Venus. I well foresaw that my host, though he did not partake of the terror and hatred with which she inspired the greater part of his family, would be very willing to get rid of an object, which incessantly recalled so frightful a calamity. My intention was to persuade him to place it in a museum. As I hesitated about opening the subject, Monsieur Peyrade turned his head mechanically in the direction, toward which he saw me looking so fixedly. He saw the statue, and immediately burst into tears. I embraced him, and without venturing to say a single word, entered the carriage.

Since my departure, I have not learned that any thing has transpired to throw light upon this mysterious catastrophe.

Monsieur Peyrade died a few months after his son. By his will, he bequeathed me his manuscripts, which I may possibly some day publish. I did not, however, find among them the memoir relating to the inscriptions on the Venus.

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P. S. My friend Monsieur de P — has just written to me from Perpignan, informing me that the statue is no longer in existence. After the death of her husband, the first care of Madame Peyrade was to have it cast into a bell, under which new form it now serves the church of Ille. But, added Monsieur de P —, it seems as if bad luck continues to attend the possessors of this bronze. Since this bell has sounded at Ille, the vines have been twice frozen.

## THE OLD MAN.

A BALLAD.

THE old dry leaf came circling down,  
On a windy autumn day,  
The leaf all sere, and glazed, and brown,  
On the bleak, bare hill to play;  
And the sky put on its dreariest frown,  
On that windy autumn day.

The heavy clouds went drifting by,  
As gray as gray could be,  
And not a speck of azure sky  
Could the worn-out wanderer see;  
That dark, stern man, low crouching by  
The gnarled old oak tree.

But drearer grew the inky sky,  
As daylight fled away,  
And the winds came out, and hurried by,  
As if they dared not stay;  
Howling afar, and shrieking nigh,  
Like spirits doomed, at play.

Then the old man shook his hoary head,  
As on his staff leaned he,  
For the sky above with blood seemed red,  
And the earth a bloody sea;  
And on him crimson drops were shed  
From the boughs of the old oak tree.

Then the old man laughed a horrid laugh,  
And shook his head again,  
And clenching fast his crooked staff,  
He turned him to the plain;  
And the hills rung back his hellish laugh,  
Mocking in wild disdain.

On, on he hurried, but still there rung  
That laugh back from the hill;  
While livid clouds above him hung,  
And forms, his blood to chill  
High o'er his head in mid-air swung,  
And all were laughing still!

The old man noted not his way,  
For his heart grew cold with fear;  
And language never breathed by day  
Was whispered in his ear:  
But he hurried on, for he dared not stay,  
Those awful words to hear!

He had trod that self-same path before,  
Ere evening, when he fled  
That mangled form bathed all in gore,  
And to the hill-side sped;  
And now at midnight met once more  
The murderer and the dead!



Hushed were the winds, the clouds rolled back,  
And on that lonely dell,  
Revealing clear a blood-marked track,  
The cold, pale starlight fell;  
Ah! light the old man did not lack,  
His handiwork to tell.

He had loved full long and well the youth,  
So cold and quiet lain,  
But what to him was love or truth?  
For bitter words and vain  
Had passed that day; and now, in sooth,  
He ne'er might love again!

Morn came; and on one fearful bed,  
In that dark, lonely wild,  
With sere brown leaves of autumn spread,  
The sun looked down and smiled;  
But there they lay, stiff, cold, and dead —  
The old man and his child!

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## SKETCHES OF EAST-FLORIDA.

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### NUMBER THREE.

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#### SAINT AUGUSTINE: THE FIRST LOOK.

THERE are places, and there are passages, in life that keep bright in all weathers. They improve just in proportion as we have been able to contrast them with others, and change, if at all, only to come a little closer to the heart. I beg Tom Moore's pardon; he says something about 'growing brighter and brighter,' but he was thinking of a first kiss, or a last one, which perhaps hangs the most; or at the moment of that writing, he may have had a side-thought for the choice wine that smoothed his inspiration; all which are very charming, bewitching, and all-possessing to those who affect that sort of thing — But I was only thinking of St. Augustine, East-Florida. I may live to feel a stronger pull at the heart; but so far, St. Augustine is my particular passion. And what the deuce is the reason? It is not my home, for my first step 'forward and back' was in the face of a cold wind; high mountains on either side, and the only gap in them opened to the north-east. All winds north of the sun's track had to bend around and come in by that gap. Of course, every thing in that country has a north-east cast, and perhaps this is why I love the south, for it's hard loving any thing that is forced upon you with the pertinacity of a high wind. Men running after hats, women holding their skirts down, toppling chimneys, and faces tied up with the tooth-ache, prevail in all that region; wherefore it is, that those who cannot learn to love the place, for these privileges, will (if only to be

obstinate) love so much the more the warm sun and air of the south, and the quiet, the repose, the opiate of the southern climate. But I do not mean the south-west. I was once crossing the Alleghanies, on my way to the south-west, when, fortunately, it occurred to me that the south-west was only a north-easterly continuation, and I immediately struck off at right angles, or rather left angles, and landed in Florida. That, Sir, is the exact spot, where the hat takes care of itself.

I am willing to believe that there *are* people who sleep with their feet uncovered, when the mercury at the bedside is below freezing, because I have seen it done, and not as a penance, but a privilege, to which the physician gave his consent; and I have myself, springing from a warm bed, stepped into a tub of water frozen so hard as to require my whole weight to crush a passage through the ice. I have done this often, but not for the pleasure of it. I have also been through a course of *calido-frigido*. I suppose you know all about that, Mr. EDITOR, *calido-frigido*? Well, I will tell you the order of proceeding.

Get into a warm bath, so exactly tempered to your delicacy of outline, that the change from the warm air of the room is insensible, and having stretched yourself, part your limbs, so as to produce a vacant space in the water, and into this space let your servant pour hot water which you will pump up and down with a long-handled brush. (I say you *will* pump, because if you do n't, it will be too hot there.) The servant then brings *boiling* water and continues to pour, and you to pump, till your nerves begin to slacken, and insensibly to you, the pump works slower and slower, and at last it stops. You think you are still pumping, but that is a delusion. You are now in boiling water, but like the approach of vice, or any other insidious thing, the change has been so gradual, that you are not sensible of boiling; you only *know* that you are very comfortable, and that is sufficient. 'John, you may go,' but John knows better. Presently you begin to confess that you are a little happier than usual, and you speculate about Heaven; where it may be; how far off, and whether it is possible to make a nearer approach before breakfast; and then a faintness comes over you, a die-away-ative-ness, during which, you forgive your enemies, and bless those that persecute you; in short, you love every body and every thing beyond all conception, and you would clasp the whole universe with all its black spots of sin and damnation, for your heart is melting within you. All this time, John has an eye upon you; and just as you are going to sleep, with the infatuation of a man sucking exhilarating gas, he lifts you from the bath, and with a struggle, you are landed upon the floor. You stagger, and grasp at a chair to keep from falling, and the servant, dipping a pail in a tub of iced-water, gives you the whole contents at a single dash. First in front, then in the rear, then under each arm; after which he jumps upon the bath, and drops a pail-full on top of you head. Of course you try to knock him down with a chair, or poker; but at every attempt, *splash!* comes the bucket of water; and at the last throw, the

servant disappears. Such, Sir, is the operation ; and they say there is no living in this climate without going through it once or twice a week. If you have lived so long, Mr. Editor, without doing it, do n't flatter yourself that you will live much longer. You may die suddenly, some cold morning, from not practising the calido-frigido. After the calido-frigido, you breakfast ; and stepping into the street, any warm morning in January, the snow is melting from the hot sun, and the gutters are running ; the effect of which is so sickening that every body is at a gasp. But *you* delight in it. In the evening of the same day you walk home to dinner in a snow-storm ; streets glazed with ice, wind blowing a hurricane out of the north, and Fahrenheit, as the evening papers tell you, twenty degrees below zero ; but to *you*, the weather is charming ; only a fine bracing atmosphere. Why ? You and your servant went through the same contrasting operation before breakfast. Sir, you are acclimated.

But we have forgotten St. Augustine. Perhaps there is something in getting there that renders the place so charming. The pleasantest route is by way of Savannah, which you may reach by rail road and steam-boat in three or four days, or in half a dozen by packet, with a rough-and-tumble, pleasant or unpleasant, as the wind happens, and a day or two additional in working up the river, a tide at a time. But there you are in another climate ; and if it pleases the wind not to blow, you are quite indifferent whether the ship is a day or a week in getting up the river. How delightful to be without the necessity of overcoat and umbrella ; and oh ! how delicious the soft warm air after a week's passage at sea. Matter-of-fact here, is better than the most frolicsome imagination, especially that of being seven hundred miles from the region of ice and snow. There is nothing very enticing in the low, flat shores, or the interminable marshes, or the cormorants standing in a row on the beach ; but over all, lying warm and lovingly, is the soft haze of the Indian summer, giving the country a look, not like spring, for that has life and effort, and the feeling of spring is bounding ; nor like summer, with its scorching heat and long wearisome days ; nor is it much like our northern autumn, for that has decay and death ; the moaning wind and the rustling of dry leaves ; the scarlet tea that gives the same nervous tremor under foot that green tea does to the head ; but (if you won't laugh) it is something like what we imagine of the silent land ; not dead, but sleeping. You will query whether to crack nuts and eat apples on deck, or go ashore and dream away the day, not in joy or sadness ; no looking before or behind, and no speculation or argument upon the present ; but merely its enjoyment. How is your blood, Sir ? Bounding, with a steady motion like the falls of Niagara, or faint and intermittent ? Have you suffered yourself to get feverish, merely for the fun of the thing, and now have to endure its *tortures* ? Have you prayed for *rest* — rest, that one burden of your prayer ? Then, Sir, take the first packet for the Savannah river, and shoot duck, from the quarter deck ; or, if you choose to land on some of the islands, there are hawks there

that will let you shoot at them a dozen times without winking! But perhaps you are a better marksman. I like any thing that is off-hand; but the wit of *aiming* hard at any thing, with the savage determination to kill, in this world of short-comings, great outlays and small returns, is too forced to suit my particular temperament. I do n't see the point of it. The next best thing after shooting, is to go ashore on the west side. On the edge of the bluff, which looks down upon the rice-fields and the river, there is a small circular opening in the live-oaks; and standing about that circle, are fifty to a hundred blacks threshing out rice. There are old men and women, and young men and maidens, and all varieties of dress, from the coquettish and full, to the indifferent and *half*-dress of more fashionable circles; skirts tucked, skirts looped, and skirts gathered at the waist; some with a riband, and some with a scarf dangling; all with a head-dress of some kind, and all singing whatever happens to be the impromptu of the occasion. The boys question and the girls answer in a kind of chant, and this is repeated opera-fashion once or twice, when the young and old all join in a regular break-down, and then the flails come down all as one, and exact as the bow-tip of an orchestra-leader. The young girl sings with a roguish cast of the eye, and a smile on her lip, but the old men, and the old hags of women, how frantic they look as they burst into the chorus! Here and there is an old African, who hardly knows what it all means, but with a guess at the subject, he joins in with his native lingo, and his notes are as well timed and unearthly as the best of them. The song may affect to be lively and joyous, but it is not so. There is something so sad and wild about it, that I defy any one who knows the tones of the heart, to look on and listen without something of a shudder. And yet they appear to be happy, all but those old creatures who have the look of being past all care or hope. On the edge of the bank, in a sentry-box, a man stands, with rifle in hand, ready to pick off any bird that may come within his aim, and on the other side of the group is an old, blind, gray-headed negro sitting in the straw, with a dozen half-naked children frolicking about him, and rolling in the sunshine. Puffing away at his pipe that went out 'long, long ago,' he will sit there in the sun hour after hour, bare-headed and almost motionless, muttering to himself, or grasping eagerly at the young ones, as though he would tear them in pieces; but they know better, for just so have they seen an old cat play with her kittens. Occasionally he starts, as though he heard and understood the song of the threshers, and with a fling of his arms, as if there again at his old post, he breaks out with some old, forgotten ditty, and then crouches down again in the straw, motionless as before; and so the time goes by, till the children lead him away to his hut and his hominy.

In this lounging way a day or two passes pleasantly, during which the ship has drifted up to Savannah, where fifteen darkeys, of different sizes and novelties of wardrobe, stand ready, each with a hand raised to his hatless head, to take your luggage to Mr. WILTBERGER'S. Not less than fifteen will answer; for it needs two for a hat-box,

three for a valise, and five for each trunk. I recommend this in preference to the more gentlemanlike way of having your baggage sent for; for a cart would have to be got up for that purpose, and a negro who could harness a horse in less than half a day, would be too smart to live at the South. With this ragged troop you clamber up the high bank, and after a good deal of fuss, find yourself in a pleasant room at the Pulaski House, and look out the open window to see what is going on; but the square and the streets are still and dreamy as midnight. Nothing living save the warm sunlight; but that seems so much a thing of life, that you put out your hand to see if it will bite, and, rather surprised that it do n't, look about again for an object.

The shop doors are all open, and through one of them is discovered a man with a lathered face, the sunshine lying half way up his lap, a white barber holding his nose, and a small black one whisking about the room with a brush. Every little while the small barber goes out to the door-steps to pull at the ears of a dog that lies asleep on the side-walk, and then back again to brush with renewed vigor. It is not fly-time, but he is whisking for a picayune. And this is all that can be seen of Savannah during the impatient half-hour of the day. At the end of that time, a black head appears at your door and asks, 'Will massa please walk down to dinner?' which being repeated three times to make you fully understand the meaning, you follow the head to the first floor, and sit down to constituents from all parts of the land. Delicate preparations from the interior, the substantial from Charleston market, the luxuries of the Florida coast, and West-Indian fruits freshly-gathered, are all there, to help charm away the hour. Beside, there are pleasant faces and bright eyes about you, and not the slightest jar to disturb your digestion. Those who like to doze or dream over the last half hour, will find the low murmur of table-talk as lulling as a brook in a June night. After dinner you step into the street with renewed conviction that stomach and climate have more to do with one's religion than most people imagine. The wide street that opens to the south (every one knows how beautiful are the streets in Savannah) leads past a cemetery, where of course it is very still and solemn, but it is equally so in every other, save the one that skirts the river bank; and even there the cawing of the crows a mile distant over the river comes to the ear as distinctly as in the shut-up mountains of the Highlands. Fifty feet below are the outward-bound ships, stowing away their cotton for the East, and from their gloomy depths comes up the half-smothered, never-ending song of the negro slave. All day long you may hear the same monotonous, melancholy cry, a little exaggerated as the labor varies; and, with only at long intervals a louder quack from some bold crow venturing over, or the far-off scream of a boat coming down the river, there is nothing to prevent your taking a siesta, wherever the humor of the moment is disposed to be lazy.

The journey south from Savannah was formerly made in what is called the inland passage, between the Sea Islands and the main

land. The boat that ran in those waters, some seven or eight years since, promising to reach Picolata as soon as the weather and tide would permit, was a small fussy affair, lying very low in the water, with no cabin under deck, but hatchways very convenient to fall through, and a power of engine, equal to — say five hundred cats. It also had about the same power of screaming, and was steered by a big black on the upper deck, with the old-fashioned tiller. Much of this inland channel is narrow and crooked, running for long distances through immense marshes, where the passage was alike solemn and slow. If the helmsman happened to look aside for a moment, it needed but a slight penchant either way for the boat to go ashore; but the motion was never so great as to send us very far inland, and by the help of setting-poles and reversed wheels, we were soon made to float again. But it would sometimes come to pass, that in working with the one desire of getting the boat off, the captain and his men forward and the big helmsman aft would not amalgamate in their operations, and the boat when launched would be heading the wrong way. In such cases, we had to run back to find a place wide enough to turn in, or go ashore again very carefully, and repeat the operation. As this occurred pretty often, and the captain always found some landing-place to rest over night, it was only after many days, and a die-away scream, as though the poor old thing was breathing its last, that the boat reached its destination. *Now*, the boats are intended to be sea-worthy, and when the weather is pleasant, the passage is made outside, running in between the islands occasionally to the landings on the coast, and stopping at St. Mary's the last night, so as to pass the bar at St. Augustine by daylight. The tide of those inland seas and rivers seems to be very sluggish; but a little incident occurred a few years since, showing the contrary, in no very contemptible manner. Half a dozen of us had taken passage for St. Augustine, and the third day out, just after we had passed the St. Johns, the wind suddenly freshened from the south, and the boat pitched about to such a degree, that we decided upon running back and making the harbor. The captain had never passed the bar, and the breakers were in one continued dash of foam for miles, presenting no passage to the eye; but a gentleman on board said he knew the way, and under his pilotage we floundered through; and avoiding a wreck that was rolling about near the scene of its disaster the day previous, we ran up to Pablo and fastened to a schooner that was secured to a dock; shortly after, a government steamer came in and made fast to us outside, so that the three vessels and the dock, which was quite long, extended some distance into the river. After a stroll of some hours on shore, prying into the bushes very carefully, for fear of Indians, we went back to supper, condoled with the ladies upon sea-sickness, discussed the probability of an Indian attack, and went to bed. The night soon fell, solemn and still; so still that the small talk of the pelicans over the river might have been heard distinctly; that is, if any one had been awake to listen; but some time between midnight and morning, there was a sudden shock,

something like an earthquake, only more personal; after which a shouting and tramping, but no yells, as in that case it would have been an Indian attack. What could be the matter? We might have been struck with lightning, or, as any thing is possible to our apprehension, it might be that the boiler had burst, though the fire had gone out long ago; but then the engine would certainly have screamed at that; beside, in case of lightning, or steam, we should have smelt, or felt it, which we did not. All things considered, as there was no cry of fire, nor murder, we turned over in our berths, and went to sleep again. The next morning, going on deck, we found the boat anchored some two miles from shore; the government steamer still farther out on the west side; the schooner in another direction; the dock in pieces, hither and yon; and outside of all, dancing about in the breakers, was the wreck. Fine work, indeed, for Sunday morning! The old thing had gone up with the tide in the night, and getting a fair start, came down broadside on, and carried us all out to sea!

About nine o'clock, we fired up and ran down the coast, making St. Augustine early in the afternoon, to the great delight of the idlers who had marked our coming by the black line on the horizon, long before the boat was in sight. The coast of Florida above St. Augustine is not such as we should expect from the promised land; a smooth white beach with little hillocks of sand in the rear, having a stunted growth of scrub oak, with here and there a cabbage-tree, or palmetto, and in the spring a few large flowers of the Spanish-bayonet, looking in the distance like sentries with white feathers, posted on the verge of the sea.

St. Augustine, sheltered by an island in front, and a sea-wall running close along the town, presents only a long line of low, flat stone houses, with narrow sandy streets, a square in the centre with a church and cathedral, and at the upper end of the town, an old fort, looking as though it had been built in the time of Adam, and so, for that matter, looks the town. There is much, very much, that would be intolerable in any other latitude; but oh! beautiful, beautiful beyond all picturing, the climate! The first day you take to be the belle of the season; a little *passée*, and a little sad, you think, but for all that, very bewitching. Well, the next day rises and sets the same, with perhaps a brighter blush at parting; and after a fortnight of such, you feel an utter contempt for all the extras and extravaganzas of northern life. Your boxes of books are unopened, and so they remain all winter, with an increasing wonder that you ever cared for them, when the song, and the dance, and the *real* poetry of life can so thoroughly fill the heart. Nothing under heaven to do, (so you say in writing home,) and yet with fishing, and riding, sea-bathing and nine-pins, pic-nics and dances, and the half dozen 'sociables' of the day, not forgetting the one 'round the corner,' you will go to bed in the small hours, with some urgent fancy still ahead, which will be fresh for the morning; and, sure that the sun will rise to-morrow, and abide with you, you neither hurry your dreams nor your breakfast. The devotional

hour, to be sure, is at sunrise; but the Catholic bells are ringing at all hours of the day, and a man would be indolent indeed, who could not make out some religion from these multiplied conveniences.

So passes the day, the week, the month, the winter; and with so much done, there are so many pleasant things undone, that the longer you tarry the greater will be the throng to put a finger on your lips at the last good-bye. Verily, those who love pleasant faces and warm hearts will love St. Augustine. But it is not the place for all. The young, the eager, and the ambitious should not go into that silent land; and especially to those who have that kind of nervous irritation which requires *stimulants* to allay, would the climate be frightful. Such persons would have the St. Vitus's dance. But the mentally-dyspeptic, and all those who have tired of crowds, and forced civilities; all those, in short, who in one way or another have 'had enough of it,' will find all true as above written.

Have you ever found yourself sitting up in bed after long illness, fever or delirium? You listen to the song of birds, and the thousand and one voices of the outside world, and wonder whether you are in the same old planet from which you retired long ago in sickness and disgust. You think back, and there is a confused memory of pain and trouble; of long nights in which you neither slept nor waked; of a kind hand that seemed ever vainly attempting to minister comfort about you, and of low tones sounding in your ear like voices in the dark: musing in this way, you sink back upon the pillow, with your face turned to the light, and after a little, begin to argue with yourself, very rationally as you think, whether *this* too is not a dream, only pleasanter than usual; and then you dispute whether you were just now sitting up in bed, and deciding on the whole that *that* too was a delusion, you fix your eyes upon the sunshine playing on the carpet, and sleep again. Half an hour afterward you wake to the touch of warm lips, the clasp of warm arms, and open your eyes to another's — and so forth.

Not unlike, in this quiet city of St. Augustine, is the feeling with which you thank God that you have escaped the fretting, restless fever of a northern life. As to the lips and arms, I say nothing; but oh! good-bye to the long faces, the sharp look of care and apprehension; the cold reply, the rush of the eager heartless throng; good-bye to all your cold things of the forty-second latitude! I look back upon the long line of a thousand miles, and say that your cold winds shall not reach me; your blustering northerners, and your blustering politics shall storm within their own dominions. Good-bye!

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HEART-COMPENSATIONS.

THERE'S not a heart, however rude, but hath some little flower  
To brighten up its solitude, and scent the evening hour:  
There's not a heart, however cast by grief and sorrow down,  
But has some memory of the past, to love and call its own.



## T H E M E E T I N G A T S E A .

'SPOKES—Sept. 5, Lat. 47 41, Lon. 12, ship South Carolina, Owen, from Havre, for New-Orleans; (by the Rochester, at Owen, from New Orleans, commanded by a son of Captain Owen. They had not seen each other for several years, and the weather being fine, Captain Owen of the Rochester made a visit to his parent.)

SHIPPING LIST.

When amber skies hung o'er the wave,  
 And autumn winds were light,  
 And neither sea-fowl dipped his bill,  
 Nor petrel took her flight;  
 When o'er the ocean here and there  
 A tremulant ripple swept,  
 And on the vast Atlantic's breast  
 A deepening silence slept;  
 The captain of a gallant ship, with hearty sailors manned,  
 Paced slowly o'er the quarter-deck, and all the horizon scanned.

The stamp of youth not yet removed,  
 He trode with manly grace;  
 His heart unhurt by brooding woes,  
 No wrinkle marred his face;  
 Yet, with a brow sunburnt and broad,  
 An eye with eagle's fire,  
 A stalwart form, might well work out  
 Ambition's proud desire;  
 He for the moment felt a thrill as tender yet as wild  
 As e'er touched woman's bosom, or the heart of sunny child.

Afar, and yet how far it was!  
 A white speck caught his eye,  
 Most like the wing of some fair bird,  
 Between the wave and sky;  
 But though along the trackless deep  
 Such things were often seen,  
 The sailor's eye was moistened,  
 And he showed an altered mien;  
 Whoe'er could then have looked upon the compass of his soul,  
 Had marked the needle of quick joy point truly to Hope's pole.

' Make sail! make sail! ay, 'fore and aft,  
 Below, and up aloft;  
 Spread wide the billowy canvass,  
 To catch the breezes soft.  
 My spirit feels, that ere this day  
 Shall deepen into shade,  
 Or ere these winds shall all expire,  
 Or sunset colors fade,  
 I'll grasp a hand, and clasp a form, ungrasped, unclasped for years!'  
 ' Ay, ay! make sail!' the seamen cried, ' stand by to haul, with cheers!'

Then glided fleetly o'er the wave  
 That tall and graceful ship,  
 While ripples murmured at her bow,  
 As words from woman's lip;  
 The dark keel glided onward,  
 O'er beds of tinted shell,  
 And shaded from the intruding sun  
 Full many a mermaid cell.  
 Joy was around her— joy above, as on her path she went,  
 Like some o'er-joyful messenger, on welcome errand sent.

As some white cloud which riseth up  
 Through Heaven's eternal blue,  
 That speck in the horizon rose,  
 And broader, larger grew.  
 Full soon three taper top-masts lie  
 Outlined against the sky,  
 And from the halliards, waving out,  
 Three well-known signals fly;  
 'Bear down! 'tis he! my noble Sire! as cherished on the seas  
 As when, a child, I clambered up, to prattle on his knees!'

Behold! two ships upon the deep,  
 With canvass partly furled,  
 And flags that droop along their masts,  
 By breezes scarcely curled:  
 No sound of flapping rope is heard,  
 No creak of heavy block;  
 But side by side, and easily,  
 Those meeting vessels rock.  
 'My son! my father!' Both have met upon that ocean-plain,  
 And thoughts of home and childhood-life crowd on their hearts again!

*New-Orleans, Oct., 1843.*

A. C. AINSWORTH

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

### Harry Harson.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

MICHAEL RUST sat in his office with his arms twined round his knees, and his chin bowed down to them, like a wild beast crouching to spring. His thin cheek was thinner than on the day before; his hair tangled and matted; and, unconsciously, he grated his teeth, and muttered to himself. But he neither moved, nor changed his position; and the black flashing eye, which darted hither and thither, never resting, even for a moment, alone showed that his mind was on the alert.

He was awaiting the return of his messenger, who was exceedingly dilatory. Step after step came and went. Persons ascended and descended the stairs; and as the morning advanced, and the hours of business approached, the sound of out-door bustle increased, until a perfect current of human beings seemed to pour through the street. Still, Rust sat there in silence, watching the return of his clerk. Once, he fancied that he distinguished his voice in the entry. He got up, opened the door, and looked out; a strange man was loitering in the passage, but no one else. He shut it, dragged a chair to the middle of the room, stamped it down heavily, and flung himself into it, gnawing his fist with impatience. Ha! a step slowly ascended the stairs. He was certain this time. It was Kornicker. There was no mistaking that heavy, irregular tread; but, never-

theless, Rust did not stir until the door opened and Kornicker walked in.

'Your answer!' said Rust, looking at him, as if to read his success in his features.

'He 'll come.'

'When?'

'He did n't say,' replied his clerk, shutting the door by butting his shoulder against it.

'Did he write?'

'No.'

'Good!' replied Rust, abruptly. 'Any thing else?'

'No. If you're done with me, I'll get my breakfast.'

'Go.'

Kornicker departed, and Rust relapsed into his old attitude, occasionally biting his nails, or passing his fingers through his matted hair, or casting a suspicious glance toward the door.

Half an hour had passed, and Rust was absorbed in his own dreams, when he was startled by a heavy step at his door. He sat up in his chair, and listened attentively, holding his breath. There was something in that step which he did not like. It was calm, slow, and deliberate. He hoped that it would pass on, but it did not. Two hard knocks at the door followed.

'Come in,' said Rust, without rising.

The door opened, and Harson and Holmes entered. Still Rust sat where he was, with his black eyes peering from beneath his heavy brows, and glancing from face to face.

'I'm seeking a Mr. Rust,' said Harson, advancing.

'That's me. My name is Rust,' was the laconic answer.

'And mine is Harson,' replied the other. 'I received this, this morning,' said he, pointing to the letter which he had received from Kornicker, and have come to keep the appointment proposed in it.'

Rust moved uneasily on his chair, and turned to the lawyer; for some moments he did not speak; but at last, seeing that no farther efforts at opening a conversation were made by his visitors, he pointed to Holmes, and asked:

'Is that gentleman's name Henry Harson, too?'

'No,' replied Harson.

'Then he was n't invited here. My note was to Henry Harson, and to no one else. My conversation is to be on private matters, which I do n't choose to make known to every body.'

'Perhaps it is as well that I should go,' said Holmes, without any trace of anger. 'I'll leave you, Harry, and will return in half an hour.'

He was leaving the room, when Harson laid his hand on his arm, and said: 'No, no; do n't go, Dick; I can't spare you.' Turning to Rust he added: 'There are no secrets between this man and me, and I do n't intend that there shall be. So, what you have to say, you must speak out before us both, or keep it to yourself.'

Rust eyed him for a few moments in silence, with his thin lips closely compressed, and then looked on the floor, apparently making

up his mind. At length he said, in a slow tone: 'So you *will* have him here, will you? Well, be it so. Should what I say hit hard, thank yourself that one more knows it than is necessary.'

He went to the table and took up a letter, which he handed to Harson. 'Did you write that?'

Harson opened it, and ran his eye over it. 'I did,' said he. 'How came *you* by it?'

'No matter. You'll find that out, some day; but not now. I may have borrowed it, I may have found it, or bought it, or begged it, or stolen it. Michael Rust, you know, is not too good to do any thing. I think you hinted something of the kind in it.'

Harson passed the letter to Holmes, who seating himself, deliberately perused it, and turned it over, and examined the back, with a kind of habitual caution. There was a smile upon his lips, as he read it, that puzzled Rust. 'It's not at all improbable that he *may* have stolen it,' said he, folding it up, and returning it to Harson. 'The language is free, but no doubt it is deserved.'

Rust's eyes fairly shot fire, as they encountered the calm, steady gaze of the old lawyer. But he could not look him down, and he turned away and said:

'I'm not fond of law, or there is that in that letter which, if revenged in a court of justice, would fall heavily upon the writer of it.'

'Perhaps so, perhaps so,' said Holmes, in reply.

'Well, Sir, I'll not waste time about this matter, but will state why I sent for you; which was, not to ask favors, but to warn you against the consequence of your own acts. For weeks, a man whose gray hairs might have brought him prudence, has been at work in the dark, tracking my footsteps, prying into my actions; throwing out insinuations against me; asserting nothing openly, but doing every thing in secret; working with the vilest tools, and frequenting the haunts of the very offscouring of the earth. It was a noble pursuit,' said he, bitterly, 'and it was worthy of the person upon whom I was at last able to fix it. That person was *you*,' said he, pointing to Harson. 'Stop, Sir!' said he, seeing that Harson was going to speak, 'stop, Sir. Your turn will come. Hear what *I* yet have to say. I have told you what you have done; I have told you too that I hated law; but if you think that I am the man to be hunted down like a beast, and branded in the eyes of the world, with impunity, you don't know Michael Rust.'

Harson's fingers had gradually closed, until his fist grew into a form not unlike the head of a sledge-hammer; and for a short time it was a matter of no small doubt whether it would not light upon the sharp, fierce face that glared upon him. But a cautioning glance from Holmes called him to himself; and he replied in a manner which, if less to the point, was at least more peaceable: 'What I *have* done, I will abide by; what I *intend* to do, you'll find out, and that soon. Take your own course, and I'll take mine. If you are innocent, you'll not be injured; if you are not, you'll get your deserts.'

Rust bit his lips at this quiet answer. 'Perhaps,' said he, in a low, sneering tone, 'since you seem to be so anxious to pry into my conduct, you may obtain more authentic information by applying to me in person; and perhaps you will not object to make my misdeeds, of which you hint so freely, known to *me*, who certainly am interested in learning what they are.'

Harson drew Holmes to the other end of the room, where they whispered together for some moments; after which, Holmes turned to Rust, and said:

'Your name, I think, is Michael Rust?'

'That is my name,' replied Rust, bowing stiffly.

'And you accuse Mr. Harson of having endeavored to injure your character?'

'I do,' replied Rust.

'Perhaps your memory may lead you astray, and his remarks and allusions may refer to another than yourself.'

Michael Rust turned from him with a contemptuous smile; and then tapping the letter with his finger, said: 'Ink never forgets. Henry Harson and his friend may both vary their story, but this is always the same, and the slanders once uttered against me *here*, are here still unchanged and unsoftened.'

'Against *you*?' repeated Holmes. 'Read it again. *You* are not even mentioned in it.'

'Rust glanced at it; and the lawyer thought that for a moment he observed a change in his features. If so, it was but momentary; for he answered in the same low tone, though perhaps with even more of a sneer:

'It was a trap, was it? Pah! a child could see through it! It alludes to one *Henry Colton*. The charges are made against *him*. I'll save you the trouble of farther manœuvring to obtain information on that point, by informing you that Henry Colton and Michael Rust are one. I'll inform you too that you knew it before you came here. If you wish it, I'll give you the same admission in writing.'

'I accept your offer,' said Holmes, quietly. 'There's paper,' said he, pointing to the table; 'write it on that.'

Rust cast an angry glance at him, and seemed to hesitate; but he saw that he was watched narrowly, and must not shrink. So he sat down and scrawled something, which he pushed to Holmes.

Holmes read it over slowly: 'Alter *that*; the wording is not clear,' said he, pointing out a paragraph which did not suit him.

Rust took up the pen and altered the phrase.

'Perhaps *that* will do?' said he, again handing it to Holmes.

'That's just what I want,' replied the lawyer, running his eye over it, and apparently weighing every word. 'But you are very forgetful. You have n't signed it.'

Rust took the paper and signed his name to it. 'I hope you are satisfied. I suppose you have me now,' said he, with a sneer.

'I think *I have*,' replied Holmes, folding up the paper, and putting it in his pocket. 'Have you any farther remarks to make to Mr. Harson or myself? What you have done has been of much service, and will save us a great deal of trouble.'

'None,' replied Rust; 'I sent for *him*,' said he, pointing to Harson, 'to let him know that I was aware of his proceedings, and to warn him that I was prepared to defend myself; and that if he persisted in his attacks upon me, he would do so at his peril.'

'It is well,' said Holmes. 'It's frank in you, and no doubt Mr. Harson feels grateful. And now that you have finished, perhaps you will listen to a strange tale, which I am going to narrate to you. I wish you to pay particular attention, as you may find it interesting. It's quite romantic, but strictly true.'

'Once upon a time,' (that's the way stories begin, I think,) there were two brothers living at a place far from this city; the names of whom were George and Henry Colton. The former received a large property from a distant relative; while the means of the latter were limited; so much so, that but for the liberality of his elder brother, he would have found it utterly impossible to live, in the style and manner in which he always did and still is accustomed to live.'

'Well, Sir, does this refer to me?' said Rust; 'and if it does, and is true, what then?'

'I have not finished,' replied Holmes. 'You shall hear the rest. Shortly after the accession of George Colton to this property, he married; but previous to doing so, to secure his brother against want, he settled upon him property sufficient to produce him a handsome income.'

'Well, Sir,' said Rust, 'what then?'

'You shall hear,' replied Holmes. 'By this marriage George Colton had two children, who in the course of law would have inherited his entire property, had they been living at the time of his death. These children had reached the ages of two or three years, when they were lost in a very singular manner. They had been left alone by their nurse, in a room in their father's house; and when she returned, after the lapse of a very few minutes, they were gone; and from that day to this their parents have had no tidings of them. Search was made in every direction; rewards were offered; persons were employed in all parts of the country, and descriptions of the missing children were placarded in every quarter. No one was more earnest and untiring in his efforts to find them than Henry Colton, the younger brother; for he remembered only his brother's past kindness; entirely forgetting, that if these children were dead he would, in all probability, receive his brother's vast property. But he was equally unsuccessful with the others. By degrees, hope grew fainter, and the efforts of all, except this noble younger brother, relaxed; but he travelled, wrote, had agents employed in every direction, and, I am told, is still endeavoring to unravel this mystery. And now,' said he, in a low, stern tone, 'shall I tell you the reason why he failed? It was this. The agents employed by him were put on a false scent; and although a high reward was offered for the discovery of the children, a higher one was paid for keeping the place of their concealment undiscovered. Shall I tell you,' added the lawyer, in the same tone, 'who paid the bribe? That same noble Henry Colton, the younger brother; and what's more, that

same man sometimes bore the name of Michael Rust. All this can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and will be, in a court of justice, if we are compelled to do it.'

The lawyer paused, and looked Rust steadily in the face.

'Well, Sir,' said Rust, 'part of what you say is true. I know that the children were lost, I know that I did what I could to find them. As to the rest, it is false, and I care nothing for it. They are dead, I fear.'

'Not quite,' replied Holmes. 'One of them is already rescued; so that Michael Rust's hopes and schemes are thwarted; and his only chance to escape the arm of the law is to give up the other, or to tell where he is.'

Rust turned toward him, and looking him steadily in the face, said: 'Well, Sir, if this be true I'm glad of it; but if some designing scoundrel is desirous of palming off his own brats on an honest man, to swindle him out of his property, let him beware, lest he run his legs into shackles. For my part, I've no doubt that the whole tale is a fabrication of that old man's,' said he, pointing to Harson, 'got up for no honest purpose.'

'That's false!' replied Holmes, sternly. 'Lie as you will; deny as stoutly as you please; I tell you that what I have said is true, and that you are the man.'

Rust grew deadly pale, but said nothing.

'And I tell you again,' said Holmes, in the same stern voice, 'that your only hope of escaping punishment is in giving up the remaining child, or in giving such information as may lead to his discovery. Do that, and we will show you all the favor we can.'

'Nay, more,' added Harson. 'We will never let it be known what you had to do with it. We'll let it be supposed that the children were stolen, and found. We will keep it quiet, won't we, Ned?' said he, walking up to the lawyer, and laying his hand on his shoulder.

'You've said so, and your promise must be kept,' replied Holmes. 'I should n't have made it. But you must decide at once.'

Michael Rust had sat as still as a statue, merely turning his eyes from one to the other, as they spoke.

'Have you done?' asked he, in a voice as quiet and composed as if the threats just uttered had no reference to himself.

'You have heard all that we have to offer,' said Holmes.

'You're very kind,' replied Rust; 'you're *very* kind; but you do n't *know* Michael Rust. He accepts favors from no man. There, there — go! He values your threats and promises alike; and neither the one nor the other will turn him one inch from his own course, to aid you in your dishonest purpose. It's against his conscience. Good morning. Our interview is ended, I think. I'm sorry to see gray hairs so steeped in depravity.'

'Michael Rust,' said Holmes, turning to him, 'you have sealed your own doom. I'm glad you've rejected our offers, and I now withdraw them. You're unworthy of them; and you shall have no other grace than what the law extends to a felon.'

Rust bowed. 'You're kind. I shall not trouble you to repeat the offer. As for the grace extended to felons, I believe there is a law which makes a conspiracy to defraud, a felony likewise. It takes three to make a conspiracy, in law; but I have no doubt you have abettors. Perhaps you had better examine the matter. I wish you good morning, gentlemen; I wish to be alone.'

Rust sat without moving, until the sound of their footsteps descending the stairs was lost, and then he sprang to his feet.

'Now then,' exclaimed he, 'I know where I am! Now I can see where to strike. Ha! ha! We'll see who conquers, Harry Harson or Michael Rust—a desperate man, who has no alternative but to succeed or die. Ho! ho! I know where the mine is to be sprung; and I will countermine!'

Listless, desponding, and irresolute as to his course, as he had been before his interview with Harson, all trace of it had disappeared now. He had decided upon the steps to be taken; and, desperate as they were, he was not the man to hesitate. The anxiety which had borne him down, disappeared as he ascertained the extent of his danger, and was able to nerve himself to cope with it; and his manner was not only cheerful but merry, and his eye shone with a self-confidence not unlike that of a gladiator preparing for a conflict in which he or his adversary must perish.

Lingering in his office only long enough to give his two visitors time to get some distance off, he put on his hat, locked the door, placed the key over it, so that Kornicker might know where to find it, and sallied out into the street.

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#### A LOVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

COULD'ST thou but know how dark and drear my days, though few, have past  
 Since o'er my once light heart Despair his gloomy shadow cast;  
 Without one joy to cheer me here, and not a hope on high,  
 The only prayer I offer there, to be allowed to die;  
 Could'st thou but know the anguish which my tortured heart must hide,  
 While gazing on thee smiling still, in youth and beauty's pride,  
 While listening to thy thrilling voice until my burning brain  
 Is maddened with the withering thought that I must love in vain!

Thou would'st forgive me that I dare in hopelessness reveal  
 The fierce and frenzied agony of soul thou wilt not heal;  
 Thy gentle breast would pity one whose brimming cup of woe  
 Has gathered deeper bitterness from passion's scorching glow.  
 I thought that even charms like thine my sere heart could not move,  
 That sorrow's strength had steeled it long against the might of love;  
 That that last pang, of all the worst, could never more be mine,  
 And beauty's power so long defied, I should not bow to thine.

But oh! that cold sad freedom lost, I would not now regain!  
 Far dearer to my soul I hold the love thou wilt disdain;  
 Still on mine ear thy gentle voice in silent music falls,  
 Bathing my heart as moonlight bathes some donjon's craggy walls;  
 Still can I gaze in thought into those bright bewildering eyes,  
 Within whose heavenly depth enshrined Love's mighty shadow lies;  
 Still hang upon those lips which poured their melody of tone,  
 And breathed a softness on my heart, until that hour unknown.



## S O N N E T .

TO THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWES, NEW-YORK.

Lo! where it stands, the green life-giving tree,  
 Mid the pure garden of thy noble faith,  
 Where thou, unwearied, tread'st the onward path,  
 And Moses and Elias talk with thee.  
 Droop we beneath the cloud despondingly,  
 Thy voice its cheering influence imparts,  
 And we arise, and, girding up our hearts,  
 Go forth in hope to win eternity.  
 Behold! to thee is given a tongue of fire!  
 Thou speakest wisdom to the ear of youth,  
 And age takes counsel from thy lip of truth,  
 And each with trust thy teaching doth inspire.  
 By this we know the light thou hast divine —  
 Oh! may our darkened souls new lustre gain from thine!

New-York, Nov., 1843.

MARY E. HEWITT.

## W I D O W S .

‘Destrobbons ici la place d’un corte.’ — MONTAIGNE.

FULLER says, in his ‘*Holy State*,’ that ‘the good widow’s grief for her husband, though real is moderate;’ and it is our object to illustrate the old divine’s text by two famous and most ancient stories; but we would in the first place offer a few remarks upon the species *widow*.

If widow be derived from the Latin *viduus*, void, then Mr. Weller the elder’s pronunciation, vidder, is the most etymological. We are, however, far from sharing that gentleman’s feelings toward those ladies, cleverest of their class. We love widows. We gain by their loss. And the *void* to us and we fear to them is any thing but an ‘aching void.’

In society a Miss is, not to make a pun, amiss. Your sixteens and seventeens are always at sixes and sevens among the men. They are so walled about by what is *proper* and what is not *proper*, that they can do nothing but sit bolt upright with their arms folded. Their sitting, walking, riding, dancing, talking, are all carefully graduated to the *proper*. They start when you speak to them, as a pigeon does when it sees a hawk, and take hold of a man’s arm as though he were made of phosphorus; and are bound to look silly, and take refuge under mamma’s wings, if the air be tainted by the ghost of a possible impropriety. In Spanish society young ladies are danced with, but never spoken to; but no more of them:

‘Non ragionam di lor; ma guarda e passa.’

But a widow, as soon as the becoming sorrow is over, which soon takes place, is always gay, always charming :

'JEFFO. La princesse est veuve, Maffio.  
MAF. On le voit bien à sa gaieté.'

In the first place, the widow *sait vivre*. She knows how to talk to men and how to treat them. In the second, she does what she pleases, and Miss Scandal has to shriek, 'How improper!' in a whisper. In the third place, she never grows old. A spinster is on the wane at five-and-twenty, and at forty, even Echo would be afraid to answer her, for fear she should consider it an offer; but a widow at thirty is on the 'wax,' and in her prime at forty; at least so says the song. We wonder that all women do not wish they were born widows; and that failing, and the occasion presenting itself, do not emulate the fifty Misses Danaus, in the mythology, who in their haste to become widows, stabbed their husbands on the wedding night.

The Rev. Dr. Sterne remarks, that 'the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' Bereaved married people must be shorn lambs. We have heard widowers a fortnight after the sad event humming *Gai! Gai! de profundis!*—and widows finding the breeze of a most comfortable temperature, and keeping up a cheerful liveman-loving spirit behind their impenetrable black veils, just as the sun shines as brightly as ever behind the darkest thunder-cloud.

The first tale is that of the Matron of Ephesus, told with infinite spirit by La Fontaine in his *Contes*. He took it from Boccaccio. It is to be found in Petronius, who had it from the Greeks. They borrowed it from the Arabians, who in their turn owe it to the Chinese. Du Halde has it in his version. The origin of most of our every-day stories is as completely hidden in the obscurity of by-gone ages as the name of the inventor of the plough. Who in Heaven's name was the father of jokes? Was Joseph Miller the Joseph who found favor in the eyes of the facile Fatima? Did Pharaoh write facetiæ? Or did Job edit a jest-book? Or was the husband of Eve the great first wag; and must we not consider Joseph a misnomer for Adam?

Once upon a time there lived in Ephesus a lady renowned for her beauty and for her wit, but most of all for her intense affection for her husband. Mothers cited her as an example to their daughters, and husbands were forever singing her praises to their wives. In short, the town esteemed itself lucky in possessing within its walls such a model of virtue. But alas! the husband died. Far from being consoled by a will full of legacies in her favor, the widow abandoned herself to the most distressing grief, and sobbed and groaned so bitterly and so loudly, that all the neighborhood was in tears. Frantic with her loss, she resolved to descend into the tomb with her husband, and to die upon his body. A faithful maid-servant accompanied her, after trying in vain to bring back her mistress to the love of life. She wished to feed her eyes to the last upon the bier of the deceased, and this was the only aliment

she intended to allow herself. One day passed in sighing and weeping, and her grief omitted nothing which is necessary in such cases.

Another dead body was lodged not far from this tomb, but very differently. His monument was a gallows, and himself his only epitaph — a warning to all thieves! A soldier watched him night and day, and was threatened with instant death if the body were removed. During the night, the sentinel perceived to his great surprise a light flashing through the crevices of the tomb, and stealing toward it, heard many soft *oh's* and *alas's*. Entering, he was amazed to see two pretty women in tears, and inquired politely what motive could induce them to inhabit so melancholy an abode? The widow did not of course deign to answer, but the servant explained to him that they had resolved to starve themselves to death for love of the deceased. The soldier explained as well as he was able what life was, and asked leave to take his supper in their presence, if they would eat nothing themselves. They gave him permission. Animated by the beauty of the lady, and assisted by the maid, who began to tire of starvation, he pleaded so warmly and so well, that the dame consented by degrees to forget her *mort*, and to bestow herself upon him. Just as they had ratified the compact by a kiss, under the very nose of the defunct, he heard a noise without, and rushing to his post, found the body gone! Overwhelmed with shame and fear, he returned to the tomb, acquainted the ladies with the fate which awaited him, and bade adieu to his bride.

'What!' said the servant, 'shall we allow you to be hung for such a trifle? No! No! One body is like another. Let us hang up our old master. No one will know the difference.'

The mistress consented; the 'dear departed' was suspended in the place of the thief; and the soldier left the guard-house for the palace of the Matron of Ephesus.

The other story is from the *Zadig* of Voltaire, and illustrates the same characteristic trait.

One day *Zadig's* wife *Azora* returned from a walk, swelling with rage. 'What is the matter, my dear?' said *Zadig*; 'what can have happened to put you so beside yourself?'

'Alas!' said she, 'you would be as indignant as I am, if you had only seen what I have witnessed. I went to console the young widow *Cosron*, who not long since erected a tomb to her husband near the brook which flows through yonder meadow, and vowed to the gods to remain at the tomb so long as the waters of the stream should flow by it.'

'There is an estimable woman for you!' said *Zadig*; 'she sincerely loved her husband.'

'Ah!' replied *Azora*, 'if you only knew what she was doing when I visited her!'

'Well, what? sweet *Azora*!'

'She was laboring to turn the course of the stream!' *Azora* was so vehement in her condemnation of the young widow's conduct,

and overwhelmed her with so many hard names, that Zadig was displeased with so great a parade of virtue.

He had a friend named Cador, who was one of those young men whom his wife thought better behaved and more moral than most others. He made him his confidant, and promised him a large sum if his plan succeeded.

When Azora, who had been passing a day or two at the house of a relation, returned to town, the servants in tears announced to her that her husband had died suddenly the night before, and had been buried that morning in the tomb of his ancestors at the bottom of the garden. She raved, tore her hair, and called the gods to witness that she would not survive him.

That evening Cador asked permission to see her, and they wept together. The next day they shed fewer tears, and dined together. Cador informed her that his friend had left him the greater part of his property, and hinted that it would be his greatest happiness to share it with her. The lady wept, grew angry, but allowed herself to be appeased. The conversation became more confidential. Azora praised the defunct, but confessed that he had many faults from which Cador was exempt.

In the midst of the supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his liver. The anxious lady rang for her essences, thinking that perhaps one among them might be good for the liver-complaint. She regretted deeply that the great Hermes was no longer at Babylon; she even deigned to touch the side where Cador experienced such intense pain. 'Are you subject to this cruel complaint?' said she, compassionately. 'It sometimes nearly kills me,' replied Cador, 'and there is only one remedy which soothes it, and that is to apply on my side the nose of a man who died the day before.'

'That is a strange remedy!' said Azora.

'Not so strange,' he answered, as Dr. Arnoult's apoplexy-bags.\*

This reason, and the great merit of the young man, decided Azora. 'After all,' said she, 'when my husband passes from the world of yesterday into the world of to-morrow over the bridge Tchinar, the angel Asrael will not refuse to admit him because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than in the first.'

So taking a razor in her hand, she went to the tomb of her husband, bathed it with her tears, and approached to cut off his nose as he lay extended in the coffin. Zadig sprang up, holding his nose with one hand, and seizing the razor with the other. 'Madam!' he cried, 'say no more against the widow Cosron! The idea of cutting off my nose is quite equal to that of turning a water-course!'

And that is the end of our other story.

The most sincere of us, alas! are always hypocrites, but never so much as when we bring our grief before the eyes of the world.

'De quelque désespoir qu'une âme soit atteinte  
La douleur est toujours moins forte que la plainte  
Toujours un peu de fâste entre parmi les pleurs.'

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\* DR. ARNOULT was a Babylonian of those days, who pretended to cure all diseases by means of a bag suspended about the neck of the patient.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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ETIQUETTE; OR A GUIDE TO THE USAGES OF SOCIETY; WITH A GLANCE AT BAD HABITS.  
By Count ALFRED D'ORSAY. Number Six of the 'Brother Jonathan' Monthly Library.  
New-York: WILSON AND COMPANY.

WE opened this little work with avidity. It is the production of one whose fame, as an accomplished leader and arbiter in fashionable life, has preceded it for some years throughout the United States, and may well impart to it the weight of grave authority. We read it to the close without interruption, and with the greater interest, from finding in it, as we went on, much more than a bare list of rules of intercourse; and we rose from our chair, gratified by the perusal; full of good feeling toward its author; and with a passage from the divine JEREMY TAYLOR hovering in our thoughts. This is it:

'THE Greek that designed to make the most exquisite picture that could be imagined, fancied the eye of Chione, and the hair of Pœgnium, and Tarsia's lip, Philenium's chin, and the forehead of Delphia; and set all these upon Melphidippa's neck, and thought that he should outdo both art and nature. But when he came to view the proportions, he found that what was excellent in Tarsia did not agree with the other excellency of Philenium; and although singly they were rare pieces, yet in the whole they made a most ugly face.'

Now it is the exactness of proportion, and what the painters call the *good keeping* of a picture, that in real life designate the well-bred man. It is that quiet exemption from unnecessary display or prominence, in any single feature of character, while all are beautifully sustained; it is that style of existence which in the Venus de Medicis makes her appear to the eye to enlarge as you approach near and more near that miracle of art; it is that nice adaptation of conduct to momentary occasion, dictated by a cool judgment, a determined will, perfect self-possession, and a kind heart; that mark the character and manners, and give a tranquil and yet pervading and an unforgettable charm to the intercourse of the true and well-born gentleman:

—'it is not in the power of monarchs  
To make a Gentleman, which is a substance  
Only begot of Merit.'

COUNT D'ORSAY has this innate perception throughout his chapter on Conversation, and he has well illustrated it in that on Dress; indeed throughout his work he writes *as from a SOURCE*: 'It is bad taste to dress in the extreme of fashion; and, in general, those only do so who have no other claim to distinction; leave it, in these times, to shopmen and pick-pockets. Avoid wearing jewelry, unless it be in very good taste, and then

only at proper seasons. This is the age of Mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one *may* become 'flashy' at a small expense. Recollect that every shop-boy can coarsely imitate your 'outward and visible sign' if he choose to save his money for that purpose. If you *will* stand out in 'high and bold relief,' endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may say, 'There goes the *celebrated* (not the *notorious*) Mr. So-and-so.' In the same chapter are some valuable hints on dress to the other sex, too applicable, alas! too applicable! As our life is not long enough to do anything but praise them, we beg to refer our fair readers to the work itself; the whole of which they may read with advantage, and we doubt not with pleasure. We were much struck by the noble author's chapter on DINNERS in several of its passages, one or two of which we are disposed to cite. The following is eminently just: 'Well-bred people arrive as nearly at the appointed dinner hour as they can. It is a very vulgar assumption of importance purposely to arrive half an hour behind time; beside the folly of allowing eight or ten hungry people such a tempting opportunity of discussing your foibles.'

With *us* indeed, this 'vulgar assumption of importance' on an occasion of dinner is rarely imagined, and would never be tolerated at all; but we have among *us* some men of genius, (Heaven save the mark!) to whom the flight of time seems never to be a matter of account. We remember having had our whole dinner spoiled (except the game, which providentially was not put down) by one of this class to whom the entertainment was given; and when at last, after being sent for, he made his appearance two hours beyond time, he remarked very blandly, 'I thought the hour upon your card was five o'clock.' The clock was striking *seven* while he spoke!—yet it was impossible to look into his face and not forgive him. But the annoyance of *the guests* is not much less than this to the host, when, as is too frequently the case with *us*, they are kept waiting on their part an unreasonable time beyond the hour fixed for the repast. They have arrived in due season, have paid their compliments, and are ready for your soup; and Time wears leaden wings until they are seated and occupied with it. It is also at all times to be considered, that *Lunch* is by no means in America a thing of course; and a man may easily, with the kindest intentions in the world, by mere want of punctuality in his establishment, disarrange the gastric juices of eight or ten of his best friends!!

'Nothing indicates a well-bred man more than a proper mode of eating his dinner. A man may pass muster by *dressing well*, and may sustain himself tolerably in conversation; but if he be not perfectly 'au fait,' *dinner* will betray him.' How true! How infallible has this criterion ever been! We were surprised at the following observation, coming from such a source: 'It is a matter of regret that table napkins are not considered indispensable in England; for with all our boasted refinement, they are far from being general. The comfort of napkins at dinner is too obvious to require comment, while the *expense* can hardly be urged as an objection. If there be not any napkins a man has no alternative but to use the table-cloth, unless (*as many do*) he prefer his pocket handkerchief—a usage sufficiently disagreeable.'

Shade of GRAMMONT! can it be, that at any table in England at which this true gentleman, this accomplished nobleman 'observed of all observers,' this cynosure, could be induced to sit, there can remain such a vestige of barbarism as this want implies, and this high authority establishes? No table napkin! No 'alternative but the table-cloth or the pocket handkerchief!' Good Heavens! can it be a possible thing, that these 'haughty Islanders' should rail at *us* upon both shores, come over the sea and compose their 'Notes on America' at tables where they have been invited as honored guests, and friends, and then go home to deliver their venom, and make market-money out of their coarse detraction of the domestic manners of their hosts, and spitting-boxes alike of their stomachs and their printing-presses; and this at a time when it is their practice to defile, with their soiled fingers, the drapery that covers a board that should be sacred in the eyes

of all Christian men, as it is in those of the Mussulman and the Moor! Oh England! England! and yet, Fatherland! Fatherland! — to think, that from thy prolific and exhaustless bosom, thou shouldest send forth, almost in the same season, to us, warmed into life and golden being, the gentle, the accessible, the illustrious MORPETH — whose visit hath left a trace of light along the path he trod upon our shores — and that the same Sun should, 'kissing carrion,' give motion from Thee to these maggots of a dead dog! that crawl their way across the same blue deep to mark us with their slime! But enough of this; at least we use napkins at our dinners throughout the Union, thank God!

Two other short extracts shall be made, in order to establish with our readers the author's right to the rank he holds in society:

'THERE is no better test of a man's claim to be considered '*a Gentleman*,' than a scrutiny of his conduct in money transactions. A man may possess rank and fashion, and, by an assumed frankness of character, deceive the multitude; but the moment his purse is invaded, if he be not of the true caste, he will display the most contemptible meanness; he will take advantage of the liberal; evade, by every miserable subterfuge, the claims of those he dares not oppress, and unblushingly defy those unfortunate persons whose poverty is likely to prevent the due assertion of their rights. Such a man may possess station in society — he may be an '*élégant*' — he may be a '*prince*' — but if he be not honest, he is not a gentleman.'

'Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion — but in the MIND. A high sense of honor; a determination never to take a mean advantage of another; an adherence to truth; delicacy and politeness toward those with whom you may have dealings — are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a GENTLEMAN.'

The work concludes with an admirable and elaborate analysis of the WALTZ; and it is with earnest pleasure that we recommend it as a whole to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER.

SINCE preparing the preceding notice for the press, the following *Rules à la D'Orsay*, adapted to the meridian of New-York, have been handed to us under the highest fashionable sanction, to be appended to the future American editions of this interesting production. We leave to the publishers the charge of arranging them under the various heads to which they respectively belong.

'I. If your entertainer hand you his box, help yourself immediately to snuff with the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand; close the box at once and return it him with a demonstration of thankfulness for the compliment he has paid you. There is no need, if you should not be in the practice of regaling yourself in this way, to taste the snuff; you need raise the pinch only once to your olfactories, and may then let it fall. Neither affect the mastery of the box, by offering it to any one else; or by passing it round the table without an intimation from your host. Never breathe over it; nor, while you aspire to the character of a gentleman, SMELL from it and say, that 'you wish you could indulge yourself in this way.'

'II. Instruct your servants, that at all times before the course of GAME be served upon your dinner-table, every dish of Vegetables be removed from the apartment. There are among us, grave men and of honest extraction who are yet capable of eating cooked vegetables even with Game; and who, with salad at hand, and a woodcock before them extended upon his proper toast, would yet, (if permitted to practice such an enormity,) ask the servant for a potatoe without a sense either of humiliation or of remorse!'

'III. Abjure all dinner-communion whatever with the host, who, for the second time, places you at his table upon a cushionless chair; the bottom of which is formed of those hexagons of misery made out of split rattan, and known in New-York by the appropriate title of Cain-bottoms, doubtless in honor of the first murderer of man: the most charita-

ble construction that can be placed upon such conduct being, that your entertainer compasses your death during the ensuing winter :

' You 're there in double trust :  
First as his Friend ; his Entertainer, oft ;  
Strong both against the deed. And he, your Host ;  
Who should against the sharp Wind close the door,  
Not bare the knife himself ! '

' IV. Never again send a card of invitation to the young person — gentleman we could never call him — however great ' his expectations ' may be, who at your ball or evening party where ladies are your guests, has had the insolent temerity of lighting his cigar before leaving the house.

' V. Until you thoroughly understand, and can gracefully accomplish in perfect time, the varied steps of the Waltz, never venture upon the experiment, even of a *single tour*, with one of those precious beings, whose feet are formed to touch the earth only *par courtoisie* ; for — shall I tell you ? — the very hyena might have uttered cries of real grief, during more than one morning last winter, over the bruised and discolored spots — traces of the last night's movement — upon a small, plump, eloquent foot, where the instep fades with a quick descent into the narrow and imperceptible plain, and the heel is lost at the moment an upright posture is assumed : and over which nature, until then, had gazed, entranced by the dimpling and ever-varying beauty of her Work !

' Practise yourself until perfect with some female professional Teacher, who can describe to you the effects of your *gaucherie*, and instruct you how to remedy it ; or if, as is the case with many a worthy young man well received in society, you be come of a numerous, clumsy family, go it often with some of your strong-armed maiden aunts, or good-natured sisters, who can honestly and vigorously kick you in return, and break you in by degrees ; and teach you feelingly what you are ; and what pain you may impose, and absolute lameness you may inflict, upon that irradiation of light and joy, which, (as no language *can* express the pleasure that she gives,) we call by the pain she sometimes causes ; and, in our tears, have named her *WO-MAN* !

' VI. Do not entertain the thought, that as a young gentleman ' of large expectations ; ' or from your being one of those ' admirable waltzers ; ' or one of that class of favored persons whom for whatever cause, the ladies rank immediately next the music when they tell the *père de famille*, or the future manager, ' We must immediately engage So-and-so's band, and here is a list of the indispensable *beaux* without whom our party will be a failure ' — do not, although your name be first upon that list, imagine you have nothing more to do, than go to the ball ; enjoy yourself as much as you can ; leave a card during one of the three following days ; give a passing recognition in the street to the lady of the house ; and then cut the family like a watering-place acquaintance until they give a ball again, or new-year's day come round to prove you ready for another night of pleasure. Leave such a course to the half-bred vulgarian. It is the part of the true gentleman on the contrary, after observing the other forms of etiquette toward a family whose hospitality he has chosen to accept, to take opportunities occasionally at the houses of their mutual acquaintance to renew his cheerful compliments to the lady, as he meets her undergoing the routine — alas ! how often the laborious, the devoted, the unsatisfactory routine — of attending night after night upon those in whom her maternal wishes are centered and at stake ! Do not believe, (if you require an incentive,) that this will be lost to you. It is among those amenities of life in which pleasure increases as the heart dispenses it. Your bosom's lord shall ' sit more lightly on his throne ' for this employment of his gracious faculties ; and — for there are many attentions that the sex love to see exercised toward each other — Eyes shall follow you approvingly, that may contain the untold treasure of your future hope.'



BANKRUPT STORIES. EDITED BY HARRY FRANCO. 'THE HAUNTED MERCHANT.' In one volume. pp. 381. New-York: JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau-street.

Soon after the work entitled 'Harry Franco' had made its appearance, we took the liberty to send it, together with several other late publications of the day, to our eminent contributor, Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, then at his charming 'Sunnyside Cottage' on the Hudson. In acknowledging his reception of the books, he took especial occasion to speak of 'Harry Franco' as a work replete with natural description and quiet humor; and on learning that the author was a regular correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, he added: 'Cherish him; he is a writer of excellent parts, and great promise.' 'The Haunted Merchant' was soon after commenced in these pages; and after gradually increasing in interest, until the interval of a month in its publication was deemed by many readers a very painful *hiatus*, it was suddenly suspended by the author, owing to overwhelming business avocations, which engaged his undivided attention. When, after many months, he was once more in the enjoyment of the necessary leisure to finish the work, it was not deemed advisable to resume it at so late a period in the KNICKERBOCKER, but to complete it in a volume, in which it should form the first of a series of 'Bankrupt Stories;' and this is the volume before us, more than two-thirds of which will be entirely new to our readers. We have once or twice referred to the work, while in the process of publication in numbers; but having re-perused it entire in its present form, we cannot resist the impulse to counsel our readers to secure the enjoyment of the same pleasure. Aside from the numerous 'palpable hits' at men, manners, and customs, in our commercial metropolis, there is in the story itself, in its incidents and characters, a pervading interest, which increases, not fitfully, but in regular and natural progression, to the dénouement. The curiosity of the reader, stimulated but not satisfied, continues unabated to the end; an opinion on which we pledge our critical judgment, and the correctness of which we desire our readers themselves to test in the only way in which it can be tested. Meanwhile, leaving the story untouched, we proceed to select a few of the 'palpable hits' to which we have adverted, which we shall arrange under indicative heads, after the manner of certain of our English contemporaries:

#### FASHIONABLE PHYSICIANS: SEALING-WAX.

'WITH his accustomed ingenuousness, Jeremiah proceeded directly to the house of Doctor Smoothcoat when he went in pursuit of a physician, for he knew that that personage was celebrated for his high charges, and he thought that no physician could have the conscience to value his services at a higher rate than the rest of the faculty unless he were conscious that they were worth more to the patient; and as there were many other simple-minded people beside Jeremiah, Doctor Smoothcoat had a good many rich patients who enabled him, by their contributions, to live in great magnificence, and occasionally to refresh himself by a visit to Europe, which brought him more patients than even his high charges, for an European reputation is a great help to one's progress in the New World.

'Jeremiah's heart sank within him when he reached the doctor's house, and was informed that the great man was out on a professional visit; he waited a long time expecting him to return, and at last came away without seeing him, but left a note on his office-table requesting him to call at Mr. Tremlett's house. He sat by the old gentleman's bed-side until past midnight watching with great anxiety, but no physician came; and then, growing alarmed, he went again in search of Doctor Smoothcoat. This time he found the professional gentleman at home, but he was astonished to learn that he had been for more than an hour in bed and asleep. How could he sleep when a patient lay sick almost unto death, waiting for his assistance?

'But the Doctor said he had not received a call.

'Did you not get the note that I left for you?' asked Jeremiah.

'The note!' said the Doctor; 'I have received no communication from you.'

'But I left one upon your office-table,' said Jeremiah.

'Oh! ah! I do remember that I observed a bit of paper lying there directed to me, but I did not think that it could be of any moment,' said Doctor Smoothcoat; 'gentlemen having communications to make to me usually seal their letters with wax.'

'Wax!' exclaimed Jeremiah, with unusual warmth; 'wax! O, true; it should have been wax; and here it is sealed with a wafer; and it has not been opened! Well, well, I am very sorry. But, surely the life of a human being is of more consequence than a bit of wax!'

'The doctor thought otherwise. He had not been to Europe for nothing. Moreover, he was a conservative, and consequently a great stickler for forms. So wicked a departure from established

usages as sealing a note to a person of his consequence with a wafer, was not to be lightly passed by. He understood the full importance of wax.'

#### WRITING A LOVE-LETTER: COUNTERFEIT EMOTION.

'JOHN, after he had retired to his chamber, sat down and penned a few but expressive lines to Fidelia, in which he told her in simple language, without adornment or exaggeration, that he loved her, and that on his return he should call upon her to learn from her own lips whether or not she could love him in return. Never before had he expressed himself on paper so easily, so feelingly, and so much to his own satisfaction. After he had written his letter he read it over and over again; delighted at the true expression of his own feelings, and wondering at his success in a style of composition which he had then attempted for the first time. Those who feel can write feelingly; but counterfeit feelings on paper, like counterfeit laughter, or counterfeit tears, affect nobody, because feelings lie deeper than the eye or the ear, and like can only affect like; as the devil could not tempt St. Anthony, although he has tempted so many sham saints before and since his time; and the angel could find shelter with no man but Lot in all Sodom, because Lot alone of all its inhabitants partook of the angel's nature.'

#### A 'GOOD MAN,' AS THE WORLD GOES.

'MANY people looked upon Mr. BATES as a very excellent person, as indeed he was; for he had always paid his debts, a great thing assuredly in a community where a neglect to do so is looked upon as an odious offence, without any consideration of the debtor's misfortunes or ability; but then it must be remembered that nobody would have trusted Mr. Bates beyond his known ability to pay; he had robbed no man of his money, an unusual thing in those days, when even governments and independent states set examples of dishonesty; he had never cheated government out of a penny, although it is right to say that he had never been intrusted with any of the nation's funds; he had run away with no man's wife, which was a greater merit in him, since he would not have looked upon it as an unpardonable offence if any body had run away with his; he had never accepted office of a party and then proved traitorous to those who placed him in power; a rare virtue in him, since he saw so many examples around him, and heard them spoken of as good jokes rather than as black crimes.'

#### DEAD HONORS TO DEAD MEN.

'WHEN a rich man dies, everybody says: 'Is it possible!' as though it were quite an impossible thing for audacious DEATH to grapple with a man of wealth: when a lawyer dies, all the courts adjourn with complimentary speeches, and Justice sheathes her terrible left-handed sword and pockets her scales for a whole day; as though lawyers were so exceedingly rare that the loss of one deserved to be wept as a public calamity: and when a merchant dies, all the ships in the harbor hoist their flags half-mast, out of respect to his memory; as though the business of merchandising was one of such exceeding honor to humanity that the bare accident of being connected with it conferred such peculiar merit upon a man that his loss called for a public demonstration of grief. This last compliment was paid to Mr. Tuck; and while there was but one pair of eyes that wept a tear at his funeral, there were hundreds of yards of bunting, of all possible colors and combinations, drooping from the half-mast-heads of innumerable sea-going crafts at the wharves, and in the river, and bay, out of respect to his memory.'

#### A QUAKER DAMSEL AMONG THE WORLD'S-PEOPLE.

'HULDAH was by no means so strict a disciplinarian as her father, and she was guilty of some wide departures from the rules of her sect, which would have given the conscientious farmer much concern of mind if he had witnessed them. For instance, she had twice accompanied Jeremiah to a Presbyterian meeting; and once she had even entered the precincts of a public garden where there was much profane music elaborated by fiddles and cornets-a-piston; and she had looked with a manifest liking upon a gentleman and lady, decorated with a wicked profusion of spangles, and quite an unnecessary economy of clothing, who performed certain mysterious and highly figurative evolutions, the object of which she did not fully comprehend; but they were called in the bills a '*grand pas de deux*.'

#### SAGE ADVICE TOUCHING MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

'It is a matter of great mortification to me, my son, that in so important a transaction as marriage I am incompetent to give you any advice. But I hope that advice will not be needed by you and Julia: you will no doubt be happy in each other; yet there is one thing that an old gentleman used to tell me when I was of your age, which I think you will do well to bear in mind. 'Why don't you get married my boy?' he used to say to me: 'Because,' I would reply, 'I do n't know how to choose a wife, and I am afraid of getting a bad one.' 'Poo! poo!' he would say; 'any wife is good enough, if her mother do n't live with you, but the best wife will not be good enough if she should.'

#### LOVE-LETTERS.

'I NEVER liked the looks of letters from young people,' said the old man, drawing a long whiff at his pipe. 'I don't suppose that Mr. Tremlett would write anything out of the way to my grand-darter, but I never liked the looks of letters. They have a suspicious look. I am now rising my seventy-sixth year, and I never wrote a letter to a young woman in my life; never; and I don't think I ever shall.'

We have but one remark to make, in concluding our notice of 'The Haunted Merchant.' It is printed with large types upon clear white paper; but the punctuation is 'most tolerable and not to be endured;' and there are other evidences of carelessness in the proof-reading, which we hope to find removed in the next edition.

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HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1789, TO THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS IN 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. E., Advocate. In four volumes, 8vo. pp. 2428. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS transcendent work is at length completed, and in four well-bound and well-printed volumes, may be obtained of the publishers at one tenth of the price charged for the English copy. It certainly is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon the many and various merits of this great work. They are every where, and by all classes of readers and critics, cordially conceded. Certain mistakes there were, indeed, in the chapters upon Great Britain and this country, to the commission of which the monarchical and aristocratical predilections of the author naturally led him; but when pointed out to him by Chancellor KENT, he had the candor to acknowledge them, and the justice to correct them, in the edition before us. Another great defect in the European edition has here been supplied. The original work was issued without any Index, so that any particular document or fact could with difficulty be discovered by the reader. The very copious Index which is now supplied, adds largely to the value of the work, and so facilitates the references which may be necessary, that every prominent occurrence and record amid all its multitudinous subjects can be traced throughout the history. A series of explanatory notes, tending materially to rectify the author's principal errors, and to enhance the value of the narrative, leave little to be desired in this monument of historical research, which will be as lasting as it is unrivalled.

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THE ROSE OF SHARON: A RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, for 1844. Edited by Miss SARAH C. EDGERTON. pp. 304. Boston: A. TOMPKINS AND B. B. MUSSEY.

HERE is a modest but very pleasant annual, which contains, aside from its embellishments, matter which would far more than repay the small cost of its purchase. Of its engravings, however, we may say in passing, that the first is a charming view, exquisitely drawn and engraved, of 'Sabbath-Day Point' on Lake George; the third, a capital engraving of LIVERSEGE's 'Good Resolution;' the fourth, 'JEPHTHA's Daughter;' and the fifth a pleasant 'Scene on the Hudson.' The volume opens with an essay on 'Human Life,' from the pen of HORACE GREELEY; a paper which we should be glad to copy entire, but for the 'tyranny of space.' It is written in an easy, graceful style, and is replete with thought and feeling. 'Emma,' by Miss L. M. BAKER, deserves all the praise of the Editor, and will that of the public. The overflowings of a bereaved heart are visible in the almost *sobbing* 'Lines on the Death of an only Daughter;' and to the writer, as well as to others who have suffered the loss of near and dear friends, we commend 'The Happy Thought' which succeeds it, the conclusion of which will forcibly remind the reader of the close of Rev. Mr. DEWEY's unrivalled and inimitable discourse upon the 'Natural Dread of Death.' The Editor's portion of the volume is by no means the least of the attractions of 'The Rose;' and her fair collaborators have lightened her task by the excellence of their own contributions. With variety and excellence in its prose and verse; unexceptionable in all its inculcations; well printed and tastefully bound; we cannot choose but commend the volume to the favor of the public, in the holiday season which is approaching.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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VISITORS AT THE 'HOME DEPARTMENT.'—'I cannot make a speech myself,' said a wag, when suddenly called upon to address a political assemblage, 'but if any body else wants to speak, I'll hold his hat!' This was an obliging person; and we here ask leave in some sort to imitate his example. While we are making out the Index to the twenty-second volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, our readers will permit us to introduce to their acquaintance our thoughtful friend 'HANS VON SPIEGEL,' and our imaginative and mercurial correspondent 'JULIAN,' whose '*Top of New York*' in our last number, by the by, we placed to the credit of a new contributor to this Magazine, whose hand-writing greatly resembles his own. These gentlemen came too late to sit at the regular board; so an' please you, reader, make them welcome, as we do, to our round-table. We have 'taken their hats;' and while the one addresses you, upon a theme *reasonable* at this present, and fraught with reminiscences of golden days, and the other enlightens unwedded people on the subject of 'matrimonial gettings-up of a morning,' permit us to accomplish our ungrateful task of composing a 'curtailed abbreviation compressing all the particulars' of the various matters contained in the last six numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Ladies and gentlemen, 'HERR VON SPIEGEL,' in an 'Epistleized Reverie:'

'While I mused, the fire burned.'

'THE gorgeous autumnal sun had just sunk behind the line of the Jersey shore as HANS, an hour since, turned homeward. He had it in his thoughts, dear EDITOR, to give thee a desultory train of reflections which the quiet loveliness of the scene suggested: the hills of Long Island stretching away to the eastward, with their wooded sides yet mantled with the many-colored foliage, that brightened in the evening glory of the sun; the radiant surface of the Narrows, dotted here and there with sails, their swelling bosoms spread to the land breeze; the white gulls returning in many a gyration to find their resting-places among the rocks on the beach; as they had done ages before; when the red man, who harmed them not, alone and happy, paddled his canoe around the head-lands which now are crowned with the tasteful dwellings of civilization; the gray sky bending over all, and arching in the landscape. He thought to discourse with thee of these; but now, seated before a coal-grate, all a-blaze and cheerful, he has changed his mind. Through the window-blinds of his chamber he can see the cold twinklings of the Northern Bear; and, if he would, the star that looks so brightly down on the Arctic Sea. There, now he *does* gaze upon it—sadly though, and tearful. Thou mayest not know *why* that star makes him sad. Again his eyes are turned away from his window, and his heart from sad thoughts. He pusheth the table a hair's breadth farther from the fire; presseth the cushion of a comfortable chair with a pair of curious slippers, in which his feet are encased; adjusteth himself at an easy angle; droppeth his head upon his breast, and wooeth the enchantress FANCY, lustrous-eyed and beautiful. . . . Hast thou never felt, gentle reader, while enjoying the first cold evening of the season, beside thy glowing hearth, a sudden influx of fresh life; a flow of quiet joyousness, as mysterious as pleasant; the melancholy gloominess with which thou beheldest the approach of

winter, all at once disappearing to trouble thee no more for a whole year?—the dread of snow-tempests, and keen winds, and hurrying, gray clouds, on the instant giving place to a longing love for merry sleigh-bells, jingling in the frosty air? Well! *HANS* thought he was not the only one who experienceth the like.

Give us thy hand, Old WINTER! Thou art welcome! Thou awakenest visions of other days, when *HANS*, in the simplicity of his childhood, believed that 'Thanksgiving' and 'Christmas,' some how or other, came into town in an old-fashioned double-seated sleigh, with racing gray horses and cracking whip, wielded by an invisible Jehu. How the idea got into his head, is more than he can tell. Exquisitely happy were those days of uncared-for childhood; when the winter school called scores of rosy-cheeked urchins, hallooing on the morning air, through the snow to the old red school-house in the village of *HANS*'s nativity. The larger boys all with their sleds, on which sat their sisters, with the 'dinner-basket' in their laps; and their smaller brothers floundering through the drifts which they sought, contrary to the last injunctions of their mothers, along the fences. The huge box-stove roared a 'good morning' to them, as the boys stamped off the ice from their shoes, and the girls untied the strings which kept down their pantaloons. As there were no unlucky flies to inter and imprison in transparent quills, nor coke-berries wherewith to paint the sides of their noses farthest from the master's eye, the boys, perforce, studied their tasks; and the girls, as girls always are, were equally the objects of pedagogical favor. Was the day 'thaw,' the noon-time witnessed magic castles erected; and the numberless streaks of bare turf showed where the huge balls of snow of which they were constructed had been rolled into unwieldy masses; and the wet mittens under the stove in the afternoon amply compensated for the want of water in the iron basin on the top of it. Shouting when four o'clock released them, they hurried home, only to prepare for the evening's sport of 'riding down hill.' *HANS* would give worlds to be a boy again, and for one single moonlight evening slide down 'Furnace-hill,' as of yore! . . . When a few winters had passed over your boyish head, beloved reader, and you first knew that magnetic feeling which told you what gave the charm to rosy lips, and you *guessed* what kissing was, did you not feel all ecstasy while the bell-bedizened horses and the belle-enlivened sleigh scoured with half a score of you over hill and through dale; the thick hood of the maiden next you being excuse unquestionable for telling her pretty lips what her ear could not so well apprehend? You need n't be ashamed to confess it; for those were, let *HANS* tell you, the golden days of your life. Before the wide fire-place of thy father's kitchen, thou hast, days long gone by, arranged the pippins just outside the andirons, and placed the gallon-pitcher of good briak October on the coals, and cracked hickory nuts, (yes, and the more *accessible* butternut,) for thy semi-circle of smiling, grown-up sisters and sweet blooming cousins, until the apples were roasted and the cider warmed. Then, when nine o'clock came, and thy spectacled and pious grandmother had read a chapter in the Holy Book, and thy father had knelt in prayer, didst thou not, as *HANS* does now, while thou laidst thy head upon thy pillow, and heard the whistling wind shaking thy window, bless Old Winter for making you so happy? . . . Courteous reader, *HANS*, while he draweth up the bed-clothes, biddeth thee 'Good Night!'

It is not possible that the foregoing can be read by any one who has enjoyed the blessed privilege of passing his early years in the country, without 'kindling the flame of memory,' and placing before him, as in a backward-moving panorama, the hallowed associations of childhood and youth. Listen now to 'JULIAN.' He keeps a late appointment with a friend, with whom he is once more to look down upon 'the top of New-York.' He is certainly highly colloquial, and very familiar; but you'll find *thought* enough in him, expressed and suggestive, albeit at the first glance he may seem rambling and desultory:

'My dear Sir, how are you now? Hope you haven't been waiting. Possible? Been here all the morning under an umbrella! You must have breakfasted very badly. I should have been up sooner, but my wife — Ugh! how the wind blows! Won't you have part of my cloak? There goes your umbrella inside out. Ah, well; it's better than a collapse. This 'falling inward,' as the women call it, is frightful. This, then, is December. Chimney-tops pirouetting, tiles on the wing, and clouds pouring out of the North, legion upon legion, as though all the winds of Heaven had been gathering them for the last month, and were now bound to the tropics with the momentum of the world's motion. The top of New-York, Sir, is very well of a warm day; but allow me to say that there is air below, now — plenty of it. Suppose we step down and look out of the window? . . . Well, Sir, how have you been? Down in the mouth again! Ah, Sir,

you have been looking at something too long. Never should do that. In a world that's whirling a thousand miles an hour, every thing should be taken at a glance. Get the wit of a thing, and have done with it. I give you five minutes every day to look at the stars, but don't particularize; for some in those far-off places send their light down long after they have been knocked out of existence, and you may be looking at a blank. Look out for such delusions, and act, remembering that the poetry of the hour, like the cream of your coffee, should be fresh every morning. Oh, Sir! in a world that never halts for a single moment in its everlasting round of changing amusement, your small agony is unpardonable. Why, the clouds and darkness are part of the play. Certainly — part of the play. Rain and snow, and chilling winds, pain, trouble, and torment — these are the variations for which you may thank God. If there were not plainer faces and worse figures, your little wife would soon be a fright to you — a perfect fright. Find your bubble and blow, but never stop to look at the colors. Let them burst; no matter for that, while your wind lasts. Blow away; there's nothing like it. If you are tired, like myself, and would like to look on, I can only say that the moralities of such speculation are hazardous; and if you have any wind left, it's better to die with a round cheek than a hollow one. A man without a bubble is flatulent; and a woman without one — but that's impossible. Take my advice, Sir, and let the world wag. If it choose to run off the track, *let it*, and if any comet is amind to take us *en route* to the sun, why, blaze away! There are thousands of better dots in creation than this old concern; and whether we go up, down, or sideways — rocket, earthquake, or thirty-two pounder — we shall land somewhere; can't get lost. In short, Sir, you have no right to grumble, unless you are — But that's my secret. Shall I confess it? Mind, a *secret*; for if my wife should hear of it, she would tease me to death. Of course you will dine with me to-day; beg you would n't hint this in the remotest manner; not a whisper. . . . Sir, I am *nervous* — a solemn truth. Been examined by a double-combined microscope, and found to have two sets of nerves. I can see double, hear double, think double, and sleep double; and yet with such nerves, I have this very day been outwitted by a woman with only a common set. 'Nothing remarkable about that,' you say. Perhaps not; we shall see. . . . Speaking of nerves; now a day like this is endurable. People, you observe, are in earnest. There is what the new school would call a 'oneness' in the public mind to get out of the rain; and cloaks, handkerchiefs, umbrellas and skirts are used for the temporary shelter, because one can't stop to be nice. But of a warm day, when people can afford to dally and act their part, my nerves are troublesome, and I mount to the top of New-York. Did you ever look at a crowd of faces, when, under some dull lecture or sermon, the mind is comparatively at rest, and the character stands out upon the countenance? the smile, and all the other acted poetry of the face, gone for the moment, leaving only the impress of the slow march of years, the crows'-feet, the hieroglyphic, the line upon line of the devil's own hand-writing? If you could forget that you have looked at such things for a life-time; say for instance, you were a modest individual, just dropped from the moon, or any star that may be a part of Heaven; what would be your first impression? Why, Sir, you can't make your own dog look you in the face. There are different ways of viewing things, and in this light, one would be disposed to say that if the sun is the bad place that some people think, why, the farther planets may not, after all, be such outside barbarians as we generally imagine. There may be a reason, a very convenient reason, why *we* are not farther off.

'But, Sir, I was speaking of my wife. As you are a man of family, and I am only experimenting a little, *nervously* so to speak, return the compliment by giving me a little advice upon a matter of my own. How is it, Sir, about getting up first? We can't agree. She insists (my wife) that the man should rise first, as the sun before the moon, the useful before the ornamental, etc. Now, if I am gifted in any one thing, it is the half-hour dream after the first rouse in the morning; but my wife, Sir, in that particular is a perfect genius. Talk about sympathies! Let me tell you that people must not count upon married happiness from unanimous likenesses. The likes may be *too* like, and they may like *too well*. They may. I have decided that point. Well; this morning I was roused from the half-hour dream by the breakfast-call, and was provoked to find my wife still asleep; that is, she pretended to sleep; and I must confess that she had studied her attitude, so far as longitudinal position would admit, with no little skill. Having this important engagement with you, I gave her a little shake. 'Fanny! Fanny!' said I; but she did n't move a dimple. So I gave another shake. 'Eh?' said she; 'what's that? mercy! how you frightened me!' and then dropped away again. 'I say, Fanny,' accentuating it a little. 'Ah, *do n't*, dear, you are so rude!' She opened her eyes the merest trifle, and then lapsed away again into perfect oblivion as any one would suppose, who did n't know all about it. Putting on another emphasis, I sung out again, 'Are you going to get up?' She raised her eye-brows a trifle: 'Why,

my dear child, you know it's your turn this morning.' *My turn!* and 'my dear child!' I knew from the manner of her saying that, that she would lie there all day before getting up first; but as I was determined to give her a trial, and am always easy at a nap, I thought of my interrupted dream, and sliding gently into the continuation, was soon fast asleep. When I woke again, it was twelve o'clock, but there was Fanny, just as before, the arm perhaps a little more *à la Grecque*, and a tinge on her cheek that looked a little *saucy*; but that might be the thought of her dream; the fit of a cap, or a new bonnet, any of those innocent little things that make up the burden of women's night-thoughts in the way of dreams. Any one would have sworn it was sleep, deep and profound; a child asleep after a day's frolic would not have been more perfect in the 'doing' of it. By this time, people were beginning their morning visits; but of course, Mrs. Julian was 'not at home.' People came and went for an hour; and I was about despairing of my breakfast, when the sleeping wife sprang suddenly from the bed and ran out of the room.

'What now?' said I; but I did not get up, for I knew there was some mischief a-foot; and sure enough, back she came in a jiffy, and got straight into bed, *munching a large piece of ginger-bread!*

'Now, Sir, what is the *lass* in such a case?'

JULIAN.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT: SECOND NOTICE.—This entertaining work, from the MS. of which we quoted several admirable passages in our last number, is now in the hands of the BROTHERS HARPER; and when it shall appear, it will be found to sustain, and more than sustain, the character we have given of it. We annex one or two additional extracts which were prepared for our November issue. In the following incident, we rather incline to the opinion, Mr. ABBOTT 'had the worst of it;' his evident self-satisfaction to the contrary notwithstanding:

'On my return to London from Paris, the farewell engagement of Mr. KEMBLE took place; and in the play of 'Cato,' Mr. YOUNG had relinquished the toga of 'Portius,' which fell most unworthily upon my shoulders. A rehearsal was called on my account; but all the adjuncts of trumpets, drums, etc., were not considered necessary. My usual exuberance of spirits would have placed me in a most awkward position, but for the extreme simplicity of the great tragedian. When CATO is seated in council, an announcement is made of ambassadors from the senate, through the medium of a flourish of trumpets. Without a moment's hesitation or thought, I gave an imitation of the required instrument, to the perfect astonishment of all the performers. They looked at me, to see if there was any appearance of sanity left in me. I hung my head in dismay, fully expecting a severe lecture from the chief; the actors of course enjoying the anticipated censure; but to the astonishment of all parties, Mr. KEMBLE looked up with evident surprise, and said: 'Well, I declare, that is one of the most extraordinary things I ever heard in the whole course of my life. My good boy, do it again.' I naturally felt that this was meant as a kindly reproof, and with some little hesitation, I repeated it. The actors now began to chuckle; but Mr. KEMBLE retained his gravity, and was again astonished by my performance. He then made an asthmatic attempt to do the same, but his wind would not fill the instrument; and with an effort amounting to 'Pooh! I can't do it!' he said: 'Well, now we will go on with our rehearsal.' It was quite evident, from his general manner, that he really did look upon it as an extraordinary effort. I triumphed, consequently, and had the laugh against those who were exulting in the prospect of congratulating me on the loss of a week's salary.'

The annexed anecdote of 'old MATHEWS' occurs in a description of the dinner given by JOHN KEMBLE, soon after his retirement from the stage, to some of the principal actors of Covent-Garden Theatre, at which TALMA was present, as already recorded:

'At this dinner but one feeling prevailed; and the only alloy was the thought that perhaps we looked upon our host for the last time; an anticipation soon too painfully realized.\* The inventive talents of MATHEWS were of the highest order; nor were they merely confined to the com-

\* Mr. KEMBLE retired soon after to Lausanne, where, after a short residence, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, which was soon followed by another and fatal attack. By the same malady fell also his friend and fervent admirer, Mr. ABBOTT.

mon peculiarities of the individual in whom he took an interest, but he had the art of throwing his whole mind and spirit into the very *genius* of the man. I had lived on the most intimate terms with that fine-hearted and most eccentric creature; indeed, my acquaintance with him commenced at Bath, and very soon after I entered the profession: I was consequently inducted into all the peculiar bearings of his oddly-constructed mind. In the course of the evening, in the midst of the most social gayety, and flashes of wit that would have enlightened the dullest of mortals, I arose, and asked Mr. KEMBLE's permission to propose the health of a distinguished friend, which was immediately accorded. In a few brief remarks, I stated how gratifying it must be to the whole party, on such an occasion, to be honored with the presence of the late Master of the Rolls in Ireland, Mr. CURRAN. This was quite sufficient; for a great majority of persons at the table were aware of the wonderful powers of MATHEWS, although little prepared for so brilliant an exhibition of them. The extraordinary peculiarities of Mr. CURRAN were sufficiently characteristic, to give effect even to a common-place imitation; but MATHEWS was able to enter into the disposition and thoughts of his subject as effectually as if he had been changed into the very man. BURKE, speaking of the imitative powers of a person of his acquaintance, said, that whenever he thought proper to penetrate into the inclinations of those with whom he had to deal, he composed his face, his gestures, and his whole body, as nearly as possible into the exact similitude of the person whom he intended to examine, and then carefully observed what turn of mind he seemed to acquire by the change. Such a man was MATHEWS. He immediately arose, and made a brilliant oration. He scattered the flowers of poesy with the most lavish hand; not a metaphor did he lose, that could in the slightest degree illustrate the departure of KEMBLE from the stage; the brilliancy of the setting sun, the tears of Melpomene, the joys of Thalia at the prospect of her undivided reign, etc. There was no hesitation, no pause; and he concluded with a peroration which was perfectly electrifying; for he concentrated all his powers, and when he did this, he was irresistible. I scarcely ever witnessed so glowing a scene; and Mr. KEMBLE seemed lost in utter astonishment. It must be perfectly understood that no previous arrangement had taken place, and that my proposition was made at hazard, and without communicating with an individual.

Here is a very pleasant anecdote of Le MERCIER, the distinguished author of the 'Tableaux de Paris,' a remarkable old man, whose daughter was the wife of KENNEY, the author of 'Raising the Wind,' 'The World,' etc.:

'On one occasion, he crossed over from Paris to London to visit his daughter, who a few months previous had given birth to a pair of fine boys. 'On arriving at the house in Bedford-Square, he found, to his great mortification, that she had left that day with her husband for Brompton, leaving behind the nurse and one of the twin-children, to join them on the following day. The old gentleman's distress was extreme, and greatly increased by his slight knowledge of English, and the almost utter impossibility of making himself understood. The servant, with the infant in her arms, came to his relief. She had fortunately been living there during the time of his previous visit. The old gentleman's agitation was intense; and the tears rolling down his time-worn cheeks, made the interview quite affecting. He clasped the unconscious child to his heart; and anxious to see the other, gave vent to his inquiries in the following words: '*Oh, mon petit! my dare! — ah! you kittel rog! — where is — ah! yaas, where is — de oder piece belong to dis!*' At length with some difficulty he found his way to Brompton; and when he arrived at his daughter's lodgings, the family had retired to rest. After knocking for a long time, a head was thrust out at the window, demanding to know who was there. '*Opone, opone de door! I am de fader of all!*' was the comprehensive reply, which of course procured him instant admittance.'

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MR. GOULD'S ABRIDGMENT OF ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—We have good reason to believe, both from our knowledge of the capacity and industry of Mr. GOULD, and an examination, at considerable extent, of the abridged work before us, that the main and important points of ALISON'S History are here preserved with great care and fidelity; and that as a work of accurate historical record, of wonderful cheapness, it will doubtless command the 'patronage' not only of many general readers, but more especially of colleges, academies, and other seminaries of learning, for which, as we may infer, it is deemed particularly appropriate. The editor claims, and we have no doubt justly, to have 'extracted every material fact from ALISON'S work, adding nothing of his own in the way of opinion, argument, or assertion, and endeavoring to present the



original narrative in the *spirit* of the author,' but *without* endeavoring to preserve his language, which a condensation so great rendered quite impossible. The work is presented upon good paper, with a large, clear type, and reflects no little credit upon the 'New-World' press of Mr. J. WINCHESTER.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We have been profoundly impressed by reading in a late English periodical a dissertation on the nature, origin, and destination of the SOUL, written in 1793, by the Right Hon. WARREN HASTINGS. He commences with the argument that our attachment to this life is grounded on delusion, to the end that we may be compelled to fulfil our allotted course through it, and that it may serve as a preparative to a better state reserved for us in another. How forceful and philosophical are the following sentences: 'In health all the allurements of sense strongly attach the mind to that state of present existence which furnishes the means of their gratification, and quicken the relish of those enjoyments which are purely intellectual; while, on the other hand, an instinct, infinitely more powerful, imprints on the soul a fixed horror of its dissolution. Without these coöperative principles, man would give himself no care about his preservation or existence. They were, therefore, ordained by nature as necessary to both. When sickness or the infirmity of age has exhausted all the powers of life, and the dread of death has nothing left to excite it but the last parting pang, the illusion of instinct, no longer necessary, disappears, and leaves its place to be occupied by reason alone, encumbered, perhaps, and enfeebled by the bodily weight which oppresses it, but free from all desires or fears except those which it derives from its conceptions of futurity.' In relation to the *necessity* of immortality—if we would not derogate from the power and wisdom of the DEITY, or controvert our own experience of the laws by which he regulates all his works—the writer remarks: 'Can we for a moment believe that a Being of infinite perfection has made us for no other purpose than 'to fret our hour upon the stage' of mortality, and then vanish into nothing? that He has quickened us with sensations exquisitely susceptible of happiness and misery, to make the latter only our general portion? that He has endowed us with intellectual powers capable of extending their operations beyond the bounds of this narrow sphere which we inhabit, and of penetrating into the regions of infinite space, which we are destined never to see but in contemplation? and that He has stimulated us with desires of future bliss which we are never to enjoy?' No! He has made nothing in vain; He has made nothing without ends adequate to its means; and though all things may change, nothing perishes. Man was made susceptible of happiness that he might be happy; he was made capable of receiving but a small portion of happiness here, that its completion might be made up in another state; and he had given him the conception and hope of another and better state, that he might qualify himself for it, and that he might hereafter possess it.' This is felicitously and forcibly put, and will perhaps remind the reader of the fine lines of BOWRING:

'Is all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound,  
If travellers in this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond;  
Oh! what could check the rising sigh?  
What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
Oh! who would venture then to die?  
Oh! who would venture then to live?

'Were life a dark and desert moor,  
Where mists and clouds eternal spread  
Their glo. my veil behind, before,  
And tempests thunder overhead;  
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
And not a floweret smiles beneath,  
Who could exist in such a tomb?  
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

Touching the future destination of the soul, Mr. HASTINGS observes:

'It must either remain in its unmixed and elementary state, or be united to some body, and endowed with new powers in participation with it. In either way, its existence is secured. But we may reasonably conclude that, as it was necessary in the order of Providence for its prior state to have been an incorporate one, its next will be of the same kind, however varying in the form, character, and quality which it may derive from those of its new associates. I do not mean by this supposition to reject the possibility of the soul existing independently of a bodily support. I believe such a state to be possible, and, if possible, certainly probable; but as our present is a mixed state, and as it is very unlikely that if our souls are destined to exist for ever, they began to exist in their present state, and yet more unlikely that they should have originated in a perfect and proceeded in an imperfect one, it will be most reasonable to suppose that a pure spiritual essence is to be that of our ultimate destination.'

We have remarked in one or two of our weekly and daily journals elaborate defences of Mr. FORRESTER, the distinguished American actor, against charges of ingratitude to early and devoted friendship, and of a lack of generosity in spirit, and of liberality in practice. We had almost said that these defences were wholly unnecessary. We have known Mr. FORRESTER for fifteen years,

and during that period have been intimate with those who have known him for twice that length of time; and we *know* that the very virtues in which he is now declared, in certain quarters, to be deficient, are the very attributes of his character for which his friends have the most ardent esteem. Where a man *lives down* such calumnies as we have cited, it really seems like supererogation to defend him from them. TRUTH isn't slipping on boots, while FALSHOOD of this stamp is running away unscathed. . . . THE old adage that 'Habit is second nature' was well exemplified in a case cited by a friend of ours, of an old sea-captain living in a small town on the coast of the Bay State. He had followed the seas for forty years and upward, during which time he always shaved himself on ship-board, in storm or calm, without the aid of a looking-glass, or of any thing by which to steady himself. So accustomed had he become to this mode of shaving, that when he finally left the seas, he found it impossible to remove his beard without keeping himself in motion the while; and if he attempted to look in a glass, he invariably cut himself. His most usual method, while performing this operation, was to run about his room, and occasionally tumble over a chair, to preserve his equilibrium, as he said. Sometimes, however, when there was a storm without, and a heavy sea rolling, even this was too tame; and he then varied his exercise by trotting up and down stairs, and once in a while sliding down the ballusters: . . . THERE is another 'RICHMOND in the field!' Scarcely have we done chronicling the thousand-and-one attractions of the KNICKERBOCKER steamer, than we find 'our good name' and the portrait of old DEWDITCH arresting the eye over the Gothic entrance of the Masonic Temple in Broadway. Enter that imposing edifice, walk along the vaulted passages, and ascend to the great saloon. 'What a scene!' exclaims every visitor: 'six ten-pin alleys in Westminster Abbey!' And this is the description, precisely. The majestical roof, with its mingling arches and rich and elaborate tracery, overhangs a hall profusely ornamented, and 'illustrated' with several fine paintings, and which contains six of the best ten-pin alleys in the world. Here the 'KNICKERBOCKER CLUB,' composed of 'O. F. M.' (our first men,) and their non-resident guests, drop in ever and anon, to develop their chests and strengthen their lungs, in 'a bout' or two at the healthful game of bowling. There, too, do we occasionally 'expand and burgeon,' when we have over-wrought brain and hand; an example which persons of sedentary pursuits would do well now and then to imitate. Other apartments there are, for billiards, whist, and dominoes, (as well as for conversation, reading, refreshment, etc.,) which are in a kindred style of elegance and comfort; and attractive to those who, unlike ourselves, are not confined in their exercise to 'ball and pin.' The proprietor's care for the convenience and enjoyment of his guests is such as might be expected of a tasteful KNICKERBOCKER, from the classic region of Sleepy Hollow. By the by; he suggests a most important addition to the pictorial 'features' of the great saloon; namely, the Nine-pin Players whom RIF VAN WINKLE found bowling among the Kahtakill mountains one thundery afternoon. A capital suggestion, and worthy of heed. . . . WE are in the receipt, at too late an hour, we regret to say, for adequate notice, of 'An Address to the People of the United States in behalf of the American Copy-right Question,' recently put forth by a committee of the 'American Copy-right Club.' We earnestly commend it to the attention of every American reader, who has a desire to enhance the prospects, and increase the value, of our native literature. The address, we are informed, proceeds from the pen of Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS; and we take great pleasure in stating that it is what we ventured in our last number to hope that it *would* be, clear, simple, and direct in its arguments; forcible, and with two or three exceptions, not *forced* in its illustrations; and occasionally touched with a quiet but not the less affective satire. We shall refer to this address, and present certain extracts which we have marked for insertion, in an ensuing number. . . . THE lines upon 'My Mother's Grave' are from the heart; *that* we can easily perceive; but yet they are *not poetry*, we are unfeignedly sorry, for the young writer's sake, to be compelled to say. For the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth stanzas, pray read these few lines of SCHILLER. It is all embodied here:

'It is that faithful mother!

Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted,  
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted.  
Far from those blithe companions, born  
Of her, and blooming in their morn;  
On whom when couched, her heart above,  
So often looked the Mother-Love!

'Ah! rent the sweet Home's union-band,  
And never, never more to come!  
She dwells within the shadowy land,  
Who was the Mother of that Home!'

In the course of a concert given lately by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL at Washington, (D. C.,) the following affecting incident occurred. The vocalist had just finished singing the little song of our friend 'the General' MORRIS, '*Woodman! spare that Tree!*' which was received with the customary applause; upon which Mr. RUSSELL arose, and begged permission to 'relate a remarkable circumstance connected with that song.' He had but just executed it, he said, at a concert given by him at Boulogne sur Mer, when a gentleman, in a state of alarming excitement, arose from the midst of the assembled multitude, and in a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed: '*Was the tree spared?*' 'Never,' said Mr. RUSSELL, 'can I forget the glow which burst out all over that man's face, when I answered: '*Yes, it was!*' If that 'inquiring mind' did not belong to a wicked wag, then the probability is, that we are rather mistaken than otherwise. . . . We have before us, in pamphlet-form, taken from the last number of the '*Southern Quarterly Review*,' a '*Sketch of the Character of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare*,' which we have perused with a satisfaction unmingled, save with a melancholy regret, that one so preëminently gifted as the subject of this article, should have been so early called away. The lamented deceased was a man 'affluent in learning, whether it regarded the useful or beautiful in life; delicate and exquisite in his tastes, elevated in character, and sensitive in his affections; true to his public trusts, and exemplary in his relative duties.' Our country may well lament his loss. The 'Sketch' is in the main well written: it irks us, however, to encounter in a description of Mr. LEGARE's dress the term '*pants*' instead of *pantaloon*. The word is a vulgarism almost as gross as the substitution of '*grats*' for gentlemen, after the manner of Mr. TITLIEBAT TITMOUSE; no model, certainly, for a grave reviewer. . . . OUR readers will doubtless recollect a marriage between a Mr. LONG and Miss LITTLE, which went the rounds of the papers some years ago, and to which some wag had appended the well-known lines:

'Man wants but *little* here below,  
But wants that *Little LONG*.

A few weeks since in B —, a Mr. JONATHAN GOODREAL was married to Miss HONORA LITTLE. After the ceremony, one of the company rose and uttered the following, which he considered a decided improvement on the original couplet:

'Man wants but *little* here below,  
But wants that *Little a GOODREAL!*'

A 'VERY anonymous' correspondent, who signs himself 'J. B.' (none of our KNICKERBOCKER 'J. B.'s, as we have with some trouble ascertained,) writes us the annexed notelet: 'In your 'Gossip' for December, why not, in relation to WEIR's picture, commemorate the courtship of MILES STANDISH and Mr. BRADFORD? BRADFORD's wife, as the picture-pamphlet tells us, fell overboard the day after the arrival, and Mrs. ROSE STANDISH deceased the same autumn. MILES (Query Latin?) it seems looked with complacency upon a Mrs. ALDEN, but being no hero on a carpet, desired his friend BRADFORD to act as his second, and carry his offer. BRADFORD complied, and pleaded warmly for his friend. The lady, however, listened to him with much impatience, and as soon as he had finished, said, very demurely: 'And now why do you not speak for yourself, Master BRADFORD?' And history informs us that Mr. BRADFORD *did* speak for himself, and ALDEN BRADFORDS still extant verify the chronicle. You would also do me a favor by anathematizing one FLAGG, who publishes VICTOR HUGO's plays, prefaces and all, under the name of FLAGG, without giving the great Romanticist any credit therefor.' Mr. FLAGG, who, if 'these be truths,' ought to be ashamed of his reputation, may consider himself 'anathematized.' . . . SOME afflicted gentleman, with whom we deeply sympathize, has lately shown up in one of the London magazines a specimen of the genus PUNDIT; one of those persons who, having acquired the reputation of a wit, lives in a constant agony of endeavor to keep up the character; who lends nothing of a rational kind to the general entertainment during a whole evening, but watchfully 'bides his time' for the infliction of his own especial annoyance. In the present instance, the 'pundit and stock-joker' was caught at dinner by his host, during a shower of 'original puns' which accompanied the various courses, in this wise:

'HAPPENING to possess some fine old Madeira in pints, a bottle of it was produced with an appropriate puff of its age. Taking up the bottle, Mr. PUNDIT remarked, 'that it might be old, but it was very little of its age.' FRANK was in raptures at the joke, and laughed till tears came to his eyes. On recovering himself, he was surprised to find that my countenance, instead of being spread out into an approving smile, was fixed in something not much short of a frown. I expressed my regret that Mr. PUNDIT's admirable *memory* should be so unprofitably employed, while he interposed an appeal in behalf of the originality of the joke; but I hoped he would forgive

me, if I proved to the contrary. 'Be good enough,' I told my son, 'to fetch me the fourth volume of Erasmus. It is,' I continued, turning to Mr. PUNDIT, 'the Leyden edition, and I shall have the pleasure of showing you *your* joke in a collection of ancient aphorisms, which was originally published several centuries ago.' FRANK having brought the book, I found the passage, which runs thus: 'Gnathena, when a very small bottle of wine was brought in, with the praise that it was very old, answered, *it is very little of its age.*' Mr. PUNDIT was confounded, and confessed to a glimmering remembrance of having seen the joke before. 'The wonder would have been,' I replied, 'had a gentleman of your erudition in witticisms not met with it, for it has, since Erasmus's time, found its way into nearly all the jest-books of various ages and countries. I must, however, give you credit for its apt application to my diminutive modicum of Madeira.'

The old gentleman subsequently adds, by way of salvo: 'I know you err from innocence; you little thought that all the puns you were making were current when I was studying for the bar thirty years ago, and originated, I doubt not, amidst the al-fresco festivities of the Saxon heptarchy.' A capital 'recipe' is given for silencing the series of 'dinner-puns' proper: 'Should the Pundit begin at meal-times, attack his first effort; request the company's attention, and rattle off the whole string. Thus forestalled, he will allow the meal to pass off pleasantly, and the conversation to flow on.' . . . SURELY 'C.' if he has perused the 'Gossip' of our last number, will not think that it is from any lack of 'sympathy' with him, that we decline his '*Autumnal Thoughts.*' What *he* felt, looking upon the 'glorious decay of Nature' from her sublime mountain pinnacles—over a scene which 'lay bathed in the smoky light of an October day and an Alleghany valley'—we ourselves felt, perhaps at the same moment, in gazing upon the frost-painted heights along the Hudson, and the calm beauty of the Long-Island shores. We, too, 'saddened by the solemn monitions of fading loveliness, went back to the past, and to the dear friends in whose light we saw all that the heart *can* see, of vanished days;' and with an unutterable longing to know the mystery of life, and the greater mystery of death and the grave, have asked, with a poet too gifted to be so little known:

'Where are ye now — though Fancy's flight  
To you my soul doth sometimes bear,  
Deputed Time's eternal night  
Re-echoes back the question, 'Where!'  
Nature, in simple beauty drest,  
Still dances round the restless year.  
And gazing on her yellow vest,  
I sometimes think my change is near!

'Not that my hair with age is gray,  
Not that my heart hath yet grown cold,  
But that remembered friendships say,  
'Death loves not best the infirm and old.'  
As many a bosom knows and feels,  
Left, in the flower of life, alone,  
And many an epitaph reveals  
On the cold monumental stone.'

But the lessons of autumn may partake of a sober gladness as well as of melancholy thoughts; and this is beautifully illustrated by a friend and correspondent, whose *nom de plume* in the 'New World' cannot divert attention from the characteristics of his style. He too has been looking at the 'glorious autumnal-forest display on the hills,' which were 'bedabbled like a painter's palette.' 'Ah!' he exclaims, 'the frost has done it! And now the outward life of the trees is killed. That beautiful spectacle is Death. Equally lovely does the soul appear when the frost has touched its outer covering. You see what a variety of colors has been produced by the same cause acting upon different natures, for the spiritual life in trees is as various as among men. So it is when our natures are touched by the chills of adversity, or death even; some of us, like the hemlock, will look sad and pale; some, like the wild cherry, will become red and fiery; and others, like those hardy cedars, the good and patient, will retain their primitive greenness and beauty.' . . . THERE is evidently a political or some other conspiracy hatching at this moment in the 'little people's' apartment adjoining our sanctum. Beside the good vrouw's, there are three other female heads together, and one of them belongs to a delegate from the High Priestess of Fashion; and through the two open doors, we can hear, in earnest but broken tones, such exciting words as these: 'White feather,' 'piece,' 'piping,' 'set in all round,' 'bias,' 'the skirt,' 'brought round to the front and fastened,' 'single bows,' 'busts,' 'bugles,' 'purple,' 'gore,' 'when it's made up,' etc. Now what can all this portend? Putting 'that and that together,' we are led to think that the ladies are about to follow certain sage advice from a very sage quarter, touching the 'rights of women!' These words are doubtless only 'parts of speech'-es to incite to action; fragments, very like, of what runs something in this connection: 'We have shown the 'white feather' long enough! Let us throw away our 'bias' for the gentler virtues, and 'set in all round' for Mr. JOHN NEAL's paradise of our down-trodden sex! We have been kept on 'the skirt' of society since the days of EVE; it is high time we were 'brought round to the front and fastened' there by public opinion! They think (the 'single beaux' as well as the married men) that we are only fit for 'piping' times of 'peace;' but we will let them know that we are not unfit for war; that we can stand by and see a shell 'bu't' without winking; that we neither fear 'purple' nor any other 'gore;' and that the blast of an hundred 'bugles' would have no terrors for us. Our resolution, 'when it's made

up,' cannot be shaken!' But we may do the ladies (God bless them!) injustice. It has just occurred to us, that perhaps after all it may be only the Eleusinian mysteries of millinery and mantuamaking that we are seeking to penetrate. 'Like as not!' . . . WHAT a thoughtful, feeling, truthful poet JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has become! Not erroneously did we predict, from one of his early poems in the KNICKERBOCKER, 'Threnodia on the Death of an Infant,' that 'to this complexion would he come at last.' Are not these stanzas from 'The Heritage,' one of Mr. LOWELL's latest efforts, every way admirable?

'THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

'THE rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands would hardly earn  
A living that would suit his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

'What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a harder spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

'What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

'What does the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned by being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

'O, rich man's son, there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens, soft, white hands;  
This is the best crop from thy lands.  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

'O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state,  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Work only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

'Both heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both children of the same dear God;  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.'

'A TURKEY,' once remarked a huge feeder in our presence, 'is a very *inconvenient* bird, in p'int of comin' over a man's pocket, and satisfying his stomach. You see, it's too much for *one*, and not enough for *two*!' This is exactly our quandary in relation to the excellent story of our Mississippi correspondent. It makes 'too much for one, and not enough for two' numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Beside which, it has 'scene undividable, colloquy unlimited.' We may *try* hereafter to insert it entire, after the printer shall have 'taken its measure.' If we do print it, however, we shall take the liberty to erase such words as *e'er*, *ne'er*, *o'er*, etc., which have no business in prose. Ellipses like these are for poetry only, and not always felicitously employed, even in verse. 'Clang,' moreover, ('the one only hope to which his heart *clang*,') is a compound fracture of Old PRISCIAN's skull, which would lay his brain open to day-light, and us to an action for assault and battery. . . . MRS. KIRKLAND ('MARY CLAVERS,') the well-known author of 'A New Home,' 'Forest Life,' etc., has opened a school for young ladies in this city, at 214 Thompson-street, near Fourth. Familiar with the languages of Europe; thoroughly conversant with all the branches of an accomplished English education; of varied experience in society and real life; and possessing, with great kindness of heart and amenity of manner, a rare *instructional tact*; we cannot doubt that our fair correspondent will attract many pupils to her 'new home,' and that more will 'follow.' . . . OUR excellent friend, the historian of Tinnecum, has been passing a few pleasant days on the Hudson, and in the neighborhood of the city of that name; and from his gossiping epistle thence, we shall venture to select a characteristic Daguerreotype-passage, for the entertainment of our readers: 'THE high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the rocks for the conies. Hills and goats, rocks and conies, are plenty with me, as you shall perceive. *Cras donaberis hodo*, if I can get him out to you. The Lancashire sheep, a long-fleeced breed, come and eat corn out of my hand. I kept my eye on the beautiful blue ranges of the Kattskills as long as possible, and then delved into this lovely valley. Mountains shut it in on every side, and every night the sun lingers upon their summits, and crowns them with a diadem of fire. Yesterday the whole scene was white as Soracte. As I was going to the cider-mill to get a jug of the sweet juice, my guide stopped to show me the identical spot where a low-spirited man, oh! horrible!

cut his own throat. 'What did he do it for?' said I. 'Oh, he was low 'n spurruts, wery cidery and wery grunty. The devil was into him.' 'Bad business,' said I, 'this cutting of throats;' yet did you know that a hog always does it, when he swims across a stream, which is no doubt the derivation of *suicide*. The cider was delicious. The mill was in full operation, set in motion by an old blind horse. 'Look!' said my cicerone, with a mysterious whisper, as I was busy at the tub, at the same time directing my attention to the person who was attending at the mill; 'the son of the man who cut his throat!' I gazed in utter astonishment, and endeavored to obtain a 'realizing sense' of the fact. It was almost as good as 'the fork that belonged to the *case-knife* with which BRAUCHAMPEX murdered Colonel SHARPEX in Kentucky,' which proved such a rival attraction to a western museum-proprietor.' 'This morning I went into the woods to gather chestnuts, which the hogs having got before devoured them all up. It was the same old story as on the frequented chestnut-grounds about Tinnecum. 'There! I found one! There! I found another! Two! three! four! five! six! Oh! oh! *aint* they plenty!' Then, alas! no more were to be had far or near. I piled them on a little hillock, and calling the attention of a neighboring Berkshire to the pile, had the gratification to see him address himself to their mastication, with evident *gout*. . . . Our correspondent who writes upon the '*Manifestation of Mind in Animals*,' and those interested in his able papers upon this theme, will find in the following a very forcible illustration of the correctness of his positions:

'A GENTLEMAN receiving a present of some Florence oil, the flasks were set in his cellar, at the bottom of a shallow box; the oil not being wanted for use, they remained there for some time; when the owner, going one day by chance in the cellar, was surprised to find the wicker-work by which the flasks were stopped, gnawed from the greater part of them, and upon examination the oil sunk about two inches or two and a half from the neck of each flask. It soon occurred to him that it must be the work of some kind of vermin; and being a man of speculative turn, he resolved to satisfy the curiosity raised in his mind. He accordingly found means to watch, and actually detected three rats in the very act; the neck of the flasks were long and narrow; it therefore required some contrivance; one of these stood upon the edge of the box, while another mounting his back, dipped his tail into the neck of the flask, and presented it to a third to lick; they then changed places; the rat which stood uppermost descended, and was accommodated in the same manner with the tail of his companion, till it was his turn to act the porter, and he took his station at the bottom. In this manner the three alternately relieved each other, and banqueted upon the oil till they had sucked it beyond the length of their tails.'

Would that our esteemed friend 'POLYGON' could really know how many times we have strenuously endeavored to gain leisure, from avocations more than usually various and constant, to return, in such poor sort as we might, the gratification we have always derived from his personal correspondence! It is in vain, we fear, that we hope to be able to redeem the past; for 'by-gones,' he must let us talk with him, as we have done, in this desultory 'Gossip' of ours; for the future, Providence permitting, we shall aim to escape even the appearance of indifference or neglect. Will 'J. N. B.,' of W——, New-Hampshire, also bear with us a little? We have his last mis-sive filed among our '*Notes Payable*;' for there were thoughts in it that touched us nearly. 'L. H. B.,' too, of B——, to whom we have been indebted for many favors, must not infer neglect or indifference from our compulsory silence. 'Say not the words, if you and me is to continual friends, for sech is not the case;' as quoth 'Mrs. GAMR.' We must hope, likewise, that 'W. G.,' of H——t Hill, (*how* of the removal, and *what* of the old homestead?) and our kind Tinnecum friend, will also look upon the above explanatory card as apologetical (if not satisfactory) for 'short-comings' of which, under other circumstances, they might with good reason complain. . . . If you are 'i' the vein,' reader, suppose you follow us in a hop-skip-and-jump flitting through the pungent, pithy, punning paragraphs of PUNCH, the '*London CHARIVARI*,' late arrivals of which garnish our table. Among its 'complaints,' is one against the clock of St. Clement's church, which stands opposite its publication-office in the Strand: 'We are constantly troubled by parties coming into the office to inquire why all the four dials tell a different story, and why every one of them is always wrong. If the clock cannot keep going, let it turn off all its hands, wind up its affairs, and retire at once from public observation; but let it not continue to occupy a high and prominent position, if it is unable to fill it with credit to itself and profit to the community. We have put up with more from this clock than from any other public servant. We thought it might only want time to bring itself round; but finding it will not give us any hour, we will no longer give it any quarter. We expected a meeting of the hands the other day at twelve o'clock, but it did not occur, and things remain in the same uncertainty. We feel justified in calling on the clock for an account of its works; and, if no minutes have been kept, we shall leave the public to judge of the entire matter. Since writing the above, we have been told that it is the hour-hand which refuses to move in the affair, but that the minute-hand is quite ready to second any

thing reasonable.' Could any thing be more felicitous than this application of 'suspended payment' terms to the disarrangements of a public time-piece? PUSCH himself had just returned from a trip to Paris. He describes a diligence as 'a post-chaise fastened to a stage-coach before, and a sledge of omnibus attached behind, with a worn-out cab mounted aloft;' which we are told is a perfect portrait of this lumbering conveyance. Here is a solution of one 'cause why' the French wear so much hair on their faces: 'The inferiority of French cutlery, especially razors, renders shaving an elaborate process, for which reason it is generally abandoned; and in common with the usual treatment of most things springing from a poor soil, they pay more attention to dressing their crops than cutting them. In fact, they consider all attraction to be capillary.' PUSCH was greatly interested in the 'Egyptian obstacle' in the Place de la Guerre, 'supposed to be CLEOPATRA's Needle, covered with hieroglyphics, of which the thread is altogether lost!' Among the domestic intelligence, is an account of the raising of fragments of the brig *Télémaque*, by means of a diving-bell. There were found 'a bit of the binnacle; half a yard of yard-arm; a quarter of the quarter-deck; a hen-roost and a portion of the hatch-way; a part of the cat-head, and an old mouse-trap.' In his brief notices to correspondents, the readers of the 'Charivari' are informed that the editor does not know 'who built BACON's *Novum Organum*,' nor whether the elephant at the Zoological Gardens has his name in brass-nails on his trunk or not! . . . In a late number of the Albany '*Northern Light*' monthly journal, there is a very able paper by WILLIS GAYLORD, Esq., based upon a paragraph in the report of the Geological Lectures of Dr. A. SMITH, of this city, from which we take the subjoined extract:

'It is a well-ascertained fact derived from a known law of centrifugal motion, that were the earth to revolve on its axis once in eighty minutes, as it now does in twenty-four hours, all bodies would lose their weight at the equator; if the revolution was made in a still shorter time, all bodies would fly off, like the drops of water from a rapidly revolving grind-stone. A universal deluge of all the temperate and polar regions would be the result of a stoppage or retardation of the earth's motion. Indeed, the first result would be the deluge of the whole; as the waters of the ocean would obey the impulse already communicated, and sweep over the entire earth from west to east; although it is easy to see that when this first impulse was over, the waters must flow to, and accumulate around the poles. If there must be a philosophical solution given of the existing evidences of a general deluge, can there be one more simple, or which better fulfils all the conditions of such a catastrophe, than the one here alluded to? All solutions must exist more or less on suppositions, and we have only to suppose the earth checked in its orbit from some cause, to produce all the observed phenomena of the deluge.'

Apropos of the '*Northern Light*;' it is a journal which we always open with avidity, and from which we seldom fail to derive instruction and pleasure. Mr. STREET discharges his editorial function with ability, and his collaborateurs are men of mark in the scientific and literary world. . . . WHAT has 'enured' to our esteemed friend and correspondent, the '*Georgia Lawyer*?' There has been 'good exclamation on his Worship' from various quarters of the Union, accompanied by inquiries after his health, and the state of his 'Port-folio.' QUERE: Has a Georgia lawyer a legal right to 'set himself up against the will of the people?' Has not the 'party of the second part' the power to set aside a literary *not. pros.* of that sort? 'By the mass! but we think we may stay him' from keeping all his pleasant thoughts to himself. . . . We are glad to learn that our young artist-friend, Mr. T. B. READ, formerly of Cincinnati, is meeting with deserved success in Boston, where he has set up his easel. His improvement is very marked. There is at this moment before us a little cabinet-gem of his, which really seems to light up our sanctum. It is the portrait of a young and lovely maiden, whose attention is suddenly arrested as she is about descending a stair:

'She is fresh and she is fair,  
Glossy is her golden hair;  
Like a blue spot in the sky  
Is her clear and loving eye.'

The situation, the drawing, the coloring, all are beautiful, and bespeak alike taste, skill, and genius, in the artist. . . . Or the *Oi Polloi*, we fear, is the author of '*Nature, a Tribute*.' He is a metropolitan, born and bred, we will wager a year's subscription to the '*OLD KNICK*;' a sort of amateur lover of the country, touching which he knows little, and we must infer, cares less. He regards it, we cannot help fancying, somewhat as old CRUZZLEWIT's cockney undertaker did, who greatly affected the 'sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts.' . . . THE '*Southern Literary Messenger*' appears monthly, with its accustomed neatness of execution, and quantity and variety of literary matter, much of which is of a sterling character. The new editor, B. B. MINOR, Esq., discharges his duties with spirit and ability. He appeals to the South for the

support which his Magazine well deserves, and should not fail to receive. The Charleston 'Magnolia,' which ran a short race for popularity with the 'Messenger,' has retired from the field; leaving it the only kindred candidate for Southern patronage, if we except the excellent Georgia 'Orion.' Mr. MINOX has 'a squint' at the 'enterprising editors in Philadelphia, who sell so many pictures every month; a branch of 'literary' business which has experienced a sad falling off; yet not sufficient, it would seem, to prevent new 'enterprises' of a similar kind. Mr. ISRAEL POST, long the agent in New-York for GRAHAM's and GODFREY's Magazines, has issued, since the establishment of a new city agency for those periodicals, proposals for 'The Columbian Magazine,' a work after the Philadelphia models, in pictures and price; to be edited by JOHN INMAN, Esq.; a sufficient guaranty that at least one department of the work will be well sustained. Success to ye all, gentlemen and lady contemporaries! . . . 'Who suffers?' You know the DIBLEMAN term, reader; and here is an unintentional illustration of it; 'Poor woman!' said an apothecary, on returning from a patient to whom he had applied thirty leeches, at a quarter of a dollar each; 'poor woman! *didn't* she suffer!' It strikes us as rather possible that she *might* have 'suffered,' at least in *one* way. . . . We shall have two capital works from the American press in a few days. KENDALL, the 'great American Captive,' who came near being lost to liberty, the 'Picayune,' and 'troops of friends,' is nearly out with his volumes; and that they will be rich and racy, few are sufficiently verdant to doubt. (MARRIAT approves of KENDALL's writings, at all events; else why should he purloin them?) BRANTZ MAYER, Esq., also, whose letters in the 'New World' were so widely admired, has nearly ready for publication an elaborate work upon Mexico, profusely illustrated with engravings, and written in a very attractive style. It will create a decided sensation. . . . We cannot accept the excuse of 'M.' You must let us hear from you for the first or second number of our new volume. 'Arouse thee, mon!' Remember that 'to *will* is to do,' in more than a Mesmeric sense; and forget not, also, that 'sloth covers youthful ambition with the blue mould of morbidity.' . . . WILL our friends of 'The Cultivator' and 'Farmer's Museum' favor us with the prospectuses of both these excellent periodicals, when issued? We shall be glad to promote the circulation of publications of so great value, in many important ways, to the American farmer. . . . READ 'The Venus of Ille,' in preceding pages, translated by the friend who rendered into such attractive English the thrilling story of 'The Innocence of a Galley-Slave.' The present tale is scarcely less striking than its predecessor. What a sweeping convergence of natural incident there is toward the terrific dénouement!—and how admirably the minor accessories harmonize with the main design! Peruse it, and justify our enthusiastic admiration of the original, and this most faithful and spirited translation. . . . We instanced in our last 'Gossip' two or three amusing specimens of the lack of clearness of expression, arising from a species of unconscious inversion of language. Something akin to the examples cited, is a case mentioned by a London wag, who speaks of 'a *ken* belonging to a stone-mason that *lays bricks*!' . . . ☞ 'If you love us,' good reader, and your other friends as well, tell them that our next issue begins a New Volume—the TWENTY-THIRD! Have we ever deceived you, in our promises for the future? (A unanimous 'No!' from all parts of the Union and the Canadas, with scattering echoes from sundry portions of Europe.) Then believe us when we tell you, that although we have every year appeared before you—like the tree 'bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding its fruit every month'—we have never been able to announce a better volume than the one whose advent you shall hail with acclamations in January next. Let every true friend of the 'Old Knicker' therefore make *one* friend as happy as himself, and his friend the Editor as happy as 'the pair of ye's!' . . . LET no one who wishes to select books, in any or every department of literature, fail to possess himself of WILEY AND PUTNAM's late catalogue of English, French, and American works, in the various departments of knowledge; science, natural history, useful and fine arts; history, biography, and general literature; Greek and Latin classics, philology, etc.; and theological and medical literature, with appendices, etc.; the whole classified in subjects, and with prices affixed. The catalogue is full, yet concise as clear; and will be sent *gratis* to any address. Messrs. BARTLETT AND WELFORD, under the Astor-House, issued some time since, a similar catalogue, which proved of great convenience to the public, and was no doubt a source of ultimate profit to that well-known house. . . . THE following articles are either filed for insertion, or awaiting 'hopeful' advisement: 'A Night on the Prairie;' 'A Piscatory Eclogue,' by PETER VOX GRIST; 'My Leg: a Sketch;' 'The Patricide's Death,' by the 'American Opium-Eater;' 'The Death-Bed, a Stray Leaf from the Country Doctor;' 'The Painted Rock,' MARY MAY, the Newfoundland Indian; 'The Spirit-Land,' Lines by 'G. H. H.;' 'Scene in a Studio;' 'Translation from CATULLUS,' by 'G. W. B.;' with many other papers heretofore alluded to, and more to which we have neither leisure nor space to advert, or even to name.



## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'WANDERINGS ON THE SEAS AND SHORES OF AFRICA.'—The first part of this serial work has at least the effective merit of making us earnestly desire its successor. The author, Dr. BACON, a brother as we learn of Rev. LEONARD BACON, New-Haven, Conn., has embodied in it his observations and adventures, during a residence of seven months at Monrovia, Liberia, of nine or ten months at Cape Palmas, two months at Sierra Leone, two months on the River Gambia, nearly two months on the Senegal, and numerous voyages along the coast of Senegambia and Guinea, from the Great Desert of Sahara to the Gold Coast; with visits to various missionary stations, slave factories, trading places, and native towns before undescribed. 'It presents a large mass of entirely new facts, of the most valuable and important character on the subjects of the slave-trade, colonization, Christian missions, African commerce, etc. It furnishes, also, the results of considerable experience and medical practice in the peculiar diseases of the coast, with various observations on the topography, geology, natural history, and ethnography of extensive regions hitherto scarcely known by name. These facts are given precisely in the order in which they came to the voyager's knowledge, in connection with a personal narrative replete with adventures of a remarkable kind, detailing wanderings, sufferings, and dangers among savage tribes, and extreme exposures to storms and shipwreck.' With the exception perhaps of 'Two Years before the Mast,' we remember no work which affords so vivid a description of the sea, and the astronomical wonders of the Southern heavens, as these 'Wanderings.' They possess great merit, and afford promise of various excellence in future numbers.

Since the foregoing was 'committed to types,' we have received a second number of the work; and find the promise of the first more than redeemed. We foresee that the plain-speaking of the writer bodes no good to the cause of Liberian colonization. He tells us only what he has *seen*, and what he *knows* to be true. Arrived at Monrovia, we find him at board with the black governor, whose 'lady' is his laundress, although belonging of course to the 'berry fust circles of good society.' We derive some curious facts from Dr. BACON, connected with colonization matters: for example; that in the main the colonists, from the highest to the lowest, are a hypocritical, ungrateful, and frequently dishonest people; that the books (the refuse, too often, of the libraries of those among us who claim to be '*benefactors*' of Liberia) which are sent from America, are not read but are torn up, eaten by cockroaches, or otherwise destroyed; that our Bibles and Tracts are as useless to the ignorant natives as if they were in Hebrew; that fruitful as the country has been represented to be, the dependence for even the necessities of life is on foreign supplies, the flour and a large proportion of the meat being imported; the writer 'never saw fifty stalks of sugar-cane in the fields of the colonists,' nor could he obtain an ounce of 'Liberian coffee,' the stories which reach us concerning the Liberian 'coffee plantations' being wholly humbuguous, and intended only for effect here. Among the writer's colonial patients, was 'a daughter of THOMAS JEFFERSON, who had with her a niece, the grand-daughter of the great American President and apostle of democracy, who bore a most striking resemblance to his common portraits!' This is not pleasant to think of. The American opinion of 'the venerated ASHMUN' it appears greatly needs revision. He is proved to have been 'an unworthy man and a deceiver;' so much so, indeed, that the writer freely expresses his 'contempt and abhorrence of his character,' which were so great as to cause the Doctor, on his return to America, to cause the *name*, which had been placed in a stereotype work, 'at the end of such a catalogue of saints as 'BRAINARD, MILLS, MARTYN, PARSONS, FISKE, MILNE,' to be beaten into the solid metal page, that it might no longer disgrace its association! These facts may be unpalatable to the American Colonization Society, but that they *are* facts, there can be little doubt; since they proceed from the mouth of the Society's accredited agent, under whose auspices he repaired to and resided at Liberia.

MR. LUNT'S POEM ON CULTURE.—A neatly-printed little volume, in dress of modest drab, lies before us, containing 'Culture; a poem delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association,' in October last, by GEORGE LUNT, Esq., an honorary member of the institution. The first glance made us reluctant at encountering in the outset the writer's formidable-looking preface. 'If this,' thought we, 'be what the Italians term *la salsa del libro*, 'the sauce of the book,' there is much more of the condiment than of the meat.' We were gratified to find however in this mere 'preface' an able essay upon a theme which has more than once been discussed in these pages;

namely, the *true* philosophy of poetry, and its influence, actual and collateral, upon society, in contradistinction to utilitarianism, and those principles of expediency, which 'repudiate' imagination, and vitiate our perception of truth. The poem itself abounds in good thoughts, vented with much music of expression; all which we could abundantly prove, had we space for extracts. As it is, we must ask such of our readers as may have at command the volume before us, to turn to the twenty-fourth page of the poem, and admire with us the illustration of 'Mind,' in more senses than one, which may there be found; and when they have exhausted that admirable passage, let them turn to another, which we had also marked for insertion, commencing on the thirty-fourth and ending on the thirty-sixth page. Next to presenting good things, perhaps some kind reader may admit, is the pointing them out. 'And here, may it please the court, we rest.'

'THE OPAL: A PURE GIFT FOR THE HOLYDAYS.'—This is an exceedingly pretty moral and religious annual, edited by N. P. WILLIS, illustrated by J. G. CHAPMAN, and published by JOHN C. RIKER, Number Fifteen Ann-street. The illustrations, nine in number, are mainly in the light and pleasing style of etching, which Mr. CHAPMAN has rendered so popular, and in subject alternate with Scripture scenes and fancy-sketches of a domestic or religious character. The literary articles are from the pens of well-known American writers, including, beside the Editor's, those of WILDE, HERBERT, ALDRICH, BENJAMIN, HOFFMAN, CHEEVER, ROBERT MORRIS, PALMER, TUCKERMAN, Mrs. EMBURY, Mrs. SEBA SMITH, W. H. BURLEIGH, etc. We commend the work cordially to our readers, regretting that we can find no space for extracts, at the late hour at which the volume reaches us; save only the following explanatory passage from the preface: 'Religious books, devoted solely to the inculcation of the precepts of piety, are all-important as one branch of instruction and reading. But God, who made all things for his creatures, and gave them taste, fancy, and a sense exquisitely alive to the beautiful, intended no ascetic privation of the innocent objects which minister to these faculties. The mirth, and the playful elegances of poetry and descriptive writing are as truly within the paths of religious reading as any thing else which shows the fullness and variety of the provision made for our happiness, when at peace with ourselves. Nothing gay, if innocent, is out of place in an annual intended to be used as a tribute of affection by the good.' The work is 'opal-hued, reflecting all the bright lights and colors which the prodigality of God's open hand has poured upon the pathway of life.'

'JEANIE MORRISON.'—This beautiful and touching ballad of the gentle MOTHERWELL has been set to music by 'DEMPSTER, the true-blue Scot,' as BURNS called his namesake, and dedicated to his friend JAMES T. FIELDS, Esq., Boston. The music, as we gather from capable judges, is in good keeping with the feeling and sweet simplicity of the verse; and surely higher praise need not be awarded to it. The poem itself would have done honor to BURNS, and a nearer approach to his style we scarcely remember ever to have seen. How fervent, how natural, this retrospect of a first, fresh boyish love:

'My head runs round and round about,  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As one by one the thoughts rush back  
O' spring-time and o' thee.  
O' my young life! O' morning love!  
O' lightome days and lang,  
When bonied hopes around our hearts  
Like slimmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, love, how oft we left  
The d'avin' dinamo town,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters cion?  
The summer leaves hung o'er our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throstle whistled sweet.'

The publisher of 'JEANIE MORRISON' is Mr. OLIVER DITSON, Boston; but we infer that it is also for sale at the principal music-stores in this city.

POEMS BY BARRY CORNWALL.—Messrs. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, have just given to the public a neatly-executed volume, containing 'English Songs and other Poems,' by BARRY CORNWALL. It will be an acceptable offering to American readers. PROCTER is a very charming, *heart-full* writer. To adopt the language of another, there is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection, in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. 'He illustrates that holiest of human emotions, which, while it will twine itself with the frailest twig, or dally with the most evanescent shadow of creation, wasting its excess of kindness on all around it, is yet able to 'look on tempests and be never shaken.' Love is gently omnipotent in his poems; accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which scarcely vex and which cannot harm it. The lover seems to breathe out his life in the arms of his mistress, as calmly as the infant sinks into its softest slumber. The fair blossoms of his genius, though light and trembling at the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted.'

'THE WRONGS OF WOMAN.'— 'The forsaken Home' is the sub-title of the second part of this series by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, whose English fame is not greater than her reputation in America. Here now is a picture of domestic struggles and privations; of female suffering and sorrow; of a deserted home and hopeless, ill-requited toil; which bears incontestable evidence of being but too faithful to its original; and it is so affecting, we may add *revolting*, that we marvel somewhat that those doughty philanthropists who manifest so much sympathy for the 'neglected and the down-trodden' on this side the Atlantic do not lessen the radius of their humane telescopes, and 'take a short look about home' for objects of commiseration and charity. That our readers may see how much this is needed, we commend them to a perusal of the volume before us, which may be found at M. W. DODD'S book-store, Brick-church Chapel.

THE 'MYSTERIES OF PARIS.'— We little thought, when we presented the first English translation of a scene from this remarkable work, that in less than two months it would be borne on the wings of rival American presses into every nook and corner of this vast republic. But so it is. The MS. of Mr. CHARLES H. TOWN, from which we quoted, was seized with such avidity by the Brothers HARPER that the translator was left without leisure to smooth over and soften the too literal features of his work, having quite enough to do to finish it in time for the printers. The 'NEW-WORLD' edition, translated by Mr. DEMMING, now near its completion, is executed with fidelity and good taste, is well printed, and has been favorably received at the hands of the public. The rival editions will each be entirely exhausted by the current demand; and in view of their cheapness, few will be disposed to invoke 'a plague on both the houses' whence they proceed.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY: SILK CULTURE.— Messrs. GREELY AND M'ELRATH have published, in a cheap but substantial form, for the use of schools and academies, the *tenth* edition of GALE'S 'Elements of Natural Philosophy.' The general plan of BLAISE'S work is preserved in the volume, which embraces the principles of mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, acoustics, optics, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, and astronomy, and is illustrated by several hundred wood-engravings. The same publishers have put forth an illustrated pamphlet upon the culture of silk, with historical sketches of the silk business, in Europe and the United States; the natural history of the silk-worm, mulberry-tree, etc.; a useful work, and one which supplies an important desideratum to silk-growers.

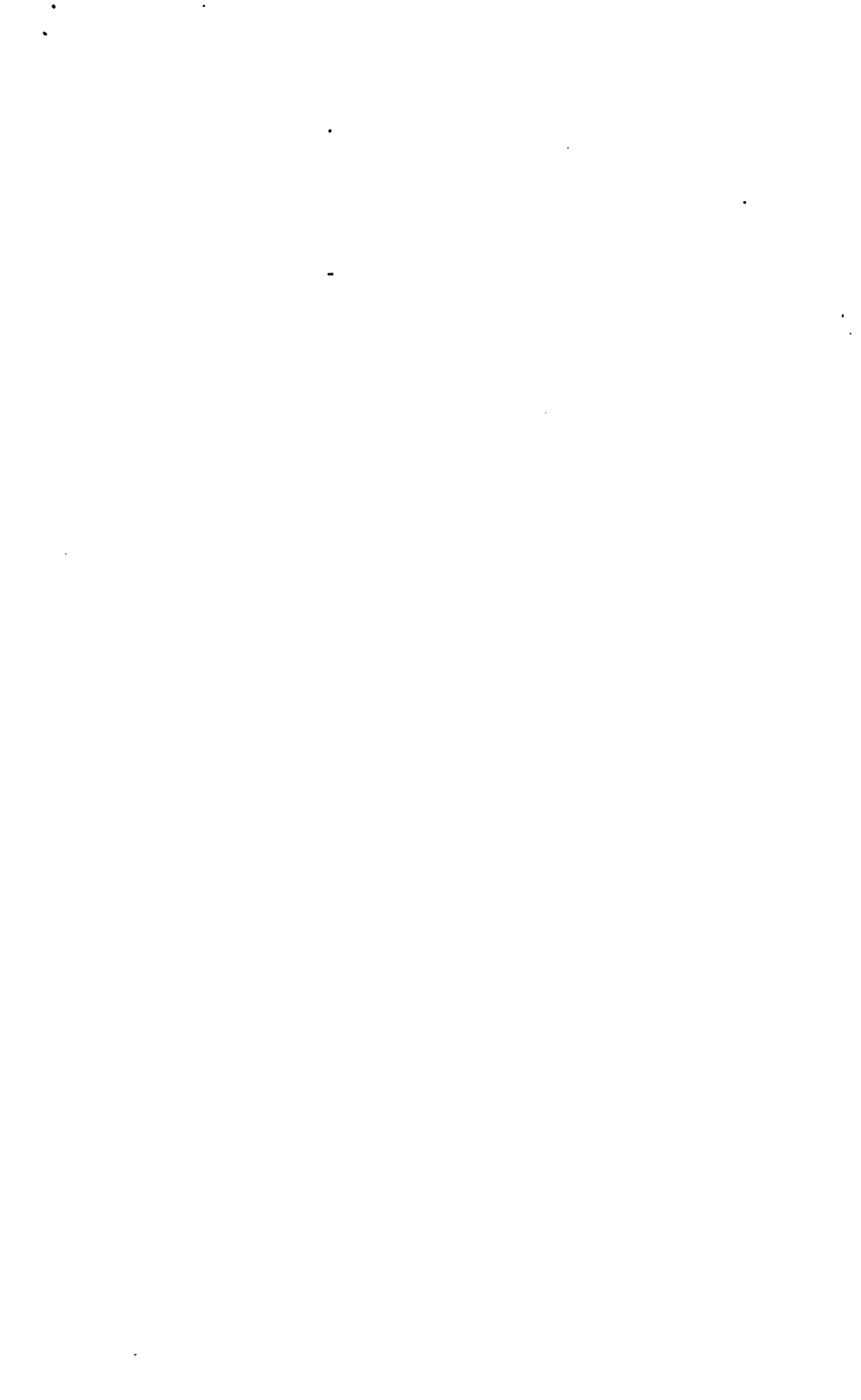
NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE BROTHERS HARPER.— 'Woman an Enigma, or Life and its Revelations,' a new production of the author of 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' is much affected of the ladies; to which fact we are indebted for our inability to speak more at large of its merits. 'The Banker's Wife, or 'Court and City,' a novel by Mrs. GORE, is also warmly commended by the public press, but we have not found a moment's leisure to devote to its perusal. In the way of *Anti-Puseyism*, we have 'The True Churchman Warned against the Errors of the Time,' with notes by Dr. ANTHON, and 'The True Issue Sustained, or an Exhibit of the Views and Spirit of the Episcopal Press in relation to the recent Ordination of Mr. CARY.' All these publications are characterized by the usual neatness of works from the HARPER'S press.

'NATURE AND REVELATION.'— The object of this work is to show the present condition of the churches, and the change now to come upon the world, by the Second Advent, in Spirit, of the MESSIAH, with interpretations of the Prophecies in Daniel and the Book of Revelation. The different states of the church, under the Apostolic, Roman, Vandal, Reformed, and present eras, are considered, as well as the new order and era of things which is now to succeed, in which the old churches and nations are to pass away, under the influence of the true gospel. The volume is from the pen of H. N. VAN AMRINGE, author of 'The Seals Opened, or a Voice to the Jews,' and is published by R. P. BIXBY AND COMPANY, Park-Row.

PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. BURGESS AND STRINGER.— These gentlemen are doing good service to the public in the series of useful little books which they are placing before their countrymen. We find on our table neat yet cheap editions of Mrs. ELLIS'S 'House-Keeping Made Easy,' adapted to our own meridian by an American Lady; a book on 'Knitting, Netting, and Crotchet Work,' revised and enlarged; ASBURNETH'S 'Family Physician, or Ready Prescriber,' an excellent little volume; and a 'Lecture on the Oregon Territory,' by PETER A. BROWNE, LL. D., of Philadelphia.







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